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The

NEW MOVIE

MAGAZINE

10¢

LILA
LEE

THE UNKNOWN
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
by
JIM TULLY

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

PN1993
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F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5^{AND} 10 CENT STORE



CLARA BOW



JOAN CRAWFORD



JOAN BENNETT



LILA LEE



ANITA PAGE



JUNE COLLYER



BESSIE LOVE

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CAMERA WINKS ROGUISH EYE AT DOMINANT DIRECTORS,

PETULANT PRODUCERS, AGREEABLE YES-MEN!

SAUCY SLAPS AT SCREEN CELEBS!

WHAT HAPPENS TO BROADWAY STARS IN HOLLYWOOD!



A FIRST NATIONAL and VITAPHONE PICTURE
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Pictures

The New Movie Magazine

One of the Tower Group of Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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Not one out of ten escapes this social fault

Can you be sure that you never have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? Are you certain at this very moment, that you are free of it?

The insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault is that you, yourself, never know when you have it; the victim simply cannot detect it.

Remember, also, that anyone is likely to be troubled, since conditions capable of causing halitosis arise frequently in even normal mouths.

Fermenting food particles, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and slight infections in the mouth, nose, and throat—all produce odors. You can get rid of these odors instantly by gargling and rinsing the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morn-

ing. Every night. And between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation because it is an antiseptic. It checks infection because it is a remarkable germicide.* And it quickly overcomes odors because it is a rapid and powerful deodorant.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it always before meeting others. Then you will *know* that your breath cannot offend. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest time accurately recorded by science).

10^c size on sale at all Woolworth stores

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

NOW that Amos 'n' Andy can be looked upon as screen folk, since they have been signed by RKO for special productions, their first record comes within the scope of this department. The record comes from Victor.

On one side is "I'se Regusted," which depicts the tribulations of Andy in a shoe store when he disregards the advice of Amos. The other presents "Check and Double Check," and shows how Andy instructs Amos in gymnasium exercises. The climax comes when Amos declines to co-operate further in unloading and holding his breath. Messrs. Correll and Gosden (the real Amos 'n' Andy) are excellent in both Victor skits.

THE popular John Boles is represented by two attractive Victor records this month. On one he sings his two numbers from "The King of Jazz": "It Happened in Monterey" and "The Song of the Dawn." The Mable Wayne waltz, "It Happened in Monterey," is one of the music hits of the year, by the way, and Mr. Boles sings it delightfully. The other John Boles record offers two of his numbers from "Captain of the Guard": "For You" and "You, You All Alone."

Maurice Chevalier is present with another swell Victor record. You will love his rendition of "All I Want Is Just One," which is one of the outstanding numbers of "Paramount on Parade." The reverse side of this record carries his singing of "Sweepin' the Clouds Away," which is another of his "Paramount on Parade" hits.

COLUMBIA presents a new Buddy Rogers record. Turn to Herb Howe's comments on page 54 and you will learn more about Buddy's phonograph activities. This new Columbia record offers two of his best songs of "Safety in Numbers": "I'd Like to Be a Bee in Your Boudoir" and "My Future

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

"All I Want Is Just One"

Maurice Chevalier (Victor)

"It Happened in Monterey"

John Boles (Victor)

"A Bee in Your Boudoir"

Buddy Rogers (Columbia)

"I'se Regusted"

Amos 'n' Andy (Victor)

Just Passed." Buddy does both of these numbers excellently. You will want this record, particularly if you are a Rogers fan.

One of the best Victor records of the month offers Victor Arden, Phil Ohman and their orchestra in two attractive fox-trot numbers from "The Cuckoos": "Dancing the Devil Away" and "I Love You So Much." We recommend "Dancing the Devil Away" as a corking record number.

With Johnny Morris singing the vocal refrain, Paul Specht and his orchestra offer fine fox-trot renditions of two "In Gay Madrid" numbers: "Into My Heart" and "Santiago." This is a Columbia record. You will hear more of "Into My Heart" in the coming months. It's a hit.

THE "KING OF JAZZ" is getting a big play from the record makers. For Columbia, Paul Whiteman has made three "King of Jazz" records. The trio offer these song combinations: "The Song of the Dawn" and "It happened in Monterey," "Happy Feet" and "I Bench in the Park," and "Ragamuffin Romeo" and "I

Like to Do Things For You." Another attractive Whiteman record offers two songs of "The Big Pond": "You Brought a New Kind of Love" and "Livin' in the Sunlight, Lovin' in the Moonlight."

For Columbia, Grace Hayes sings two "King of Jazz" numbers: "I Like to Do Things For You" and "My Lover." For Victor, George Olsen and his orchestra play "The Song of the Dawn" and "It Happened in Monterey." This, by the way, is a fine dance record.

SPEAKING of the Olsen orchestra reminds us that this band has made good dance records of "High Society Blues," "Honey" and "Montana Moon."

John Boles, who stars in "Captain of the Guard," is represented by two excellent Victor records this month. The best offers his song hit "It Happened in Monterey."





AND *Read what these women say about Rinso*

"I don't have to scrub or boil a thing," writes Mrs. J. Egan, 38 Glendale Ave., Hartford, Conn.
 "You ought to see how sweet and clean the wash comes out!" declares a St. Louis woman—Mrs. J. A. Davids of 4971 Robert Ave.
 "And how the scrubless Rinso way saves the clothes," says Mrs. J. H. Watson of 243 B St., Portland, Maine.
 "It's like magic for dishes, too," writes Mrs. E. F. Leach of 3202 K St., San Diego, Cal.

You never saw such rich active suds!

Rinso is all you need for tub or washer—no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water—because it's granulated and compact.
 Recommended by the makers of 38 leading washers for safety and for whiter clothes. Rinso is great for dishes—and all cleaning. Get the BIG package.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The makers of 38 leading washers recommend Rinso

for whiter washes in tub or machine



2 SIZES most women buy the large package

for dishes, floors and all cleaning



Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are co-starred again in "High Society Blues." Here they are in a fanciful flash-back to the days of chivalry.

Group A

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

Song O' My Heart. John McCormack makes his screen debut in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

The Vagabond King. Based on "If I Were King," this is a picturesque musical set telling of François Villon's career in the days of Louis XI. Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald sing the principal rôles, but O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI. *Paramount.*

Street of Chance. The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners.*

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. 'Nough said. It's great. We mean Greta's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Lummox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bath tub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

Welcome Danger. Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. *Paramount.*

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little

Parisienne vamp. *Fox.*

The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. *United Artists.*

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. *Paramount.*

Hallelujah. King Vidor's splendid and sympathetic presentation of a negro story. Dialogue and musical background of negro spirituals. With an all-colored cast. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Group B

Sweethearts and Wives. A swell mystery yarn with nearly a perfect cast. Murder and a beautiful girl (otherwise Billie Dove) in lovely distress. A corking performance by Clive Brook. *First National.*

High Society Blues. A sequel to "Sunny Side Up," with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell co-starred in

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

songs and dances. Pleasant entertainment. *Fox.*

Honey. Nancy Carroll in a pleasant little sentimental comedy with songs. Lillian Roth, Harry Green and little Mitzi Green lend a lot of help. *Paramount.*

Puttin' on the Ritz. Introduces the night-club idol, Harry Richman, to moviedom. The romance of a song plugger. Mr. Richman gets swell support from Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman and James Gleason. *United Artists.*

Men Without Women. The action takes place in a submarine trapped on the floor of the China Sea. The harrowing reactions of the crew face to face with death. Grim and startling—and full of suspense. *Fox.*

Seven Days' Leave. The tender and moving story of a London charwoman in the maelstrom of the World War. Beautifully acted by Beryl Mercer as the scrub-woman and by Gary Cooper as the soldier she adopts. *Paramount.*

Son of the Gods. Notable for another fine Richard Barthelmess performance. The yarn of a young Oriental who collides with racial prejudices. Superb perform-



George Arliss gives a splendid performance in the new talkie version of "The Green Goddess", and he gets excellent aid from Alice Joyce.

ance by Constance Bennett as the girl he loves. *First National.*

This Thing Called Love. A racy and daring study of marriage and divorce with Constance Bennett and Edmund Lowe giving brilliant performances. *Pathé.*

The Marriage Play-ground. Another study in divorce, based on Edith Wharton's "The Children." Sympathetic story and beautiful acting by Mary Brian. *Paramount.*

Half Way to Heaven. Buddy Rogers as a kid aerialist in love with a pretty trapeze performer, Jean Arthur. Buddy was never better. Pleasant entertainment. *Paramount.*

The Vagabond Lover. Rudy Vallee, the idol of the radio, makes his screen début as a young bandmaster trying to get along. He does well, but Marie Dressler runs away with the picture. You will find this entertaining. *Radio Pictures.*

Maurice Chevalier lifts "Paramount on Parade" from mere mediocrity to flashing moments. Here he is as a French gendarme in his song, "All I Want is One Girl."





Photograph by Preston Duncan

EDMUND LOWE



LEILA HYAMS

Photograph by Hurrell



Photograph by Hurrell

CONRAD NAGEL



JOAN CRAWFORD

Photograph by Hurrell



LON CHANEY



RUTH CHATTERTON

Photograph by Hurrell



Photograph by Russell Ball

GLORIA SWANSON

The New Movie Magazine



Gossip of the Studios

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has gone to England with Leo Diegel and George von Elm to see the international golf matches. Mary Pickford remains at home in Hollywood, to start work on her new talking picture, "Secrets."



Gary Cooper: "My darling little Gary, I love you," says Lupe Velez. The Velez-Cooper romance continues to simmer.

picture work. She is not only making a picture of her own, but anyone who knows anything about it will tell you that Mary Pickford is the chief factor in all of United Artists plans and that she keeps a close eye on both business and production.

Douglas, on the other hand, has lost a lot of his enthusiasm about making pictures. He wants to travel and do many other things. Mary has never cared greatly for a roving life and sporting events don't hold the thrill for her that they do for her athletic husband.

In consequence, this first trip of Doug's without his wife simply indicates that while there is no rift in the domestic happiness, they intend in the future to fulfill their own desires. There isn't anything very unusual about that. Plenty of wives don't trail around after their husbands when they attend polo tournaments and golf matches, and with much less reason for staying home than Mary Pickford has. And many men with as much money and as definite a success behind them as Douglas Fairbanks choose to devote more time to play and less to business.

As this is the first time since their marriage ten years ago that Doug and Mary have been separated for any length of time, rumors of trouble in the Fairbanks household began to fly as soon as Doug had actually departed.

Both Mary and Doug have treated any such idea with silent contempt. The fact is, probably, that these two famous stars have decided to compromise certain tastes and plans for the future. Mary is wrapped up in her

So there you are. Seems fairly normal. We doubt greatly that anything further will come of it.

* * *

Did you know that Lon Chaney used to sing in Gilbert and Sullivan operas? And that his voice will be heard in four parts in his coming picture—his first talkie? You will hear him as an old woman, a ventriloquist, the ventriloquist's dummy, and a parrot.

* * *



Dolores Del Rio: Wants good pictures rather than good stellar close-ups. She let Eddie Lowe steal her last film.

COLLEEN MOORE has filed suit for divorce against her husband, John McCormick.

John has sailed for Honolulu and Colleen is living alone in the beautiful home she recently built in Bel-Air. Her mother and one of her closest friends, Julianne Johnson, are visiting her there.

This divorce is the end of a romance that began when Colleen was a little known actress and John McCormick was a press agent. Their careers were built together, until Colleen became the biggest box-office attraction among the feminine screen stars and John was head of the First National studios.

Everyone who knows them feels a deep regret over their parting. Colleen intends to go to Europe for some months, unless a highly satisfactory picture contract now in the offing is signed.

Personally, we hope Colleen won't follow her own desire and retire from the screen to travel and study sculpture. We would miss her bright comedy sadly. So far, no one has appeared to take her place.

* * *

THE toughest assignment of the screen year, in the opinion of most Hollywood



All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Joan Bennett: Has the toughest assignment of the year in "Smilin' Thru"

experts, has been handed to Joan Bennett, who is to do "Smilin' Thru" for United Artists. To follow Norma Talmadge in her greatest picture and her finest performance, while the movie audiences still remember, is a big order for so young an actress as Joan Bennett. If she succeeds, it will be a real feather in her cap.

* * *

Florenz Ziegfeld of Follies fame is in Hollywood working on the United Artists lot. He says the 1930 girl should be a brunette, no taller than five feet, six inches, and weigh about 125 pounds. That she should be "more generously proportioned." That the boyish figure has gone out of style completely.

* * *

ZIEGFELD says that a good nose is the most important feature a girl can have. Also he says that most girls are knock-kneed.

* * *

A STRANGE thing took place at the Hollywood opening of "All Quiet on the Western Front." For the first time in anyone's memory many of the audience didn't return for the second half of the picture. Women found the horrors of this epic of war-torn battlefields too much for them. One long drawn out death scene after another, accompanied now by sounds of moans and shrieks, the long scene in a shell hole with a corpse, the battle in a graveyard, the fight in the dugout with enormous rats, the amputation of legs and the killing off of every important character in the story, proved a dish too strong for some.

If there is anyone not yet convinced that war is a horrible affair, filled with suffering and anguish, they should certainly see "All Quiet on the Western Front." Otherwise, unless you are seeking death and disaster in all its details, you won't enjoy this picture.

* * *

Rudolph Valentino left approximately \$800,000 against which are \$551,346.55 worth of allowable claims.

* * *

MANY social activities of the month centered around the engagement and wedding of Irene Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, to David Selznick. In

fact now that the Mayer girls are both married, society will seem very quiet for a while.

The wedding itself was a simple one, in the home of the bride's parents, with only a very few intimate friends and the immediate family present.

The bride wore a simple frock of white satin, with long sleeves, made beautiful by a wonderful bridal veil of duchess and rose point lace which swept the floor for several feet. Her bouquet was of white orchids and lilies of the valley.

The matron of honor was the bride's sister, Edith Mayer Goetz, who wore a gown of pale green organdie, in bouffant style, and carried pale yellow roses. The other bridal attendants were Janet Gaynor, Marjorie Daw Selznick and Marjorie Strauss. Their costumes were of pale yellow organdie, and they carried showers of yellow iris.

The most elaborate entertainment given in Miss Mayer's honor was a dinner dance at the fashionable Beverly-Wilshire, at which Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg were hosts. The ballroom was a veritable bower of spring flowers. The guest of honor, Miss Mayer, wore a gown of coral satin, with a softly trailing skirt. Mrs. Schulberg was in white and wore emeralds.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Forbes (Ruth Chatterton), Mr. and Mrs. Lydell Peck (Janet Gaynor), Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edwards (Evelyn Brent), Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, Lillian Roth, Colleen Moore, Buddy Rogers, Elsie Janis, Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Claudette Colbert, Jeanette MacDonald and Hedda Hopper.

* * *

John McCormack, the opera singer who went to Hollywood for Fox, says that he is through with the opera. Reason: "I cannot sincerely make love to a prima donna twenty-five years my senior and 280 pounds in weight, which I must do on the operatic stage."

* * *

ROGER DAVIS, the well-known polo player and man-about-town, has finally been talked into appearing before the camera. Always bashful and shy,

Roger, although one of the wits of London, Paris, New York and Hollywood, would never consent to becoming what he called a "professional actor." But he succumbed to the charms of Beatrice Lillie and will be seen and heard in her next picture.

"The polo set at Del Monte will miss me," said Roger after signing the contract, "but I have agreed to leave my string of ponies for them to play with, so I'm sure it will be all right. I think that half the time all they want me around for is my ponies."



Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

Harold Lloyd's next picture, titled "Feet First," is all about a shoe clerk. Part of the picture will be shot on board a trans-Pacific liner and part of it in Honolulu. Harold has just ordered ONE GROSS of the specs which have become his trademark, which spikes the rumor that he would play his next picture straight—without the funny rims.

* * *

A FRIEND of Norma Talmadge had a fish pond. In it he had a turtle. The turtle went blind and could no longer feed himself. As the friend was a bachelor and away from home most of the time, he was going to make soup out of the turtle rather than let him starve to death. Norma heard about it. She asked if he would not give the blind turtle to her instead of killing it. He did. And now, daily, Norma either feeds that blind turtle by hand herself, or makes sure that her maid does, if she is working at the studio.

* * *

Helen Ferguson received more than \$250,000 from the estate of her husband, William Russell, who died last year. It has just been settled.

* * *

ANNA Q. NILSSON is still in the hospital. But everything is coming along nicely and she expects to be back in her Beverly Hills home in June. Already she has had a number of picture offers and the doctors say that by Autumn she will be back before the camera.

* * *

AFTER one long separation and a reconciliation, Betty Compson and Jimmy Cruze are once more living apart and Betty has filed a divorce complaint. That divorce complaint has been in existence for months and months, and at various times Betty has threatened to put it on record. Now she has taken the step.

Still, no one would be very much surprised if they went back to each other again. Betty and Jim still love each other, and these temperamental clashes can never definitely be taken as final.

* * *

The moon got between the sun and the earth on April 28th and all California took a peek at the resulting eclipse that morning.

A certain producer's secretary walked into his office just before it was to start and said, "Are you going to see the eclipse?"

"The Eclipse," he said, "never heard of it. Who is in it? When does it open?"

* * *

ONE of the most beautiful women in Hollywood is Mrs.

Don Alvarado, who is Dolores Del Rio's most intimate friend. A number of picture producers, including Sam Goldwyn and Joe Schenck, have been trying to persuade Mrs. Alvarado to go into pictures. But to date she claims she is too busy with her husband and her small daughter. She has bronze hair, enormous green eyes, and an olive skin.



Vilma Banky: Retiring from pictures, says she is all through with public life.

NILS ASTER is back from a vaudeville tour, living in his house at Malibu Beach. Now that the talkies are making pictures in various languages, Nils will probably find himself working before the camera again.

* * *

EILEEN PERCY, the pretty blonde who used to be Doug Fairbanks' leading lady, has left her husband, Ulrich Busch, one of the heirs to the Busch millions. She is going to make some pictures for Columbia.

* * *

Warner Brothers will spend an even TWENTY MILLION dollars making pictures this coming year.

* * *

AND First National is going to spend \$17,500,000 this year. Which does not include 250,000 berries for a music hall where all the songwriters can play at the same time and only drive each other crazy, or crazier.

* * *

MRS. BASIL RATHBONE (Ouida Begere) is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's most prominent hostesses. A week never goes by without the Rathbone home being the scene of at least two elaborate parties. Ouida's enormous vitality, which used to be expended in writing scenarios, running booking agencies and doing interior decorating, has to find an outlet somewhere and society in Beverly Hills seems to have been elected. The Rathbones have taken a new home on Crescent Drive—they moved out of Marie Prevost's charming residence on Cano Drive a short time ago—and the new home lends itself beautifully to large parties.

Celebrating their wedding anniversary, Mrs. Rathbone entertained with a buffet supper the other night. Among the



The Who's Who of Hollywood—what the



Clara Bow: Needs good stories and is suggested for "The Morals of Marcus"

guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. John Cromwell (Kay Johnson), Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield, Mr. and Mrs. Rod La Rocque (Wilma Banky), Beatrice Lillie, Lois Wilson, Virginia Valli, Aileen Pringle, Gloria Swanson, Elsie Ferguson, Elsie Janis, Charlie Chaplin, John Loder, Ivan Lebedeff and Jack Gilbert.

just close-ups of me." Miss Del Rio is a farsighted star.

* * *

The cottage in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, where Mary Pickford was born, is going to be torn down and sight-seers who have driven by the house the last ten years will see instead a great big police administration building.

* * *

OVER at Paramount there is the usual uproar about stories for Clara Bow. It seems amazing that producers can be so short-sighted, and a shame for Clara's great career that Ben Schulberg hasn't time now to give her the direct supervision which made her our greatest star. Paramount's vision on Bow seems about as wide as a flapper's eyebrow.

The studio owns a story which would be a sensation for Bow. It is William J. Locke's "The Morals of Marcus." Can't you see Clara as the little girl brought up in a Turkish harem, doing all sorts of shocking things in a well-ordered English home, and finally coming to know life and love?

Clara Bow is a fine actress. She can do anything, if they'll only give her a chance. It's too bad that her career should be ruined because they can't find enough stories making her the sweetheart of the navy, the army or the marines.

* * *

LAWRENCE STALLINGS, author of "What Price Glory," "The Cock-Eyed World" and "The Big Parade," has been spending a few spare minutes knocking off a lyric for Tibbett.

* * *

THE casting of Edna Ferber's novel, "Cimmaron," occupies many a Hollywood dinner party these days. RKO owns the story and it is to be done by Richard Dix. There is talk of Lila Lee for Sabra, the wife, a terribly difficult rôle, and one which Lila would do to perfection.

* * *

Charles Spencer Chaplin, our "Charlie" who will live in the minds of men forever, was born on April 16. The stars say to those born that day: They have determination and tenacity. They are creative, enthusiastic and courageous. Their magnetic personalities, kindness and loyalty bring them many friends.

* * *

FRANCES MARION, the best scenario writer in

A formal dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield. The guests on that occasion included Mr. and Mrs. William G. McAdoo, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, Mary Lewis, Kay Francis, Catherine Dale Owen, Jetta Goudal, Kenneth McKenna, Paul Bern and Gilbert Emery.

* * *

POLLY MORAN was telling Bill Haines about a man who insisted that his wife always wear white in the boudoir.

"That's a fetish," said Bill.

"It is not," said Polly, "it's the truth."

By the way, Bill and Polly played together in a recent picture directed by Fred Niblo. Bill and Polly are the prize practical jokers and wise crackers of the industry and Mr. Niblo is an extremely dignified gentleman, whose wife is one of Beverly Hills' social dictators. A good time was had by Bill and Polly, but Mr. Niblo is still to be heard from.

* * *

DOLORES DEL RIO is an extremely intelligent woman. In her first talkie, "The Bad One," she allowed Eddie Lowe to walk off with at least equal honors, some might think first honors.

"All I wanted was a good picture," she said. "I have it and am satisfied. I knew from the beginning that Mr. Lowe's part was as big or bigger than mine. But I did not care. He is a great actor and it was a privilege to work with him. I hope the audiences will just remember that if they see my name on another picture, I am trying to give them something they will like, not



film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

Hollywood in the opinion of many, is going to China on a three months' vacation.

* * *

The average income of the more fortunate of the extras in Hollywood is less than \$700 a year. Yet, there are 17,000 extras registered in the Central Casting Bureau.

* * *

LUPE RUBIN has arrived in Hollywood. That may not mean much to Hollywood, but Lupe Rubin is one of the most famous writers in all Mexico and—not to be sneezed at even in Hollywood—she is a multi-millionaire, even if you count her Mexican dollars as dimes. Her aunt, the late Duchess of Meir, left a \$7,000,000 chunk of this world's goods in trust for charity. Lupe superintends the expenditure of this. She has five children.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. EDMUND LOWE entertained recently in honor of Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, who has just returned from New York after an absence of a year, and Elsie Ferguson. The guest list included such famous names as Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Glazer, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Mankiewicz, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Fred Worloch, George Cukor, Leonora Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March.

* * *

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, made up of all the big guns in the motion picture business, has awarded its annual prizes.

"The Broadway Melody" they said was the best picture.

Clyde de Vinna was awarded the prize for the best photography of the year for his work in "White Shadows of the South Seas."

Warner Baxter, they said, was the best actor of the year for his work in "In Old Arizona."

Mary Pickford was given the prize for being the best actress as a result of what she did in "Coquette."

Frank Lloyd won the medal as best director for having megaphoned "Weary River," "Drag," and "The Divine Lady."

Of course, nobody agrees on these selections. Nobody ever agrees on any selection.

* * *

Monthly report on John Gilbert and Ina Claire. All seems to be well. Ina went to New

York to consult with theatrical managers about some plays and then returned to Jack's Beverly Hills house. Wouldn't buy any of this stock at par, but it's still a good gamble.

* * *

CORINNE GRIFFITH

has moved into her new home at Malibu Beach and rented her Beverly Hills place. She says that her one ambition right now is to learn to play a first-class game of tennis. She takes a lesson every morning.



Lois Moran: Becomes twenty-one and comes into inheritance of \$68,000 from an aunt.

* * *

ALMOST simultaneously with George Bancroft not liking the part he was to play in the picture which was scheduled for his next, "The Caveman," he lost his voice. Could not talk at all. Paramount has cast some one else in his part and sent to New York for specialists. George's voice will be all right again very soon.

* * *

Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez continue their romance. Hectic, but apparently satisfactory. Lupe chased Gary all over the house the other night because he said something about her guitar playing and then when the butler announced dinner, fell into his arms and said, "My darling little Gary, come and have your dinner. I love you."

* * *

PRINCE FREDERICK CHRISTIAN of Schaumburg-Lippe and Princess Alexandra, his wife, had a lot of fun last month playing around the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio

and eating with all the stars. They would not believe that Lon Chaney was actually doing the talking for the parrot in "The Unholy Three," so he took them over to the set and proved it. They saw Bill Haines stop a ball on a roulette wheel wherever he wanted it to stop. And they saw Barbara Leonard, a newcomer to pictures, make a scene in "Monsieur Le Fox" in English and then turn around and do it in three other languages, with different leading men for each version. (Cont'd on page 96)



The Unknown CHARLIE CHAPLIN



(Jim Tully drifted to Hollywood, an unknown struggler for fame. Today he is one of America's foremost writers, author of such widely popular novels and collections of short stories as "Shadows of Men," "Jarne-gan," "Beggars of Life," "Emmett Lawlor," "Shanty Irish" and "Circus Parade." One of his first jobs in Hollywood was with Charlie Chaplin. Tully served, as he expresses it, as "one of the sad jesters in the court of the King of Laughter." His emotional analysis of Chaplin, consequently, comes from first-hand observation and, like all of Tully's literary work, is honest and fearless in its expression. Here is the first complete description of the real Chaplin.)

I FIRST met Charles Chaplin at a dinner given by Ralph Block. My first book had been published. Chaplin had read some of the reviews. When we parted that night he asked me to call on him and was kind enough to tell me that he liked me.

Several days later I telephoned the studio. Chaplin sent his limousine for me. He was very kind during that first private interview. I was ill at ease. We parted, I think, with a feeling of reserve on both sides. I was not natural that day. Nor was I ever quite natural in all the months that I was to be associated with the comedian. I have always regretted this fact.

Paul Bern is ever on the alert to be kind, as hundreds in Hollywood besides myself can testify. He secured me a position with Chaplin. My salary was small, but it was a fair wage, considering what little work I had to do. It was agreed upon between the comedian and myself that he was to sign certain articles which I was to write from time to time. His name had value in the magazine world. After signing two articles he refused to sign more. Feeling the inadequacy of my position, and hoping daily against hope, I remained on the job.

KONRAD BERCOVICI, the writer of gypsy romance, once wrote an article on Charles Chaplin for *Harper's Magazine*. In it he did me the honor to call me Chaplin's secretary. He described my entering the room and laying a paper on the great jester's desk. No attention was paid to me.

Mr. Bercovici was sadly mistaken. My principal duty with Charles Chaplin was to receive my weekly check. I was merely one of the sad jesters in the court of the King of Laughter.

The time arrived to select a leading lady for "The Gold Rush." Dozens of screen tests were made of ambitious young ladies. I often accompanied Chaplin's higher salaried yes-men to the projection room, where we watched the faces of these inane beauties flashed upon the screen.

An Emotional Analysis of the Famous Comedian, "The Most Complex of Human Beings"

BY JIM TULLY

AN ordinary-looking Mexican girl arrived one morning. She had played some years previously in "The Kid." Chaplin was not yet at the studio. The girl was about to depart, when lo—the little jester met up with his destiny. A screen test was made of the girl. Several of us agreed privately that it was the worst yet made. The girl did not photograph.

Chaplin watched her features on the screen the next day. In silence we watched him.

He rose from his chair.

"That's the girl," he exclaimed. A fearful silence filled the little room.

I walked to my office and allowed the yes-men to argue the great question. Something—perhaps a mood—as he had, and rightly, no respect for my judgment, compelled Chaplin to join me a few minutes later. He entered the room as tragic as Hamlet, hands held behind his back, a frown on his face, as though his next decision would rattle the stars from the sky.

"What do you think of her, Jim?" he asked.

Having been hungry, and knowing that he would choose the girl he preferred anyhow, I parried with, "I don't know, Charlie. She may be all right."

THE rug on my office floor was vivid red. Chaplin began to pace up and down, up and down, hands still behind his back. His good-looking face bore the same fearful frown. Now and then I would glance at him and then let my eyes rest once more on the scarlet carpet.

Suddenly the door opened. The Mexican girl entered. She was cheaply dressed, but her eyes flashed, her teeth were even, her body was so round and supple that one soon forgot the ugly black dress which clothed it.

Chaplin smiled benignly, as gracious and charming a smile as I have ever seen.

She stood before him and asked, "Well, what is it, Charlie? Am I hired?"

The comedian looked at her and then down at his spats, which, actor-like, he always wore.

I watched their expressions. The keen, fine face of the actor, mobile and finely molded, was a face that would be noticed in any gathering. The girl watched him, round-eyed, round-faced, full of life. I saw in her then everything which Chaplin did not see—a young woman who seemed to me devoid of spiritual qualities.

CHAPLIN answered at last, "You're engaged."

The girl leaped into the air with joy. Together they walked out of my office—to a troubled destiny for the man and a fortunate one for the girl. She afterward had the fine fortune to marry the comedian and garner for herself many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

If his marriage was a farce, his divorce was tragic. As Lita Grey Chaplin she brought him as much misery as it is possible for a misunderstanding young lady to bring to genius.

She worked in "The Gold Rush" at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. Mr. Chaplin has no more sympathy with large salaries than any trust. During



THE REAL STORY OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CLOWN

her stay at the studio, the officials from the Board of Education often called. She could scarcely be forced to study. Her grades were low and she had no interest in books. And to this girl was given by the Fates in marriage Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin, the most complex of human beings.

Just why he remembered Miss Grey from her childhood days and insisted upon making her his leading lady might be worthy the attention of a master of irony like Chaplin himself. He has undoubtedly been away from it long enough to smile—until he remembers the fortune it cost him. And then, if he weeps, he is but human.

IT is my opinion that Chaplin does not like intelligent men as companions.

Elmer Elsworth, one of the most whimsically humorous and highly intelligent men I have known, worked with him for many months. Chaplin once remarked to me that Elsworth was "a real highbrow." Given his choice between such a man and Henry, the heavy restaurant proprietor in Hollywood, the comedian chose the latter. They have been close associates for many years. Chaplin frequents his restaurant and spends hours in chatting with other ephemeral film immortals.

Chaplin often ridicules sentimentality in others. The publishers of Thomas Burke's "The Wind and the Rain" sent him a copy of that book. It is, so far as I know, one of the most maudlin and sentimental books written in any language. Burke is a product of the same London environment that produced Chaplin. Success has made both men dramatize self-pity. Chaplin read the book with tears in his voice. The true nature of the volume entirely escaped him. Secluded in a bungalow at the far end of the studio, oblivious to everything else, he read and discussed the book at great length.

When I asked to borrow the precious volume, he willingly loaned it to me, saying, "Take good care of it, Jim. It's my Bible."

THE book had touched the misery of his own childhood. After seeing the East End of London, I can understand why. For there poverty is groveling, supine—so listless and beaten that it dares not hope.

I said to him, "Charlie, it would be a nice thing to cable Burke and also send his American publishers a boost for the book."

He was immediately enthusiastic over the idea. I phrased cablegram and telegram, which he approved.

Burke had asked him for an autographed photograph. I found one and took it to him. He frowned.

"It's not good enough," he said.



The real and the shadow Charlie Chaplin. "The fine keen face of Chaplin, mobile and finely molded, is a face that would be noticed in any gathering," says Jim Tully.

In London, four years later, I asked Burke if he had ever received the photograph.

"Not yet," he answered.

Chaplin has often been called "a maker of directors." During my term with him he had as his lieutenants Charles Reisner, now a successful director; Edward Sutherland Henry, the ponderous restaurant keeper, and Harry d'Arrast. Monta Bell, the famous Paramount director, had but recently left him to begin his brilliant career. Bell was in many respects the shrewdest and most able man associated with Chaplin. He watched his opportunity and sold himself to Warner Brothers to direct "Broadway After Dark." It was an immediate success and Bell's future was assured. I tried at many different times to get Chaplin to comment on the film. He would not.

It had seeped through Hollywood that Bell had been partly responsible for "A Woman of Paris." Chaplin heard the news and made no comment.

ONE of the most surprising qualities about him is his kindness and tolerance toward those who have been none too kindly to him. His attitude toward life is far from gentle, however. People interest him a great deal, though he has no love for them in the mass.

In all the months I was with him he expressed no love for the beauty of nature. I called his attention to a gorgeous sunset. He looked with narrowed eyes and said no word. He once, in a whimsical mood, spoke of the fog of London and wished that he might die in it. He told how it draped the buildings and hid their ghastly ugliness.

Once, long after I had gone, three men sat at a table with him. Being citizens of Hollywood, two of them evidently thought the shortest road to his heart was in disparaging me. Chaplin listened for some time, saying nothing. At last he said, "He can write," and the subject was changed.

His mind is ever in a furor. As restless as a storm, it is always charged with wonder. The vagaries of the human brain interest him a great deal. The Leopold-Loeb case kept him enthralled. He often expressed pity for the Chicago anarchists done to death as the outcome of the Haymarket riot.

One brave fellow in the early morning hour before his execution sang so that the entire prison could hear:

*"Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew—
It was there that Annie Laurie
Gae me her promise true."*

Chaplin often talked of this incident. Whenever he did, his voice was soft.

(Continued on page 125)

SAYS JIM TULLY

CHAPLIN—

"—ridicules sentimentality in others."

"—does not like intelligent men as companions."

"—has the surprising quality of kindness and tolerance toward those who have been none too kindly to him."

"—is far from gentle in his attitude towards life. People interest him a great deal, though he has no love for them in the mass."

"—never expressed any love for the beauty of nature."

"—has a mind that is ever in furor. As restless as a storm, it is always charged with wonder."



Photograph by Don English

Miss MacDonald, the charming queen of "The Love Parade," is happy again. She is back in California under Ernst Lubitsch's direction, making another cinema operetta, "Monte Carlo." Jack Buchanan, the English actor, is her leading man.

**JEANETTE
MACDONALD**



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Lila Lee is just twenty-five. Into those twenty-five years have been crowded many fantastic and startling events. For twenty of those twenty-five years Lila has been an important figure in the American theater. At thirteen she was a screen star. At fourteen she was a film flop, struggling to start over again. She has been through the heartbreak of a tragic marriage. She had a baby. Today, however, she stands in a screen place all her own. Limitless possibilities are ahead of her.

The Drama of LILA LEE

By EVELYN GRAY

Act I.

HAVING seen Lila Lee's birth certificate, I am willing to swear that she is just twenty-five.

Of course she looks even younger. Lila still has a forceful awkwardness, a certain impulsiveness that is part of extreme youth. Only it seems hardly possible that anyone could crowd into twenty-five short years all the things that have happened to Lila.

Perhaps that is why there is a little weariness in Lila's young face. Perhaps that is why at times she makes mistakes and grows a little confused. Life has rushed her so—from one thing into another—always in a breathless sort of way—piling drama on top of drama.

FOR twenty years this girl has been an important figure in American theaters. At thirteen she had been a screen star—and the most colossal failure ever recorded in motion pictures. At fourteen she had to do that thing which staggers strong men—she had to come back or quit.

She has been through a strange and tragic marriage, had a baby, fought her way up and down through all the heartbreaks of the movie world—and now stands alone, with limitless possibilities ahead of her.

There is in her much foolish wisdom and much wise foolishness. Whether she was born to it or whether her amazing childhood bred it deep into her soul, Lila Lee is an artist and a Bohemian. Often she has thrown away great chances to follow her heart. Money has never meant anything to her. The theater and the screen she loves—I think she would wither and die away from them. She almost did when her husband persuaded her to follow him into the desert and give up her career.



Lila Lee was born in 1905 in New York, the child of immigrant parents from Southern Germany. Her name was Augusta Appell. It was while her father ran a hotel in Union Hill, N. J., that little Augusta caught the eye of Gus Edwards and his wife.

Every great career is influenced by someone. The career of Lila Lee was not only influenced, it was created by a woman. Perhaps she would have followed some yearning within herself and arrived at the same end if she had never seen Lillian Edwards. But I doubt it. Her whole life has been lived as the child of this spiritual mother.

IT happened like this:

Back in 1904 a little family arrived in New York on one of the small, slow boats. They stood at the rail, father, mother, and one little girl with straight, long pigtails, staring at New York Harbor. In swift German they spoke of the little inn they had left behind them in Southern Germany and of the fortune and freedom which were to be theirs in America.

Charles Appell and his good wife, Augusta, and their four-year-old daughter, Margaret, were just a drop in that great river of emigration flowing from the old world to the new. They were strange and frightened, but very hopeful.

They settled in the great city of New York, among a small colony of their own kind, and Charles found work as a waiter. His wife could not work for she was awaiting the arrival of a newcomer, the first American in that old family of German peasants. A son this time, surely, a son to be born in this new land where all men

The Absorbing Life Story of a Twenty-Five-Year-Old Veteran of Motion Pictures

AUGUSTA APPELL, CUDDLES AND THEN LILA LEE



Lila has an older sister, Margaret, born in Germany before their parents migrated to America. Above, Lila and her sister, now Mrs. Tuttle, in Lila's Hollywood home.

were equal and he might actually grow up one day to be President.

But it was not to be. On a morning in July, 1905, there arrived a very small, feminine mite who protested loudly against being born anywhere, and who for a whole year seemed bent upon leaving America for some unknown land.

"What shall we name her?" asked the mother.

"It matters not," said Charles. "If it had been a boy, we would have called her Charles, after me. Why not then Augusta, after you?"

So Augusta Appell received her first—and least known—name.

IN 1910 an act arrived to play the little theater. Gus the new daughter and began to make plans to better things for his family. He wanted to get out of New York. It was too big. A man must be a giant to lift his head above the mob. Besides, it was not a healthy place for the two little girls, especially for tiny Gussie.

When a chance presented itself the Appells moved across into New Jersey and Charles became boniface of an ancient and none too prosperous hotel in the old town of Union Hill. Once again they were within walking distance of the green fields and the flowers. They were away from the noise of New York. And since they were good innkeepers, these two, they made the old hotel pay a living. Charles knew what it meant to make guests comfortable and Augusta was a marvelous cook.

Next door to the hotel was a theater, where in summer a stock company performed old-time successes. In the winter, vaudeville bills played two and sometimes three-night stands there. The actors and performers always stayed at the Appell's hotel and complimented Charles upon the chicken noodles and the apfelstrudel.

IN 1910, an act arrived to play the little theater. Gus Edwards' boys and girls, his "School Days," were not so well known then as they became later. But they

were headliners, and Gus Edwards himself was popular with people everywhere. He and his wife and the youngsters then making up the act stopped at the Union Hill Hotel. In the morning they rehearsed the show, and later presented their host with tickets. All moved smoothly.

You have heard ere now of "little things" that alter lives. A little girl in Gus Edwards' act had a passion for apples, which Augusta kept for cooking purposes. At six o'clock Mr. Edwards came frantically to Charles. Disaster had befallen. The little girl was very sick. She simply couldn't appear. Where could he get another little girl to be on just for that night?

Charles shrugged. He knew how to provide most things for his patrons, but little girls to go in acts were out of his line. He gazed at his own younger daughter, playing calmly in the lobby, but could think of no solution.

Gus Edwards' eyes followed his. He saw a very tiny person, with a mop of black hair falling nearly to her knees, and a perfectly round little countenance out of which peered two enormous calm black eyes.

"**W**HO is that?" he said.

"That?" Charles shrugged again. "That is my own little Gussie. She is but four and a half years old. Much too little. But perhaps——"

"She'll do," said Gus Edwards. "I only want her to sit on the piano tonight. I'll get someone else tomorrow from New York."

But he didn't get someone else the next day nor for many days thereafter. For little Gussie Appell sat on the piano with such enormous success, her small fat presence and her amusing calm so delighted the audience that they insisted upon her having a curtain call all to herself. She took it with superb nonchalance, made a fat curtsey, and seemed not at all disconcerted at finding herself behind footlights with many people staring at her.

(Continued on page 120)

FLASH BACKS to 10 Years Ago

By Albert T. Reid

ACOUPLE OF
POPULAR
YOUNG
AMERICANS
WERE ABROAD
ON THEIR
HONEYMOON



KATHERINE MACDONALD
IN THE SMARTEST OF
1920 SPORTS CLOTHES,
CAMEL'S HAIR MUFF-
LER, AND ALL. ~ ~



TWO-GUN BILL
HART WAS A
RIDING, RIDING,
RIDING, AND HE
ALWAYS GOT
HIS MAN



FATTY ARBUCKLE IN THE "ROUND-UP"
GETTING INTO AND OUT OF TIGHT
PLACES, WAS FURNISHING MOST OF
THE HEAVY LAUGHS OF THE TIME ~

Albert T. Reid



Lillian Gish



Norma Talmadge



Mae Murray

Adela Rogers St. Johns Compares the Film Youth of Today and of Yesterday

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

IN common with every other section of the globe, Hollywood has its problem of the younger generation.

On every hand, in fact and in fiction, youth occupies a large place as a subject of plot and conversation. The opinion has frequently been expressed that modern youth is setting a record for wild conduct and moral degeneration. You might almost get the impression, if you happened in from Mars, that the girls of our time are practically hopeless.

This is the first time the matter of a younger generation has presented itself to Hollywood. You see, there didn't used to be any. Everybody in the pictures business was young. It was the first dynasty and those who had begun the business were carrying on. They had no history and were too busy to consider the future, to foresee in any degree the gigantic thing which has developed in the last ten years.

Now the old order changeth. I have become definitely conscious of it because we are beginning to reminisce.

THE younger generation exists in force in Hollywood, socially and professionally. It must be considered.

They are very different, these new girls who are arriving, have just arrived, or may arrive some day. The girls of today who will be the stars of tomorrow, who occupy the same places now that were occupied only a short time ago by the Talmadges—by Swanson and La Marr—by Colleen Moore and Bebe Daniels—and just a little later by Joan Crawford and Clara Bow and Greta

Garbo. The girls from whose ranks will be called the next additions to the star groups.

They are different, but contrary to all expectation, there isn't anything flaming about them. The problem exists more upon the side of too much conservatism, too much standardization, too much caution in self-protection, too much calm and deliberate consciousness of self.

The truth of the matter is that I have a hard time telling them apart. There are the blondes and the Spanish and the Janet Gaynors and you can tell to which type they belong, but after that the identification be-

comes lost in a cloud of sameness. If one of them died in the middle of a picture, you could substitute nineteen others and nobody would know the difference.

Perhaps that is a little too strong. But in general it is true, and it is the opinion, I find, of many directors and male stars, in whose pictures a lot of these new girls appear as leading ladies. And

I mean ladies, in all the fatal senses of that word.

RESTRAINT and determination to avoid scandal have resulted in the whole place being overrun with ladies. With well-behaved, well-educated, beautiful young things who can't be told from members of the Junior League except by the fact that they behave with more dignity in public and are better gowned and better groomed.

In my opinion a lot of them are about as uninteresting.



Pola Negri



Constance Talmadge



Barbara La Marr

Hollywood's Younger GENERATION

Don't misunderstand me. It is excellent to be lady-like. It's a splendid thing for the morale of Hollywood as a community to have this multitude of sweet young things who live at home, save their money, get engaged and married according to Emily Post. Nice girls who think an orgy is something you take out in an operating room and regard the Volstead Act as an eleventh commandment.

It's a great improvement and a testimonial to the essential soundness of the motion picture industry.

But is it art?

I do not necessarily advocate the theory that one must live to act, or that one must have loved and sinned and suffered and starved to be an artist. Keats and Mozart, masters forever in their own fields, died before they could do much of any of that. Janet Gaynor's performance in "Seventh Heaven," will long rank as a perfect gem in the annals of screen acting. We shan't soon forget Jackie Coogan in "The Kid," nor Mae Marsh in "Intolerance."

But the fact remains that most great actresses and most great operatic prima donnas have been dynamic women who did not conform to the ordinary life around them, who expressed some beauty and some talent and some personality and some fire which made them stand out from among the ordered ranks of those meant by destiny for different ends than trying to captivate and move audiences through the medium of dramatic art.

The unrevealed capacity for these things is in many women who never are directed by fate into such chan-

nels as the stage or screen. But I am wondering where we are going to get any screen immortals out of this finishing school, any personalities which will be vital enough to command the attention of millions and awaken the real love and admiration of the world.

THEY are nice girls—lovely girls. You can offer them the most sincere respect. But that isn't enough, is it? It isn't enough to drag us away from home and fireside and a good book, to pay good money at the box office.

I am afraid sometimes that these new girls of the younger generation lack the vitality, the exaggerated personality, the depth of emotion and the breadth of human understanding which are eternally necessary to high drama or fine comedy.

I am not unjust. I do not compare these girls I see about the studios and at parties nowadays with the women of the screen

as they are today—the women whose charms have reached the zenith of mental and physical development. I don't compare a Jeanette Loff to a Gloria Swanson, or an Anita Page to a Garbo.

Nor do I discount the beauty and ability of many of these girls, and their appeal of youth. No one appreciates more than I do the loveliness of a Loretta Young, the kitten-like sweetness and comedy and pathos of a Nancy Carroll, the clean-cut fineness of a Sally Eilers.

Yet looking at them, and then remembering back ten or fifteen years, I cannot feel that they show the prom-

"Hollywood now is overrun with ladies, well balanced, well educated, beautiful, uninteresting young things but will they drag you from home to the box office?"

WHERE ARE THE VIVID FILM GIRLS OF YESTERDAY?



Three members of Hollywood's younger generation of 1930 at the bar: Fay Wray, Mary Brian and Jean Arthur. Do you think they possess less color and interest than the screen girls of yesterday? Mrs. St. Johns does—and she tells you why in this article.

ise of great things which was shown by the group I knew ten or fifteen years ago when we were all kids breaking into this racket together. They lack what writers call "color." Too often their thoughts and ambitions, as well as their mode of life, is stereotyped.

THEY don't seem to enjoy life as that earlier group did. It takes so much more to give them a kick. They are wiser in the ways of the world, but they haven't the power to live, the eagerness to see, the courage of freedom and progress that used to exist in the pioneer days. The close friendships, such as existed between Connie Talmadge and Dorothy Gish, between Mary Pickford and Lillian, are missing.

Glance over the outstanding and amazingly differentiated personalities that were the younger generation a very short time ago.

Constance Talmadge at the time she made her first big hit in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance," and for several years after that. There was a tomboy gallantry, a tremendous joy of living, about "Dutch" that made her unforgettable. She and Dorothy Gish were like a couple of carefree kids. They loved their work not because they were deeply impressed with success which meant fame and money. They didn't know it did. They just enjoyed every minute of it. The black sheep of the Gish family, as she used to call herself, and "Dutch" were a pair it would be hard to beat if you were looking for amusing companionship. They could think up more gags in one afternoon than now go to make up a Harold Lloyd comedy.

Beside them, put such mystery and spiritual beauty as made Mary Pickford the most famous woman in the

world. And shy, brilliant, little Colleen Moore, with her slim grace and her warmth and Irish understanding—Colleen who looked like a kid sister and could talk Wagnerian music, or Pater's essays, or football, or newspaper publishing with anybody if you got her started.

The unrivalled beauty of Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith—as different as two women could well be, yet both with minds and fascination back of their loveliness.

Where are we to match, today, the wistful genius of Mae Marsh, and the sublime comedy of Mabel Normand?

"The film girls of today don't seem to enjoy life as that earlier group did. It takes so much more to give them a kick. They are wiser in the ways of the world, but they haven't the power to live, the eagerness to see, the courage of freedom and progress that used to exist in the pioneer days. The old close friendships are missing, too."



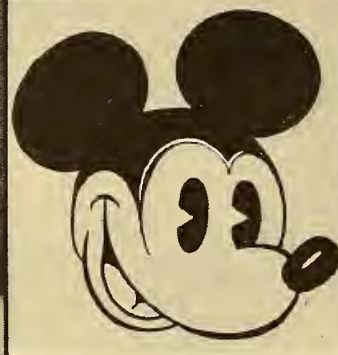

THE other day in a little chapel in Los Angeles I saw gathered about the blanket of lilies-of-the-valley which covered all that tragedy had left us of that lovable and unfortunate child, all the great comedians who made screen history—Charlie Chaplin, Ben Turpin, Roscoe Arbuckle, Harold Lloyd, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin. And the outstanding women who excel in the art of laughter, Marion Davies and Constance Talmadge, Marie Dressler and Polly

Moran. They sat with bowed heads, thinking of the one of them all who was master of comedy, the one they all acknowledge to have known more about comedy than anyone else who ever walked before a camera—Mabel Normand.

Possibly I am wrong, but I don't see any Mabel Normand in the shining ranks of the younger generation. Possibly she is there, hidden behind a five dollar a day extra check. Possibly it is Lillian Roth, or Helen Kane and they haven't yet shown their merits. But the moment you met (*Continued on page 124*)



VENICE. This month we present the Grand Canal as you fancy it after watching the endless procession of talkies. Here is the wettest of Italian cities—as Hollywood sees it.

Maurice Chevalier Likes	Janet Gaynor Idolizes	Mary Pickford Favors	Clara Bow Admires
			
Douglas Fairbanks	Mary Pickford	Mickey Mouse	Norma Shearer

THE STARS' OWN

The Screen Idols are as Human as You and I — and they have their own Motion Picture Crushes

SOME stars have million-dollar press agents! Yet they don't pay them a cent.

Not only that, but the press agents themselves are famous!

Say, this thing is getting just too involved, isn't it? I'll tell you.

Probably the most enthusiastic fans in the whole wide world are the stars themselves. And I'll let you in on a little secret. They're very human about it. They like their stars in just the same way that you and I do. There are picture stars who are just as thrilled at seeing Greta Garbo as anybody in Centerville, Ohio. They may like the way a star combs his hair or wears clothes or the manner in which he or she twitches an eyebrow. And sometimes they get a real crush, even as you and I!

WHY, I've known Mary Pickford to rush from the studio at night without her dinner to view Lillian Gish in a new picture, not only because she thinks Lillian is a fine artist, but because she is her chum; and I've known Lillian Gish, after an all-night vigil with her sick mother, insist next night on going, though she was ready to drop, to see Mary in a review.

Janet Gaynor came from Catalina in a little launch at night, arriving wet and disheveled, to see Ann Harding in a new picture, and Doug Fairbanks raced across a desert from location in Summertime to be in time for a Chaplin premiere.

And I know an actress who has a perfectly awful crush on Ronald Colman without ever having met him! She's a pretty noted actress herself.

So if you think that a star is a person who stands off and says, "Look at me. I'm the only person worth seeing," you're all wrong.

Everybody is human, of course, actors the same as everybody else. And probably there are two or three stars who think they're infinitely superior to any other star. And maybe all of them, down at the bottom of their hearts, think there is some teeny little way in which they are a teeny bit better than any other star. But in the main—oh, well, let them speak for themselves

Maurice Chevalier

"AS long as I have been looking at Douglas Fairbanks on the screen," declared Maurice Chevalier, "he has been my favorite. I first saw him in 'The Mark of Zorro' in Paris almost ten years ago.

"I like Fairbanks because of his vitality and his physical prowess.

"But he is also a fine actor. Don't forget that.

"Fairbanks' taste is always faultless, and his productions are made with the most meticulous care.

"My meeting with Fairbanks was a real event in my life. He is a gentleman on and off the screen."

Mary Pickford

WELL, you won't believe it maybe, but Mary Pickford declares that her favorite actor is Mickey Mouse!

"Mickey Mouse," Mary said, with her humorous grin, "seems to me to be the only actor who has so far really mastered the new art of talking pictures. His voice suits him and he never says too much. He has poise and is entirely lacking in that horrible self-consciousness in the presence of the mike which be-devils most of us actors.

"I do hope that Doug won't be jealous. I think he is good, too!"

Harry Langdon

"SOME comedians like a little tragedy relief in their lives—like dramatic actors best. Not I. I'm so serious about my own work, I like to go and laugh at other comedians' antics," explained Harry Langdon.





"I like Charlie Chaplin and Louise Fazenda best. No matter how great a star Charlie becomes, he never forgets to keep the common touch—without being common. And no matter how small a part Louise Fazenda has, she brings everything she has to it. I could sit up all night to view either of them!"

Clara Bow

EVEN the *It*-Girl of the screen herself has her favorite actress.

"I like Norma Shearer because she seems to me always to be a real girl—like the girl you might know next door," says Clara.

"Then she has a lovely voice, which is a God-given thing. Her voice seems just made for the talkies.

Doug, Senior, Selects	Gary Cooper Names	Victor McLaglen's Favorite is	Most Hollywood Stars Select
			
Doug, Junior	Charlie Chaplin	Janet Gaynor	Greta Garbo

FAVORITE STARS

By GRACE KINGSLEY

And her clothes! There is a certain chic required for the screen, a sophistication, and Norma has it."

Richard Dix

"**R**EALLY I have two favorites," said Richard Dix. "One for drama and high comedy, the other for low comedy. Please may I have two?"

"George Arliss is my ideal—the one I would like to resemble. He has such an amazing versatility in his character portrayals. And his technique is so perfect—there's not a lost gesture. And down underneath there's such an understanding of human nature and such a compassion for its frailties.

"Benny Rubin is my favorite comedian. He has me in stitches. I don't know why. If I could analyze his comedy, I probably wouldn't laugh."

Janet Gaynor

"**I**'M just like a lot of other young actresses in that I admire Mary Pickford above anybody else. She has been my ideal ever since I began going to pictures," said Janet Gaynor.

"One of the main reasons is that she understands child psychology so well. She does the exact things that any other child could do, or at least that any child would wish to do. No other actress ever has understood child psychology so well.

"But that doesn't mean that she isn't great in grown rôles, too. She is. She has an understanding of art and life that seems boundless to me."

Doug Fairbanks

"**M**Y favorite actor, did you ask? Not the greatest actor?" demanded Douglas Fairbanks. "Well, then, I'll just have to tell you it's Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

"I can tell you why he's my favorite actor. You've got to admit that young Doug has subtlety, a quality seldom found in so young an actor. And he has great naturalness and an effortless manner. And, more than anything else, perhaps, he is always sympathetic.

"There are faults in his acting, lots of them. But I'm not going to tell you what they are. He remains my favorite actor."

Joan Crawford

WELL, now, if we can get Doug, Jr., to say that Joan Crawford is his favorite actress, this will

be just one big happy family with nothing to hide.

For Joan Crawford admits, too, that Doug, Jr., is her favorite actor. She stands right ready, also, to tell you why—there's no mere sentimental mush here!

"Young Doug, to my way of thinking, has actual genius. I know that's a large order. But genius is more or less instinctive, isn't it? That's the way with Doug's acting. He seems always to re-act emotionally exactly right to a situation. And yet he has restraint. There's never any hamish over-acting. And please remember Doug's acting has always been like that, from the first moment he stepped into a scene."

Bill Haines

MAYBE Joan Crawford is just a bit of an old meanie not to say that Bill Haines is her favorite actor, inasmuch as he admires her so much.

And Billy has another favorite, too. She is Gloria Swanson.

"I admire Joan because I think that she embodies all that is lovely and spontaneous in feminine youth. She is youth incarnate. But that isn't all. She has the makings of a very great actress—temperament, the right sort of intelligence. And in the meantime she is pretty and human.

"Gloria is amazing," says Billy. "She is both deeply human and gorgeously artificial."

Gary Cooper

"**I**'LL admit that, take him all around, Charlie Chaplin is my favorite actor," declares Gary Cooper.

"He makes me laugh, and I love to laugh. All these dead serious rôles they've wished on me make it necessary for me to laugh. No other comedian can strike just the same responsive chord that Chaplin does.

"He's a great artist—but why bring that up?"

Victor McLaglen

"**A**NY actor who has to play all the rough and ready guys I have to play is bound to adore some little, sweet, adorable morsel of femininity when he goes to the theater," said Victor McLaglen.

"And to my way of thinking, Janet Gaynor is the utmost embodiment on the screen of all the qualities that are the opposite of the hard-boiled characters I play. I can get quite sobby over Janet's troubles on the screen. I'll bet she'd laugh if she could (Continued on page 108)

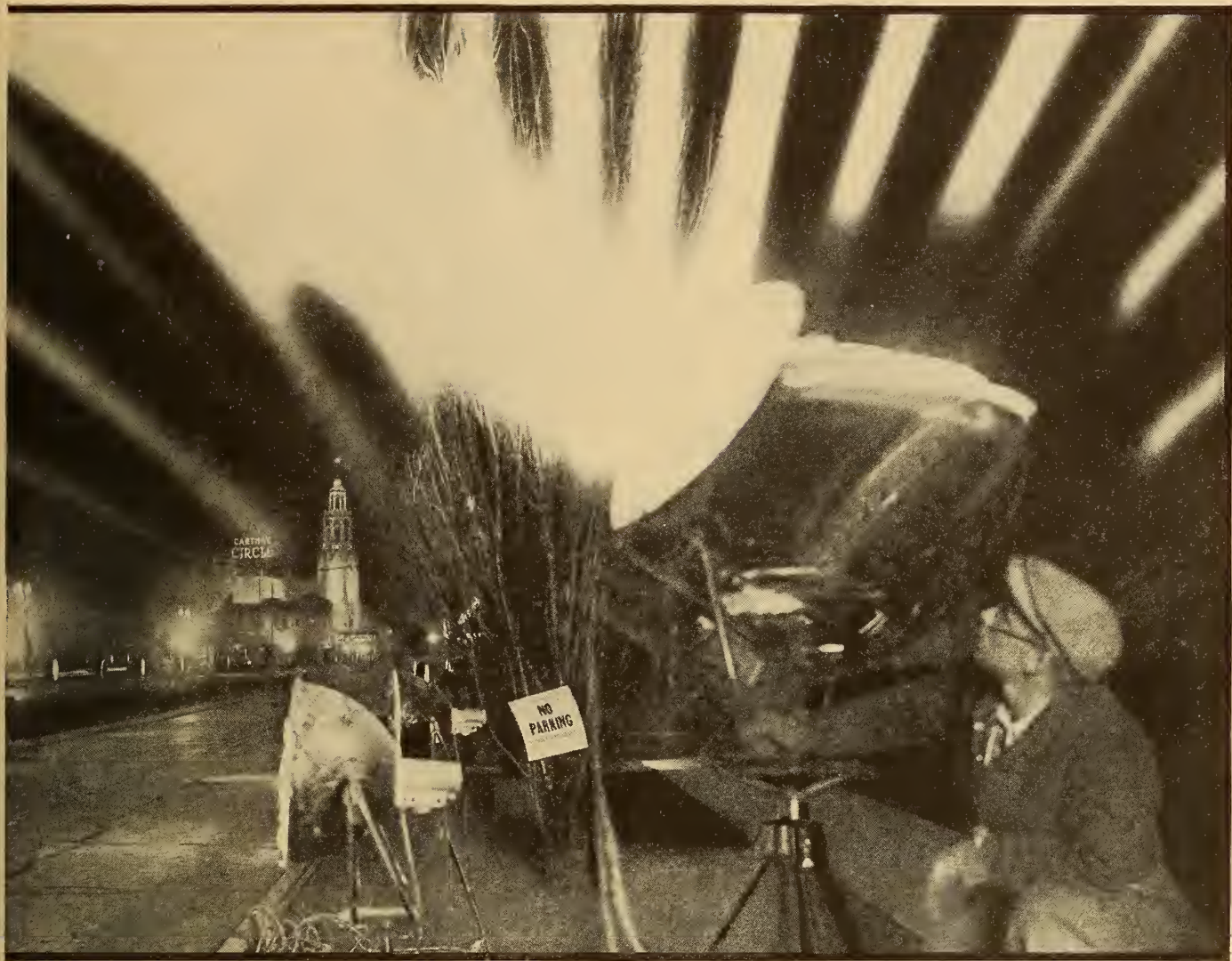


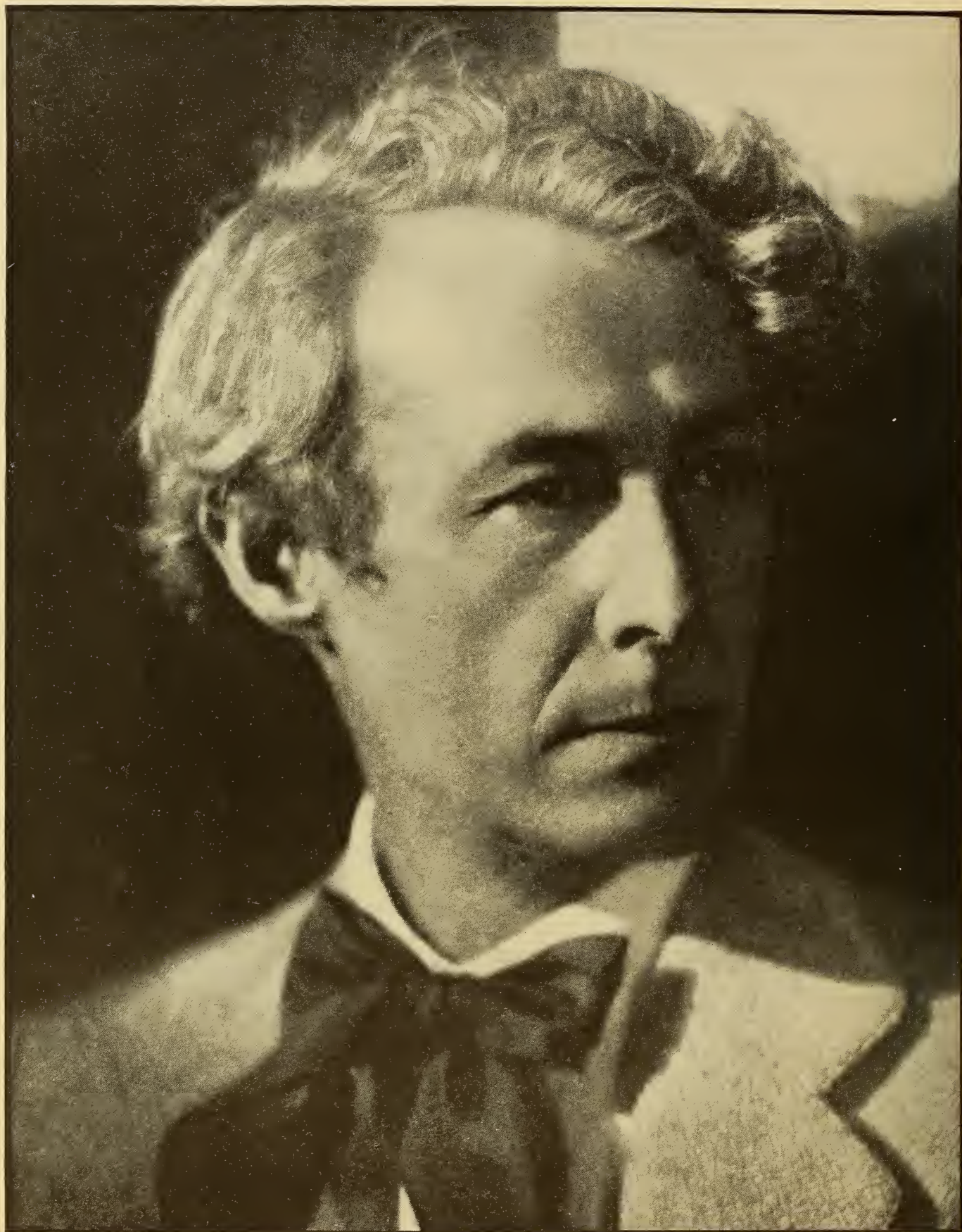
SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGG

All Quiet on the Hollywood Front

These striking night shots were made by NEW MOVIE'S own photographer at the opening of "All Quiet on the Western Front" at the Carthay Circle Theater on Wilshire Boulevard, half way between Hollywood and Los Angeles. By means of sun arcs, the night was made as light as day. The statue in the picture at the left is the much talked about study of an early Californian panning gold. That was before they discovered there were films in them tar hills.

Yes, the premiere of "All Quiet" was a big social event. Everybody in the film business was there.

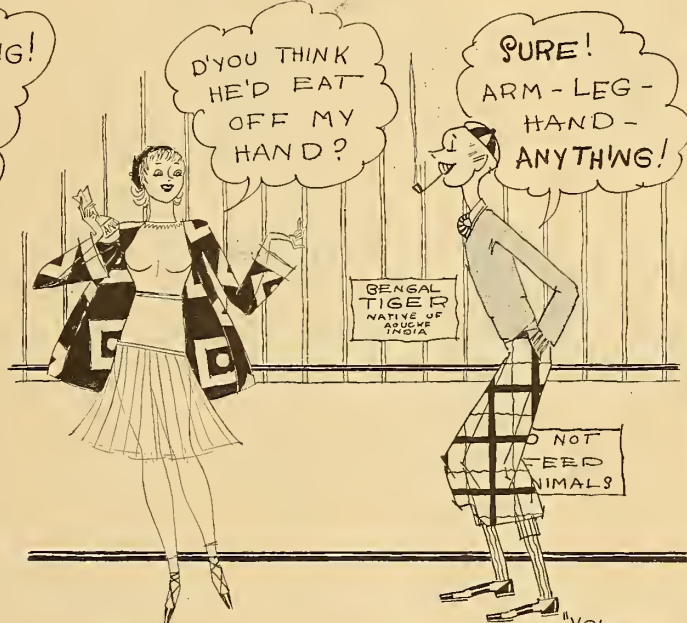
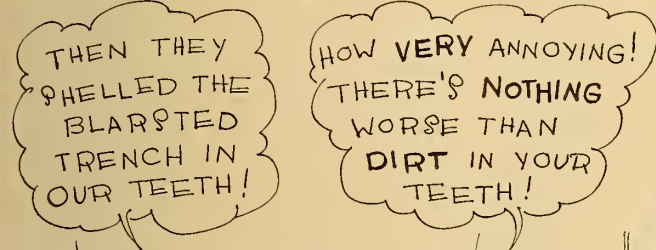




Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

It is the night of March 3, 1915. The scene is the Liberty Theater in New York. It is the never-to-be-forgotten premiere of "The Birth of a Nation," the picture by which all things cinematic are dated. The little colonel, Ben Cameron, in his tattered grey uniform, has passed through the broken gate of the old Cameron homestead, up the steps to the waiting arms of his sister, done by Mae Marsh, in her pitiful make-shift ermine. The great audience sobs—and cheers. Walthall is famous. Today Henry B. Walthall plays small roles in the talkies, forgotten by the newer generation. But, to the older, there will never be a screen actor so compelling, so romantic, so lovable. To him—the little colonel of "The Birth of a Nation"—this page is dedicated.

LAUGHS of the FILMS



What do you consider the funniest talkie joke of the month? THE NEW MOVIE will pay \$5 for the best written letter relating the best talkie joke. If two or more letters prove of equal merit, \$5 will go to each writer. Address your jokes to Laughs of the Films, THE NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



The first exit from a Hollywood party. Tiburcio Vasquez, bandit, was shot as he dived from the window of his girl's house in Hollywood, fifty years ago. Thus Vasquez set a social precedent.

TIBURCIO VASQUEZ, bandit, was shot in the pants as he dived through the window of his girl's house in Hollywood some fifty years ago. He was the first man to make exit from a Hollywood party in this manner. In so doing he set a precedent that has proved most unfortunate to the social standing of the cinema capital.

Tiburcio, though a bandit, was not of the movies. They came later. Nevertheless, the early love life of California, with its shooting affrays, gave to Hollywood a sort of romantic hang-over. The pioneer leaders of movie society were quick on the trigger and casement.

It was difficult for conventional Eastern people to catch this spirit of whimsy in romance and fiesta that was Hollywood's heritage from bandit days. They were quite right in criticizing us from their viewpoint. It was our mistake to turn tail under this criticism and attempt to imitate the effete East. Arrayed in manners unnatural to our soil we have presented a sight as pathetic as the South Sea Islander in top hat and mother hubbard. We should have remained true to our traditions, to the pattern of Vasquez, Murrieta, Chavez, who, unlike the bandit immigrants from the East, were always gallant and never failed to ask a mother's blessing before holding up a stage coach and scamouching off with the good looking dames. But we have betrayed that heritage and so must suffer consequential laughter when we attempt the tricky etiquette of the East.

YOU doubtless read Thyra Samter Winslow's yawn at Hollywood society in a recent issue of *NEW MOVIE*. It was the topic of many Hollywood salons (one "o", printer!). You must have read, too, the indignant comments of the actors the month following. They said that evidently Thyra did not meet the right people. (Each said he had not met her.) Obviously she did not. I did not meet her. So how unfair of Thyra to talk of our aristocracy when she hadn't met us.

Why It Has Been Difficult to Reconcile Effete Eastern Social Customs with California's Spirit of Whimsy in Romance and Fiesta

Had Thyra come to me with credentials from blue-booked persons of New York—say the dowager Vanderbilt, Jimmy Walker, Texas Guinan or any of the big mattress and soap endorsers I would have initiated her into the inner circle so to speak.

Society anywhere is a bore when it strains to rules. Dinner parties are probably the most artificial attempt at pleasure ever conceived. No other animal aside from the human ever assembles at trough en masse, save, of course, under the artificial compulsion of the barnyard. Certainly my dog, of pedigreed ancestry and blue ribbon title, has never been caught summoning the neighboring pedigrees when he had a good bone. *Au contraire*, he seeks isolation and concentrates. He realizes that eating is an animalistic sensuality which should not be a part of well-bred social intercourse. No one, dog or man, is at his best intellectually whilst chewing the leg of a dead hen.

It is only when people are utterly themselves that they are unique and therefore interesting specimens, be they what they may. The charm of Hollywood is waning because of the effort to be something else. And because Hollywood does everything in a Bigger and Better way, the stupidity of the conventional party is stupendous, gigantic, colossal and . . . see billboards for further adjectives. Nothing is so pathetic as this trying to do the right thing. Again I refer piteously to mother-hubbard Polynesians and to well-bred dogs that are forced to perform tricks at the command of humans.

There are among us, however, staunch souls who refuse the yoke of our conquerors. True Hollywoodians they may be found in all integrity in the privacy of their homes provided you know the password.

THERE is, for instance, Corinne Griffith, who, though she has had to compromise somewhat with current Hollywood manners, is the very essence of refinement and femininity. I lunched alone one day with Corinne in her Beverly Hills palazzo. I confess I prefer Corinne tête-à-tête than at one of her larger parties. Her gaiety amid the consuming mob always appears to me forced and ill at ease.

We lunched alone and it was a brilliant affair. She had new servants. Pie came on with the salad. We chortled lustily to show we knew better, then fell upon both. Afterward we sat under an oleander tree of her garden and reminisced of our Vitagraph days when Corinne was so poor she had only one diamond bracelet. She told me her secret was saving a percentage of her salary always, even when she got only fifty a week. "Because money," she drawled, "is the only way to freedom in the present scheme."

We discussed our Beverly Hills properties and wondered how long we could pay the taxes. Then Corinne suddenly veered to the poems of Verlaine and Mallarmé. Perhaps it was the juxtaposition of pie and salad. I'm sure Corinne would have cut her throat rather than make such reference at one of her big parties.

The LOW-DOWN on HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIFE

BY HERBERT HOWE

Unquestionably it was the luncheon. The servant, acting on intuition, had caused us to be ourselves likewise. After all, it seems society is principally a matter of servants. If they serve the wrong thing you are liable to go off talking of symbolist poets instead of box-office records.

I recall the remark of Jim Tully, noted society man and cotillion leader, over a lunch of onions and hamburger in his Spanish joint. The cook had just departed for the kitchen after serving us with as fine a flourish as one can serve onions and hamburger. "There's irony," said Jim, jabbing a fork in the direction of the cook. "That poor dame lays in the hammock all morning reading Emily Post and she has to wait on a guy who don't know whether to use a spoon or a fork."

(Continued on page 112)



ILLUSTRATED
BY
GARRETT
PRICE

Charlie Ray had the first butler in Hollywood. People would ring Charlie's bell and then duck into the agapanthus, just to see the butler and to give him what we now politely call the "bird."



Judge Henry Cooper, formerly of Montana, must be mighty proud of his son, Gary. His boy comes close to being the most popular young man in Hollywood, getting more letters every day of the week than dad received in a half dozen years. They've even named a Montana town after Gary.



Bebe Daniels is becoming the bride of Ben Lyon at about the time you read this issue of NEW MOVIE. Read here how Miss Daniels and Mr. Lyon met for the first time -- and how the romance started.

HOW THEY MET

The Real Story of How the Famous Hollywood Romance Started, Told for the First Time

By HOWARD GILL

HOW they met—and when—and where. The beginning of a romance is one of the things poets have always sung about. It's one of the things cherished in memory forever.

Sometimes first meetings are casual and the two would be amazed and incredulous could they see a few years into the future and know that the introduction wasn't a mere social convention but something momentous and glorious.

Sometimes first meetings light an instantaneous spark.

Often such meetings come about by what seems almost a fluke, and later in their happiness the man and woman are almost afraid to think how nearly they came to not meeting at all.

And still oftener business—particularly in the film colony—is responsible for bringing life partners to that first contact.

HERE is how some of them met:

A young man named John McCormick was acting as business manager for a certain big film corporation. He had received a wire from the bosses in New York to see Marshall Neilan and get a definite answer from him on a certain point in his contract. So John, after much telephoning, located Mickey at his rooms in the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Mickey told him to come on down—and John went.

In Mickey's rooms were a dozen convivial souls. John sat—and sat—and sat, getting madder by the minute. Finally, dinner time (*Continued on page 107*).



Taylor Holmes, the veteran comedian of the stage shows his son, Phillips, some make-up tricks. Phillips' mother, Edna Phillips, was a well-known actress of her day, while Taylor was long a Broadway star.

Children of Stage Folks Always Turn to the Theater, for There Is No Way to Fight the Glamour of Acting

of Joan and Constance Bennett, children of Richard Bennett, have a record that stretches back into the days in the sixteenth century, when they were a group of strolling players. Lupino Lane, amusing comic that he is, learned his art from parents descended from another medieval family of strolling players and mimes. Every generation has had its players, the art being passed from one generation to another and cherished.

Other families of famous ones may not be able to trace such a lineage, but there are

very many stars who can claim parents and even grandparents who trod the boards and made the rafters ring.

An actor, it is well known, may come from people of any station in life. All strata of society contribute a quota. Professional men, such as doctors, lawyers, ministers, college professors, ditch-diggers, trollops, saloonkeepers, servants, all may have children who turn to the theater to earn its rich rewards. But their children will be actors, it is almost safe to prophesy.

THE American stage has its aristocracy, with its Barrymores and Drews and Bennetts and many others. The circus people have their aristocracy as well, and it is a proud one. How many of these families have turned to the films is interesting to see.

When John Barrymore and Dolores Costello married, there was, as all the world knows, the linking of the first aristocracy of the stage with the first family of the screen. The career of Maurice Costello, brilliant first star of the films, is one that began on the stage, in stock and in road shows. Maurice Costello played in many of those heart-wrenching melodramas of the old days, "Human Hearts," "The Night Before Christmas," and others, so that he was well known when he went into the old Vitagraph studio and made film history. Prior to him he knows of no stage folk; but the virus was transmitted to his daughters, Dolores and Helene. Their father was not particularly anxious to have them start a stage career, at least just then, but when the two girls went out and got themselves jobs in the George White "Scandals," he recognized the urge and let them go ahead.

John Barrymore has behind him a record of three generations. His grandmother, of the Drew family, on his mother's side, was starred at the age of six in London as a child actress. Her daughter, Georgiana Drew, and the mother of John, was famous in her time, playing with his father, Maurice Barrymore. Incidentally, Joan and Constance Bennett's maternal grandmother, Rose Wood, played with them. Now Joan is playing with John in the talkie version of "The Sea Beast."

There is no information as to any ancestors that

WHEN John Barrymore was working as a cartoonist and illustrator on the *New York Evening Journal*, the editor of which was Arthur Brisbane, there came one fateful evening on which the youthful Barrymore was saved for the American stage. According to the account, John had gone off with some boon companions to while away the idle hours in one of those quaint pre-prohibition resorts. There was made wassail, and finally, after some search, the editor's emissaries brought the young artist back to the office to illustrate a most important murder case. The picture drawn did not show the artist at his best, as Barrymore puts it. Brisbane drew him aside and the conversation went thus:

"Your family are actors, I hear, young man."

"Yes."

"Well, I would strongly advise your trying the stage."

"I have anticipated you," answered the young artist, and that was the end of journalism and the beginning of a stage career for John Barrymore.

This sad story of the child of an actor striving for better things, as it were, and its most unhappy ending for such worthy ambitions, is illustrative of a deep-seated instinct, affliction, inspiration, ambition, call it what you will. The children of actors are always actors. Once the magic of the make-believe land behind the footlights has touched the family tree, any limb may go gay; and then you have another actor or actress.

MANY a present-day star, like Barrymore, chose another path for a time, but the glitter and the glamour are in the blood. Back they come, for better or for worse, praising or blaming the theater, but always feeling that here among the backdrops and stage sets, the grease paint and the excitement, are their people. The theater is not an unkind mother; to all children of her blood she offers her gifts of fame and fortune, sometimes withheld for a time, for she is a stern mother; but merit she recognizes with wealth beyond what can be gained in any other realm. Kings and queens are proud to claim the great ones of the stage as their friends and favorites.

The annals of some of the stage families who are now working in pictures are long and ancient. The family

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM IT

By ROSALIND SHAFFER

Maurice Barrymore may have had being on the stage, but the surmise is that he had some. The Irish family name of Blythe had in it a title, a Lord Barrymore, and from this comes the Barrymore name, and the crest of the crowned kingsnake which John flies on his yacht.

Through his mother, Georgiana Drew, Barrymore is related to Sidney Drew and John Drew, both of whom were famous. Sidney Drew preceded his talented nephew into the films, and made, among other things, a series of successful domestic comedies with his wife. Lionel and Ethel, John's brother and sister, are typical of the Barrymore and Drew talent. The daughter of Ethel, whose married name was Colt, has shown talent, and it is probable that she will succeed to the mantle of the Barrymore name.

When John and his brother Lionel were young men they went to Paris to study art. As they ran through their money, it was back to America and the stage for John, via the newspaper illustrator route. It was a quick and easy way to make money and, anyway, the boys liked it. Ethel was already established.

A child of John Barrymore and his wife, Dolores, could hardly fail to carry on the dramatic career of such talented ancestors.

SWITCHING back to the Bennett family, composed of Constance, Joan and Barbara, they possess one of the most significant figures in the American theater today in their father, Richard Bennett. Their mother is Adrienne Morrison, a star in her own right before



Ruth Roland comes from two generations of theater folks. Her grandmother was a Tyrolean yodler and her Mother was famed as "the California Nightingale," an idol of San Francisco.

she married Bennett. Her father, Lewis Morrison, was a noted actor abroad and in America, touring for seventeen years in Shakespearean plays and as Mephistopheles in "Faust." The Morrisons are descended from the old English theatrical family of Wood, who come in turn from the Welsh Wodens, traveling troubadours of the sixteenth century.

Another old theatrical family is that of the James Gleasons and their son, Russell Gleason. Lucille Webster Gleason had no forbears in the theater, she married into it. Jim Gleason had as his mother, Nina Crolius Gleason, a famous stage actress of New York and the Pacific Coast. She appeared in New York under the Frohman banner for some years. As soon as she recovers from a recent accident she expects to be at it again, though she is now seventy-seven. Her mother was a French actress, and her mother before her was a famous French dancer of her time. Russell Gleason represents the fifth known generation in the family of stage folk. All three Gleasons are in films now.

Lupino Lane has grease paint all smeared over a long and glorious theatrical ancestry. The funny little comic from "The Love Parade" claims descent from the oldest theatrical family in the world, the Lu-



Constance and Joan Bennett with their mother, Adrienne Morrison. Richard Bennett, their father, is a famous theater star and Adrienne Morrison was a popular actress, the daughter of Lewis Morrison, a road star of other days.

Why Do Children of Actors Always Become Actors?

pinos. The family was originally Italian, pantomimists who came to England three hundred years ago, after a two-hundred-year-old stage ancestry in Italy. Chevalier Georgius Lupino brought the first puppet show to England, the old favorite, Punch and Judy, and the amazement of the Britishers, beguiled from their maypoles and bowling on the green, must have been terrific, for the family stayed and prospered. In this generation there is Lupino Lane, his brother, Wallace Lupino, his foil in pictures, and three cousins, Stanley Lupino, who is starring in London, Mark, famous in the Colonies, and Barry Lupino, who has been featured in the New York musical shows.

Lupino's real name is Harry Lupino, not Lupino Lane, and thereby hangs a tale. On his mother's side, the family of Lane were eminent as managers and producers. Most famous among these was Mrs. Sarah Lane, proprietress of the famous old Britannia Theater in London and one of England's greatest actresses in her heyday. Such great actors as Sir Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree appeared with her. She enacted tragedy rôles up to the time of her death in August, 1899, at the age of seventy-seven.

It was out of favor to this grandmother that Harry Lupino became Lupino Lane. "There are plenty of Lupinos, but few Lanes," she said. His father was willing, but the proud old Grandfather Lupino could not see why Lupino was not a good enough name for any male member of the family. However, he took the name Lane. All of his trick dancing, falls and eccentric comedy were taught him by his father, and he was such an adept pupil that he was billed as a child as Master Harry Lupino.

ANY stage ancestry after this one is something of a let-down. However, turning to the case of Douglas Fairbanks and his son, we find a case where the father much preferred the son to delay his dramatic career until he was a little older. As it was, Doug, Jr., began on his own at the age of fifteen, in "Stephen Steps Out." Doug, Jr. had wished to be an artist and had studied in Paris, but due to financial reverses of his mother's, he accepted the offer from films to make the picture men-



Mitzi Green, the screen child film star, with her parents, Joe Keno and Rosie Green, the long popular vaudeville team. Little Mitzi appeared with her parents and as a variety "single."

tioned. It was such a ready source of revenue that the boy continued, though his avocations are also drawing and writing. Once more the alma mater of all actors' children had offered aid at a critical time and another dramatic career had begun.

Marilyn Miller is the child of a stage family and the stepchild of another. Her mother divorced her father, named Lyn Reynolds, when Marilyn was a child, and went with a theatrical company, later marrying Caro Miller, the leading man. At five, Marilyn was with her mother, stepfather and two older sisters billed as one of "The Five Columbias." She was billed as Mlle. Sugar Plum and did

dancing. She grew up in a family atmosphere of things theatrical.

John Gilbert comes of a pair of theatrical parents, celebrities in their day. His father, John Pringle, was a handsome leading man in stock, and his mother, Ada Adair, was a talented and beautiful actress who played opposite John's father at one time. John, too, essayed something else than the theater, but came back to it when he joined the Baker Stock Company, in Spokane, Washington. As a child of one year he played with Eddie Foy. Later years saw him attempting success as a rubber salesman and as a reporter on *The Portland Oregonian*, after the Baker company went broke, but he was itching to get back to the theater, and finally compromised with going to work as an extra for Tom Ince. After rising to leads in films, he digressed to write and direct, but always he went back to acting. He stifled his higher emotions in gold and grease paint.

Another child born in a theatrical trunk is Eddie

Quillen, whose father, Joseph Quillen, was a noted comic. Eddie is one of nine children, all in the racket. His father managed five of them in their own act. Now it's all pictures at Quillen's and everybody works but father, and he worries.

The names of Rudolf and Josef Schildkraut are known the length and breadth of the (Contin'd on page 114)



James and Lucille Gleason, with their son, Russell. Jim Gleason comes of a stage family. In fact, Jim's mother, Nina Gleason, is still acting, at seventy-seven. Russell Gleason represents the fifth generation of a noted stage family.



Photograph by Otto Dyar

CLARA BOW

The new—and sylph-like Clara—with her newest pet, Duke, a great Dane. Duke goes everywhere with Miss Bow, past no admittance signs and into sound stages where no one ever enters save a star or a director.



Photograph by Don English

Introducing Mitzi Green, the first child star of the talkies. Mitzi grew up in the theater, her parents being known to vaudeville as Keno and Green. She used to go on with her father and mother and do kid impersonations. Now, a film luminary, she is exactly nine years old.

The PENALTY of BEAUTY

BY GEORGE CHAPIN

AT sixteen she was just another girl selling hairpins.

She was happy.

At nineteen she was "Miss America." Judged, at the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant, the girl most beautiful of face and form in the entire United States.

After that she was unhappy.

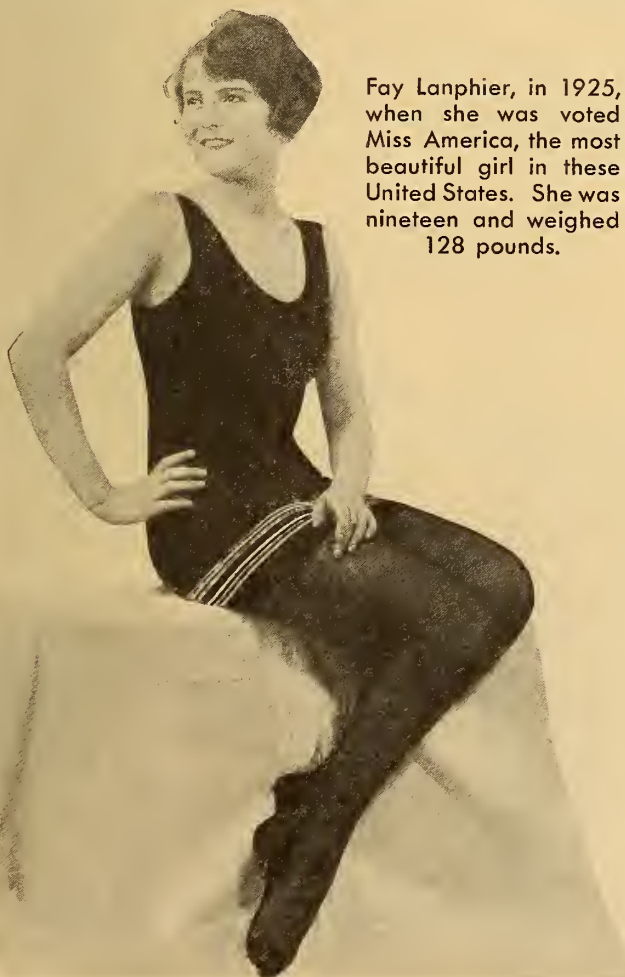
At twenty-four she is just another stenographer in Hollywood.

Now Fay Lanphier is happy again.

The lot of others always seems to be the most fortunate. No doubt many a girl envied the gorgeous Fay Lanphier, perfectly gowned, as she was hailed the



Fay Lanphier as she is today, weight 157 pounds. She is just one of hundreds of stenographers in a Hollywood studio—but she is happy.



Fay Lanphier, in 1925, when she was voted Miss America, the most beautiful girl in these United States. She was nineteen and weighed 128 pounds.

most beautiful girl of the year. No doubt they saw pictures and read accounts of her going from place to place in a luxurious Rolls-Royce—and wished that they could but change places with her. That *they* might be given all the attentions which were showered upon Fay Lanphier, that *they* might enjoy the sensation of having rich and handsome men contest for the honor of taking them to dinner, the opera, and a night club.

They no doubt thought that if they could have these things they would be happy and content. So did Fay Lanphier.

But she found out otherwise. That is why she deliberately set out "not to be a beauty." And worked at it just as hard as do thousands of other girls who slave and punish themselves that they may have one small part of the beauty this girl is trying to erase.

"I PUT on weight," she said. "And although I never did use much makeup I stopped using it altogether. I wanted to be plain, to be able to fade into a crowd and never be noticed.

"Those days when I was 'Miss America'—they were nice in one way—but I was never happy. Something was always bothering me, causing me to worry.

"I wondered about getting a picture contract, and then worried about making good when I did. I flopped. And found out that I did not want to be a picture star and that no one else wanted me to be one either. The one picture I made, 'The American Venus,' made a star out of Esther Ralston, but it was a heartbreak to me. I had nothing to do in it and doubt if I could have done anything had the part I played (*Continued on page 128*)

Fay Lanphier deliberately gave up the pursuit of beauty for comfort and happiness

HOME TOWN

STORIES of the STARS

YOUTH has the habit of making predictions.

A tall, dark-eyed boy and a slim, golden-haired girl met at a musicale in Minneapolis eighteen years ago. They appraised each other critically, and sat apart when tea was served.

Handsome Ernest Brimmer, of St. Paul, gave dramatic readings, and comely Edith Day's voice already had won her the adulations of Minneapolis. Their hostess introduced them to the other guests as "two young persons of exceptional dramatic and musical ability." She divined brilliant futures for them.

The dapper young man, so the story goes, threw his very soul into his recital that afternoon. The applause was inspiring, reassuring. But he didn't observe the mocking smile of the pretty young singer as she floated towards the grand piano. She sang like a lark, and flushed exultantly at the plaudits. Her eyes saw far beyond the face of a certain, in fact, the only male in the drawing-room. His upper lip was almost touching the tip of his nose. Bored? Well, Ernest was on the defensive.

"I THINK Mr. Brimmer recites very well—so dramatic, so much fire," ventured the hostess while chatting with the fledgling songbird.

"Why, I think he is just terrible," the girl replied. Her feathers were ruffled.

Somewhat taken aback the dear woman approached the St. Paul boy on the subject of sweet young sopranos. One in particular.



Ernest Brimmer (now Richard Dix) at the age of eleven was the delivery boy for Kessler's grocery store in St. Paul—and, at that, pretty much of a trial for Old Man Kessler.

"Miss Day has a lovely voice, and she is so pretty."

"Oh, yes, she's cute in her way," he admitted. Then impetuously: "But she'll never amount to anything."

That was in 1912. Today that "terrible" dramatic reader of the peg-top trouser era is one of the "best sellers" in the motion picture world. He is known to millions of movie patrons as Richard Dix. Incidentally, Miss Day did very well. In her "cute" way she won fame as the original "Irene" in the musical comedy of that name.

Let Hollywood and cinema audiences know the square-jawed, straight-as-an-Indian screen star as Richard Dix, but back in St. Paul, his home town, he is known as "Pete" Brimmer. Just plain "Pete" to his boyhood pals. None of the old gang remembers just how he came by the nickname. It doesn't matter, anyhow. Most of the men, who as youngsters comprised the St. Anthony Park gang, have, like "Pete" Brimmer, sought fame and fortune outside the Twin Cities. Yet, one of the motion picture actor's closest friends still lives in St. Anthony Park. He is William Grant Gray and his home is but a short distance from 1208 Raymond Avenue where Brimmer was born, July 18, 1896.

The house still stands. "Pete" and Grant inspected it last summer when Brimmer spent a week in St. Paul. The apple tree in the yard was bearing fruit, but it was a taller tree than when "Pete" last plucked a green apple from it.

No one, except Dix himself, knows more about the boyhood of "Pete" Brimmer than Mr. Gray. He and "Pete" fished and swam and fought and worked together in the magic days. Assuming the role of biographer Mr. Gray recounted the high spots of Dix's youth. He confessed that he was "holding out a bit," but his word picture was enough to show that Brimmer's early life was that of a normal, red-blooded American boy. Biographer Gray began by disclosing the actor's stage name was devised and used many years before "Pete" gave serious thought to a theatrical career.

Former playmates of Ernest Brimmer remember him as a "regular fatty." Here you will learn how he first hurriedly adopted the name of Richard Dix, under the questioning of a policeman.

Our gang decided to raid one of the agricultural college apple orchards. (The University of Minnesota College of Agriculture is in St. Anthony



How "Pete" Brimmer Grew Up to be Richard Dix—and the Idol of St. Paul

By CHARLES W. MOORE
of the
St. Paul Pioneer Press

Park.) The fruit was good—scientifically propagated, you know. 'Pete' was one of the first to crawl over the fence into the orchard. We were having a swell time disposing of the spoils when out of the gloom a huge figure waddled toward us. It was Ole Hanson. (Ole was and still is the limb of the law in the district.) We were caught red-handed. One or two of the gang got away, but Ole herded the rest together and started asking questions. He wanted our names. Ole knew every mother's son of us in daylight, but the orchard was dark. The first boy gave a fictitious name. So did the next and on down the line until it was 'Pete's' turn.

"I'll never forget him. He stood there calmly chewing on a filched apple. He smacked his lips. 'My name's Richard Dix,' he told Ole, and sauntered away as if the fat old copper had caught the chief of police himself. I guess nothing ever came of that escapade, except that we were watched very closely from then on by college authorities. 'Pete' used the name Richard Dix many times afterward. The gang got used to it.

"'Pete' was pretty husky when he was a kid. He——"

"Oh, he was a regular fatty." This from Mrs. Gray. As the sister of Harold "Clemmy" Clemons, one of Brimmer's pals, she remembers "Pete" vividly.

"No, he wasn't dear."

"Well, I guess my memory is pretty clear. 'Pete' was pudgy and sort of awkward when he was eleven or twelve years old. I knew him pretty well.

"One summer before he entered Central High School 'Pete' was delivery boy for Kessler's grocery store. The groceries were transported in an old rickety wagon drawn by an aged grey mare. 'Clemmy' was the assistant helper. 'Pete' and unpaid would wait un-

At the right, the house at No. 1208 Raymond Avenue, St. Paul, where Richard Dix was born in 1896. It still stands. In the yard is the same apple tree that Dix, as little "Pete" Brimmer, used to climb for greenapples.



Richard Dix always had a flare for reciting. He played roles in the various student shows of the Central High School and, after graduation, overrode parental objections and turned to the stage as a profession.

til the wagon was jammed full of orders before starting on a delivery trip. Old Man Kessler's hardest work was finding 'Pete' when the load was ready. The first stop every morning was in front of our house. The stop was always made whether or not my mother had ordered food. 'Pete' was there to get my brother.

"Morning after morning (until young Brimmer lost his job) the indolent young upstart would sit out in front and shout: 'Clemmy, oh Clemmy!' His voice was monotonous. 'Clemmy' usually was in bed and he'd come

downstairs and eat breakfast before joining 'Pete.' Sometimes it was an hour before they would get started. Meanwhile, neighborhood housewives were waiting for their groceries.

"Whenever 'Pete' had an order for us he would leave everything but one item outside the door. Then he would knock, walk into the kitchen and stumble purposely. Whatever was

(Continued on page 118)



By HERB HOWE

flavor. Old patriotic pussers who prefer the gin and orange juice of delusion may not enjoy it; nevertheless let them plunge the proboscis for an evening. It may save them knitting themselves nuts through another war. It may even prevent them—silly hope—from tossing the word "Red" as carelessly as "Boche," stay them from baiting Russia on hearsay for "religious persecutions," lessen their zeal in fattening little boys for another big devil stew.

OUT of the mud of this picture arises the most sensitive face I've seen. Through the shrieking, quivering, whimpering screen crashes a new star. Mr. Lew Ayres. Not since I saw Charles Ray in "The Coward" and Richard Barthelmess in "For Valor" have I pounded the drum of "discovery" with such assurance. The Boulevardier's boutonniere for the month goes to Lew's lapel.

FOURTEEN years ago Julian Johnson heralded Charles Ray "Ince's Wonder Boy." I might be tempted to swipe the title and call Lew "Laemmle's Wonder Boy" were it not for the ludicrous fact that he and producer "Junior" Carl Laemmle are the same age, twenty-one.

"Uncle" Carl Laemmle, a loved character of the film world, gave son Carl Jr., the Universal studio to play with. Offered eighty million for the property, Uncle Carl said: "No, Junior thinks he'd like to have it, and so I guess I'll let him play with it."

I WAS at Buddy Rogers' home in Beverly Hills the other night. He recently bought a house on Bedford Drive, which he shared with his dad and mother. He played me his two phonograph records which he had just received.

"I take your word for it," I said, "but the voice doesn't sound like yours."

For that matter Buddy's voice off screen is utterly different from on; the victrola reproduces still a different one. Buddy is a vocal Chaney.

BUDDY gets three cents for every one of his records sold. I need not urge the sisters of my congregation to buy until it hurts. Buddy must be kept.

Buddy's personality differs from the one on the screen as much as his voice differs from the talkie. He is taller, more mature. There is not the pop-eyed puppy eagerness. On the screen he wears a white make-up; off the screen he has a tanned olive skin and—on occasion—a stubble of beard as black as Harold Lloyd's. He reminds me of Harold in other ways. He speaks to you



A Hollywood extra leaves home for the day's work. Extras stagger from dugout to dugout these days. During the last few years, says Herb Howe, the World War has become Hollywood's leading industry.

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT" will not end war, but it should end war pictures, a boon almost as great.

The armistice was signed twelve years ago, but our Hollywood boys are still in the trenches. They stagger from dugout to dugout, going nutty. Indeed, I'm safe in saying—my passport in paw—that there's scarcely a Hollywood actor who hasn't gone nuts. All cases are not due to shell shock; nevertheless, I see no reason to stimulate a natural aptitude artificially. Hollywood is trying enough on one's sanity without having it imitate Verdun day and night. During the last few years the World War has become our leading industry. There is more acreage seeded to shells than to citrus. However, I foresee a sharp return to normal conditions.

(That should be in quotes, but I don't know who said it first.)

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT" leaves nothing more to be said. It's the straight stuff, genuine as Pilsener, unneeded by the go-goofy tonic of romance and glory. The Boulevardier's business is not reviewing pictures. (Never mind what it is, it beats work.) But this is not a picture, it is the war itself. As one who dipped a beak in French mud, I know the

The HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER

in the same hushed confidential tones. He also deprecates himself. He's careful about what he says since an interview quoted him saying he received more letters than Valentino.

"What the Valentino fans wrote me, oh boy!" Buddy shudders. It's ironical but a fact that the dead Valentino is more popular than any living star.

THE reason everybody is getting by as a singer in the talkies is that before the talkies we never knew that was singing.

THE other morning, while I was in my bath, Jeanette MacDonald started singing in the next room. I didn't know my colored boy had been fumbling with the phonograph. It is rather startling, to say the least, to hear a girl's familiar voice singing "The Love Parade" at you in your shower. I mean to say the heart may start pounding, and you are liable to slip on the soap reaching hastily for the bathrobe. It was a Victor record, of course, for Jeanette does not broadcast in the bathing hour. When television permits her to do so, I shall become a friend of radioland.

Tries to Get Hollywood Out of the Trenches — Discovers Young Lew Ayres — Visits Buddy Rogers and Writes About Doug Fairbanks, Senior.

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., says his father is primarily an actor. All actors are primarily actors. I once asked Florence Deshon, then close friend of

Charlie Chaplin, if Charlie really was a Socialist, a Communist.

"Charlie a Socialist, a Communist? . . . Charlie's an actor," said Florence with a gentle smile.

I recall an afternoon at the studio when Doug Fairbanks, Sr., was worrying about Doug Jr., becoming an actor.

"I'd like to send him to college, get him away from Hollywood," said Doug Sr. "I'm afraid if he hangs around here he'll become an actor. I hate actors, don't you?"

A smile was my only reply—on advice of counsel.

"I'm not an actor," said Doug quickly. "Charlie Chaplin is."

DOUG FAIRBANKS, SR., is one of the few actors who does not disappoint off screen. He transmits the same enormous energy and exuberance. Most actors like to pose as something different than their screen selves. Naïve, they go sophisticate and talk women. Roués, they act like swooning saints and cry a little. In a word, actors act harder off screen than on. Doug doesn't. He plays himself (Continued on page 97)

Two gobs looking wistful in Hollywood. They take their movies seriously and are looking for Clara Bow, the sweetheart of the navy.



DRAWINGS BY
KEN
CHAMBERLAIN

BANQUET
PATTER
BY
HOMER
CROY



WHEN Louise Fazenda opened her eyes and put on her make-up for the first time, they told her the place was Lafayette, Indiana, and the date June 17, 1895. "Personally, I do not remember it," she says frankly. "All I know about it is hearsay."

That is her real name; her family is Italian and, back in sunny Italy, Fazenda means "farmer." She did not remain long in Lafayette, for, when she was three months old, she left Lafayette and went to Los Angeles, California. This, of course, was with the help of her parents.

The family did not have a great deal of money and Louise had to go out where money was and help bring it back. She got a job in a candy factory and became a chocolate dipper. Here, day after day, Louise worked, dipping chocolates and dreaming of grease-paint.

She also taught a Sunday School class, and while teaching this class got a job briefly with Mack Sennett as one of his bathing beauties. Sunday morning she would teach her Sunday School class and Monday morning she would put on a smile and a bathing suit that could be sent through the mail to Guam for a six-cent stamp, and kick up her heels in front of the camera.

I shudder to think what would have happened if her Sunday School superintendent should have wandered into the Bijou some Saturday night and have seen his Sunday School teacher come galloping out on the screen in a smile and a bathing suit about as big as a pen-wiper.

After a time, Louise took off the bathing suit, put it carefully away in a pill-box, skinned back her hair and became a comedienne.

Yes, boys, she is married. Hal Wallis, one of the big shots at First National, saw her, took her out riding in a rubber-tired buggy and gave her a bag of chocolates in the moonlight. The old chocolate urge came over her, she could not resist, and when the census taker called at 5402 West Ninth Street, Hollywood, and asked her what her business was she had to answer "Housewife."

So hooray! for the little chocolate dipper who turned out to be one of the best comedienues on the screen.

KEN MAYNARD: My friends, we have come to a place in our program this evening which you ought to remember all the rest of your lives. I am now going to introduce to you a cowboy actor who is a real cowboy, and never bought anything in a drug store in his life except silver polish for his spurs. **KEN MAYNARD**, stand up, you bean pole, and let the ladies and gentlemen rest their eyes on you.

Ken Maynard made his first appearance in the saddle July 21, 1895, at Mission, Texas, and has been riding ever since.

The most wonderful thing that could happen to anybody in the whole world happened to him—ask any boy. His father gave him a saddle, he began to practice fancy riding—and became chief rider for Barnum and Bailey and Ringling Brothers' Circus. If that isn't success, I don't know what is!

WE HAVE WITH US

Reading around the banquet table from left to right: Ramon Navarro, Lew Ayres, Louise Fazenda, Mr. Croy, Ken Maynard, Norma Shearer and Edmund Lowe.



But Kenneth (that's the name he was born with—think of a cowboy being named Kenneth!) has more on his rope than a double flying-loop, for he also went to an engineering school and was graduated with the degree of "civil engineer."

He was such a real *bona fide* cowboy that, in 1920 in Chicago, he won the world's championship for trick riding and roping. So when you see him climb into a saddle you can know that you're going to see something to talk about when you get home.

However, he is only a cowboy on the stage. He would no more think of putting on a ten-gallon hat and a pair of spurs and swanking down Hollywood Boulevard than a Scotchman would think of treating his Sunday School class to double deck ice-cream cones.

He has been married five years and has a Wright Whirlwind airplane and a pilot's license.

EDMUND LOWE: Ladies and gentlemen, if you will remain seated I will introduce another speaker to you. He is none other than EDMUND LOWE. Now aren't you glad you stayed?

Edmund opened his eyes and yelled defiance into Victor McLaglan's face for the first time on March 3, 1892. The place was San Jose, California.

Edmund was smart in school, his career upsetting the idea that the boy who stands at the head of his class will never get any further in life than a white apron behind a soda fountain.

Edmund ran to brains (this was before he had the mustache) and took every scholarship prize that came along. He graduated at High School and then went to Santa Clara University and finished there at the age of eighteen with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Not content with this he kept right on going to college and

finally walked off with the degree of Master of Arts. Pretty good for Sergeant Quirt, *n'est ce pas?*

But all the time he was bent over his books he was dreaming of grease paint, and once you get the smell of grease paint in your nostrils you're ruined for life. He came down to Los Angeles and got a job play actin' in a stock company, and pretty soon Broadway said, "Come East, young man," and Ed-die came. When he returned he was a star with his name on a dotted line.

The most remarkable thing about Edmund Lowe is something you never see in the papers. It's his ranch. He's as proud of it as he was of his first degree. It's at Skyland, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and is considered one of the finest grape ranches in that section of California. He produces tons of grapes.

What happens to those grapes? Nobody knows. The only thing we know is that when next year rolls around he's plumb out of grapes.

Now can you understand why people fight in the street to get a week-end invitation to the Santa Cruz Mountains?

Stand up, Edmund Lowe, and tell us about them grapes.

(Continued on page 132)

TONIGHT

DRAWING BY HERB ROTH

Homer Croy Presides at Another New Movie Magazine Banquet

Too Good to Be True

Alameda, Calif.

The magazine with a personality! That is a full description of this amazing NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. It has IT—to say nothing of “them” and “those.” When I hear that a new issue is out I hotfoot it to get my copy. Once I get started looking at the pictures and reading the clever “write-ups” I never stop until I have finished the book. And to think—all this joy for one thin dime! It is almost too good to be true, isn't it?

*M. Vigen,
1533 Mozart Street.*

A Word for Ruth

Bronx, N. Y.

Hollywood, the haven of the best producers and directors. But, what is the matter with these great men? They are supposed to recognize talent, to glorify it, and yet, out there in Hollywood is the greatest actress America has ever had, Ruth Chatterton, and she is barely appreciated. Actresses who do not possess half of her ability are placed on a pedestal, admired and a great fuss is made over them. Give a little more credit to Ruth Chatterton.

*E. McPartland,
2351 Grand Concourse.*

Speaks with Authority

London, Canada.

Yours is the first magazine of the movies which tempts me not to miss a copy. The price, of course, is attractive, but the quality of stories and pictures is decidedly the best in this class of magazine.

I particularly liked the story of Mary Pickford by Miss St. Johns, with its overtone far above the usual. Your stories have a sane authoritativeness that is convincing as well as entertaining.

*Amy E. Thorburn,
8 The St. George Apts.*

The One Movie Magazine

St. Louis, Mo.

Have just been reading the latest issue of your wonderful magazine. Have enjoyed all of the numbers so far, and cannot wait for the next to appear. It is the only movie magazine I am buying now and I used to buy almost all of the film publications every month. The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE contains all of the news, pictures and reviews essential for the readers to know just what is going on in the motion picture world. In addition, I like the recipes, beauty articles and cartoons. Mr. Hyland's articles are an especially good part of your magazine.

*Angeline Frockman,
573 Paul Brown Bldg.*

The Greatest 10-Cent Bargain

Toledo, Ohio

A cozy chair, a soft breeze, and a NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE—that's real comfort. This monthly, with its hosts of remarkable stories, vivid interviews, startling confessions, screen reviews, countless pictures of screen favorites, and numerous other comments and details on filmland is certainly the greatest 10-cent

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

my NEW MOVIE book. Of course I get them every month.

*Jeanine Capillo,
7 Marshfield Street.*

Tip-Top

Huntington, W. Va.

Hurrah for THE NEW MOVIE! A tip-top magazine at rock-bottom price! How can you do it? But anyhow I am glad you do it—for I love THE NEW MOVIE, and it fits my meagre purse in price and fills my big hungry heart that cries for movie news.

*Mary Harvel Kerns,
1308 10th Avenue.*

Wants Her Photograph

Detroit, Michigan

I wish to write about something which has been on my mind for a long time and is puzzling me.

Why don't Buddy Rogers' studio secretaries, or whoever they are that take care of his mail, take better care of all of the letters which he receives?

I am referring to an incident which happened to me while Buddy was making a personal appearance at one of our theatres.

I sent a letter requesting a photograph and I enclosed a coin with which to help defray expenses. A short time later I received a card telling me in a very nice way that the money was forwarded to the studio and my request would be taken care of.

Well, it's over six months now and I doubt if I'll ever receive that photo.

*Anna Maceopa,
3410 Leuschner Ave.*

15 Miles to Get Her Copy

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Upon reading one number of your magazine I immediately became a NEW MOVIE fan, and when I heard there was another number out, I spent the whole day searching for a store that was not “sold out.” I eventually had to travel fifteen miles out of town to get my copy, but it was well worth the effort.

If you will get Miss Rogers St. Johns to give us an interview with that delightful exponent of poise and suavity, Mr. Clive Brook, I would willingly travel fifty miles out of town for a copy of the magazine.

*Alice Louise Cowlard,
199 Worcester Street.*

Suggestion to Producers

Canton, Ohio

I feel the same as many other fan people do. I think the list of characters should be shown at the end of the picture also: When the long list is shown at the beginning it is impossible to remember who takes some of the minor parts. Often one is
(Continued on page 104)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Photograph by Hurrell

STANLEY SMITH



Photograph by Hurrell

BESSIE LOVE



LILLIAN ROTH



Another
STAR
from
ABROAD

Early next fall Samuel Goldwyn will present Evelyn Laye in a musical film. Miss Laye recently starred on Broadway in the musical comedy, "Bitter Sweet."

Miss Laye grew up in the theater. Her father was an English actor and stage manager. She has played in all sorts of footlight entertainment: melodrama, comedy, pantomime, revue and operetta. She became a London idol, following her hit in "Madame Pompadour." Since that she has played in a revival of "The Dollar Princess," in "Princess Charming," "Lilac Time" and in "The New Moon." She is unusually pretty and possesses a voice of distinct loveliness, all of which indicate high possibilities for her on the sound screen.

Photograph by
Edward Thayer Monroe



Photograph by W. F. Seely

LAURA LA PLANTE



Photograph by Otto Dyar

NANCY CARROLL

LILLIAN GISH

Turns to the

FOOTLIGHTS

Years ago, when David Belasco starred Mary Pickford in the fanciful "A Good Little Devil," Lillian Gish appeared in the minor role of a good fairy. The other day, however, Miss Gish returned to the speaking stage in New York. Her reception was remarkable.

Miss Gish came back in "Uncle Vanya," a comedy by the Russian, Chekhov. She had the role of Helena. Of her, Robert Littell said in The New York World: "She is not quite like any other actress I have ever seen, with a lovely repose and certainty, a combination of delicate shades and pastel dignity which make us realize how great the screen's gain has been all these years, to our loss."

No announcement has been made of Miss Gish's possible return to the films. The two portraits on this page show Miss Gish as Helena in "Uncle Vanya."





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Not so long ago Dorothy Revier, then known as Dorothy Valergo, danced at Tait's in San Francisco. Her loveliness caught the eye of Harry Cohn, who signed her for the movies. Dorothy, half English half Italian, was the daughter of a musician father and an opera singer mother.



Photograph by William A. Fraker

Dorothy Revier's face was famous to thousands of movie fans who never knew her name. She played in small productions from Poverty Row—and her publicity was practically infinitesimal.

Up From Poverty Row

For Two Years Dorothy Revier was a Hollywood Star, Without Moviedom Knowing Much About It

By Dick Hyland

THIS story probably has a proper opening, but I am not going to bother about where it is. The story in itself is enough.

It concerns Dorothy Revier, the former Queen of Poverty Row. The girl whose face is so much better known than her name.

Some years ago, when I was a freshman in college, a group of Stanfordites trekked regularly to San Francisco. Many sons of the Stanford Red did that. But not for the same reason. *They*, poor youths, did not know about Dorothy Revier.

We went to Tait's Café, which was just about the snootiest place in the city by the Golden Gate, and, for that reason, perhaps a bit off the beaten path of the collegiate. It used to mean—to some of us—saving those nickels and dimes rather carefully.

AT certain times during the evening the lights were dimmed, a spotlight thrown upon the dance floor, and into that circle of light would float a vision. No

less. Full head of hair settling softly about her shoulders, a form that would make a sculptor's hands itch to get at his tools, features which bore the classic stamp of Old Italy. A gliding grace that convinced you she could dance upon eggshells without cracking them.

That was Dorothy Revier.

She worked in the midst of beauty, of riches. Everything was fine and clean and leisurely. Tait's was the highest-priced place in San Francisco, and no one went there who did not spend money. Money was something few—unless they were like we were—ever thought about. Remember that background a few paragraphs further on in the story.

While Dorothy Revier was dancing before us we were silent. But in between times we talked—about her. We wondered where she lived, what kind of a girl she was. We wondered if she would sit with us if we sent her a note. We wondered lots of things, as is the habit of freshmen when looking at someone like Dorothy Revier. Finally we met her. (Continued on page 130)



Buddy Rogers now has his whole family with him in Beverly Hills. His father sold his newspaper property in Olathe, Kansas, and moved westward with Mamma Rogers and Buddy's brother, Bert. Buddy has his family installed in a new house of light tan stucco. Above, the new house with Buddy in front.



At the left, the main hallway of Buddy's house. At the front of the stairs is an old white, red and gray Mexican chest. The beams of the redwood ceiling are covered with yellow and brown stencil work done by hand. The three pictures on the walls are early Spanish prints. An old Mexican drape of red and tan hangs from the balcony. The floor is deep red tile. Walls are of rough plaster, finished in a cream color.

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS
FOR NEW MOVIE BY
DON ENGLISH

The First Published
Pictures of Buddy
Rogers' New Home

The Kansas BOY Who Made GOOD

Comfort is the keynote of the living room of Buddy Rogers. The rugs are henna and brown colored Persian. The armchair by the window is covered with a heavy tapestry in tan and brown. The overstuffed set in the room is covered with bright green triple weight ribbed silk. An ebony grand piano stands near a massive window of light orange colored glass. A black iron and ruby red glass lamp hangs in the middle of the room. The only pictures are etchings.



At the left, Buddy's bedroom, featuring light cream walls and a tan Chinese rug. The bed has no footboard and a spread of cream lace over tan silk covers the foot. The drapes are light orange tan brocaded silk. The big armchair is covered with red leather. The table and chest are made of walnut.

The Home that Youth and a Saxophone Built



Above, the reunited Rogers family: Buddy, Mamma Rogers, Papa Rogers and Bert Rogers. At the left, the Chinese dining room. The rug is a red, blue and black Persian. The window drapes are henna, pale blue and yellow figured chintz. The table is of black walnut. The chairs, benches, tea table and stools in the room are of walnut, figured with hand carved poppies. The walls are a pale yellow gold and the ceiling is stenciled in brown and gold.

At the right is young Bert Rogers' room, adorned with Indian rugs, baskets and curios. The bed is of light and dark brown walnut. The bedspread is of black, brown, brick red and gray dyed linen. The lamp is of gilt covered wood with a yellow ribbed parchment shade. The entire room is done in bright colors typical of the early Spanish west.





ROMANCE

Here are the first published shots from Greta Garbo's newest picture, "Romance," based upon Edward Sheldon's romantic drama in which Doris Keane starred for two seasons in New York and for a thousand nights in London. The play is built around the concert triumph of an Italian singer, Mme. Rita Cavallini, at the Academy of Music in New York in the late '60's. One of the big scenes shows the Golden Nightingale being drawn by her admirers in a carriage down Fifth Avenue to her hotel, the old Brevoort. Much of the action of "Romance" takes place at No. 58 Fifth Avenue, just across from the editorial offices of NEW MOVIE. Lewis Stone appears opposite Miss Garbo as Cornelius Van Tuyl, a wealthy banker of the day and Mme. Cavallini's patron. A newcomer, Gavin Gordon, is seen as the young rector, Thomas Armstrong.





The fortunate bride who discovers that her mother's bridal gown and veil will create a picturesque costume for her journey to the altar, is illustrated by June Collyer at the left. (This gown is actually the wedding gown of Mrs. Heermance, June's mother.) Miss Collyer wears, with intriguing results, the hand-made lace gown worn by her mother in the early part of this century. The fitted lines of the gown comply with the modes of the moment. Miss Collyer adds a tulle and lace veil, caught in an old-fashioned manner with orange-blossoms well off her forehead. Elbow length gloves are worn and in place of a bouquet she elects to carry a beautiful mother of pearl prayer book.



The midsummer bride might prefer the romance of a garden wedding. Virginia Bruce at the right illustrates the proper costume for such an effect. A youthful frock of pale green net is created with a high waist-line, cap sleeves and a semi-bouffant skirt. An off-the-face hat of the same net is stitched into chic contours. An arm bouquet of yellow roses is carried, and a single strand of pearls is worn. Her slippers are dyed to match the hue of the frock.

HERE COMES the BRIDE



For the very youthful bride Mary Brian offers a likely combination of souffle, lace and apple blossoms. The frock, which is delightfully jeune fille, is a piece of delicate workmanship, merging silken lace and cream souffle, into graceful lines. The veil is a shower of souffle, utilizing a band of cream satin to form half of the cap that fits snugly over the bride's hair. Clusters of apple blossoms that point outward and brush the cheek take the place of the usual orange blossoms. A bouquet of apple blossoms caught with cascading ribbons is carried. The bride adds a triple strand of pearls to her costume.

When time is short and the wedding takes place in the magistrate's office and the next train or boat is caught for the honeymoon days, Nancy Carroll, Paramount player, offers several chic suggestions. A slim tailleur in bright blue tweed is worn. The coat is a belted affair and the skirt is slightly circular. A jaunty blouse of egg-shell satin, a semi-beret hat in blue belting, a navy suede envelope bag and doeskin gloves are also worn.



Even a bride may elect a sophisticated mood for her bridal robes this season. Kay Francis, upper left, suggests a striking manner of wearing a tulle veil. The tulle is caught over the head, covering the forehead in a snug cap effect. A second veil is caught under the chin, and crushed to meet the sides of the cap, thus covering the bride in a cloud of misty tulle. The gown, which is just discernible beneath the folds of the veil, is created in ivory chiffon, a fitted bodice and a trailing skirt of sunburst pleating. Shoulder length ivory suede gloves are worn and Miss Francis carries a sheath of Easter lilies.



A 1930 mode for brides is introduced by Jean Arthur, at the upper right. Her bridal costume is created in steel blue with extremely chic effects. The gown is an intricately cut affair of sheer blue velvet that falls from a high waist-line to a circular skirt and three-yard train. The unadorned tulle veil is also in blue, and is caught over the head in cap fashion without benefit of flowers or jewels. Miss Arthur adds shoulder length white suede gloves, pearls and an armful of calla lilies to the cool blue background of her bridal costume.

For the second marriage Lillian Roth offers modish hints. The costume for the second ceremony should never include a trace of the first bridal robes. Extreme chic and dignity are the qualities to attain for such an occasion. Miss Roth wears a softly draped frock of flowered chiffon, utilizing such shades as dusty rose, cornflower blue and deep yellow. A large horsehair hat of dull rose is worn in the new off-the-face-manner. A corsage of yellow orchids and lilies of the valley is worn at the waist.



Photograph by Apeda

MARILYN MILLER



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

David Wark Griffith's Filming of
Life of the Great Emancipator
Is Completed

It was inevitable that Griffith eventually would film the life of the immortal Lincoln. Remember how graphically he touched upon the life and martyrdom of the great President in "The Birth of a Nation"? The assassination of Lincoln, as pictured in that screen classic, was an unforgettable film moment. At the left, Walter Huston, the actor, as the younger Lincoln.

At the right, Lincoln's famous debate with Stephen A. Douglas, as pictured in Griffith's new screen life of the famous President. E. Allen Warren plays Douglas. The Griffith cast includes Helen Freeman as Lincoln's mother, Una Merkel as Anne Rutledge, Kay Hammond as Mrs. Lincoln, and Hobart Bosworth as General Robert E. Lee. Ian Keith is said to give a vivid performance of the assassin, J. Wilkes Booth.





Above, Lincoln in session with his War Cabinet, including Secretary of the Navy Gideon Wells, Secretary of War Stanton and Secretary of State Seward. At the right, Lincoln and his wife in the box of Ford's Theater, in Washington, on the night of Good Friday, April 14, 1865, a few moments before the assassination. As if sensing the ominous presence of death, Lincoln has just drawn his scarf tightly around his shoulders. Below, a few seconds after Booth had shot the President, jumped from the box and escaped across the stage. Panic reigns as Laura Keane, the star, tells the startled audience of the tragedy. Lincoln was carried across the street to Peterson's lodging house, where he died some hours later in a dingy little bedroom.





DOROTHY JORDAN

BELLES of the BEACHES

Joan Marsh has been called the prettiest girl on the Santa Monica beach. That's a high compliment, for the beaches near Hollywood are crowded with the most beautiful girls in the world. The picture at the right was made at the Santa Monica Swimming Club. Miss Marsh is wearing a one-piece backless bath suit designed for comfort as well as beauty. With it she uses a very tailored bath coat of green jersey to match her bathing suit.

Miss Marsh is with Universal and it has been rumored that Charlie Chaplin might borrow her to play the leading role in his next screen comedy.





MOVIE BOUDOIRS

III. JOAN CRAWFORD

The bedroom of Joan Crawford (Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.) is remarkable for the supreme simplicity of its furnishings and the spaciousness of its arrangements. The walls and ceilings are of cream-colored plaster. The woodwork is of a darker cream. The floor is carpeted in dark green velvet, broken only by a fine hook rug in apple green, yellow and black. The bed is an antique mahogany four poster in spool design. A light note is given by the ruffled canopy of cream-colored net and the bedspread of écreu lace over cream-colored taffeta. Joan, by the way, is wearing a suit of black satin pajamas with a fine white satin blouse, her favorite costume for home wear.





Note the spaciousness of Miss Crawford's bedroom and how the furniture centers around the bed. The window draperies and the upholstery of the big armchair are glazed chintz, with an apple-green background and a design of many colors, in which yellow, red, orange and black predominate. The chest of drawers, shown above, is of mahogany, an antique piece of simple design. On it Joan keeps her favorite picture of her husband and a basket of pale yellow roses, her favorite flowers. The chaise longue, shown on the page opposite, is done in glazed chintz of a different design from the armchairs. This has a green background.



At the right, Joan is shown at her dressing table. This is draped in the same chintz used for the window curtains. Twin lamps, originally antique pewter oil lamps, wired and with parchment shades of deep cream, are placed at each end. The scarf is of cream-colored handmade lace. Otherwise, the dressing table is given over to Joan's collection of perfume. She has every known kind of perfume and a rare collection of bizarre bottles.



The HEART of GRETA GARBO

How the Tragic Plight
of Her Leading Man
Touched the Sympa-
thies of the Star Who
Walks Alone

By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

THIS is a story about Greta Garbo. The woman who walks alone. The mysterious hermit who never enters into the life of Hollywood. The girl who is known to no one and whom millions desire to know.

It is a revelation of the real Garbo which she herself would never make, a searchlight turned upon her soul.

When you have read it perhaps you will understand, as I did, a side of Garbo's character which has not before been revealed. For it isn't a cold heart which is hidden behind her strange silences and iron reserve, but something very different.

IT begins with a boy born and raised in the mountains of the South.

Until he was nineteen this hill-billy had never seen a motion picture. His world had been bound by the hills of Kentucky, inhabited only by the mountaineers, who are a people unto themselves. Stern, silent, illiterate people, inured to poverty and loneliness.

Then through the medium of the screen the world unfolded before him—the far places of the earth and sea—the glories of ancient times—the beauty and drama of life itself.

Motion pictures created for him a new universe, fresh from the hands of the gods, new, amazing, wonderful. He loved them and sought them whenever he might.

One day, in a newspaper some traveler had cast by the wayside, he saw an advertisement. A firm in Chicago was looking for actors to play before the camera and they mentioned the enormous salaries paid



Gavin Gordon was a mountaineer from the hills of Kentucky. He came to Hollywood drawn by one dream—the fantastic hope that he might act with Greta Garbo one day.

to stars, told in glowing terms of the unknowns who had arisen to great heights.

So Gavin Gordon left the mountains of the South and went to Chicago, wearing his boots, carrying his carpet bag, silent before the many strange things that he saw. With his slouch hat in his hand, he stood before the desk of the man who had written the advertisement and in the deep, pleasant drawl of his people, he said, "Air you the man that wrote in the paper fer movie actors? I aim to be one naow and I guess I don't mind startin' any minit. How much did you say a man gits for thet?"

But it turned out that they didn't want to pay anybody. They wanted to be paid for training aspirants in the art of motion-picture acting. Gavin

Gordon listened in stern silence, fingered the nine dollars in his pocket and walked out without another word. That afternoon he got a job in the stockyards—for he was hard and strong from working among the timbers. But his purpose was not altered. Others had become part of that glamorous life, others acted in motion pictures. Some day he would do it, too.

SILENTLY, persistently, he pursued his goal. New York, he discovered, was the nearest place to go, the nearest place where pictures were made. So, when he had saved enough money, he went to New York.

And there he had his first bit of luck. An agency to which he applied listened to his deep drawl and told him they could get him a small part on the stage because of it. He took it.

But he didn't stay in New York very long. For one afternoon, in a great theater on Broadway, he looked upon the silver sheet and saw a woman.

Women had never meant anything in his life. He knew nothing about women. He had been too busy. The loneliness of the big cities had been harder to bear than the loneliness of the hills, but the only girls he admired, those who drove along Michigan Boulevard and Fifth Avenue, were beyond his reach. They alone approximated the visions he had seen on the screen.

This woman was perfect. All other women became nothing. Here, though he did not so phrase it to himself, was the

Helen of Troy who comes once to every man—the acme of feminine loveliness.

Her name was Greta Garbo.

GAVIN GORDON went to Hollywood, because he found out that Garbo lived and made pictures in that distant land of which he had heard so much.

The tall, tanned, handsome young man who got off the Santa Fe train in Los Angeles was very different from the boy who had made his way along the crowded streets of Chicago that first day. He had discarded boots, slouch hat. Already he had begun to assume some of the ways and habits of his idols of the screen. Quick to learn, terribly observant, he had copied as far as he was able. The vivid charm of John Gilbert, the nonchalance of Menjou, the manli-

ness of Dick Barthelmess had appealed to him most. All these he had watched—and for three years continued to watch—and had taken from them such things as he felt he could use.

This newcomer had for his weapons in his attack upon the closed corporation of Hollywood a delightful voice, a certain shy reserve, and a lean face full of character.

But Hollywood would have none of him. For two years he went from disappointment to disappointment, trod the well-worn path from studio to studio, which has often enough been watered with tears.

(Continued on page 106)

"It may be that Garbo had heard all the things Gavin Gordon said in his delirium, may have looked into the boy's heart and been a little glad to be the ideal of such a man. No one will ever know."

Greta Garbo and Gavin Gordon as you will see them in "Romance."



The New FILMS in REVIEW

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

JOURNEY'S END—*Tiffany*

Another war picture in the midst of an avalanche of battle dramas—but one of the very best of them. Based on R. F. Sherriff's splendid study of British officers under the devastating shock of continuous gunfire in the mud of a Flanders dugout. It is superbly directed by a stage producer, James Whale. It is stunningly acted, particularly by Colin Clive, as Stanhope, the young captain who drinks to steady his nerves, and by Ian MacLaren, as the gallant Osborne, the school-teacher turned killer. Of high emotional effectiveness and tremendous punch.

PARAMOUNT ON PARADE—*Paramount*

They call this an intimate entertainment rather than a revue. Like "The Show of Shows" and M.-G.-M.'s "Hollywood Revue," this picture is a series of specialties contributed by the company's various stars. Many of these efforts are amateurish, since the stars are shunted away from the things they do well. Actually "Paramount on Parade" would be pretty dull without the jaunty Maurice Chevalier, who contributes brilliant first-aid three or four times. The best bit, in fact, is "The Birth of the Apache," done by M. Chevalier and our own Evelyn Brent.

FREE AND EASY—*M.-G.-M.*

Built around a small-town cutie and her efforts to be a movie star. She goes to Hollywood with her mother and a boob manager and flops. But mama gets a job and Elmer becomes a comedy star. Anita Page is the blond baby who fails. Buster Keaton is her manager and Trixie Friganza is her mother. Keaton is hilarious and the comedy moves swiftly in and about the M.-G.-M. Culver City studios, with backstage glimpses of the stars and directors. This always has fan interest, with its informal disclosures of stars at first hand. Keaton has nothing to fear from the talkies. His voice is excellent.

REDEMPTION—*M.-G.-M.*

Gloomy. Because of its story—and because, as Jack Gilbert's second film, it shows that star is still suffering from serious voice difficulties. Jack's voice is nervous and high strung. Still, it isn't beyond help. This Tolstoy drama was acted by John Barrymore some years ago. It presents the triangle of the man who can't adjust himself to marriage; the woman (Eleonor Boardman) who loves him; and the man (Conrad Nagel) she should have married. These three never achieve reality or humanness. Better is Renee Adoree as a passing gypsy light o' love. Better stay away from this hefty slice of cinematic gloom.

THE DIVORCEE—*M.-G.-M.*

Modern life through the eyes of cynicism. Based on Ursula Parrott's tawdry but popular try for sensationalism, "Ex-Wife." What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. Equal philandering rights for the wife and the husband. It works out disastrously, of course, but not until the plot has moved through a panorama of night clubs, modernistic apartments, swank 1930 revelry and lively situations. Norma Shearer does a great deal to make the story real and compelling. Hers is a striking characterization. She is aided by Chester Morris, Conrad Nagel and Robert Montgomery.



ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW



ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Universal

The New York critics raved over this faithful visualization of Remarque's detailed word picture of German youth's reaction to the Great War. It is remorseless in its picturing—gruesome, harrowing and bloody. You see whole lines of oncoming soldiers mowed down by machine guns. The whole film is done to the accompaniment of shrieking shells and bursting shrapnel, a vivid panorama of Death on parade. It is ghastly in its truth. Does the public want to stomach truth? That remains to be seen. The film is a monumental sermon against war and its futility. It tears away all the hypocrisy and bunk.



LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount

Unless George Bancroft quickly recovers his voice, this will be his last picture for some time. Here he plays a builder of skyscraper skeletons—the master mind behind the machine-gun rattle of the riveters. He glories in his work—until he falls in love with a beautiful young woman of wealth and background. Then the builder tries to make himself over—to the quick disaster of everyone within reach. Bancroft gives a fine performance of the two-fisted remaker of skylines and Mary Astor is excellent as the young woman who whirls his life topsy-turvy. This is not one of Bancroft's best films but it has a lot of vigor.



YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—Paramount

A story of newspaper folk, based on Katherine Brush's best seller. The marriage of a famous sport writer and the young woman who writes the movie reviews—and what came of it. The sports specialist can't adjust himself to marriage and the girl can't tolerate his weakness. Back of the drama is the pageant of sports, swinging from the first Tunney-Dempsey fight to great football battles and the Spring training of the big baseball teams. Claudette Colbert is an interesting heroine and Norman Foster (her husband in real life) is good as the sports specialist. Charles Ruggles scores.

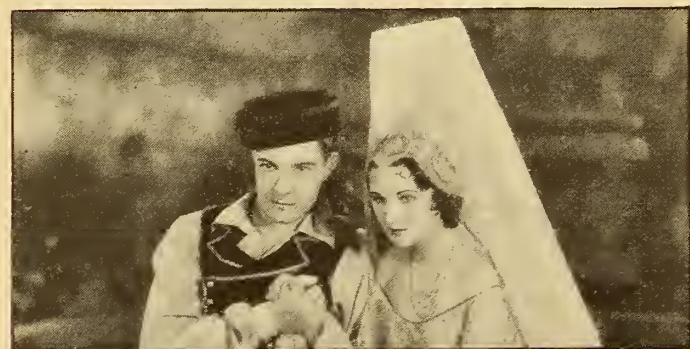


THE KING OF JAZZ—Universal

A disappointment—but a lavish one. An over-produced revue. Universal called in Murray Anderson, a foot-light revue producer, and let him run riot with an unfamiliar medium. The result is a dull mélange of tremendous sets, dancing girls, and indifferent principals, save for Paul Whiteman, who registers. The color photography, too, is bad, keeping events in vague semi-darkness. Jeanette Loff looks beautiful but falls down vocally. John Boles scores briefly (with "It Happened in Monterey") and everyone else is buried in the extravagance of scenery. This picture cost \$2,000,000 to make—and is miles too long.

IN GAY MADRID—M.-G.-M.

Ramon Novarro's skill in light comedy is coming to the fore in the talkies. Until the audibles appeared, Ramon was just a romantic juvenile. The talkies disclosed not only an agreeable light tenor, but a sly and adroit—even whimsical—humor. This humor lifted "Devil May Care" out of the costume rut. It gives piquancy to Novarro's present vehicle. Dorothy Jordan is again Novarro's leading woman and she is charming. A newcomer, Lottice Howell, is the vamp. The story: a romance of love and university life in old Spain. Novarro sings several numbers delightfully, among them the tender "Into My Heart."



ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

THE SONG OF THE FLAME—*First National*

It seems that the Russian Reds were inspired by a theme song and a peasant Joan of Arc when they toppled the Czar from his throne. That, at least, is the plot of "The Song of the Flame," which was an operetta of several years ago. Here the Russian Revolution gets musical comedy treatment and everything ends happily for everyone but Konstantin, a scoundrelly Red leader who steals for personal gain. The Reds shoot him in the midst of a song, which is hardly fair, since Noah Beery, as the crooked Konstantin, steals the picture. Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray are the principals.



SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD—*First National*

You know J. P. McEvoy, frequent NEW MOVIE contributor. You know his crisp humor. You probably know Dixie Dugan, his cabaret cutie who storms the portals of Hollywood. If you haven't read her, you saw her in "Show Girl." This Alice White sequel is better. There's a lot of picturesque studio atmosphere, presenting all the trials and tribulations of a newcomer trying to get a film break. Miss White grows in provocative ability, Jack Mulhall is himself and Blanche Sweet does a swell bit as an old film favorite forgotten by her public. Better put this on your list of *must* pictures.



MONTANA MOON—*M.G.-M.*

Joan Crawford plays the spoiled daughter of a man who owns the biggest ranch in Montana. In a reckless mood, she falls in love with and marries a cowboy from Texas. Poppa approves, which doesn't help matters, and Joan decides to go her own wild way in New York. I won't tell you that the cowboy gets his bride back—or how. You probably had no doubts, anyway. Miss Crawford is as vital as the unreasonable rôle permits and John Mack Brown is the up-standing Texas lad. Ricardo Cortez is a dangerous lad hovering around. The picture has a song hit in "The Moon Is Low."



THE CUCKOOS—*RKO*

Built from a musical show, "The Ramblers," with Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey (you saw them in the film "Rio Rita") in the rôles, originally done on the stage by Clark and McCullough of bankrupt fortune-tellers in Mexico. This is an irrational musical film full of the most elderly hokum and not over-funny anywhere. Wheeler has possibilities as a screen comic. The film shows hurry and inexperience in its production, but it has Dorothy Lee, who possesses real attractiveness, and two good musical numbers, "Wherever You Are" and "Dancing the Devil Away." This is a so-so musical film.



STRICTLY MODERN—*First National*

This was once, as a stage play by Hubert Henry Davies, called "Cousin Kate." The story of a sophisticated and daring novelist, played by Dorothy Mackaill, who has her own ideas about love. These ideas almost cost her future happiness. A slender high comedy has been taken by Director William A. Seiter and transformed into something else again, with the aid of exploding cigars, knockout drops and other tricks. Sidney Blackmer is a negative lover, but Miss Mackaill is both interesting and personable. This star needs better rôles—and no mistake. This one is just passably entertaining.





The New Movie's Own Cameraman Takes You Through the Big Hollywood Motion Picture Studios

An airplane view of the First National Studios at Burbank, California, near Hollywood. Here you see the mammoth new sound stages, the gardens and the huge out-door lots used for special exterior sets. This is one of the best equipped of all studio lots. At the right, a front view of the Main Administration Building, housing the studio executives.



At the left, the extras line up at the end of the day to receive their pay checks. This is the big moment of an extra's life. Each and every one of these extras has a definite belief that some day he will be a star.

VISITS to the FAMOUS STUDIOS



Top, looking out of a sound stage upon the First National lot. Only privileged visitors reach a sound stage, since the slightest noise can ruin an expensive scene. An unexpected sneeze costs somewhere between \$200 and \$1,000, according to the magnitude of the scene.

The First National casting office is shown at the left. A casting assistant is looking over the screen possibilities of the young woman at the top of the steps. These casting offices are the Heartbreak Headquarters of Hollywood. Until you fight your way past their guarded portals you can never get a chance as an extra.

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHIC TOURS OF



First National, like the other big studios, maintains a permanent beauty chorus. These girls appear in all the large musical revues now so popular on the screen. Just above, Carl McBride, dance director for First National, is rehearsing Billie Dove in a dancing interlude of "One Night at Susie's."



At the left, a story conference. This occurs before the director starts work on a picture. Here we find Director William A. Seiter, Scenarist Graham Baker and Executive Hal Wallis sitting at the head of the table while "Mlle. Modiste" is discussed.

At the right, the First National dining room—and a darned exclusive corner of it, too. Here the stars of "Spring Is Here" are eating. Look closely and you will see Lawrence Gray, Natalie Moorhead, Gretchen Thomas, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling, Bernice Claire and Frank Albertson.

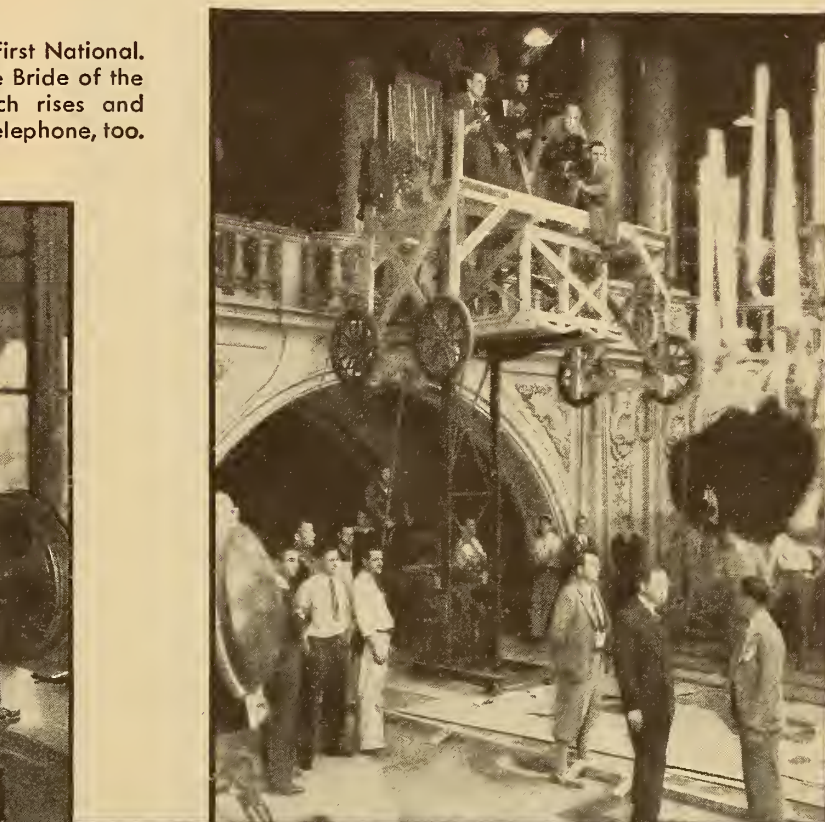


HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS

At the right, a production in the making at First National. Director John Francis Dillon is directing "The Bride of the Regiment" from the camera platform, which rises and lowers at command. The platform carries a telephone, too.



Just above, a scene in the cutting room. Here is the room where features are made and unmade. If a minor player doesn't land on the cutting room floor, he has a chance of making a hit—with stardom ahead. That is, if he gets by this gal's scissors.



Above, the wardrobe department, where the gowns of the stars are designed and made. Here, too, they work out Alice White's scanties, so important to every feature presenting this popular star.



The studio drafting room is shown at the left. Here the sets—big and little—are designed. The making of pictures is an elaborate and intricate business, as you can see by this photographic visit to the First National lot. In an early issue NEW MOVIE will take you through another big Hollywood motion picture studio.



The young woman, at the left, with the stuffed dove? Bebe Daniels, of course. Bebe as she was when she played opposite Harold Lloyd in his early "Lonesome Luke" comedies. In those days Bebe was a lovely foil for Harold's pioneer comedy.

At the right is one of the most interesting pictures ever published by NEW MOVIE. It shows Mary Pickford in one of her very first D. W. Griffith films, "The New York Hat," which introduced Lionel Barrymore to the screen. The scenario was sent to the old Biograph studio by a 16-year-old California girl named Anita Loos. Miss Loos grew up to be a famous writer. For "The New York Hat" she received the large sum of \$15.



The pretty bellhop is none other than Norma Talmadge. Honest! The scene is from one of those early two reel "Belinda" comedies. Then Miss Talmadge lived out Ocean Avenue way in Brooklyn with her mother and her kid sisters, Constance and Natalie. In this scene Van Dyke Brooke, a favorite character actor of the day, appears with Leo Delaney, who plays an artist.



When SILENCE was GOLDEN

Again we present Gloria Swanson in her Keystone-Mack Sennett days. The scene at the right is from "Teddy at the Throttle," in which Teddy, the famous comedy dog, was featured. Remember Teddy? What a canine personality he possessed! With Miss Swanson in this scene is Bobby Vernon. The background is a locomotive, as you've probably noted.



Remember the days of Bill Hart, whose best friend was his horse? Here is Bill bidding a tearful goodbye to his pal in one of his early Triangle melodramas. Those were the days when Hart played bad men who reformed under the uplifting influence of the beautiful blonde from the East.



THE BARRYMORE HEIR

The youngest of the house of Barrymore, a baby girl, poses for her very first picture. Later, doubtless, Miss Barrymore will be a screen star. Proud Papa John Barrymore and equally Proud Mama Dolores Costello look on approvingly. Miss Barrymore's name has not been selected definitely. It may be Blythe Barrymore, using the Barrymore family name.

HOLLYWOOD

Unveils Its

Memorial to

VALENTINO

IF Rudolph Valentino needed anything to make him immortal, anything to remind those who follow that he once lived—and died—that something was given him upon the day that would have been his thirty-fourth birthday.

Molded in imperishable bronze, plated with shining gold, a statue to his memory and honor was unveiled in De Longpre Park, in Rudy's own Hollywood, on May 5th.

The memorial cost over ten thousand dollars. It was paid for by humble and sincere offerings of nickels and dimes from thousands of his fans who sent their mites from the four corners of the earth.

IT is called "Aspiration."

"The statue, thus named, will be a perpetual symbol of his industry and high ideals which he endeavored to carry out during the days of his life," said Alberto Mellini Ponce de Leon, vice consul in Los Angeles for the country which gave Rudolph Valentino birth—Italy.

Fifteen hundred people bowed their heads and thought back to Rudy. Thought perhaps of the beauty and romance he brought into the world through the medium of the silver screen.

For several days before the unveiling, rain had wetted the park. The morning of the day dawned gray and



Molded in bronze and plated in gold, the new Valentino Memorial, unveiled on May 5th, stands in De Longpre Park, a perpetual symbol of the spirit that carried Rudy to the heart of the world.



bleak. Those who gathered at the statue did so under lowering and threatening clouds. It seemed as though the very heavens felt sad.

DOLORES DEL RIO pulled the cord which dropped the velvet wrap from around the memorial and—call it coincidence if you will—the clouds broke and a shaft of pure sunshine struck the statue. It lit it up until it was a golden, radiant torch.

Tiptoe, face uplifted, it stood straining as though to lift itself by the very power of thought and desire to a higher level and better things.

George Ullman, who was Rudy's closest and best friend, stared straight ahead. Tears ran down his face. His lips moved. "I'm glad for you, Rudy," they said. "You will never be forgotten."

Nor will he.

The Valentino Memorial is the work of Roger Noble Burnham, formerly of Boston and now of Hollywood. It was paid for by the nickels and dimes of Valentino's thousands of fans.

Those who love the memory of Valentino can take further pride in the fact that this memorial to him is the only one to a motion picture actor in any public park in the United States. That, at least, shows what Los Angeles and Hollywood think of the departed boy who brought them so much credit during his life.



Making a sound film out in the open. On location with First National company making "Under Western Skies" near Lone Pine, Arizona. Note the huge microphone horn in the foreground.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 23)

They left convinced that Hollywood is all they heard it was.

WELL, William Fox never forgets. He sent Sol Wurtzel, who has worked for him in the Fox studios for years, a check for ONE HALF MILLION DOLLARS. "In partial appreciation, Sol," the note accompanying the check is reported to have read, "of nineteen years of service you have given me."

A new game is much in vogue among the film colony just now. It is called "District Attorney" and was invented by Carey Wilson. One person invents a murder mystery. All the others in the group are district attorneys. They may call for and examine any witness—all witnesses being played by the one who invented the mystery. And all witnesses, except the guilty party, must tell the truth. Jack Gilbert and Eddie Lowe are champions of this new pastime.

One night an inventor began the story by saying, "Mr. So-and-So (a well-known producer) was found murdered in his office." Everyone present arose and said, "I did it."

MR. AND MRS. WALTER MOROSCO (Corinne Griffith) have moved into their new home at Malibu

Beach and are entertaining on Sundays with tennis and swimming parties. The other evening they had a delightful little dinner, among the guests Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hawks, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Glaenger, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Mrs. Douglas MacLean, and Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr.

UNIVERSAL is going to road-show "The King of Jazz," Paul Whiteman's picture, in tents. The reason being that many towns and hamlets in the West and Southwest have no equipment for sound. Forty of these tents will be used, each seating 5,000 persons.

A Hollywood writer was in England. He saw a play which was not a success. He bought it for 250 dollars. Came home and made it into a scenario. Then sold it to RKO for \$22,500 cash money.

WITH the coming of summer, Bebe Daniels has reopened her beach home and is giving more of her delightful Sunday luncheons, with swimming and bridge attractions.

One Sunday not long ago about fifty people came for the day, and Bebe served hot tamales and baked ham in the pretty seaside living room.

Constance Talmadge, who is so sel-

dom seen abroad since her marriage to Townsend Netcher, was there, in a simple white skirt and sweater, with a white silk beret over her bright hair. Lila Lee looked unusually well in a black and white sport ensemble, with a tight little black velvet cap, held by a bow at the back of her neck. Louis Wolheim was playing bridge with Bebe and Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach—Mrs. Roach all in silvery white. Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher were among those present. And Mrs. Gallagher whispered the interesting news that there is to be a new Spring arrival in that family. Pauline has become very popular with the film colony since her arrival here. And, of course, Ben Lyon was there, very happy over the wonderful reports he has been receiving about "Hell's Angels."

M-G-M sent a company to Africa to film "Trader Horn," and some of the players went to bed after the company returned three months ago and have not gotten up yet. They are still sick and fever stricken and, in the meantime, the picture is held up. Not daunted a bit by this experience, Universal is sending a company into the middle of Borneo to do a picture called "Orang." Only one white man has even been in the location this com-

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The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 55)

straight. He is the most stimulating, energizing male personality I've ever encountered in Hollywood.

THIS boy Gary Cooper appears to me to have more sanity than any of the younger Hollywood generation. I have yet to hear of him twittering in a Hollywood salon. And he makes the only sound observation I've heard from a young actor: "Hollywood's a terrible place. Nobody is normal. They have such a vicious attitude toward one another. Nobody has any real friends."

This will bring squawks from the lounge lizzies, but it is the truth. Alice Terry said as much and retired to happiness on the French Riviera. Gary retires to one of his ranches as soon as he finishes work. I retire to my hacienda near Santa Barbara. When I feel in the mood for teasing vipers I shall retire to the jungles of Africa. There they are out-and-out vipers.

DISAPPOINTED in many Hollywood friends I am compensated in one, Bull Montana, who vows he will shove anyone in the face at a prearranged signal from me. Bull is my living proof that brains are denied beauty and vice versa. I herewith reproduce a letter from him which has been translated by Sanskrit scholars after many laborious nights:

"Dear Pal Herb: Well, kid, here I am in Chicago. Was out to Cicero last night with all gunmen. Give me a blanket. All gunmen. Banket all gunmen. Want see the Bull. Well, Kid Herb, all gunmen like your stuff in NEW MOVIE. You are big shot with gunmen. They say Herb got right idea. Am coming back to Glendale to my wife. Love my wife, Herb. Is O. K. Good kid. Love her more than ever. The champ Dempsey was here to see me last night. The champ O. K., Herb. Am going to write my old pal Douglas Fairbanks. Greatest of all. Doug is O. K., Herb. Will see you soon. Your pal.

Bull.

MY colored boy, who goes by the name of Haywire, got bug-eyed when I read him that Stepin Fetchit would speak Spanish in a picture.

"Say, he can't even talk English," gasped Haywire. "They better had find out what he's sayin' in that picture!"

MY favorite new eating place in Hollywood is Marie's on Ca-huenga, south of the Boulevard. The chef is Neapolitan. Yolanda, the beautiful waitress, named for the Italian princess, looks like Nita Naldi at nineteen. Yolanda comes from Montana but descends from the sirens of Venice who excited Byron. I learn much from Yolanda. She is studying voice and associates with movie folk. Last night, placing my minestrone, she said:



In the midst of a shower, Herb was startled when Jeanette Mac Donald's voice suddenly launched into "Dream Lover." But it was only Herb's phonograph.

"I met Charlie Chaplin's future wife at a party the other night."

"Yeah?" I muttered chumpily, "which one?"

BOULEVARDING Around on Saturday night:

Now buckling on the spats let's do an imitation of O. O. McIntyre, my favorite breakfast author.

Hoofers and crooners are performing before a mike in a shoe store. Hollywood salesmanship.

"Papers from all the leading cities of the world!" yawks a newsboy. "Pomona, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Glendale!"

California, the land of laugh and wise-crack. Sign on the back of a decrepit Ford: "Nobody hurt in this wreck."

Slim electric towers of KFWB, atop Warner Brothers theater look like twins laid by the Eiffel.

Window filled with cheap suits and movie stars' photos. They always get the gapes. Hollywood is star raving mad.

Lichter, swank tobacconist in the Chinese theater building: "A Puff from Hollywood" scrawled in Neon.

There's the photographer who made a fortune marketing stars' photos and saved the stars a fortune, because every response to a request for a photo cost them two bits.

It suddenly occurs to me I have never been hi-hatted by a star. Maybe I'm too hi-hat to be hi-hatted.

Group of homey folk playing cards in lobby of Christie Hotel.

Kathleen Clifford's flower shop, branches all over town.

Sign: "Turkey, chicken, duck dinner 85 cts." Um, um. I'm going to save up.

Buddy Squirrel's Nut Shop.

Two gobs looking wistful. . . Haven't seen their Clara Bow. I suggest a new recruiting slogan for the navy: "Join the Navy and be Bow's Baby!"

Youth with whiskers, probably an extra in a Russian picture. Wonder if I could grow such chin tail plumage.

Dashing person in white sweater, yellow muffler, blue beret, at wheel of roadster. Is it boy or girl? No color line in Hollywood.

Never saw a slimmer guy than Gary Cooper. Lindy made the slim male fashionable. Much obliged, Lindy!

Stepin Fetchit salutes me from his shining chariot, tells me he has visited Valentino's tomb: "Membered what you said, that I could do foh mah people what he did foh Eyetalians."

There is no city on earth so filled with beautiful youth, male and female, as Hollywood.

Is that a tag on my car? . . . Fines, taxes, assessments, jip, jip, jip. . . I'm going to Europe!

The Hollywood Boulevardier

by Herb Howe

is a regular monthly feature of NEW MOVIE. Nowhere else can you read Mr. Howe's brilliant comments upon motion pictures and motion picture people.



In Metro-Goldwyn's "The High Road" you will see Ruth Chatterton in a different sort of rôle. Above, you see her leading the chorus in the musical comedy sequence of this production.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 96)

pany is headed for and he said the place was overrun with orang-outangs between seven and eight feet tall.

John Barrymore and Dolores Costello (Mister and Missus Barrymore) have not yet named the pretty little girl baby who arrived at their house for a long stay, April 8th. John had a whole flock of names ready, but they were all for boys. The baby weighed seven pounds and eleven ounces.

RENEE ADOREE, who has been in a sanatorium for several months due to a pulmonary ailment, is slowly but surely winning her way back to health.

COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI, Hungarian, says that motion pictures are the greatest propaganda agents in the world. "Any feeling can be aroused, and wars can be precipitated by motion pictures." But he says that the talking pictures are not so hot.

Dorothy Herzog, well-known columnist on screen matters, has a new novel

out called "Some Like 'Em Hot," which has gone into the second edition. Miss Herzog, by the way, becomes a NEW MOVIE contributor next month.

FIRE raised merry ned with the Harold Lloyd home when it burned out the kitchen and part of one wing of his beautiful new Beverly Hills establishment. He and Mrs. Lloyd (Mildred Davis) and little Gloria are living at the Ambassador until the damage can be repaired.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY EDWARDS (Evelyn Brent) had a small dinner party at the Embassy recently. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Buchanan and Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Sherman (Helene Costello).

AL JOLSON made a speech at the opening of his latest picture, "Mammy," in which he said that, after seeing "All Quiet On the Western Front" he would never again be satisfied with anything he did.

Dick Arlen has bought a cruiser which he has named "Joby R."

ELEANOR HUNT was a chorus girl in the "Whoopie" show in New York. She was sent to Hollywood to be a chorus girl in the "Whoopie" movie. Sam Goldwyn, who is producing "Whoopie" at United Artists, saw Eleanor walking on the lot. He gave her a test. Now she is to play the leading lady in "Whoopie." She has natural auburn hair, blue eyes, weighs 116 pounds and is five feet five inches tall.

Lillian Roth has bought a new Durant roadster.

BILLIE DOVE is taking her first real vacation in years—and she hardly knows what to do with it. She kinda wants to go to Europe, yet doesn't. She is through at First National and may be seen in Caddo Films in the future.

Vilma Banky says that she is through with making pictures and that in the future the one job she will pay any attention to is that of being Mrs. Rod La Rocque.

(Continued on page 104)

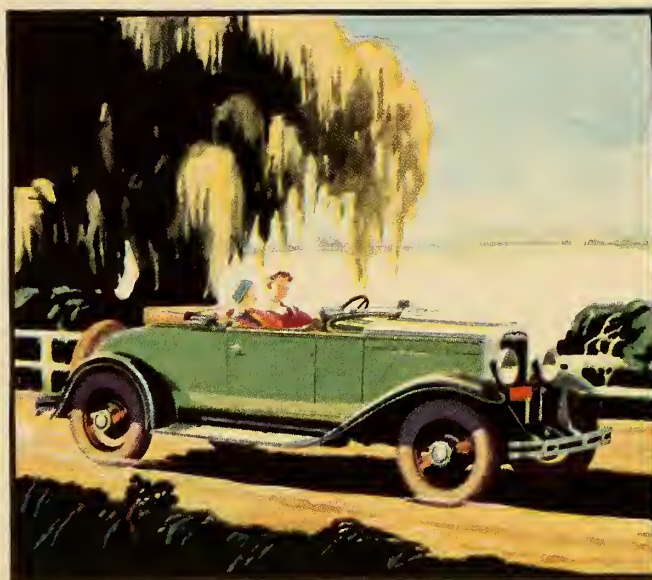


IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

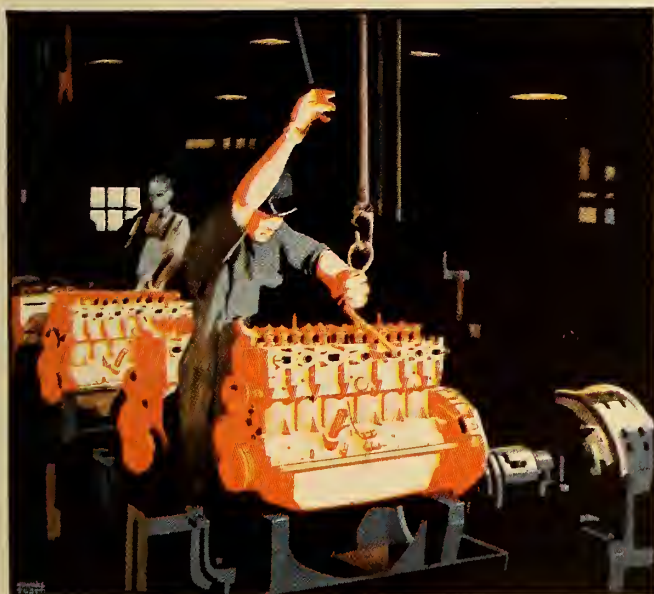
...because so much depends on smoothness and quietness of operation

In the great low-price field, old ideas of motor car value have undergone a radical change during the past eighteen months. The six has swept into spectacular popularity. And largely responsible for this is the fact that Chevrolet offers buyers in the low-price field the advantages of six-cylinder smoothness and quietness of operation!

The big 50-horsepower motor operates with that effortless smoothness so essential to genuine motoring enjoyment. When you idle the motor—drive fast in second—accelerate rapidly in high gear—or travel for hours at top speed, the power flows evenly and easily all the time. Every person in the car has a pleasant and restful ride.



The Sport Roadster, \$555



In addition to increasing the enjoyment of motoring, Chevrolet's six-cylinder smoothness actually protects the car against the effects of continuous vibration. This makes for lower up-keep costs, longer life, and a higher resale value.

Yet for all these advantages of finer, smoother, more flexible six-cylinder performance, the Chevrolet Six is one of the most economical cars you can own. It costs no more for gas, oil and tires. It costs no more for up-keep. And it can be purchased on extremely favorable terms—a low down payment and easy monthly installments.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CHEVROLET SIX

The Sport Roadster...\$555
The Coach or Coupe...\$565
The Sport Coupe.....\$655
The Club Sedan.....\$625
The Sedan.....\$675
The Special Sedan....\$725
(6 wire wheels standard)
Bumpers and spare tires extra

Roadster or Phaeton

\$495

The Sedan Delivery...\$595
Light Delivery Chassis...\$365
1½ Ton Chassis.....\$520
1½ Ton Chassis with Cab.....\$625
Roadster Delivery....\$440
(Pick-up box extra)
All prices f. o. b. factory
Flint, Michigan

A PANIC OF LAUGHS



The Perfect Comedy Team
Marie DRESSLER
and **Polly MORAN** in

CAUGHT SHORT



with
ANITA PAGE

Adaptation and
Dialogue by
WILLARD MACK
Directed by
**CHARLES F.
RIESNER**
Suggested by
**EDDIE
CANTOR'S**
book.

From wash-boards to Wall Street — from cleaning up in the kitchen to cleaning up in the stock market! What a riot—what a scream—what a panic of laughs—are these two rollicking comedians as they romp their way through the merriest, maddest picture you ever saw. How they put on the ritz while the money rolls in! Then came the dawn — and back to the soap suds with Marie and Polly. Don't, don't, DON'T miss seeing "Caught Short".



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

What the Stars Are Doing

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Jack Holt	Hell's Island	Ed Sloman	Melodrama	Dorothy Sebastian
Joe Cook	Rain or Shine	Frank Capra	Comedy-Drama	William Collier, Jr.
Sally O'Neil	Sisters	James Flood	Drama	Molly O'Day
Lois Wilson	Temptation	E. Mason Hopper	Drama	Lawrence Gray
Buck Jones	Man from Hell's River	Lou King	Western	Vera Reynolds
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Richard Barthelmess	Dawn Patrol	Howard Hawks	Air Picture	Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
Walter Huston	Bad Man	Clarence Badger	Melodrama	Dorothy Revier
Alice White	Chicago Widow	Ed Cline	Gangster	Neil Hamilton
FOX STUDIO				
Margaret Churchill	The Big Trail	Raoul Walsh	Western	John Wayne
George O'Brien	Last of the Duanes	Alfred Werker	Western	Lucille Brown
Beatrice Lillie	Are You There?	David Butler	Comedy	Roger Davis
Frank Albertson	Wild Company	Leo McCarey	Youthful	Sharon Lynn
Irene Rich	On Your Back	Guthrie McClintic	Drama	H. B. Warner
Charles Farrell	Devil with Women	Frank Borzage	Drama	Rose Hobart
HAROLD LLOYD STUDIO				
Harold Lloyd	Feet First	Clyde Bruckman	Comedy	Barbara Kent
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
John Mack Brown	Billy the Kid	King Vidor	Western	Lucille Powers
Reginald Denney	Mme. Satan	C. D. DeMille	Comedy	Kay Johnson
All Star	March of Time	Chuck Reisner	Revue	
Greta Garbo	Romance	Clarence Brown	Drama	Galvin Gordon
Joan Crawford	Blushing Brides	Harry Beaumont	Melodrama	Ray Hackett
Gilbert Roland	Monsieur Le Fox	Hal Roach	Northwest Drama	Barbara Leonard
Lon Chaney	The Unholy Three	Jack Conway	Melodrama	Lila Lee
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Gary Cooper	Untitled	Roland Lee	Romantic War Story	June Collyer
Jeanette MacDonald	Monte Carlo	Ernst Lubitsch	Musical	Jack Buchanan
William Powell	For the Defense	John Cromwell	Drama	Kay Francis
Claudette Colbert	Manslaughter	George Abbott	Drama	Frederic Marsh
Cyril Maude	Grumpy	Cukor-Gardner	Comedy	Frances Dayde
Buddy Rogers	Follow Thru	Corrigan-Schwab	Musical	Nancy Carroll
R K O STUDIO				
Betty Compson	Inside the Lines	Roy Pomeroy	War Spy Story	Ralph Forbes
Richard Dix	Square Dice	Geo. Archainbaud	Crook	Mary Lawlor
Robert Armstrong	The Railroad Man	Geo. B. Seitz	Railroad Story	Jean Arthur
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Eddie Cantor	Whoopee	T. Freeland	Musical Comedy	Eleanor Hunt
Norma Talmadge	Du Barry, Woman of Passion	Sam Taylor	Drama	Conrad Nagel
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Dorothy Janis	Orang	H. Garson	Exploring Melodrama	A. Cannibal
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Joan Bennett	Maybe It's Love	Wm. Wellman	Comedy	Joe Brown
Winnie Lightner	Life of the Party	Roy Del Ruth	Comedy	Irene Delroy
Grant Withers	Penny Arcade	John Adolfi	Comedy-drama	Evelyn Knapp
Lotti Loder	A Soldier's Play-thing	Michael Curtiz	Comedy-drama	Ben Lyon
Al Jolson	Big Boy	Alan Crosland	Musical Comedy	Claudia Bell

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY



By ANN BOYD

How to Achieve a Suntan Without Injurious Results

Virginia Bruce demonstrates how to keep your teeth beautiful. Brush the teeth once a day with salt, to stimulate circulation in the gums and for cleanliness. Use a vigorous up and down movement when brushing the teeth. Never employ a rotary movement, unless your dentist advises it. Eat several slices of crisp toast every day. Toast is excellent for strengthening the gums.



WITH the approach of vacation days, many girls write in to ask me how they may achieve a suntan without sacrificing the beauty of their skins; how they may acquire a coat of tan without enduring that first painful and disfiguring sunburn. Until very recently most girls avoided any sort of tan and went to amusing and inconvenient lengths to keep their pink and white complexions in face of the summer sun. Bathing suits were made with long sleeves and high necks, parasols were in great demand and wide, floppy hats were an absolute necessity in the summer-time.

When the suntan first became popular, some girls also went to foolish extremes and risked their health and good looks in order to be able to acquire quickly one of those fashionable tans.

THE first thing to remember about a suntan is that it cannot be achieved in one or two days. If, for instance, you don your sunback bathing suit and spend an afternoon under the hot glare of the sun you will get nothing but a painful burn which will annoy you when it reaches the peeling stage and you will, in discomfort and in actual damage to your health, do more harm than good.

If you want an even, painless tan, begin by making your sunbath last only fifteen minutes. You may remain as long as a half hour at the start, if the sun is not too hot or strong. Gradually increase the length of your stay in the sun until your skin has built up its own protection against a burn.

A sunburn, you know, is an actual burn. In order to realize its

results, you must know something about burns. A first degree burn, whether received by open flame or the sun's rays, reddens the skin without actually breaking it. A second degree burn raises a blister. In a third degree burn—such as received by actual contact with fire—the skin is seared. Now if more than half the surface of your body receives a second degree burn, you are interfering with some important bodily functions. You are cutting off the necessary perspiration, besides letting yourself in for several painful days. In your sunbath, therefore, you must avoid a second degree burn which, if it is widespread enough, may require medical attention. There are various things that

you can do to protect your skin without interfering with the healthful results of a sunbath. Many movie actresses that I know rub their skins with vinegar after a sunbath. This is supposed to make the skin an even brown color. I don't know that there is any good reason for this belief, but the actresses who use vinegar insist that it is a great help.

On the other hand, there are those who favor olive oil. (We seem to run to salad dressing ingredients.) Oil, I know, is very successful, particularly with young children and with blondes who have, as a rule, more tender skins than brunettes. The oil, too, is soothing to the skin and is of minor benefit to persons who are thin or run down or whose skin is dry.

MY favorite lotion is a preparation for the hands which I use before I take a sunbath as a foundation protection for the skin. There are many such excellent lotions on the market and also a number of good protective

(Continued on page 127)





THE STRANGER THEY NEVER FORGOT

THIS stranger knocked at the door of many a home back in the early 1890's.

Politely he asked for the dirtiest garment in the family wash. Then he showed how an amazing new soap would wash it swiftly, easily, without hard rubbing—and in cool water.

In cool water—that was the big news the stranger brought. For in those days, only mansions had water heaters. Women had to heat their wash water on cookstoves. There was never really enough. And the soaps they had simply wouldn't wash clean in cool or lukewarm water without rubbing the clothes almost to shreds.

So Fels-Naptha, the soap the stranger introduced, was welcomed by thousands of women. A soap that would wash as well or better in cool water than other soaps did in hot was the biggest help they had ever had.

Fels-Naptha would also work fine in hot or boiling water. But there

wasn't any use talking about that when lukewarm water was all women had. So today, when almost every woman can have loads of hot water just by turning a faucet, many still think of Fels-Naptha as only a "cool water soap."

It isn't. Fels-Naptha washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing no matter how you use it. You can boil or soak your clothes; you can use washing machine or tub. It's the nature of soap to wash best in hot water—and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

Fels-Naptha helps keep your hands nice. For the unusually good soap and plentiful naptha working together get clothes clean so quickly that you don't have your hands in hot water so long.

Buy a few bars of Fels-Naptha from your grocer today. You will find the

ten-bar carton especially convenient.

Use Fels-Naptha for all household cleaning as well as for the family wash—and you will know why they never forgot the stranger.

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent, free and postpaid, upon request. All you need to do is mail the coupon.

T.N.M.-7-30
FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

© 1930, Fels & Co.



Remember Fritz Scheff in "Mlle. Modiste"? Remember her famous song, "Kiss Me Again"? "Mlle. Modiste" has just been filmed by Vitaphone, with Bernice Claire as the saucy belle of the drums.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 98)

METHODS of crime shall not be presented in explicit detail upon the screen.

Revenge in modern times shall not be justified as a motive.

The use of liquor in American life shall be restricted to the actual requirements of characterization or plot.

The sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld.

Scenes of passion shall not be introduced when not essential to the plot.

No film or episode may throw ridicule upon any religious faith.

Pointed profanity is forbidden.

These are some of the provisions of the new code of ethics which Will Hays' organization has put forth for the guidance of motion picture producers.

Lois Moran has just become 21 years old. As a present she was handed \$68,005 which an aunt, Edith

Darlington Ammon, who died in 1919, left for her.

MR. TOM INCE, widow of the producer who died in 1924, has married again. This time to Holmes Herbert, an actor. And in doing so at this time she may forfeit her interest in the \$2,000,000 estate left by her husband.

The will of the producer contained a provision that Mrs. Ince would lose the principal and be given only the income from it if she married within seven years of his death. She had only a year to go.

The motion picture industry employs 325,000 directly and furnishes a livelihood for at least 1,250,000 people.

AN armored truck and six detectives backed up to Warner

Brothers studio. The truck transported and the dicks guarded \$200,000 worth of jewelry which Irene Delroy was going to wear in a picture.

Warner Baxter and his wife have gone to New York and Cuba for a vacation.

A RARE event occurred at the Roosevelt Hotel on a recent evening, when Al Jolson appeared as guest of honor at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Curtiz (Bess Meredyth) following the premiere of "Mammy." Mrs. Jolson was present of course, looking very stunning in a long, tightly draped frock of pale green. Those who attended the supper were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Langdon, Oscar Strauss, Frank Fay, Alan Crosland, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner, Louella Parsons, Harriet Parsons and Dr. Harry Martin.

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 58)

struck by the ability of a minor character and he doesn't have any idea who it is and has no way of finding out.

Can't something be done about it? Let's hear other people's opinions.

Grace M. Custer,
2423 Clyde Pl., S. W.

Against Musical Comedies

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

These musical comedies certainly are

getting on my nerves. They're terribly much the same. The plots are weak, and serve only as a background for the boring, musical extravaganza. Many people think the same as I do. They're all right until you've seen three or four of them, but after that—phoo! Why can't we have a few talkies with real plots and less music and dancing?

Marion Conroy,
10048—115th Street

Covington, Ky.

I have just spent a pleasant afternoon reading the new MOVIE MAGAZINE from cover to cover. Such lovely pictures, interesting articles and well-known writers, a very remarkable magazine. I get so many giggles from that wit J. P. McEvoy, and Adele Rogers St. Johns is very good. Give us lots of Herb Howe and Homer Croy. Hildreth Dickerson,
227 E. Seventh Street



CAKES BAKED IN CRINKLE CUPS STAY FRESH AND WHOLE

They come out whole, too...
they do not stick to the cup



How much easier it is to bake this modern way. No bother of greasing, no work of washing up sticky pans. Much more satisfactory, too . . . with every cake turned out evenly baked.

Bake in Crinkle Cups and every batch of cakes will be the kind you are proud to serve. Bake in Crinkle Cups and the cakes will stay fresh and moist. Use Crinkle Cups for better, easier baking.

You Will Like This Cream Spice Cake:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 cupfuls brown sugar | 2 teaspoonfuls allspice |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful shortening | 1 cupful sour cream |
| 3 egg yolks | 2 cupfuls pastry flour |
| 2 teaspoonfuls cloves | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt |
| 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon | 1 teaspoonful soda |
| 3 egg-whites beaten stiff | |

Creom together the sugar and shortening until thoroughly blended. Add the beaten egg yolks, the cinnamon, cloves and allspice, and beat well. Sift together the flour, salt and soda. Add to the cake mixture alternately with the sour cream. Last fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into Crinkle Cups and bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for thirty minutes.

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5 and 10 CENT STORES



The Heart of Greta Garbo

(Continued from page 84)

Gavin Gordon shed no tears, knew no despair. His real sorrow was that he never saw Greta Garbo. Soon he discovered among the others he met that the great actress of the screen was difficult to know, even for the elect. She moved in mysterious ways, lonely ways, and there were hundreds of people right in her own studio who had never spoken a word to her. Even the girl who did stand-ins for her—to take the burden of standing for lights and camera angles from her shoulders—had never met her. No one, not even the studio officials, knew where she lived.

He had to content himself with going every night to see any picture of her that was running, sitting for hours wrapt in wonder at her art and her beauty. This woman of the silversheet filled his thoughts and his dreams.

If he could only get a chance. The friends he had made marveled at the steadiness of his ambition, the silent, smiling determination of this tall young man from the South. Knowing Hollywood, they wondered if he would be added to the thousands who have tried and failed and been heartbroken.

He might have been but for a chance, a coincidence such as fiction editors deplore on the ground that things like that don't happen in real life.

IN the dark projection room of one of the biggest studios, a group of worried people sat watching the screen. A producer, a director, a writer and a famous star.

They were looking at screen tests, sent to them from all the studios in Hollywood, searching for a young actor

who could play a certain part. All the well-known leading men had been discussed and found wanting. All the newcomers being hailed had been considered. Stage actors had been eliminated one by one. Agencies had sent candidates without number.

No one seemed to be just what they wanted and the situation was desperate. So they sat running test after test, hoping somewhere among the unknown legions to make a lucky find.

Suddenly there appeared before them on the screen a tall, well set up young man, with a stern face marked by self-discipline and reserve, and through the sound tract came a slow, deep voice, with the softness of the South held in check by a delicate precision of enunciation.

The little group sat up, when as quickly as it had come on the picture faded, the lights went up.

"I'm sorry," said the operator's voice from above them, "that's not for you. It got here by mistake. That's for Mr. Vidor, I'll be ready in a minute."

"You run that test," said the producer.

"Okey," said the operator.

They ran it four times.

"Well?" said the producer.

"That's it," said the director and the star in chorus.

TWO hours later a publicity man in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer office called a Santa Monica number and asked for a name written on a memorandum before him.

"Mr. Gordon?"

"This is Mr. Gordon."

"We wondered if you could come in some time tomorrow and have some portraits taken. This is the publicity department at M-G-M. We'll need new photographs to go with the announcement."

"What announcement?" said Gavin Gordon.

"Why, that you're to play the leading rôle with Garbo in 'Romance'."

There was a long silence at the other end of the phone. Then a voice said, "My God!" and meant it.

It isn't often that it comes to a human being to have his every wish gratified. Had Gavin Gordon been given a magic lamp and one wish to be fulfilled, he would have chosen to play Tom, the young minister opposite Garbo, rather than to be President or owner of a million dollars.

When he first met her for talks concerning the story, he found her to be even more marvelous than he could have imagined.

"She was so gracious," he told me, "so beautiful, but so kind. I had heard how aloof she was. But even that first day she put me at my ease, made me feel confidence that I could do the part the way she wanted it done. She was queenly, yes. But with the queenliness of every great artist. Far above other women, but with the greatest sweetness of manner and the most natural way of talking to you."

THE starting date of the picture arrived. Gavin Gordon hadn't slept all night and when he got into his little roadster he was in a delirium of happiness. As he drove along Washington Boulevard, keyed to the highest pitch, ready for the great day of his life, another car turned out of a side street and crashed into him.

He was thrown out onto the pavement and struck on his left shoulder.

When he couldn't sit up, he found that the pain was excruciating. His arm hung at his side helpless. Red hot daggers plunged through him. But he thought of only one thing. "I won't be able to play the part. If they know I'm hurt they'll never let me start."

The mountaineer blood told. Gavin Gordon got to his feet, set his jaw stubbornly, and drove to the studio.

With infinite pains he put on a make-up. The sweat pouring down his face, he got into his costume. Holding himself rigid, he went out on the set. For a solid hour he worked, upheld by his nearness to his idol, by his iron determination to say nothing to anyone lest the part be taken from him.

At the end of that hour he fainted in Garbo's arms.

That time when he came to, he was in a hospital. He had a fractured collar bone, a dislocated shoulder and a mass of torn ligaments. But he tried to get up. He tried so hard that the nurses called frantically for the doctor.

"I won't stay here," the boy shouted. "I'm all right. I'm not really hurt. I can stand it, let me go back."

He struggled so, weak and half sick with pain and the worse torture of his fears, that he tore loose the dressings and rebroke the bone that had been set.

Suddenly he heard a deep, sweet

(Continued on page 108)



When Gavin Gordon was able to return to the studio after his accident, he did the pralague scenes of "Romance," in which he is an aged man. Above, George Wetmore adding a half century to Gavin.

How They Met

(Continued from page 45)

arrived. John mentioned his business—and Mickey, with a look at his watch, said "I can't talk to you now. I'm giving a party down at Sunset Inn and I've got to get there. I'm late now. You come along and we'll get a minute during the evening."

John said he couldn't. His shirt was dirty, he needed a shave, and anyway he was too hot. Mickey told him there was a cute girl coming, and he could be her partner. John said he didn't want to meet any cute girls. But finally, being a conscientious Irishman, he went. At Sunset Inn he met the girl. She was Colleen Moore. Ten minutes later John had forgotten everything, and before the evening was over he had proposed—dirty shirt, whiskers and all—and been given an answer which wasn't too discouraging. That was how Colleen became Mrs. John McCormick. Now, alas, a divorce is impending.

IT wasn't like that with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Joan Crawford had been meeting young Doug for several years—and she didn't think much of him, either. Their introduction took place at a Hollywood party, soon after Joan came out from New York, and later she told somebody that she thought young Fairbanks was pretty high hat. They saw each other casually from time to time, said, "How do you do," and passed on.

Then one night Joan drifted into a Hollywood theater to see the stage play, "Young Woodley." She didn't know that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was playing the rôle done in New York by Glenn Hunter. Joan's whole soul was stirred, she says, by his wonderful performance. On her way home, she stopped and sent him a wire to the theater, just to tell him how great she thought he was. The next day Douglas called up and invited her to dinner. She went. In June, 1929, they were married in New York.

HAROLD LLOYD was looking for a new leading lady. Bebe Daniels, who had filled that rôle for several years, had left to go to Cecil De Mille. Thinking it over, Harold decided that he wanted a blond who was as opposite to Bebe as he could possibly get, so that the new individuality would stand out. One night he went to see a picture of Bryant Washburn's. Onto the screen flashed a picture of a blond who looked like a big French doll. Harold let out a gasp and whispered to Hal Roach, "That's the one. There's the one I want for a leading lady."

But it wasn't so simple. The title sheet listed her as Mildred Davis, but energetic search produced no Mildred Davis in Hollywood. A studio biography revealed that she had been born in Philadelphia, but she wasn't in Philadelphia either. At last, through a newspaper, Harold located her in a girls' finishing school in Tacoma. She'd given up trying to get into pictures and gone back to school. Roach wired her, asking her to come down, and she came.

The first meeting in this case nearly ruined everything. With the picture in his mind of the lovely blond doll on the screen, Harold waited for her to come into his office. Imagine his surprise and embarrassment, when in came a young lady wearing a large

(Continued on page 109)

You can keep your skin lovely just as 511 HOLLYWOOD ACTRESSES do

JOAN CRAWFORD, delightful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star: "Keeps my skin so smooth."



DOROTHY MACKAILL, lovely and talented star: "I am certainly devoted to it."

BEBE DANIELS, charming Radio Pictures' star: "... a great help in keeping skin lovely."



98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap...

NOBODY knows better than the world's popular screen stars the importance of petal-smooth skin. As Raoul Walsh, famous Fox director, says: "Smooth skin is the most potent charm a girl can have—and an essential for stardom on the screen, with its many revealing close-ups."

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap, not only at home, but on location. For at their request it has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

The loveliest Broadway stage stars, too, are enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap. And even in Europe the screen stars have adopted it—in France, in England, and in Germany.

You will want to try this fragrant white soap. You'll be delighted with its quick, generous lather, with the smooth softness it gives your skin. Order several cakes today.



MARION DAVIES, fascinating Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star: "It is wonderful for smooth skin."



EVELYN BRENT, intriguingly beautiful star: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap to guard my skin."

LUX Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway

—and now the European Capitals... 10¢

The Heart of Greta Garbo

(Continued from page 106)

voice saying, "Please do not do that. You are hurt, Mr. Gordon. We are so sorry. But if you will be good and take care of yourself, we will wait in the picture for you. I, Garbo, promise you that."

Looking up, he saw Garbo, wrapped in a tweed coat, smiling down at him.

Speech deserted him. He was nearer to tears than he had ever been since he was a kid. He lay back quietly and from then on he was a model patient. When discouragement or fear came upon him, when he thought of how the hand of destiny had struck him at the one moment that might spell disaster, he looked across at a big basket of roses that stood beside his bed. They had come with only a card, but on the card was the magic word, "Garbo."

What he did not know until later was that at the studio Garbo was fighting in her own peculiar way to keep the promise she had made him.

It may be that Garbo had heard all

the things he said that day in his delirium, may have looked into the boy's heart and been a little glad to be the ideal of such a man. No one will ever know that. But surely admiration of his courage and sympathy for his ambition—things she can always understand—had entered her mind. She saw at once what this chance meant to him, what a long struggle lay behind it.

IT had been a long time since Garbo had to threaten "I go home now." Her enormous popularity, the broken box-office records standing against her name, had made it easy for her to have things the way she wanted them. What Garbo wants, she gets.

Whether or not she had to threaten, she wanted Gavin Gordon given his chance, she wanted him to continue in her picture. She said so when they suggested that they could not delay work, that they must get another leading man at once.

"Gavin Gordon plays that part," said Garbo.

Having settled that, she did the fair thing to the company. With the director she mapped out all the scenes in the picture in which he did not appear—the scenes she had alone, or with Lewis Stone, who plays the other man. At no small inconvenience to herself, she shot any part of the picture that the director thought best. When Gavin Gordon was able to be up, they did the scenes in which he plays an old man, where he could bend over and ease his hurt.

"And she helped me through those scenes so wonderfully," he said. "She didn't think of herself and how it would be for her. She was so kindly, she always made it possible for me to do each scene. I have only seen her that one time outside the studio. But I know that Greta Garbo is a great woman, and the kindest woman in the world."

Maybe he is right.

The Stars Own Favorite Stars

(Continued from page 37)

see me cry! Still, that's how she hits me."

Billie Dove

GRETA GARBO, thinks Billie Dove, is one of the greatest if not the greatest living film actresses. And in any case, she is her favorite.

"I never miss a Garbo picture," said Billie enthusiastically.

"She is so clever as an actress, besides possessing such infinite charm. I think actresses should study charm as well as acting talent."

Ann Harding

ANN HARDING prefers Greta Garbo to anybody on the screen. Asked why, she answered, "Oh, everything!"

Then she expanded:

"I admire her artistry, her indestructible poise, her personality. For me she creates a more perfect illusion than any other screen player.

"When I go to see a Garbo story, I believe in the leading character more truly than when any other actress fills the leading rôle. I don't find myself picking story and direction to pieces, as I often do in other cases. The illusion is complete for me, whether Garbo is playing the embittered Anna Christie or the glamorous Anna Karenina."

Nancy Carroll

HERE'S another vote for Garbo from the profession—that of Nancy Carroll.

But, unlike Ann Harding, who likes Greta because she seems entirely real, Nancy Carroll, on the other hand, admires her because she is elusive—unreal! Indeed, the Garbo must be possessed of the "infinite variety" with which Shakespeare press-agented the famous Cleopatra.

"Greta Garbo is a superb actress," says Nancy. "This, with her mysteri-

ous fascination, makes her one of the most intriguing personalities of the screen. Every time I see her she reveals a different characterization, and always a vivid one. Perhaps I like her because she doesn't seem quite real."

Ruth Chatterton

THOUGH Emil Jannings has left the country, he remains Ruth Chatterton's ideal.

"I admire him for his great artistry. I learn something every time I see him on the screen," said Miss Chatterton. "He has deep sincerity. He plans his characterizations as an engineer prepares the blueprints for a tremendous architectural achievement. Because he believes in what he is doing, he never fails to convince his audiences, and he gives them genuine, intelligent entertainment."



Joan Crawford is showing a brand new microphone to Governor Clyde Reed of Kansas, a visitor at the Metro-Goldwyn Culver City Studios.

How They Met

(Continued from page 107)

black hat heavily weighted with ostrich plumes, a long, black fur coat, and high-laced black shoes, with enormous French heels. The great comedian gasped, hedged, and almost told her to go on away, before the girl broke down and confessed. While she had been in Hollywood, she'd always been turned down because she was too young and too little. So when she came to meet Harold, she'd sneaked out without her mother's knowledge and rented a costume to overcome these difficulties. That tickled Harold, and he gave her a contract.

It ended only when Mildred left the screen to become Mrs. Harold Lloyd.

A FOOTBALL hero and the queen of the campus.

They met during their junior year. Johnny Mack Brown, star halfback of the Alabama team, and Connie Foster, who was conceded to be the prettiest and most popular girl in school. They became engaged and, unlike a lot of college romances, it lasted. When he graduated from school, Johnny took a job as assistant coach so they could get married. In the meantime, Johnny had been out to California to play Stanford in the New Year's Day game. Some Hollywood producer had seen him and he eventually was asked to come back and try for pictures. Of course, he brought his wife along—and they seem slated to live happy ever after.

In the old days, when they were both struggling young extras, and later when they were just beginning to get a few parts on the screen, Dick Arlen and Charlie Farrell lived together at the Hollywood Athletic Club. They palled around together most of the time, but didn't often go out with girls together. While they were on location at Catalina Island in "Old Ironsides"—in which Farrell had his first lead and Dick was still playing bits—Farrell told Dick about a girl he'd met. "Her name is Jobyna Ralston, and she's a peach. I'm not in love with her, but I sure like her. She's so regular—lots of fun and pretty and everything. I want you to meet her."

Dick said he didn't want to meet her. He knew too many girls already. Besides, it sounded to him like Charlie really thought pretty well of this girl and he didn't want to cut in. Charlie kept on talking, and Dick kept on refusing. Finally one night, without telling Dick, Charlie invited Joby to dinner at the Club. When the two boys went down, she was waiting, and Dick found himself introduced and sitting opposite her before he could protest.

That night started a real friendship. Joby became the pal not only of Dick and Charlie, but of Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper, too. When the smoke cleared away, however, it was found that Dick and Joby were engaged—and while they were playing together in "Wings" they were married.

THE first time Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire met, they didn't know it had happened.

For a long time, Jack had admired Ina Claire more than any other actress on the stage. For an equally long time Ina Claire had thought Jack Gilbert the best and most attractive of the screen actors.

(Continued on page 110)



the linit beauty bath test that instantly proves you can have a skin soft as velvet!



Here is a test that is a pleasure to make and will prove to you that your skin can feel soft as a baby's. Swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying, your skin feels soft and smooth as rare velvet.

This test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more

delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the soothing purity of starch from corn is regarded so highly by doctors, that they generally recommend

it for the tender skin of young babies.

Linit is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you.



LINIT is sold

by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

How They Met

(Continued from page 109)



TANGEE

Color Magic for the Lips!

How innocent Tangee looks in its modest gun-metal case! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame... you Beauty of the titian hair... you sparkling-eyed Brunette!

For *this* is the magic of Tangee... it changes when applied to your lips and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your complexion.

Tangee never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that not only beautifies but actually soothes, heals and protects.

Tangee Lipstick, \$1. The same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢... *Crème Rouge*, \$1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, \$1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, \$1. *Day Cream*, protects the skin, \$1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, \$1.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

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Shortly after Miss Claire arrived in Hollywood she attended a party at the home of the Barney Glazers. Jack Gilbert also attended. The next day somebody said to Jack, "How did you like Ina Claire?" Jack said, "I've never met her." When told that he had, but in the crowd and confusion hadn't recognized her he had a fit.

Somebody asked Ina Claire, "Well, do you think Jack Gilbert is as attractive off the screen as on?"

"I haven't seen him off the screen," said Miss Claire.

"You have too," she was informed.

The following day, however, they met again at a garden party at Frances Marion's—and three weeks later in Las Vegas, Nevada, they were married.

NANCY CARROLL'S husband fell in love with her picture.

Jack Kirkland, now a well-known playwright, was a reporter on *The New York Daily News*, and editor of the Ocean Edition of *The Chicago Tribune*. Sitting at his desk one day, turning over the pages of the latest edition, he saw the picture of a pretty show girl, and under it the title, "The Cherub of Broadway." It turned out that her name was Nancy Carroll.

Jack knew he was sunk. He started a campaign to meet her. Finally he discovered that she had once attended the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School. So he asked Gordon Gibbs, a friend of his, to arrange a meeting. Gibbs gave a party and invited Nancy Carroll, just so Jack Kirkland could meet her. He did—and it was worse than ever. After a whirlwind courtship, they were married just before Nancy joined the Passing Show in 1924.

At least one war romance.
In the office of a well-known pub-

lisher in Chicago was a pretty, dark-eyed secretary, who had just graduated from Northwestern University. Two or three times, a tall, handsome, blond actor came into the office to see the publisher. The quiet secretary smiled at him—and he began coming oftener than there seemed to be any reason for an actor to see a publisher.

Finally one day he invited her to come to the theater and see his show. She went. She went again. They met—often, but very quietly. Then the war came and the actor enlisted. He came, in his uniform, to bid her goodbye. But before he left, they were engaged—and as soon as he came back, they were married.

The marriage license read, "Conrad Nagel and Ruth Helms."

ONE day—probably it was raining or something and she was bored—Ruth Chatterton decided that she wanted to do a musical comedy. She'd been successful and idolized on Broadway in everything else, and it would be something new, something she'd never done. Ruth is like that. Hazards appeal to her.

It didn't take her long to convince Henry Miller and the Shuberts and they started plans to star her in "The Magnolia Lady." Then came the problem of a leading man. Finally, the producers decided that the only man to play it was Ralph Forbes, a young and handsome English actor who had come over from London to play the lead in "Havoc." But Mr. Forbes laughed at them. He wasn't a musical comedy actor. He could, yes, but he didn't intend to. They went disconsolately to Miss Chatterton.

She said, "Send him to me."
Now it happened that Mr. Forbes had wanted to meet Miss Chatterton—who



Presenting our old friend, Bill Hart, as he is today. The visitor in sombrero is Charles Mack, of Moran and Mack, "The Two Black Crows." Mr. Mack's estate is close by that of Bill Hart, at Newhall, Calif.

hasn't, for that matter?—and so, still firm in his resolution, he went to tea at her New York apartment. In ten minutes he told her he thought it would be a great experience for him to play in musical comedy and he'd love to do the part. In two hours, he had told her that he loved her. In ten days they were engaged. In ten weeks, they were married.

These Englishmen. They're so slow.

JUST the opposite was the romance of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer.

For five years they knew each other well, were in almost daily contact in their business and social relations, moved in the same social circle—and then one evening fell madly in love.

While Norma was in New York playing her first pictures, she first heard of Irving Thalberg. In fact, she received an offer from Universal to join that company, and it was signed by the general manager, whose name was Irving Thalberg. She didn't take the offer—and that was that.

Later, she did sign with the Louis B. Mayer Company. On her first visit to the studio, she introduced herself to a slim, good-looking young man in the reception room and asked him to show her the general manager's office. He ushered her in—and then sat down behind the desk. Later, she confessed that she thought he was the office boy, he looked so young. That was her first meeting.

For the following two years, they worked on the same lot and Miss Shearer, as an ambitious young actress and Thalberg as a progressive executive, saw each other frequently. After that, she was starred for two years and he was in direct charge of her pictures. They had many consultations about stories, cast, directors, etc. But they were just friends. As a matter of fact, they still called each other Miss Shearer and Mr. Thalberg.

A year later, Mr. Thalberg's secretary called Miss Shearer one day and said that Mr. Thalberg would like to have her attend a picture opening with him that night. She did. On the way home, he called her Norma. And she fell in love with him.

The courtship ended when they were married in September, 1927.

BEN LYON and Bebe Daniels aren't married yet—but they soon will be, so we'll include them.

When they first met, they took a positive dislike to each other. Which is funnier than ever because nobody ever disliked Bebe and very few people don't find Ben attractive. They were introduced at a party Bob Kane gave in New York. Bebe thought Ben was conceited and upstage, and Ben returned the compliment.

They didn't see each other again for several years. Then they met on a rainy Sunday afternoon at Mae Sunday's and played bridge. Both were amazed to find how mistaken they had been. To himself, Ben said, "I must have been crazy. Why, she's lovely. And so gracious and sweet." Bebe said, "This is a charming boy—so sincere and simple. I like him. I was certainly mistaken that first time I met him."

That afternoon Ben asked her to go somewhere with him the following evening. That week-end she was going on a big party to Agua Caliente. He followed her down there. And in a few weeks, they were engaged.

The favorite
of Famous
Film Beauties..

Betty Lou

POWDER PUFFS

10¢

How they sing the praises of Betty Lou—these captivating stars of screenland! Nothing but the finest may touch their delicately priceless complexions... And so they use *only* Betty Lou Powder Puffs—silky-soft, caressingly fine!

Mary Brian
says,—"I always keep Betty Lou near at hand. Its smoothness and silkiness are remarkable!"

Joan Crawford
tells "her public"—"I never make an appearance without Betty Lou's support. She's with me every time I shoot a scene!"

Sue Carol
enthusias,—"I always use Betty Lou, because I consider quality in my powder puffs just as important as in my cosmetics!"

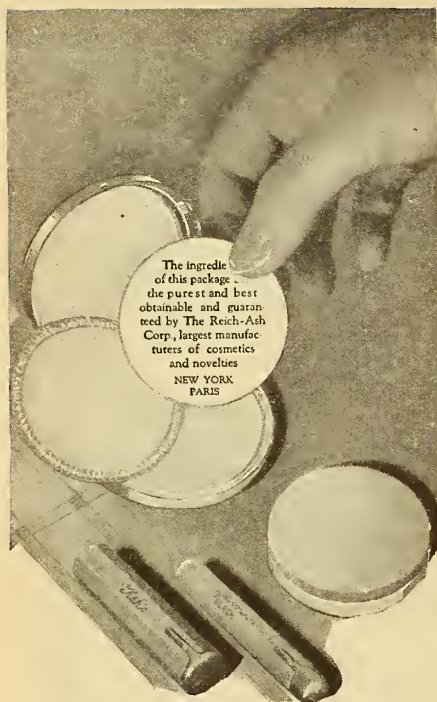
Nancy Carroll
says—"I always keep a supply of Betty Lou Puffs on hand, in the studio, on location and at home!"

Betty Lou

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5 AND 10¢ STORES



The Priceless TAG

When in search of value buy "Ash's" and "Deere" cosmetics—the only tag you need look for is the buff colored guarantee slip found in every case—it's priceless. "Deere" cake, loose, rouge powder and lip salve compacts all may be immediately recognized by this slip. "Ash's" lipsticks and eyebrow pencils are equally easy to identify by looking for the name stamped in script on the cases.

When you see either trade mark you know at once that you are purchasing an absolutely perfect compact or lipstick, that the ingredients are the purest obtainable and that the price represents the most amazing values imaginable.

Most every chain store carries the smart beauty aids, pictured, in distinctive red and green cases. There are other equally attractive "Ash's" and "Deere" cosmetics too—priced from ten cents to one dollar.

**For Sale at all
Chain Stores**

The REICH-ASH CORP.
307 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Low-Down on Hollywood High Life

(Continued from page 43)

I CAN remember the first butler in Hollywood—rather in Beverly Hills, since that is the real home of stars and not Hollywood at all. He was engaged by Charles Ray along with seven other flunkys. Everyone hooted, for those were the days when men were men and helped themselves. People would ring Charlie's bell and then duck in the agapanthus just to see the butler and to give him what we now politely call the "bird." He was of a terrifying British deportment and little by little everyone came under his spell and took to imitating his English. That was the beginning of head tones in Hollywood. Now you can't tell hosts from butlers, we all speak such good English.

Wally Beery is another elegant whom Thyra should have met. The dexterity with which he handles peas on a knife has caused duchesses to raise eyebrows so high that their coronets toppled off backward. Of course, he's a charlatan, as are all persons who seek to impress with society manners. The knife, of his own invention, has a slot the length of it; this enables the peas to hold their balance. In the bluff sincerity of his home Wally uses a fork; but he always carries the knife to banquets for visiting celebrities.

MRS. WINSLOW was not invited to Bull Montana's wedding. I happen to know she was not. It was very exclusive. It differed from the nuptials of the *nouveaux* who broadcast invitations by radio. I recently received an expensively engraved bid to the wedding of two celebrities whom I never had met. I didn't go. Many others likewise failed. The house was so poor, in fact, that the church doors had to be thrown open to the public in order to make a boxoffice showing.

Bull's wedding transpired in his casa in Glendale. Gifts and telegrams were spread out on a bed upstairs. They came from Doug Fairbanks, Jack Dempsey, Estelle Taylor, Mabel Normand—everyone who can be counted a person—I don't recall but it seems to me Queen Marie sent something she made herself.

It was a lovely wedding, best described in the succinct Italian of Signor Montana himself: "Sure, sure, sure, everything swell, Herb. Nobody fight, nobody get sick."

Bull wore the conventional checks with red cravat caught up by a diamond horseshoe, a family heirloom which Bull got from a burglar friend for a song in his barroom bouncing days.

Bull and the signora visited me at my hacienda near Santa Barbara on their honeymoon trip to Canada. They visited me again on return. Bull was a bit upset, as bridegrooms so often are. He said the madame wanted to make a

gentleman of him. Wha'th'ell! She wanted him to take a bath every day. His father in Italy never took a bath in his life and he is eighty years old. She also insisted he shove the spaghetti to her before helping himself. Bull wanted to know how long she was staying. He felt the fall guy, the sap, getting married to such an exotic. Like Vasquez, he was for going through the panes head first. But instead he has bowed to modern convention and gone through with marriage. Another testimonial to the social sportsmanship of Hollywood, though, alas, not to its early traditions.

I HAVE saved to the last, true orator I am, the clinching argument for Hollywood's social integrity. Permit me to present Madam Aileen Pringle in the person not the picture. She is to Hollywood society what Leo, the lion, is to Metro-Goldwyn Mayer. The trademark, the pillar, the very cornerstone. The integrity of Hollywood's brilliance rests on her. She is the brow, let the rest be what they may. The intelligentsia of the world bent on a Hollywood holiday clusters to her cote as the bees to the flower, the birds to the tree, the flies to the keg. I mean she's IT without help from Paul Whiteman's band, Paul Howard's nursery, or Europe's hungry defunct majesties.

You shall know her as Pringie. She will apprise you at once that her hair is colored, that at birth she was the most misshapen mess ever handed a horrified mother, that her god is Julie, who happens to be her mother and who can work necromancy with old Basque recipes as she did with beauty recipes in recreating Pringle, that she is so near-sighted she waves at everyone for fear of snubbing a friend and so makes many strange acquaintances, that she has a circle of loyal courtiers on whom she bestows the same equality of affection and solicitude she does on her chow dogs.

All this you learn instantly that you may feel at home or grope for your galoshes. Everything is all right with Pringie, so long as you don't bore her. If you haven't wit or humor, or the appreciation of same, I advise you do a Vasquez through the window into the gulch below. Several have made a clean getaway that way. But I can't be responsible for punctures in the pantaloons.

PRINGLE is a show in one—like Chic Sale. In the loveliest English you ever heard since your presentation to Queen Mary, she recounts Hollywood episodes more graphically than the Specialist. She will tell you that a certain little Yiddish producer has the greatest picture mind she ever en-

Do you read HERB HOWE in NEW MOVIE every month?

O. O. McIntyre, the famous columnist, says of Mr. Howe: "Herb Howe, the Hollywood chronicler, knows every motion picture star by first name."

countered, that another power is the greatest so-and-so that ever bluffed a naive world, that a touted author has the inferiority complex so bad he snarls out of fear and that a great lover of the screen after writhing with her on the tiger skin leaned close and panted, "We're opening our new church next Sunday and would like for you to attend?"

Pringie's Spanish castle clutches the rim of Santa Monica canyon where it may enjoy each evening the suicide of the sun as it plunges into the Pacific, bloodying sky and water. I particularly like the cozy card room with modern furniture in bright red leather. On the wall is an etching of a popular sash-weight murder and another, the title of which I forget but the significance of which is dead men tell no tales. There are also Japanese prints and glowing lamps on low tables. It is a room of revelation for kindred spirits after dinner.

The dinner. Pringie has a new set of servants every other month. I imagine she is connected with the League of Nations, because one month they are Slovak, the next Italian, then Afric, Chinese, Hawaiian, bounding Arab. Each set is taught the recipes of Julie and so no matter the nationality the food is as exciting as the conversation, which is supplied almost wholly by the hostess.

ONE dinner for instance: The butler this time is Italian with sideburns. The guests are male, save for Madeline Hurlock. Pringie stands at the head of the table carving a turkey. I sit next Pringie. It is like a ringside seat at a Mexican revolution. The butler mutters. Pringie mutters louder. I try to remember where the chapeau is. The butler enters operatically flourishing a knife. Pringie with a shout abandons the bird's remains and bounds upstairs. The butler pursues. There is a volley of verbs. We all go on eating the bird with perfect social equanimity, like doughboys in trenches. Miss Hurlock is guiding the conversation gently, as I recall, while Pringie is being threatened through the barred door of her boudoir. Eventually the frustrated butler appears on the balcony and commands attention. "Listen!" he yelps. "You so-and-so movie stars. I don't give a—bad word—for any of you! As for you, Matt Moore, you big loafer you've been eating here regularly and never give me a dollar. And you, Herb Howe, if you could write like you can eat. . ."

Pringie, the perfect hostess, projects courageously at this point and shrieks, "Oh sing Il Trovatore, will you? . . . You mean horse!"

The butler looks that. He considers singing, too, for he has been taking vocal like all of us in Hollywood. But in the act of inflating the diaphragm he notes we are going on with the dismemberment of the turkey with that fine aplomb that betokens people of gentility. Enraged he stamps down the stairs snorting, "I'm through. I wouldn't yes nobody. Least of all you movie stars. Drtybsds and snsfbehs!"

No one flinched, no one lost hold the wing, the leg, the neck of the turkey. Presently Pringie reappeared, her nose repowdered, and descended the stairs. She and Miss Hurlock served the rest of the dinner as though nothing untoward had occurred. Show me a Vanderbilt or Mountbatten who has such *savoir faire*, such grace under pressure.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, published monthly at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., for April 1, 1930

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Flynn, who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Frederick James Smith, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, J. E. Flynn, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
2. That the owner is: Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Catherine McNelis, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Marie L. Featherstone, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only).

J. E. FLYNN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of March, 1930.
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You Can't Get Away From It

(Continued from page 48)

land, not to mention Europe. Rudolf, the senior Schildkraut, began with a traveling repertoire company, followed that with five years of being buffo comic in the Viennese Opera, then for years played Shakespearean rôles at the Dramatik Theatre in Hamburg. Max Reinhardt brought him to Berlin where he played Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, and Shakespeare. Then came a call to America, and a glorious career here and abroad following.

His son, Josef, played with his father abroad, and the training of the son has always been near the old man's heart. Concerning this it is related that during Josef's early days in films a director was having a rather bad time of it with the cocksure and supercilious young fellow. The story is told as having happened with D. W. Griffith during the making of "Orphans of the Storm." True or false, it has the point in hand; papa came in and watched Josef doing the scene. Whenever Griffith would attempt to tell him how it should be done, Josef would with obvious restraint tell him tenderly that he was all wrong. Finally papa could stand it no more; he took Josef to one side, and it is related that he used harsh words to the son of his heart, ending by telling him that he was a very bad actor indeed. Josef wept at that blow and listened to reason from then on. His later successes prompt one to believe that the hand of Papa Schildkraut has often been of help in this career.

ANOTHER father and son relation is that of Willie Collier, Sr., and his son, Buster Collier. Willie Collier has been famous on the legitimate stage for some thirty years or more, stretching

from the old Weber and Fields era to the present; he is now working in pictures. Buster, his stepson, has had a long screen career himself, and though he does not do the sort of rôles that made his parent famous he is a celebrity on his own account. His mother played on the stage.

Mae Busch came from an Australian theatrical family.

Francis X. Bushman, Sr., and Jr., and the daughters of Bushman, all worked in films. Bushman, Sr., was a leading stock man in Columbus, Ohio, before making his sensational hit as the screen's first heavy sheik, co-starring with Beverly Bayne. Lenore Bushman, one daughter, has married and retired, but played in films for a time. All the children played child parts in their father's films.

Leila Hyams is a real child of the theater. Her mother, Leila McIntyre, of the team of McIntyre and Hyams, awaited her arrival back scenes, while the father played a single until the big event was over. The fateful night that little Leila was born, her mother was rushed from the theater across the street to a hospital in New York City. Later years found tiny Leila sitting on her little red chair in the wings, watching her parents do their vaudeville skits and songs together. She would run out to bow and take the curtain with them. At five she went into the act; at sixteen she decided to get a job on her own and while she could not connect with a theatrical job she posed for advertising.

Florence Lake and her clever brother, Arthur Lake, are children of a vaudeville family. The parents, Arthur Silverlake and Edith Goodwin, toured circuits for years. The two children have



An unusual camera study of Sammy Lee, director of dance ensembles for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, selecting girls for the chorus of a forthcoming song-and-dance film. All the studios maintain permanent choruses, which are augmented from time to time for big ensemble scenes. Here's the reason why Broadway is losing its prettiest chorines.

done dramatic stock and vaudeville since the age of four.

Ralph Forbes and his mother, Mary Forbes, are another two generations of stage family. Both are in pictures now.

There are several actors and actresses who have come to the screen from old circus families. Renee Adoree with her sister was born and raised in the sawdust ring in France, touring all over Europe in the troupe with her father.

Rod La Rocque is the son of a famous circus family. Though the lineage goes back to a title in France, the family is proud of its success for at least two generations in the field of entertainment. Esther Ralston comes of a circus family.

Polly Walker, who played the feminine lead in "Hit the Deck," is a Broadway player who is plentifully besprinkled with sawdust. Her uncle who raised her was a famous clown.

BUSTER KEATON is the son of Joe Keaton of "The Three Keatons," an act which included his mother, his father, and Buster. The act was a knockabout act which toured vaudeville for years, in which Buster was thrown about in a way to make parents in the audience cringe at the thought of the impending fatality. It would have been fatal for a child who had not been taught most carefully how to take his falls, as Buster was. Then when he got too big to throw about he went on his own, finally winding up in films with Roscoe Arbuckle in comedies in 1917. His wife, Natalie Talmadge, sister of Constance and Norma Talmadge, has two small sons who show every sign of taking up dramatics. Their best sport is to go home after seeing one of their father's pictures and re-enact whole scenes. Some stunt will so appeal to them that they will be at it for days to the distress and anguish of all the members of the household.

Charley Morton is another son of vaudeville. His mother and father toured as Mudge and Morton, his father, Frank Mudge playing in an act in which his mother, Augusta Morton, sang. He traveled with his parents and played in their act from his earliest years.

Eliot Nugent and his father, J. C. Nugent, are members of two generations of a stage family. All the Nugents, Eliot's brothers and sisters, have been on the stage.

Wallace Reid, one of the screen's forgotten heroes, was the son of Hal Reid, a playwright, and his life was bound up with that of the theater as a child. He diverged from this as he matured, but went back to it as a young man and achieved a success rarely paralleled. Some of the plays his father wrote were the most popular melodramas of a melodramatic age. One of these was "The Night Before Christmas" and there were many others.

THE second generation of Foy has certainly carried along the tradition of their father, Eddie Foy. All the Foy children are in dramatic work, with the son Bryan writing and doing various sorts of things for films, mostly at Warner Brothers.

Raymond Hackett, the young actor who played the son in "Madame X" with Ruth Chatterton on the screen, is the son of a stage mother, Mary Hackett.

Richard Barthelmess claims no drama
(Continued on page 116)



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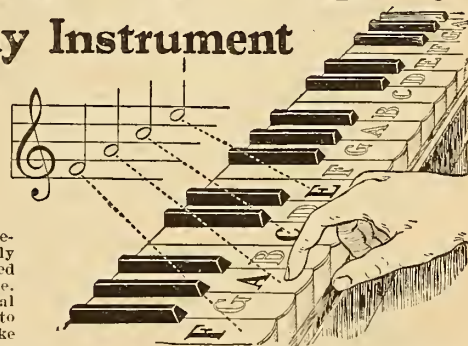
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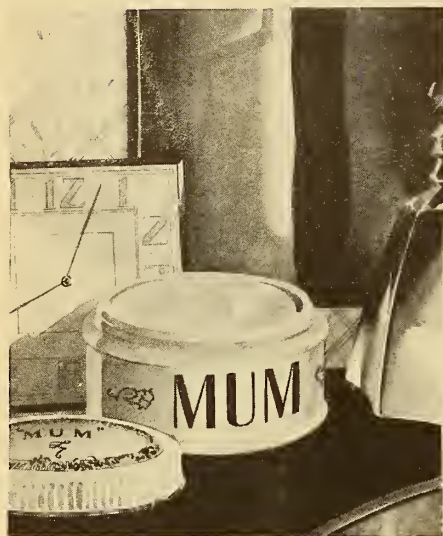
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You Can't Get Away From It

(Continued from page 115)

matic ancestry on his father's side, but his mother, Caroline Harris, was a noted character actress for years in New York. Her career began when Dick was a baby and half orphaned by the death of his father. The young widow turned to the stage as a means of livelihood, and did so well that she was soon known favorably in stock and road show companies. She played with Mme. Nazimova, with Sidney Drew in "Billy," with Mme. Petrova in "Panthea," and with Thomas Ross in "The Only Son."

When Dick was school age there was the yearly routine of stock in Summer, and the road in Winter. Summers he spent with his mother, and often played small bits in the productions when there was need of a child, though he was in no sense a child actor. He grew up, then, with this knowledge of the theater as his background. It was not surprising that when money was scarce and he had an offer to go into "War Brides" that he left college in his junior year and started a dramatic career. He then became a leading man for Marguerite Clark and in 1918 went with D. W. Griffith, where he first achieved success.

Mary Hay Barthelmess, daughter of Mr. Barthelmess and Mary Hay, musical comedy star, is receiving all the training in dancing and music that she wishes and her father will put no obstacles in her way if she should decide, as she probably will, to take to the footlights as a career. She is a tiny, dainty, beautifully formed child, and it looks as if her destiny is sealed.

RUTH ROLAND, for years a serial star, now making a return to films, has two generations of theatrical folk behind her. Her grandmother, Barbara Sherer, was a well known Tyrolean yodeler; her mother, Lillian Hauser, was called "the California Nightingale" a generation ago in San Francisco. She was a protégé of Adelina Patti, who wished to send her to study abroad, but marriage ended all that. The little daughter, now Ruth Roland, also had a maternal aunt who gave up a budding and a successful career on the stage to marry. Ruth herself has grown up in the circus, on the stage, and in pictures.

A little actress getting a good grip on a career over at Paramount is little Mitzi Green, the child who appeared in "Honey," "The Marriage Playground" and other things. She is the daughter of stage parents, Joe Keno and Rosie Green. Rosie Green was a Ziegfeld Follies specialty dancer and was featured at the time that Mae Murray, Fannie Brice, Nora Bayes, Grace La Rue, were being featured.

Mitzi's father, Joe Keno, started out with a troupe of Arab acrobats in Coney Island when he was thirteen. He traveled later with his own act all over Europe. He originated the silly kid in Gus Edwards' "School Days," appeared in Henry Savage's "Have a Heart," in Sam Harris's "Honey Girl" and in comedy rôles with the Mitzi Hajos shows.

Mitzi started out by urging her father to let her do an act in an actors' benefit when she was five. A vaudeville scout nabbed Mitzi for the Interstate and Orpheum Circuits. Then came the movies.

TAYLOR HOLMES and Phillips Holmes, his son, are scions of a stage family, with film fame as well. The father went on the stage at seventeen, as an entertainer, and then into stock companies. He was playing in New York when he met the actress, Edna Phillips, a Canadian, then bound for England. They were married a year later. Miss Phillips appeared with Sothorn and Marlowe and with Richard Mansfield. Taylor Holmes was starring in musical comedies and farces in New York. After Phillips was born, Mrs. Taylor returned to the stage several times, but retired in a few years, permanently, after playing with her husband in some of the first films made in Chicago, notably, "Ruggles of Red Gap." Holmes himself continued in films for a time.

All the Taylor Holmes family are now living in Hollywood, where Phillips Holmes is under contract at Paramount. His father plays in legitimate productions and makes some talking picture shorts.

June Collyer is the third generation of a stage family, beginning with Dan Collyer, her grandfather, Broadway stage star in years gone by. Dan enjoyed a fifty-four year career, beginning at the age of eleven years. June Collyer's mother was an actress for three seasons before her marriage to Clayton Heermance. She was with her father for two, then was starred in a melodrama, "Lost in New York." June, the daughter, started her career in school plays, and was overjoyed when she was offered a contract for films at the Fox studios.

KAY FRANCIS has a family behind her with stage fame. Her mother was Katherine Clinton, well-known repertoire player who has been on the stage most of her life. Kay decided not to be a stage actress early in life, and it is in films that she has had her greatest vogue.

Katherine Clinton took the child with her on her tours, and they lived together while she was playing stock.

Robert Armstrong comes by his dramatic background through his uncle, Paul Armstrong, a well-known producer in New York. The yen for the stage had developed in Bob while he was in college and three months before graduation he left college with a vaudeville sketch called "The Campus Romance." Thence to New York where his uncle was producing "The Man Who Came Back," "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "The Escape." With his uncle he learned all the elements of his art, both as manager and by acting in various productions. After the war he ran across James Gleason while he was playing in stock and Gleason was managing a stock company in Milwaukee. The two teamed up and produced "Is Zat So?" which brought them to the fore in the theater.

William Janney is another boy who got the stage virus through having a producer in his family. The father and son blossomed forth from what would not be considered a promising family tree from which to expect actors. The grandfather was a professor of mathematics and astronomy in an Ohio college; Janney's father, the professor's son, is a producer, notable



Richard Barthelmess plays a dashing aviator in his newest film, "The Dawn Patrol." When plans were announced for this air picture, Dick frankly stated that a double would do the sky stunts. He was in an airplane mishap some years ago—and you can't get him into the air again. That time his pilot died of heart failure while he was bringing the ship to earth. Dick had a narrow escape and doesn't want another.

among other successes for "The Vagabond King." As a child, young Janney attended the School for Professional Children. There he was a classmate of Marguerite Churchill. He organized a children's production of "Merton of the Movies," presented at the Cort Theater, a performance which Alexander Woolcott referred to as "completely beguiling." Following this he joined with Glenn Hunter's troupe in the real "Merton" and his career was under way. Though he met with constant objections from his father, who desired him to go to Yale, young Janney forged ahead, and his first picture break will be remembered as the young brother of Mary Pickford in "Coquette." The laugh is that now father and son have got the professor grandpa into the theatrical business, managing some of the producing projects of Russell Janney. This is pretty near the only example of the virus working back in the family tree.

Alice White is the second generation of the theater in her family. Her mother, Marian Alexander, ran away from a straight-laced family and joined a chorus. After her marriage and the birth of Alice, the ambition continued, but destiny said no—and the brave little troupier died when her daughter was a baby of three. Alice herself felt dramatic aspirations futile, but she came to Hollywood just to stick around and see what would happen. It did, and the little script girl and switchboard operator fought her way up to stardom by sheer pluck and hard work.

The mother of Lupe Velez, the fiery little cabaret entertainer who came up from Mexico City and stormed Hollywood with marked success, was just such a singing, dancing entertainer as her daughter.

Marguerite Churchill is the daughter

of a producer who owned chains of theaters including some in South America. Marguerite grew up in the atmosphere of the theater, in the Professional Children's School in New York, always with the inspiration of her maternal aunt, Charlotte Cushman, among the most famous actresses of her generation. Marguerite distinguished herself as a child in several New York productions and, at the early age of sixteen, played leading lady in "The House of Terror," in which she shrieked so charmingly that she went on into other successes. Her work in films has been under the Fox banner, her most popular to date being "They Had to See Paris" with Will Rogers. "The Valiant" shows her in a more dramatic rôle.

There is every likelihood that the children of Will Rogers will follow his career; they all have been given training in singing, dancing, riding, and in trick roping. Dorothy Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, who is such a pal of Will's, followed her father to the stage.

Leatrice Joy, who has the custody of little Leatrice Joy II, daughter of John Gilbert, feels that she will be very happy if her daughter follows a dramatic career. She says that a woman can have a much freer and fuller life on the stage than in any other walk of life. She is not hedged round with the smothering and petty atmosphere found in so many lines of work for women, and may develop her personality and carve out a most satisfactory life for herself on the stage or in films.

This seems to be the opinion of many people interrogated as to whether they would wish to see their sons and daughters follow their lifework. Nearly all feel that their children could not do better. To them the theater, the stage, the films constitute a nourishing, cherishing and encouraging mother.

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Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 53)

in the basket would fly all over the room. He would apologize as if his stumbling had been accidental. Another favorite trick of his was to deliver a sack of eggs, and after putting them in a chair he would almost sit down on them.

"He always was mimicing people, and whenever he thought about it, recited. He was downright funny and everyone liked him, although he didn't make a success of delivering groceries."

"If 'Pete' was fat he lost the extra weight before I knew him very well." Mr. Gray had regained the floor. "He was a pretty hard nut to crack, believe me. He was extremely fond of his mother, but he wasn't a mama's boy by a long shot. Say, you should have seen him box. He always wanted to take on the big boys and he did it very neatly. I remember one day when he boxed with a fellow named Pettijohn, who was one of the greatest ends the University of Minnesota ever had. This football player was big. That didn't bother 'Pete'. He pulled on the gloves and gave Pettijohn a good walloping.

"**'PETE'** was a hockey player when he went to Central High School, but he wasn't a whiz. There's no use making a Jim Thorpe of him. He was just an average boy. That reminds me of 'Pete's' method of 'crashing the gate' at the Hippodrome on the Minnesota State Fair grounds where we used to skate. All of us, except 'Pete', had season tickets and we went skating every night during the winter. 'Pete' never missed a night, and he never paid a cent to skate. We'd walk in in a bunch with 'Pete' in the center. The gate keepers knew we had tickets, so would wave the mob by. They never caught the 'lame duck.'

"Being a pretty good boxer gave 'Pete' a taste for action. He liked a rough-and-tumble fracas, and never spurned an opportunity to expend his energy in one. I remember one instance, however, which almost cooled his ardor for battle.

"It was a Saturday afternoon and the gang was fooling around the agricultural school campus. We were looking for trouble, and found it. The

college cadets were drilling in the Armory. The big double doors were open because it was warm outside. We stood around outside and watched them for a while. Then someone suggested a snowball fight. There was a lot of snow on the ground, and it was ripe for throwing. That suggestion evolved into a better one: to pelt the cadets. We made armfuls of snowballs and advanced toward the Armory. 'Pete' gave the command to fire and the barrage began. I think 'Pete' aimed at the captain's jaunty hat. His marksmanship was superb. Sock! The icy pellet whisked the hat off the captain's head and carried it clear down to the floor. Meantime, the drill-floor was pretty well snowed under. The captain made a quick decision. He commanded the company to break ranks and re-form outside.

"In less than a minute our gang was on the defensive. Two hundred and fifty cadets poured out of the Armory, and we took to our heels. They were fast and in a few minutes every one of us was being dragged or carried into the Armory. What followed was long remembered if not felt. We were made guests of honor at a "red eye" session, meaning that we were turned over barrels and lambasted with paddles. Oh boy! It didn't make any difference to those cadets whether or not we were just kids. Whew! I remember that 'Pete' said he ate dinner standing up that night. I'll bet he slept on his stomach, too. I did, and the rest of the gang followed suit. That episode took all the ginger out of us for a while, 'Pete' especially.

"**'PETE'** never did any acting until he was in high school. Then he did it all the time. He could entertain a crowd and he never got the stage-fright. Ask old 'Doc' Johnson. (Mr. Johnson is a veteran trolley conductor in St. Paul.) He'll remember 'Pete'.

"It was election night and the gang decided to go down town. We got on 'Doc's' car. Everyone took a seat but 'Pete'. He walked up to the conductor and took his cap. 'Doc' just stood and looked at him. Then Brimmer took 'Doc's' coat. He took off his own hat

In Next Month's NEW MOVIE

HERB HOWE

writes dramatically and colorfully on

THE LAST DAYS OF VALENTINO

telling many facts and details never before published.

Every motion picture fan who loved the great Valentino will want to read this remarkable feature

and coat and put on the conductor's uniform. Then he started down the aisle and collected the fares. He called out streets and rang the bell. I'll never forget 'Doc.' He stood there with his mouth open. Didn't say a word. The car was crowded and everybody was laughing hilariously. 'Pete' never smiled. He was all business. When he had collected fares he went back and rang them up. The trolley had traveled more than a mile before 'Pete' relinquished the conductor's cap and coat. "We rode back home with 'Doc' that night. He told us that 'Pete' didn't make a single mistake in collecting the fares. But, he kept his weather eye on Brimmer. Just a block away from our station 'Pete' started in again. When we left the car it was a mess. 'Pete' had piled the cushions in the middle of the aisle.

"That ought to be enough to indicate what kind of a boy he was," said Mr. Gray. "And let me say this: 'Pete' Brimmer as Richard Dix is a real man. Nothing high hat about him. He is regular. Last summer he demanded that he be called 'Pete.' We wouldn't have called him anything else, for he's just plain 'Pete' Brimmer to us. We never miss his latest pictures and think he is getting better all the time."

WHEN 'Pete' entered Central High School, in 1909, he had not the slightest idea of becoming an actor. He studied expression with Helen Austin as his instructor. Within a few months he became imbued with the desire to act. Miss Austin, who still is a member of Central's faculty, coached and advised him. He was apt, and except for one or two displays of pardonable indolence, made rapid progress in his dramatic work.

Thespian Brimmer made his first stage appearance the latter part of his



Richard Dix, as he looked when he made his first trip back home after adopting the stage as a career. Doesn't look much like an actor? You never can tell.

freshman year. He was inconspicuous as the policeman in Richard Harding Davis' play "Miss Civilization." He advanced a notch in 1910, to portray a sailor in the operetta "The Mocking Bird." Even though the part appears to be insignificant, "Pete" gave it a bit of color.

In 1911, the potential film celebrity, rose to stardom. He was "Voohamba" the principal character in the operetta "The Cingalee."

"Ernest (she prefers to call him that) was very good in this part," Miss Austin recalls. "He gave a very convincing performance and became the idol of the girls. Ernest was a nice boy. He was slim and handsome. Of course, he had lots of spirit and was in his element as an entertainer. I have followed his career very closely, and I think he is a very polished actor."

Out of High School "Pete" was set on a stage career. His father harbored a perfectly natural abhorrence of the thought of his son as an actor. He spoke very frankly about it, too. "Pete" was resolute. His mother understood. She counseled him to have patience. Father Brimmer said something about Ernest going to work. "Pete's" brother, the late Dr. H. M. Brimmer, obtained employment for his brother in a wholesale house. The youngster worked for a while, but he was too much of a clown. His personality and wit demoralized the rest of the employees and he lost the job. He didn't care. "Pete" was thinking of the stage.

OVER-RIDING parental objections young Brimmer enrolled in the Northwestern Conservatory of Music and Dramatic Art, in Minneapolis. He played in the school productions of "The School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "Romeo and Juliet." He was acclaimed as a "find" by Twin Cities critics. It was during his work in the school that the episode at the musicale occurred.

The acclamation of St. Paul and Minneapolis theatergoers was the straw which broke the camel's back. Parental objections to a stage career were withdrawn. After a season with a St. Paul stock company "Pete" turned his face toward the East and Broadway. He assailed New York booking offices as Richard Dix. His first part was in "The Moth and the Flame." After this he worked for Belasco and Arthur Hopkins.

The West beckoned the rising young actor. On his way to Los Angeles to become a member of a stock company there, he stopped for a visit with his parents, who now live in his Hollywood home. He also called on his old pals, and held a few new babies. The old gang half expected to see a sophisticated and arrogant fellow in the young actor. His head hadn't enlarged a particle. Just the same "Pete" Brimmer who skipped out for New York a year before.

Less than a year later he made his motion picture debut with Helene Chadwick in "Dangerous Curves Ahead." The St. Anthony Park crowd attended the first St. Paul showing in a body. Several went back to see it a second time. A few of the girls had discovered "that silly Brimmer boy" was handsome. They never miss his latest pictures.

But, only in motion pictures can "Pete" Brimmer come back to the old home town as Richard Dix.



She'll never, never Tell

Her lovely eyes, so enchanting, so expressive...her dark luxuriant lashes, lustrous and softly curling...her delicately arched brows that form a perfect setting for her shadowy eyes...Her friends are envious admirers. They seek her secret. But she'll never, never tell...All the riches in the world could not make her eyes, her lashes and brows one bit lovelier. But for her mascara and eye shadow, for the pencil that so deftly shapes her eyebrows she comes to the 5 and 10-cent store. For there she has found cosmetics of unquestioned purity and of undoubted smartness...Heather Cosmetics are her secret.

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The Drama of Lila Lee

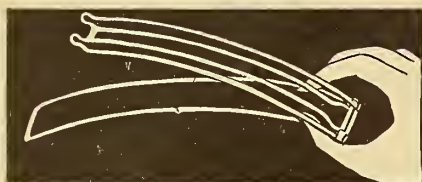
(Continued from page 30)

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"Let her stay in the act while we are here," said Gus Edwards.

She stayed. In those few days, two things happened which were to change her life entirely. Without either of them, she might have stayed on in Union Hill and married some young man and the American public would have missed two idols—Cuddles and Lila Lee.

Her success with audiences continued. On the third night they gave her a little business in one of the skits and she brought down the house. She was so very little, and so very solemn, and she looked exactly like a dark-haired Alice in Wonderland. From all I can find out, there never was a cuter or more lovable small child on the American stage than this one. Her appeal for audiences was like that of the child Jackie Coogan.

More important even than this, Mrs. Gus Edwards had fallen madly in love with her.

**L**ILLIAN EDWARDS was—and is—  
a remarkable person. No woman connected with vaudeville has ever been more deeply loved, more thoroughly respected.

Before her marriage to Edwards she had been a rich widow of definite social position. A highly educated and traveled lady, with a background somewhat different to that of her husband or most of the other people who followed the vaudeville profession. Into this new world where love had led her she brought the same graciousness and tact and sweetness which had made her popular and beloved in her own. It wasn't many years before Lillian Edwards became a tradition in vaudeville theaters—a mother confessor to many harassed girls, a friend in need to many a man.

The one great disappointment of her life was that she had no children. Always she had longed for a little girl of her own.

"Everyone always seemed to want blond babies," she told Lila once, "but I didn't. I had always dreamed of a little girl with long, black hair and a little round face."

Three days after she first saw little Gussie Appell she knew that no other child would ever take the place of the child she had never had.

"I must have her, Gus," she said, "I love her already. I'll be so good to her and make her so happy."

They put it up to Mr. and Mrs. Appell.

This story has nearly always been told wrong. Over and over it has been written how the Edwards found the tiny child in the gutter, ragged, hungry, dirty and neglected. How they adopted her and cared for her and she didn't even know who her mother and father were.

**"P**ROBABLY it would make a better story that way," says Lila Lee. "But the truth is different and very easy to prove. There are many people who know it. I believe anyone who likes me on the screen would rather have the truth—even if it isn't quite so romantic. We were not rich. Far from it. My people were—just folks. They both worked hard. But I wasn't a waif by any means. I would be grateful if you would tell it as it really happened, in justice to my mother. The other story has hurt her very much. She was always a good mother. She loved me dearly and never lost sight of me, and when in the end I needed her she came to me at once and has always stood by me. She gave me up because she thought I would be better off and have more of a future with Mrs. Edwards."

"Like everyone else who ever met Lillian Edwards, my mother adored her. She realized that she had character and money. She understood that a woman like that could do more good for me than she could. She had always dreamed that I might some day see the world, and have an education, and not have to work at hard, unpleasant things all my life as she had done.

"America hadn't fulfilled her dreams. But she thought that with such a start she might see me have what she desired for me. So she allowed me to go. But we were never wholly separated and I was never adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. My mother would not allow that."

**M**UCH of that was to come out years later in a court suit which took up many headlines and at last freed the little girl from many misunderstandings and much confusion.

Who is the most dreaded actress in Hollywood?

Whose name is poison to every film star?

Who steals every film she is in?

**MARIE DRESSLER**

Adela Rogers St. Johns tells you all about the real  
Marie Dressler in next month's **NEW MOVIE**



There was a long talk that night in the little hotel lobby after Gussie had gone to bed. The father was willing enough. If it had been a boy, that would have been a different matter. But girls were a problem for poor folks. It was a great chance for this little thing, to be taken by such fine people and trained in a business where there was much money and prestige.

But the mother was silent, her hands folded over her stomach, her fat, placid face drawn with pain and indecision. All night, after her husband had begun to snore peacefully at her side, she lay awake, thinking. In the morning, she said that the child might go.

"So, it is best for her," she told Lillian Edwards.

A LITTLE frightened, but altogether intrigued by this amazing new life, Gussie Appell left Union Hill and became a child of the theater. She wasn't quite five years old. She ceased then to be Gussie Appell. She became "Cuddles" on the billing and in every-day life.

That name, which was to be known to vaudeville audiences, in every big town and most small ones all over the United States and Canada, came into being automatically. Somehow she suggested Cuddles. Everyone wanted to



Reginald Denny, dressed as an English woodman of olden times, in the masked ball sequence of Cecil De Mille's "Madame Satan." Probably you saw Denny's many Universal comedies. Here is a histrionic departure for him.

cuddle her. And she accepted it all with childish philosophy. Too young to miss her mother and her home after the first week or two, she turned the whole love of her heart to Lillian Edwards.

For six years, Lillian Edwards was her mother in thought, word and deed. They were never apart. To this day I am sure that Lila Lee loves her foster mother better than any woman on earth. The formative years, the sensitive years when impressions are deepest, belonged to Mrs. Edwards and she built up ties that were stronger than those of blood.

"I can never forget all she did for me," Lila told me. "She was a beautiful character, unselfish and kind always. I owe her a debt I can never repay. The trouble that came later was in no way her fault and it never touched the feeling between us. She knew that I had to do what I did and she has such justice that I know she loves me still."

With the departure from Union Hill began eight years of a strange and unusual life, a life very different from the one usually followed by children.

I have never believed much in the stage as a place to bring up youngsters. The picture has often been painted blacker than it is, but at best it does something, as a rule, to rob children of that precious gift of childhood. They are too soon forced into a grown-up world. The adulation, the showing off, makes them precocious and destroys the simple sweetness too soon.

But that was not true of Cuddles. It may be that she has a naturally humble and simple nature. It may be that Mrs. Edwards counteracted the poison. But it is undoubtedly true that no stage child was ever in and yet so little of the theater as this small prima donna.

The very essence of Gus Edwards' success lay in the fact that he did not allow his children to become stagey, did not want them to act nor to show off. Always he strove for naturalness, for simplicity. If he could get them to behave on the stage like real kids, he was tickled to death. They were dressed like stage children and they never used make-up.

WHEN Lila Lee came to Hollywood to be a star in pictures for Lasky-Famous Players in 1918, she had never had a bit of make-up nor a speck of grease-paint on her face and she had been on the stage for eight years.

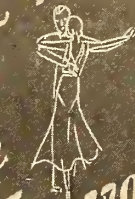
Twice a day she went to the theater, that is true. For six years twice a day she put on little white piqué or white organdie frocks and Mrs. Edwards tied the wide sashes about her little stomach. Then she went out on the stage and won her listeners with her little songs and skits. They didn't teach her to dance—they just allowed her to go out and dance as a kid would. Her singing was slightly off key, but it was the real kid stuff, with imitations of which the Duncan sisters later made themselves famous.

That was all Cuddles knew of the theater—those brief intervals daily of half hours.

Outside that she lived in the best hotels with Mrs. Edwards as a constant companion. When they traveled from one town to another she and Mrs. Edwards shared a drawing room. A tutor accompanied them everywhere, and Cuddles received an excellent education.

(Continued on page 122)

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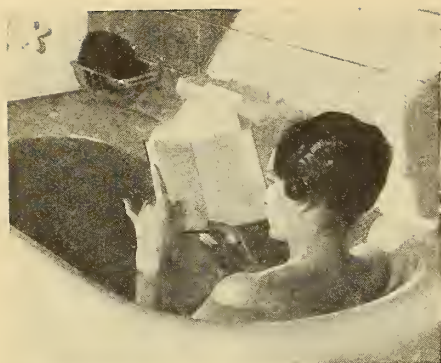
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# The Drama of Lila Lee

(Continued from page 121)



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GEORGIE PRICE, her partner in the act, was her playmate, almost like a brother to her, and there were a number of other children in the act. In many big cities the Edwards—especially Mrs. Edwards—knew the nicest people, and Cuddles and Georgie were allowed to visit their beautiful homes and play with their youngsters.

The theater itself was just a place to play. There she and Georgie worked out funny imitations of other acts on the bill, just as kids at home imitate their sedate elders. And she and Georgie were a very close corporation. They might turn on each other, kick, scratch, claw and bite. But let an outsider stick his nose in and they presented a united front.

Of course, there were things which happened outside the normal experience of children.

Once when they were making an unexpected tour of one-night stands through Texas, they encountered an unusual theater. The basement was the jail, the ground floor was occupied by the theater and the fire department, and the second floor was the courthouse. The police officers served as jailors, firemen, and in this emergency, as stage hands.

When Cuddles, her tender heart touched by their plight, requested that the officers allow all the men in jail to come one night and see the show, the gallant Texans complied. The entire population of the jail occupied the gallery and cheered Cuddles to the echo.

"They behaved beautifully," she told me. "I was so sorry for them. I spent all my money—and so did the other kids—giving them things to eat. We tried to let them all out before we left, but fortunately we didn't get away with it."

DURING a Southern tour when she was nine, Cuddles had her first love affair. He was twelve, the son of some old friends of Mrs. Edwards' and Cuddles thought he was the nicest boy she had ever met. While they stayed in the Southern city, the affair waxed

apace and afterwards they wrote for weeks and made plans to be married as soon as he could support her.

But one day he wrote her a letter in which he mentioned that another girl was "stuck on him." Cuddles didn't approve of that. So she never answered the letter, and she never saw him again until after she was a famous movie actress and had married James Kirkwood.

Then, being in Los Angeles, he telephoned her and went to call. But the old spark was dead. They had nothing to say to each other—and parted as quickly as possible.

There was the time, too, when Cuddles herself was arrested. That was in Rochester, New York, and after the advent of Minnie.

In 1916 Gus Edwards stopped acting himself and began to produce and direct a number of acts. So Mrs. Edwards no longer accompanied Cuddles. In her place she sent Minnie, who was afterwards to become famous in Hollywood as a fighter and a watchdog of the first water. Minnie was a big German woman, motherly, fearless, absolutely uninterested and unimpressed by anything except Cuddles. That was her weakness and woe betide anyone who crossed her trail there.

IN Rochester, as in many other places, it was necessary to get a permit from the Gary Society before a child could perform. The stage manager had procured a permit for Cuddles, but he didn't know that in Rochester there were permits and permits. Cuddles' permit allowed her to appear on the stage and talk, but it did not permit her to sing or dance.

When she came off the stage after her first number, a large and determined detective was waiting and proposed to take her forthwith to the Detention Home for Wayward Girls. But he found himself facing Minnie. He pulled Cuddles one way, and Minnie pulled her the other. Minnie won.

"You don't take her without me," said Minnie.



Paul Lukas is a screen villain with a happy home. Just to prove it, we reproduce Paul's Hollywood home, with Paul and Mrs. Lukas on the steps.



The battle was hot and heavy for some time. Minnie finally was allowed to go along. Outside the stage entrance, the detective—"I wish I could remember his name, he was so mean and cruel to me" says Lila—had the "Black Maria" waiting for this eleven-year-old child. And they took her to the Detention Home.

But it happened that Gus Edwards was in town and he got bail for her. The next morning she was to appear before the judge.

"We knew," Lila said, "that they'd keep me there a long time. So that night Mr. Edwards put on a long fur coat. I sneaked in under it behind him, and we walked out of the hotel right

under a policeman's nose. I was so little they never saw me. We got on a train and went back to New York. Mr. Edwards finally got it all fixed up."

**W**HEN Cuddles was twelve, she began to get mash notes and invitations to supper. Minnie took them all and threw them into the waste basket. She didn't realize that over the footlights Cuddles looked a slim and lovely sixteen.

But in Washington, D. C., they encountered a young man who was not to be put off. Unanswered notes, ignored invitations to this and that, did not deter him. Finally he wrote that on a certain evening he and all his fraternity brothers would be waiting at the stage door and that they intended to take Cuddles to a college dance.

True to his word, he appeared. With him were twenty other stalwart young collegians. They waited—and waited. Finally they asked the doorman for Cuddles.

"Why, she went out 'bout half an hour ago," he said, "didn't you see her? She walked right by you."

The youth protested. He considered. Finally he said—"Not—not that little brat in sox and a blue tam-o-shanter?"

"Sure," said the doorman, "that was her."

"I don't believe it," said the young man. "I thought she was putting all that on."

It was in New York in 1918 that Jesse Lasky, head of the leading studio of Famous-Players-Lasky, approached Gus Edwards, with an offer to star Cuddles in pictures. He had seen her act at a big New York vaudeville house and he thought he had a great find.

They discussed terms and finally a five-year starring contract was signed by Gus Edwards as Cuddles' legal guardian. Several long sessions were held to find a name for her. And just as she had left Gussie Appell at Union Hill, when she boarded a train for Hollywood with the faithful Minnie, Cuddles was left behind.

Miss Lila Lee had come into being. Jesse Lasky had selected that name for his new star.

No girl ever came to Hollywood with such a fanfare of trumpets, such advance publicity, such predictions for instantaneous success. Lila Lee was the Great Find. Without ever having seen a camera, she was a star. Without knowing what a stick of grease-paint was for, she was to be raised to stardom. Without ever having played a rôle in her life, she was to carry an entire story and startle the world.

The beauty which had developed in this thirteen-year-old child, with her long cloud of black hair and her great dark eyes, her wonderful personality that had always swept across the footlights and fascinated audiences, had convinced the entire Famous-Players-Lasky organization that she would need no preparation.

At thirteen she was a movie star. Hollywood had been conquered without a blow.

She made one starring picture and was the biggest flop the motion picture industry has ever known.

(Next month NEW MOVIE will present the second installment of Lila Lee's life story, relating her stardom at thirteen—and its tragic consequences.)



Catherine Moylan, recently of the Follies and now of Metro-Goldwyn, enjoys a few hours at the beach. Luckily, a photographer for THE NEW MOVIE was close by.

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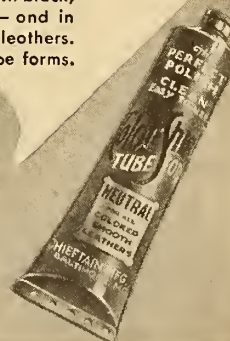
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# Pepto-Bismol

RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY

MAKERS OF **Norwich** UNGUENTINE

# Hollywood's Younger Generation

(Continued from page 34)

Mabel Normand, when she first arrived in Hollywood in 1914, you were stopped by her beauty and her inescapable genius for laughter.

(Please remember now that I am talking entirely from the point of view of the screen—of making motion pictures—of talent for stardom which is really great.)

WHERE are we going to find another Gloria Swanson, who can't be downed by bad pictures, absence from the screen, competition of any kind?

There wasn't anything very polished about Gloria Swanson when she was a kid in Hollywood. But even then, she had an arresting quality, a unique appearance and personality that made your eyes follow her when she walked across a room. Somehow it seems to me now that there was more power and more courage in her awkward and untaught youth than there is in all these exquisite young creatures who photograph so beautifully.

Where among them are we going to get the versatility and elegance, the strong dramatic art, of the woman who could play "Smilin' Thru" and "Within the Law" and "Kiki" and "The Eternal Flame"? The woman who could go on year after year in any story and always give a fine performance and always delight your eye and your poetic sense? Norma Talmadge still stands on her long past record as the best all-around actress we have had on the screen. Greta Garbo has equalled, perhaps surpassed her, in execution, but it remains to be seen whether she can carry on as Norma has done.

Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Lillian Gish—you couldn't mistake one of them for the other.

And, when it came to daring, when it came to the bizarre, the startling, the younger generation doesn't seem to have much on Mae Murray of "The Merry Widow."

THE foreign importations, leaving out always Garbo, who is without time or nationality to me, don't reveal to me the equal of Pola Negri when she first arrived and before she was killed by rotten pictures and bad handling. What an actress, and what a person! Grant them their very best, grant them ability and beauty and a right to a certain kind of stardom, but can anyone honestly place Lupe Velez, and Lily Damita, and Dolores del Rio, and Fifi Dorsay beside Pola?

The decade just passed, the decade which ended in the creation of talking pictures has seen the definite establishment of certain great stars, who will probably hold their position on the screen, as stage actresses have held their public, from generation to generation. Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Greta Garbo, Mary Pickford, possibly Norma Shearer, seem headed for permanence such as Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Fiske have enjoyed on the stage.

Corinne Griffith and Colleen Moore, with full lives and solid fortunes, may retire from hard work after glorious

careers. Constance Talmadge has definitely left the screen. Norma Talmadge's fate is in the balance and she knows it. If she makes a great picture of "Du Barry," she will join the group of those whose fame continues. If she doesn't, I think it is doubtful what her plans may be.

Clara Bow is also "on trial." The latest of the really great stars—or perhaps she and Garbo are contemporaries—she has all the essentials if she cares to use them. Unless it proves that the public recognizes her only as a type and not as an actress. "Type" stars never last very long. The flair dies down and they vanish. But Clara is a fine actress, if she's given a chance. It remains to be seen.

The talkies seem to have frightened Janet Gaynor, but she should survive them. Mary Nolan is the most colorful, the most beautiful, of the newcomers. If her health or her temperament don't wreck her, she may be one to reach the old great heights. Joan Crawford and Nancy Carroll are good bets—but I think they've reached their limits. Maybe not.

MORE and more, the picture is becoming the thing. Girls are selected for parts, not parts for the girls. The younger generation is fitted into the giant scheme of making good box-office pictures for the public. In the old days, the brilliant group who became the great names of screen history fitted the motion picture industry around themselves. They weren't selected by a producer to do such and such things, to fill such and such a place on the program. They shot up into public demand, and a producer began to make plans for them, and find stories to exploit them, and directors to bring out their best work. Now the director looks about for someone who "looks the part," or can sing a song, or dance a dance a certain way.

It is bound to submerge personality to some extent. It is also bound, I believe, to be satisfied with less. The picture now carries itself and the actors. Ten years ago, the star carried everything.

This won't last. From somewhere big talent will come, as Ruth Chatterton came—as Clara Bow and Garbo came—because the public can't love the best picture impersonally as much as it loves the great figures that stood out. The success of Maurice Chevalier proves that.

William Powell, Ronald Colman, Chevalier, Bancroft, prove the desire of the audiences for strong characters—definite and unmistakable characters. There is only one Colman, one Bancroft. The need for such things as were offered by stars like La Marr and Swanson, Lillian Gish and Pickford, will in the end bring outstanding girls and women forward.

But they're more apt to come from the barber shops of Sweden or the streets and tenements of Brooklyn, as came Bow and Garbo, than from the present crop—the so well-behaved and so ladylike younger generation of Hollywood.





Girls, Bill Powell has shaved off his mustache! Look above, at the left. You will see Powell, sans mustache, in "Facing the Law." At the right, the last appearance of Bill's mustache, in "The City of Silent Men." The mustache was exactly five years old at its demise.

## The Unknown Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 26)

WHEN not working, which was half the time, it was his custom to telephone from his Beverly Hills mansion each day and request that certain of his employees be sent to him. If the order came late in the evening, we considered it from "the little genius," our pet name for him.

One Saturday afternoon I was called for, and upon arriving was told that I was to accompany him to dinner that night. He had suddenly grown tired of two other men and had suddenly desired my company. I saw that he was in a dark mood and, sensing tedious hours ahead, I looked about for a means of protection.

Leaving the mansion to go on an errand in Hollywood, I had the good fortune to meet Lita Grey at the studio. Knowing that if she should "accidentally" drift into the Montmartre, where I guessed we would go for dinner, that he would probably invite her to dinner and send me home, I asked her to come to the restaurant. She agreed to make it appear accidental. The plan nearly worked.

At eight o'clock that night Chaplin took me to the Montmartre. As we walked nonchalantly toward his accustomed table, he stopped suddenly. For there sat the two men of whom he was tired.

Chaplin turned about, saying "No more privacy than a shoe clerk," and walked with me out of the restaurant. We went to another café. It also was crowded.

His Japanese chauffeur followed us in the car.

Chaplin decided to go to the Ambassador Hotel.

ONCE there, we remained at the same table for over five hours. I was completely talked out.

Chaplin watched the dancers gliding about.

At last a Spanish girl began to flirt with him. My heart beat fast. If she would only come to his table, he might excuse me. I praised the girl's beauty for an hour. She danced every now and then, while the comedian's eyes followed her. Finally, in desperation, I said, "Why don't you chat with her, Charlie? She's very lovely."

And the little genius answered, "I'm not in the mood, Jim. It's lovelier just to watch her."

He took me home early in the morning.

Lita Grey arrived at the Montmartre on time. She found the two men at the table. *We had come—and gone.*

He is the greatest inarticulate ironist on earth. The petty platitudes of lesser men do not conceal from his keen eyes the great truth that life is a bitter business and that mankind does a goose step to the grave. He has the first-rate man's sense of futility.

MY ingratitude to Chaplin has long been a byword in Hollywood. It has been said that I arrived here a tramp and was befriended by film people, subsequently biting the hands that fed me. This is not true. The two men who made the early days easier for me in Hollywood were Paul Bern and Rupert Hughes. Both are still close to me. My second book was dedicated to Rupert Hughes, my last to Paul Bern.

Until this moment I have never troubled to answer any man's charges. My old grandfather used to say, "Kape your head up, Jimmy. Ye've the blood of a wind-rovin' Dane." And so through all the mêlée of words I have always smiled, and thrown another brick. If it missed, I threw another one.

"Payple respect ye more whin they're a little afraid," my grandfather used to

(Continued on page 126)



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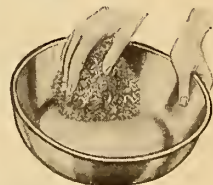
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Ramon Novarro and his recent house guest, Grandma Baber of Oak Park, Ill. This visit followed years of fan correspondence, during which Grandma Baber adopted Novarro as a grandson. Novarro repaid her interest by showing her Hollywood as his guest.

## The Unknown Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 125)

say. He was a ditch-digging man of the world, doomed to canker out his life in the saloons of a miserable Ohio town. There was always in his big and turbulent and troubled old head a slight feeling of contempt for everything and everybody. He early inculcated in me that feeling, and begged me to try like the devil to compel life to make way for me. I obeyed the magnificent, mud-bespattered old brigand, and I put him in a book just as he was and sent him to the far corners of the world. If I whimpered in explaining myself now, he'd kick a board out of his coffin.

CHARLES CHAPLIN and I quarreled over a matter which the intervening years have taught me was my fault. I was entirely to blame. But growth is not given to Irish mortals in a day.

Long after we had separated, I was invited to the home of Frank Dazey, with whom I was writing a play.

When I arrived, Mrs. Dazey said to me, "Jim, I know you'll be a good fellow, as Charlie Chaplin is coming. Marion Davies telephoned and asked if she could bring him. I knew you would understand."

Always self-conscious in company, I wondered how I would act. The newspapers at the time were full of news concerning our quarrel.

Chaplin arrived soon afterward. He was charming as sin. Never in all his life had he been more considerate with me. In the presence of all the guests, he put his arm about me. A sublime actor, one can never be sure when he is in or out of a rôle. Cynical of most things, I still believe that he was sincere that night. If not, he was charming, which is just as well.

Later in the evening a charade was played. Charlie picked me for his side. In choosing a word, he said, "Let's pick one of four syllables." And then with pantomime and a look of deep concern, he said, "Lord, I don't know any."

The game over, many of the guests chatted in the living room. Wondering if he had changed I began to talk upon a pathological subject. Soon he drew his chair near mine and we talked for a long time. As of old his powerful mind wondered at subjects probably never to be understood.

SINCE meeting him at the Dazey home I have seen him but once.

At the time of his greatest trouble, I met him walking in the gathering dusk down Sunset Boulevard.

His cap was pulled low over his eyes. His shoulders were drooped. His hands were shoved deep in his pockets. His chin was buried in his chest.

There was no one within a block of us. My first impulse was to say, "Hello, Charlie," and put my arm about him.

I was positive that he would have welcomed me. And yet I hesitated, for some unaccountable reason.

Soon his lonely figure melted into the night. Somehow at the time he reminded me of Victor Hugo's line on Napoleon after the battle of Waterloo. That Man of Destiny was found wandering aimlessly in a field, in Hugo's words, "the mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream."

(Next month Jim Tully will describe and analyze the great comedian, Charlie Chaplin, in further detail. You doubtless read his brilliant description of the famous jester with great interest—and you will want to follow Mr. Tully's summation in next month's NEW MOVIE.)



# First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

creams which you may use both before and after the sunbath. If you get a real burn—and the skin on your arms, shoulders and face is apt to be affected first—I find that witch hazel is of great help in avoiding blisters and also in reducing the fever.

The best procedure is to apply the lotion and cream before you don your sunbath suit. Then, after the sunbath, and before you dress, use some sort of cream or lotion again—first applying witch hazel if you like—and then sprinkle yourself with talcum powder. Your skin will feel fresh and cool and you will avoid any possibility of a bad burn, unless you have been too indiscreet about staying in the sun.

Many girls find it difficult to use make-up over a suntan. But the movie actresses aren't afraid of the suntan because, in the first place, they are careful to get an even tan and because the movie make-up can be applied evenly and effectively on any skin, provided that the fundamental texture is good.

However, in summer, it is good practise to use a different shade of make-up than your winter shades. If your skin is darker, you must select a deeper rouge and lipstick. The more artificial shades of rouge, which are all right for evening wear in winter, do not go with a summer complexion. Your powder, too, must be a more natural tone and the exotic shades of powder, which are effective under electric light, are naturally all wrong under the summer afternoon sun.

I HAVE not spoken of the health aspects of the sunbath. They have been too widely exploited to need any word from me. But I should remind you again, perhaps, that during your summer vacation you may store up a precious element known as Vitamin D; you may protect yourself, in the warm days, against winter colds and minor ailments. There are some persons, doctors tell me, to whom sunbaths are

dangerous. There are some malignant diseases which are not helped by the sun's rays. If you have anything seriously wrong with your health, do not take sunbaths without the doctor's consent. It is always well, just to be on the safe side, to consult a doctor before you go on a vacation.

But persons who are inclined to colds or who have weak lungs may achieve immense benefit from the sun's rays. If you are underweight or run down or nervous, you cannot find a better—nor cheaper—treatment.

ELSA K., Savannah, Ga. There is no correct length for the hair. The extreme boyish clip, however, is no longer popular nor fashionable. On the other hand, very long and heavy hair is an annoyance because it is hard to arrange to fit under the close hats. The best bob is neither too long nor too short, but should fall softly about your head. As for long hair, most girls are content with arranging it in a knot placed low on the back of the neck.

MRS. I. J. T., East Orange, N. J. With your hair and eyes you ought to wear greens—blue greens—rose, brown and warm tans. You should avoid harsh blues, black and gray.

MARY OF MANHATTAN. White is always pretty for a summer evening dress and is especially becoming to young girls. Moreover, you are not apt to tire of it, and it is less conspicuous than extreme colors. You are rather young to wear spangles, but you may have a touch of glittering trimming about the neckline or a few beads sprinkled on the skirt.

H. I. N., San Francisco, Calif. Vaseline is the best thing to grow eyebrows. Apply a little every night and brush your brows with a small brush. If you are worried about your light brows, you might use an eyebrow pencil—a light brown one—to line your brows.

## THE NEW MOVIE Next Month Offers:

GARY COOPER, a remarkable character study by DICK HYLAND.

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# The Penalty of Beauty

(Continued from page 51)

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called for any acting. They did not want Fay Lanphier in that picture. They wanted 'Miss America.' It was the first time I ran into that.

"I wonder if you know what it means to be wanted not for yourself? How it feels to know that people are interested in you not because you are you, but because you are something? Perhaps, if that something is a real accomplishment on your part, you can take pride in it and so feel all right. But I couldn't.

"I WAS 'Miss America' only by accident, by a condition not of my doing. I did not build myself. I just happened to be like I am. Or was." She corrected herself and smiled across the luncheon table. And there was no apology for her extra weight in that smile and those quizzical, lifted eyebrows. I asked her how she happened to get into her first beauty contest, an affair in Oakland, California, sponsored by Paul Ash, who was then playing in a local motion picture theater. "It was just a shot in the dark," she replied. "I had no hope of winning. I merely wanted to do something, anything, to better myself. I was in a rut and knew it.

"I got second in that contest; which was far better than I thought I would get but not good enough to be sent to Santa Cruz for the state-wide contest. So I entered another one in San Francisco which started the day after the Oakland one closed. And they sent me to Santa Cruz.

"Then the trouble began.

"I looked over that group of girls—the pick of the entire state of California—and the old inferiority complex came to the top. I knew darn well I had no business being there among those beauties. I did not rate it. I was just Fay Lanphier.

"When the time came for me to walk out upon the stage and be judged I could not do it. I got stuck in the wings. My legs just would not function; would not carry me. I was scared stiff and showed it. I know I had gooseflesh all over me.

"THE man who had put on the San Francisco contest was standing in the wings with me. He was talking to me, but I could hardly hear what he was saying. Finally he gave me a push which sent me out onto the stage and yelled into my ear as he did, 'Smile all the time, Fay. And KEEP MOVING! Don't stand still out there. SMILE, do you hear?'

"There seemed to be a million people in that audience, and all I could think of was to smile and keep moving. I did. I smiled and smiled, and moved around and around. And for some unknown reason the audience suddenly burst into a roar of applause.

"I won that contest and they sent me to Atlantic City.

"But before I went I had the best time I have ever had from any of the contests or any of the glory gained

from them. I realize that now. I went on a clothes orgy. Buying a complete outfit—lovely evening dresses, filmy afternoon frocks, traveling suits, everything. It was the first time in my life I had been near such clothes and believe me it was fun. And I did not have to pay for a single stitch of them. The contest people paid for them all.

"I did not win at Atlantic City that year, but I stayed in the contest long enough so that they recognized me when I came back the following year, 1925. And I think that helped me win it. Anyway, I did.

"Then trouble came in earnest.

"Long months of going here and there. Stage appearances. That terrible flop in pictures. Style shows. Dances. Rush, worry and fear.

"Rush, because if you were late or did not put in an appearance when asked—no matter how many places—people would be mad and say you were high-hat. Worry because no matter where I went I was continually on parade. Fear because I was afraid people would be disappointed in me. I was 'Miss America.' Judged to be the most beautiful girl in the United States, which I never felt I was. And I was always afraid people would agree with me too much.

"I DON'T think—unless you have actually had it happen to you—that you can possibly know what it means to be continually on exhibition. Never to be able to go into a restaurant without having everyone stare at you as you eat; never to be able to go to a dance without having every woman in the place size you up and every man look you over with a critical eye; never to be able to go to one place from another without a fanfare of publicity."

Fay Lanphier's eyes seemed to be focused upon something at a great distance as she spoke. She remained silent for a moment. Then she gave a little laugh.

"I thought those things would be perfect—once," she said. "But not after I had them. I don't think any normal girl would."

So she gave them up. Willingly. Gladly. Despite the fact that with the physical heritage that is hers she could have remained "Miss America" or very close to that august person for many years, basking in the spotlight of masculine admiration and feminine envy which is always given the girl who is handed the wreath as America's "most beautiful."

"In one way," Fay Lanphier said, "it was as great a struggle to give up being a beauty as it was a relief. It is not easy to do something you know will cause you to be talked about—and not in any complimentary way. Because I was 'Miss America' people expect me to be beautiful. When I am not they talk—I've heard them.

"Why look at the size of her, my dear! She weighs a ton!" I overheard that sweet remark in a dressing room the other day. Well, I am heavy and

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THE  
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I don't care who knows it. Because with that weight I have put on—nearly thirty pounds—has come great relief. I am no longer 'Miss America.' No longer competing for beauty prizes. No longer worrying about whether I am looking just right. I'm no longer in the race.

"I'm just Fay Lanphier again—and happy."

She told me that she was really too heavy. But that for a while she enjoyed being that way. "For the same reason, I suppose," she said, "that a person dying of thirst would overdrink when he first got at a tank full of water." She weighs 157 now. She tipped the scales at 128 when she was "Miss America." She is a tall girl, and even the additional weight cannot hide the fact that she is proportioned along the lines so admired by the ancient Greek sculptors. She said ten or twelve of those pounds were coming off. Not because she cares how she looks, but merely because she thinks them too much to carry during the heat of the summer.

"I'm through working my head off for the sake of my appearance. You'll never catch me getting the same ailments some of the girls who win beauty contests work themselves into. Fifteen pounds overweight is more healthy than ten pounds underweight. So that is that. If they want me for the stage as I am, all right. If not, that is all right, too. Work is all I want now. Being 'Miss America' has been a wonderful experience. It has given me a background I could not have gained otherwise. Now that it is behind me I am glad I did it. But I do not want to do it again."

I LOOKED at this girl and wondered. Here she was in a studio lunch-room. She was one of a hundred stenographers on the lot. Fay Lanphier, who had been judged the most beautiful girl in America. She was attractive—very—yet. But a great part of that attractiveness was her perfect ease of manner, her restfulness, her joy of living. She ate what she wanted and how she wanted. She had not a care or regard about whether or not strangers were looking at her. She was herself, completely relaxed.

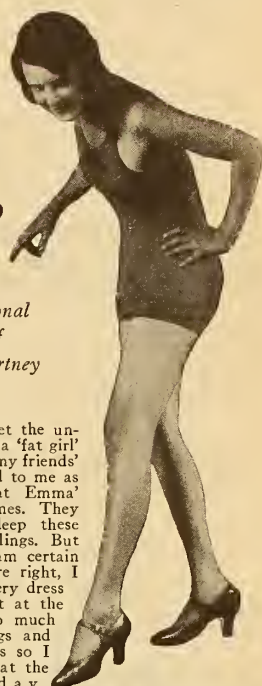
And then I looked around that lunch-room. Here and there was a star. Among their own kind, in a studio noon hour, they could relax if ever. Some of them looked as if they were. But not one of them had the carefree ease of manner possessed by Fay Lanphier. Each and every one of them was conscious, perhaps but subcon-  
scious, that someone they did not know was looking at them, judging them; and no one being judged on sight by a stranger can be relaxed or completely natural.

Thinking over what I had just been told by Fay Lanphier about the worry and fear which go hand in hand with such a situation, I wondered if the large salaries given some of the motion picture stars made up for that being continually on parade, that curse of never being able to relax in public.

I—well, no matter what I thought about it. We can have one definite answer. Fay Lanphier, having had the glory, the additional dollars which go with the spotlight of fame, has decided that the prize is not worth the game. She desires not to be "Miss America"; she wants to be plain Fay Lanphier. Who can say she is wrong?

# They Used to Call Me "FAT EMMA"

The Personal  
Story of  
Emma Courtney



"I will never forget the un-happy days when as a 'fat girl' I was the butt of all my friends' jokes. They referred to me as 'heavyweight,' 'Fat Emma' and other odious names. They never knew how deep these jokes cut into my feelings. But as I look back, I am certain that my friends were right, I was fat. Almost every dress I put on soon burst at the seams. Carrying so much weight tired my legs and weakened my ankles so I had no energy left at the end of the day. Although young and pretty, I found out that young men did not care for 'fatties.'"

"I was anxious to reduce, but everyone warned me against the ill effects that follow from the use of 'anti-fat' nostrums and violent exercising machines. I was desperate and didn't know what to do.

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Lillian and Anne Roth came together professionally for the first time in several years during the making of Cecil De Mille's "Madame Satan." For years the popular Roth Sisters played successfully in vaudeville. Then Lillian scored in pictures and the two trod separate paths.

# Up From Poverty Row

(Continued from page 67)

IF anything, she was more beautiful off the dance floor than she was on it. It was hard for us to believe that possible, but it was true. And we found further that Dorothy Valergo was a darned fine kid. As fine a kid as Dorothy Revier was to look at.

She was a native daughter, born in San Francisco and educated there and in Oakland, across the Bay. She had just finished high school and turned to dancing as naturally as a duckling turns to water. Her father had been a musician, her aunt, Ida Valergo, an opera singer. Dorothy Valergo, half English, half Italian, had heard music in her house from the day she was old enough to listen. And from the time she could first toddle she had danced to that music. Little, childish things at first. Meaningless except that they showed a desire for the expression which flowed naturally into a dance. Later came actual training. Russian and Italian ballet, aesthetic, eccentric.

The Dorothy Valergo we knew then had no thought of Hollywood. In fact

she had little thought of the future at all. She—had she thought about it at all—might have pictured herself a famous dancer. But the mere joy of living concerned her most. I rather think we were all that way at that age. But sooner or later we pick ourselves a course, or have it picked for us, and things begin to happen. They did to Dorothy Revier.

A MAN named Harry Cohn saw her dancing, talked to her, and signed her name to a contract. Dorothy Revier was to go to Hollywood and become a motion picture star. Cohn had said so and there was the contract. For a time after that Harry Cohn appeared to have been an Evil One. For he took Dorothy Revier from her dancing, took her from home and the beautiful surroundings of Tait's.

And brought her to Poverty Row. Hollywood has a glamor, justly earned. It spends money like a drunken sailor, it revels in exhibitions of gorgeousness never rivaled by the kings

# Who is the High Hat Girl of Hollywood?

Adela Rogers St. Johns will tell you all about her in an early issue of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.



of France at Versailles and Fontainebleau. Hollywood has automobiles twenty-two feet long, Hollywood has butlers and chauffeurs and maids. This was the way Dorothy pictured it all. She thought and dreamed that she was to become a part of it.

Any girl, starting out for the Hollywood she had imagined and finding herself on Poverty Row, can be excused for appearing stunned. Dorothy Revier was, those first few months.

The saving of pennies where she had thought—any girl would—she was coming to the grandeur of Hollywood—it was a shock. But she did not quit, nor did she tear up her contract and return to her dancing. Having started, she stuck.

During the days that followed, Dorothy Revier was Poverty Row's one constant figure before the camera. Other newcomers broke in, became disgusted and departed; former stars, great names rapidly sliding to obscurity, came to the Row for work which would enable them to eat. They, too, quickly passed; Dorothy Revier—remember where we saw her first in all her loveliness—spent two unrecognized years in this atmosphere of cheapness and squalor.

AT the end of that time she was the undisputed Queen of Poverty Row.

But she was a queen without a name. Hollywood did not know her, although Hollywood knows many people. The public did not know her, although every time they saw her picture they remembered her as the pretty girl they had seen somewhere, sometime, before. Hollywood did not know her because Hollywood considered it not the thing to do—to know anyone on Poverty Row. The public did not know her because publicity, that intangible, valuable commodity which makes so many names great, was a thing unknown on the Row. The Row had barely enough money to make pictures, much less exploit actors and actresses.

Dorothy Revier lived quietly alone, as, being that sort of a person, she preferred. If she has a hobby, which she denies, it is music. A thing easily understood when you remember that Dorothy Revier is a Valergo. At times she would have a few people in for an evening of singing. For the most part, however, all she did was work. All any one on Poverty Row did was work. Work made up for the handicap of lack of money.

One night a big-time producer, seeing one of his pictures previewed in a small neighborhood theater, caught a glimpse of Dorothy Revier on the silver screen during the picture which preceded his. He asked who she was; told his secretary to get her to come to his studio. Dorothy Revier came. The next day Harry Cohn, very wisely as is his wont, had given his permission for her to play in one of the big producer's pictures.

It was the start up. Dorothy Revier, brought to the attention of the larger studios, worked twenty-one weeks out of the nine months off Poverty Row—at a thousand dollars a week. Big money for a player under contract to a Poverty Row producer.

THEN the talkies descended upon Hollywood and turned the industry upside down over night.

When the uproar had quieted a bit, Dorothy Revier found that she had come to the end of her reign as Queen of Poverty Row. She had graduated.

Harry Cohn pictures were no longer made on Poverty Row. Columbia Pictures (Harry Cohn's company) had a schedule as long and as impressive as any studio's. Players were borrowed from First National, Paramount, and M-G-M. just as those studios borrowed from each other. Money is needed for that. Columbia Pictures now had money and having it they were no longer on Poverty Row.

Harry Cohn was as happy as a baby with a new rattle when the talkies appeared. He knew that all of Hollywood had suddenly been put upon one level. No one knew anything about talking pictures.

"Work," he said, "work is the thing now. And Columbia Pictures will get a break there because I can and will work harder than any of the big or little."

Columbia's list of stars and productions today proves the wisdom of that statement of Cohn's. Columbia is far from Poverty Row today. Its rise, made possible by Harry Cohn, is one of the romances of modern Hollywood.

And, coupled with it is Dorothy Revier.

THOSE long years of work, work, work. Those hard months on Poverty Row are telling now. Dorothy Revier knows what it means to work, and does. Temperament is foreign to her. Which double reason is partially responsible for the fact that producers are breaking their necks today trying to get Dorothy Revier into their pictures.

Dorothy Revier is not a star. She says she does not particularly want to be. "It's more fun to just work," she told me.

It is strictly in character for Dorothy Revier to have been married for a full year before anyone knew it. To Charlie Johnson, a Los Angeles business man.

And—looking at her beauty—it is also in character for her to be following in the footsteps of the immortal Barbara La Marr.

Barbara had little fame in Hollywood until Doug Fairbanks, after scouring the town, cast her as Milady in "The Three Musketeers." Then she started the rise which, after a time of schooling, flashed her across the screen as the most beautiful woman in Hollywood.

DOROTHY REVIER, although she had been in Hollywood two years, was very, very little known until that same Doug Fairbanks started to make the sequel to "The Three Musketeers," "The Iron Mask." And then he started another search, because Barbara was dead and he needed a Milady.

Stars submitted to tests they would have scorned for any other man than Fairbanks, extras hung about his studio hoping, hoping, that he would see them as he had the great Barbara. Production was held up. Doug would not start until he had the one person he was seeking.

He finally found Dorothy Revier.

I know I could have saved Doug a lot of trouble had he asked me who to get to play the part. Because I would have thought at once of the beautiful vision who floated out onto the floor at Tait's, who came to Hollywood and buried herself in the drabness of Poverty Row for those hope-killing years, who survived those years and has emerged one of the most popular actresses in Hollywood.

And I'm telling you now. Keep an eye on the kid. She has only just started.

## SOOTHES EYES AFTER SPORTS



Why suffer with heavy, burning, bloodshot eyes after tennis, golf, motoring and other outdoor activities? It's needless when a few drops of harmless *Murine* will instantly end the irritation and soon make your eyes clear and fresh again.

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## Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.



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Bridal trousseaux as they are revealed in "Our Blushing Brides," Joan Crawford's newest starring vehicle. Joan may be glimpsed in the center of the group. Also present are Gwen Lee, Mary Doran and Catherine Moylan.

# We Have With Us Tonight

(Continued from page 57)

**LEW AYRES:** Friends, I will now introduce the youngest and shyest guest of the evening—LEW AYRES himself.

Lew Ayres appeared in public for the first time at 2927 West 44th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the date, if you wish to make a note of it, was December 28, 1908.

Lewis Ayres was his name, his father also being Lewis Ayres, but when he started to school he changed it to "Lew" Ayres because the other boys at school called him "Loose Airs," and so that's how it all came about.

When he was ten years old he picked up and moved to San Diego, California, and was soon in high school. Up to this time he had been regarded as normal in every way, and then it was noticed he was acting queerly. A few days later it was discovered what was the matter—he wanted to become a banjo player.

His mother was a proud woman, and bore up bravely and heroically, although goodness knows a canker must have been eating at her heart.

After graduating from the San Diego High School, he went to the University of Arizona and played the banjo, in spite of all that could be done, and while the tears rolled down his mother's face.

The itch to get into pictures began to gnaw at Lew, and packing up his banjo he came to Hollywood and got a job playing in the orchestra at a café where the movie people go.

He was seen, was given his chance, and now managers knock each other down in the street to get his signature.

Girls, I have good news for you. He is not married, and lives alone in an apartment in Hollywood. He is easy to cook for, and does not throw cigarette ashes on the floor. Send telegrams prepaid.

**NORMA SHEARER:** My friends and fellow banqueters, you no doubt have given a great deal of thought to the question of what becomes of all the pretty girls who have danced with the Prince of Wales. Well, the answer is before us tonight as we gather around this table.

*They grow up and become great movie stars. Or, at least, one of them did.*

I refer, of course, to Norma Shearer, who once made the Prince of Wales think Canada was the finest country in the world.

Norma Shearer made her bow to the public at 507 Grosvenor Avenue, Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904.

And this is her real name, for Norma is not one of those persons who thinks she has to go to a solemn looking lady in a turban and have her name changed in order to succeed.

Norma remained quietly at home, living on a liquid diet, and going out but little and then usually on a pillow. But at last she grew up, as girls in Canada will.

It was when she was a student in the Westmount High School that she danced with the Prince of Wales.

After a time, Norma crossed the Wine and Liquor Line and came down to New York. Slim pickings at first, with most of her housekeeping done out of a paper bag, but at last somebody with sense saw her and put a blank contract in front of her and turned his back.

Her theme song then was, "Goodbye, Broadway—Hollywood, Here I Come."

Now comes the bad news, boys. She belongs to another man, the sad day having been September 29, 1927. The lucky dog is Irving G. Thalberg, a big shot at the M-G-M studios. It would be just like him to live to be a hundred. Otherwise, hooray for Norma.

So when you think of Norma, think of a Canadian girl who danced with the Prince of Wales, and who now walks at the top of her profession.

**RAMON NOVARRO:** Girls, this ought to be a wonderful evening for you, as we have with us tonight two bachelors—all rich, all handsome and all willin'. The other is RAMON NOVARRO.

Look on him as he sits there so nervously playing with his knife and you will see an unusual person—a Mexican movie star who has never pretended he was Spanish. Hollywood is full of noble and aristocratic Spaniards—from Tia Juana and points south. Another queer thing about him is that his father didn't have a ranch of a million acres. So rest your eyes on him—he's one in a million.

His first appearance as Ramon Gil Samenigos, on the stage of life was at Durango, Mexico, and the date of his premiere was February 6, 1900.

The 3999th revolution came along in Mexico, and the Samenigosos, or however it is, had to clear out. Ramon went to El Paso and then drifted into Hollywood. Hollywood did not welcome him with open arms. While in Mexico Ramon had developed the habit of eating and this clung to him after he arrived in Hollywood. Finally he got a job in a restaurant, singing "Poor Butterfly." He could have put more feeling into "Poor Tummy."

And now he has a French valet!

Also in his house, where he lives with his mother and other members of his family, he has a private theater with ushers. But he doesn't live in Hollywood, where most of the movie stars live, but in Los Angeles like the rest of Southern California, and the exact address, girls, is 2263 West 22nd St. Good luck, girls!



# A LITTLE KISS EACH MORNING



*but... be sure your  
mouth is sweet and  
clean as baby's—*

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"UNCLEAN TASTE"...did your mouth have it this morning? No one is safe from it, except perhaps in babyhood. Brushing your teeth won't remove it. It's most disagreeable, but there's an agreeable way to end it. A quick mouth-rinse of GLYCO-Thymoline is the certain, pleasant way to mouth freshness.

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GLYCO-Thymoline is *different*. Do not confuse it with highly flavored mouth washes that merely replace one

taste with another. Neither should you use harsh, stinging solutions upon the tender membranes and glands of your mouth. Do not irritate or attempt to spur them into action...but let GLYCO-Thymoline help them function pleasantly, naturally, normally. As safe to use in baby's tender mouth as in your own.

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## AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-  
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maintain the modern fig-  
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We do not represent that  
smoking **Lucky Strike** Ciga-  
rettes will bring modern figures  
or cause the reduction of flesh.  
We do declare that when tempt-  
ed to do yourself too well, if  
you will "Reach for a **Lucky**"  
instead, you will thus avoid  
over-indulgence in things that  
cause excess weight and, by  
avoiding over-indulgence, main-  
tain a modern, graceful form.

*When Tempted*  
**Reach  
for a  
LUCKY**  
*instead*

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# The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

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HYAMS

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INTO THE  
STARS'  
SALARY  
ENVELOPES

HOME TOWN STORY of RUDY VALLEE

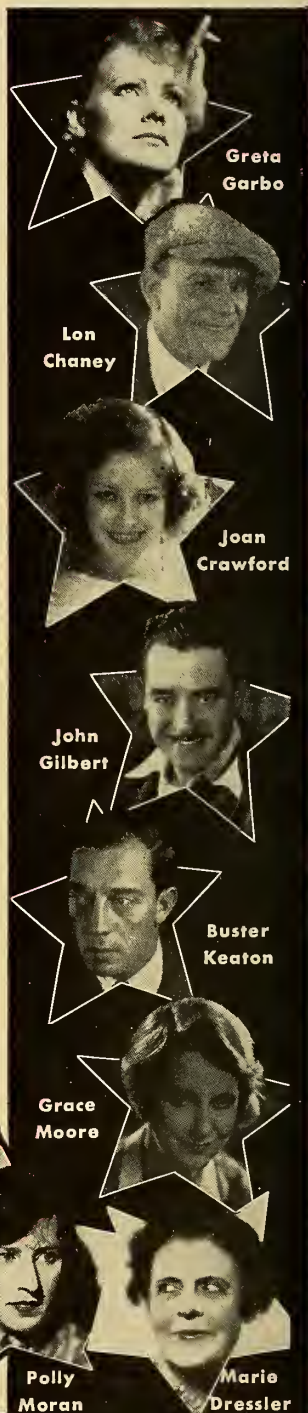


# ROAR, LION, ROAR

## ANNOUNCES THE GREATEST



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again demonstrate that it is the greatest producing organization in the industry. The company that has "more stars than there are in heaven"—the greatest directors—the most famous composers—the most marvelous creative and technical resources—pledges itself to continue producing pictures as wonderful as *THE BIG PARADE*, *BEN HUR*, *THE BROADWAY MELODY*, *MADAME X*, *HOLLYWOOD REVUE*, *OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS*, *THE ROGUE SONG*, *ANNA CHRISTIE*, *THE DIVORCEE*—to mention only a few of the great M-G-M pictures that have taken their place in Filmdom's Hall of Fame. No wonder Leo roars his approval as he looks forward to the greatest year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has ever had!



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"More Stars Than"



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Marion Davies

Ramon Novarro

Lawrence Tibbett

William Haines

Jack Buchanan

Duncan Sisters

Wallace Beery  
Charles Bickford  
Edwina Booth  
John Mack Brown  
Lenore Bushmon  
Harry Carey  
Karl Dane  
Mary Doran  
Cliff Edwards  
Julia Faye  
Gavin Gordon  
Lawrence Gray  
Raymond Hockett  
Hedda Hopper  
Lottice Howell  
Leila Hyams  
Koy Johnson  
Dorothy Jordan  
Charles King  
Arnold Korff  
Harriett Lake  
Mary Lawlor  
Gwen Lee  
Borhara Leonard  
Andre Luguet  
George F. Marion  
Dorothy McNulty  
John Miljon  
Robert Montgomery  
Catherine Maylan  
Conrad Nagel  
Edward Nugent  
Elliott Nugent  
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Catherine Dale Owen  
Anita Page  
Lucille Powers  
Basil Rathbone  
Duncan Renaldo  
Gilbert Roland  
Benny Rubin  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Gus Shy  
Lewis Stone  
Raquel Torres  
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Roland Young

### DIRECTORS

Lionel Barrymore  
Harry Beaumont  
Charles Brabin  
Clarence Brown  
Jack Conway  
Cecil B. DeMille

### A few of the big pictures to come

**Ramon NOVARRO**  
"The Singer at Seville"

**Greta GARBO**  
"Red Dust"

**Marion DAVIES**  
"Rosalie"

**Joan CRAWFORD**  
"Great Day"

**Lon CHANEY**  
"The Bugle Sounds"

**John GILBERT**  
"Way for a Sailor"

**Lawrence TIBBETT**  
"The New Moon"

**William HAINES**  
"Remote Control"

"Good News"

"Trader Horn"

"Madame Satan"  
(Directed by Cecil B. DeMille)

"Billy the Kid"  
(Directed by King Vidor)

"The March of Time"  
(With 'more stars than there are in heaven')

"Jenny Lind"  
with Grace Moore

"The World's Illusion"

"The Great Meadow"

"Naughty Marietta"

"Dance, Fool, Dance"

"War Nurse"

"The Merry Widow"  
What Music!

and many, many more outstanding productions.

### SONG WRITERS

Martin Braanes  
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Clifford Grey  
Howard Johnson  
Jimmy McHugh  
Joseph Meyers  
Reggie Montgomery  
Herbert Stathart  
Oscar Straus  
George Ward  
Harry Waads

### WRITERS

Stuart Anthony  
Beatrice Banyard  
Alfred Black

Al Boosberg  
A. Paul Moirker  
Branden

Neil Brandt  
Frank Butler  
John Colton  
Mitzie Cummings  
Ruth Cummings  
Edith Ellis  
Joseph Farnham  
Edith Fitzgerald  
Martin Flavin  
Becky Gordiner  
Willis Goldbeck  
Robert Hopkins  
Cyril Hume  
William Hurlburt  
John B. Hymer  
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Laurence E. Jackson  
Earle C. Kenton  
Hans Kraly  
John Lawson  
Philip J. Leddy  
Charles MacArthur  
Willard Mack  
Frances Marion  
Gene Markey  
Sarah Y. Mason  
Edwin J. Mayer  
John Meehan  
Bess Meredyth  
James Montgomery  
Jack Neville  
Lucille Newmark  
Fred Nibla, Jr.  
J. C. Nugent  
George O'Hara  
Samuel Ornitz  
Arthur Richman  
W. L. River  
Madeleine Ruthven  
Don Ryan  
Harry Sauber  
Richard E. Schayer  
Zelda Sears  
Samuel Shipman  
Lawrence Stallings  
Sylvia Thalberg  
Wanda Tuchock  
Jim Tully  
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# WYN-MAR

"There are in Heaven"





# The New Movie Magazine

One of the Tower Group of Magazines

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Vol. II

Features

No. 2

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

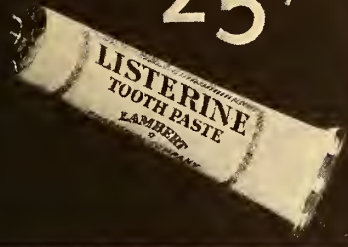
Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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10c size on sale at all Woolworth stores



## Illiteracy Myth Exploded

*San Francisco, Calif.*

The new movies, talking pictures, have disabused the public mind on one of the most important subjects of pre-talkie days... the illiteracy of "the stars". Gossip had it that many popular stars of silent films lacked the simplest rudiments of primary education.

When talkies swept the world like a tidal wave, the public sought theaters with skeptical tolerance expecting the talking stars to make idiots of themselves... and, instead, it awakened to the fact that not only the stars but the lowest paid, most unimportant movie maids or heroes were capable of speaking better English than the average person in the street.

The myth of Hollywood's illiteracy is exploded—people now believe that the stars sign their contracts with a signature instead of an "X".

*Gilson Willets,  
890 Geary Street.*

## For Entire Family

*Cincinnati, Ohio—*

I have nothing but the highest praise for NEW MOVIE. We used to have to watch what our sons and daughters read, especially the movie magazines, most of which were filled with trash. But now we have a respectable magazine in NEW MOVIE, and I am glad to see it around the house. I picked up a copy of last month's issue and thumbed through it to see what my children were reading. I became interested and read it through. I am highly in favor of it, and recommend it as wholesome reading for everyone.

*J. W. McKeown,  
355 Baum Blvd.*

## Well, Maybe

*New York, N. Y.—*

When one reads fifteen letters and ten of them are in praise of NEW MOVIE instead of about plays and players as the heading infers—one becomes just a bit disgusted.

Why not eliminate some of or all of the personal horn-blowing—for, if you don't, people will think they're entitled to a dollar for saying something flattering.

Isn't this thought worth a dollar?

*J. Lindsey Miller,  
30 5th Ave., Apt. 9 A.*

## Doesn't Like Vallee

*Palmyra, Miss.—*

Thumbs down for Rudy Vallee. His picture was handed to him on a silver platter and yet Marie Dressler got all the histrionic honors.

He sings O. K., his band is very good, but his acting is as if he were petrified.

I only wish my Vagabond Dreams would come true and there wouldn't be any Vallee.

## Collecting Voices

*West New York, N. J.—*

With the coming of talkies I predict a strong come-back of the phonograph and Victrola record. We who collect photographs of our favorite stars will add to this hobby—collecting records of our screen idols' voices.

*Stewart Johnson.*

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

# DOLLAR THOUGHTS

## The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

Won't someone please tell Clive Brook, William Powell, Gary Cooper, Mary Pickford, Ann Harding, etc., to sail, motor, or fly to the nearest phonograph recording station and speak, sing or whistle for us—their adoring public?

*Lillian E. Miller,  
1377 Boulevard East,  
Apt. 2 F—South.*

## Cheers for Tibbett

*Fort Lauderdale,  
Florida—*

I've been reading your Dollar Thoughts and I find them very

interesting. I want to add this bit about Lawrence Tibbett. He is not good-looking but he has a charming personality and his voice is excellent—so full of feeling. If people don't like him, why do they go to see him? Most people get sick of seeing the same type of jazzy pictures all the time, they want something different, and it is a real treat to have a change. So I say, three cheers for Larry!

*Ridge Rountree,  
201 Southeast Sixth Avenue.*

## Another Movie Error

*Chicago, Ill.—*

Since when does the bride, on the arm of the man who is to "give her away," precede her bridesmaids as she walks up to the altar to meet her intended husband? The heroine does this in "The New Adventures of Dr. Fu Manchu." The producers are usually so careful in this respect but they slipped up in this instance.

*M. H. Bond,  
7406 Phillips Avenue.*

## Vive, Chevalier

*New York, N. Y.—*

Pearl O'Moore writes to NEW MOVIE that she can't see anything nice in Maurice Chevalier. Personally, I think he is just about perfect, but I don't try to bring everyone to my point of view. I can't bear Rudy Vallee or Buddy Rogers, but I realize that some people like these actors and Miss O'Moore should realize that a good many people like Chevalier.

*Pearl A. Katzman,  
601 West 189th Street.*

## Thrilled by Garbo Voice

*Los Angeles, Calif.—*

I have seen and heard Garbo in her first talking picture. What a joy and revelation to hear this glamorous girl speak so well. I sat spellbound through two entire performances, charmed and thrilled with her deep, compelling voice and the exquisite artistry with which she portrayed "Anna Christie."

*Helene Graefner,  
1656 W. 47th St., Apt. 2.*

## Loses His Illusions

*Binghamton, N. Y.—*

So you like Greta Garbo's voice as disclosed in "Anna Christie." Well, well! To me it sounded just like the delivery of the winter's coal. All my illusions were smashed by that hoarse voice. Why were the talkies invented, anyway?

*Jack Harris,  
Chenango Street.  
(Continued on page 104)*



# What makes a girl "ALLURING"?

CLARA BOW, the girl whose Beauty and Personality have made her World-Famous, explains how any girl can be Captivating

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the scintillating little Paramount star whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "It's lovely skin. You may have marvelously appealing eyes—and a lot of charm—and a beautiful figure. But just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin!

"I got my first chance in the movies partly, at least, because of what my father calls my 'baby-smooth' skin. You see, motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up.



NANCY CARROLL has lovely skin.

"Several years ago, some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it. It wasn't long before almost every important actress in Hollywood was using it."

## 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

"Take Nancy Carroll, for instance," Clara Bow continues. "She keeps her fair skin delectable as an apple blossom with Lux Toilet Soap. And Mary Brian. Jean Arthur, too, keeps her skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

"In fact, nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad we have kept our skin in good condition—the talkies have even more close-ups than silent pictures.

"When I get letters from girls all over the country—saying nice things about my skin—I long to answer every one of them, and tell these girls that they can keep their skin just



JEAN ARTHUR always uses Lux Toilet Soap.

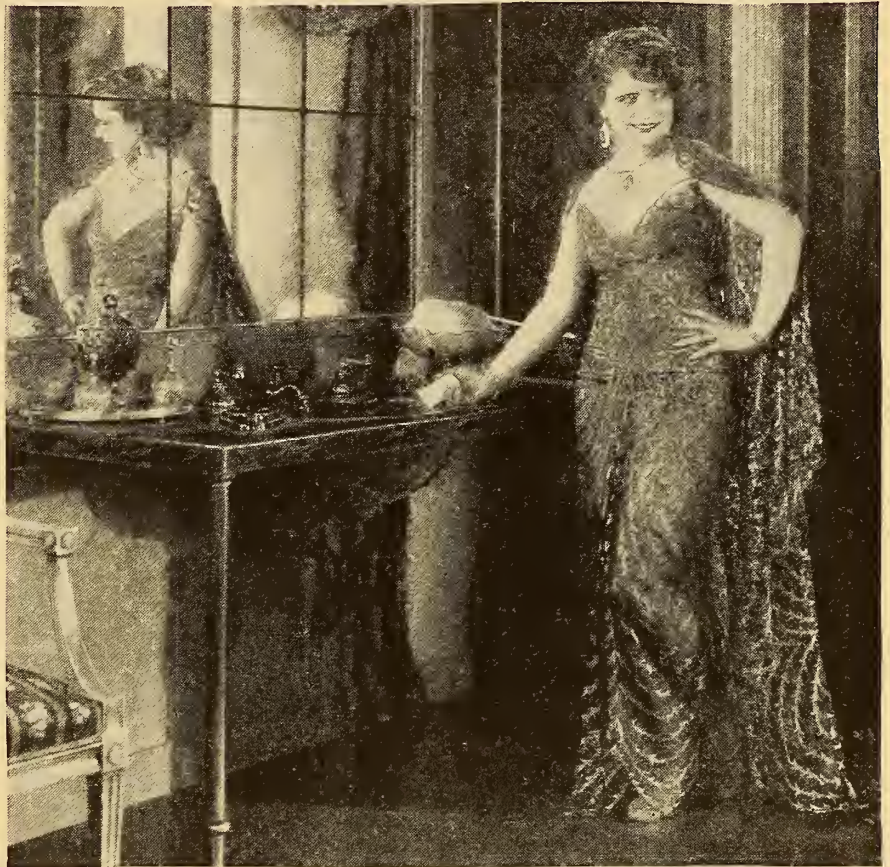


Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW says: "People cluster around the girl with lovely skin! . . . Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!"

*Clara Bow*

as smooth as we screen stars do—by using Lux Toilet Soap."

There are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. Moreover, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures, from the world-famous star down to the newest



MARY BRIAN's skin shows flawless in a close-up.

"extra," shall have the very loveliest skin!

Lux Toilet Soap, as you know, is made by just the same method as the finest toilet soaps of France.

If you aren't one of the millions of girls and women who are already devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap, do try it—today. It will keep your skin as charmingly fresh and smooth as it keeps the beautiful screen stars'!

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the bath, too—and for the shampoo. It lathers ever so generously, even in the hardest water!

## Lux Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway  
—and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢



# WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

## At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree  
George K. Arthur  
Nils Asther  
Lionel Barrymore  
Lionel Belmore  
Wallace Beery  
Charles Bickford  
John Mack Brown  
Lon Chaney  
Joan Crawford  
Karl Dane  
Marion Davies  
Duncan Sisters  
Marie Dressler  
Josephine Dunn  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
Gavin Gordon  
Raymond Hackett  
William Haines  
Leila Hyams

Dorothy Janis  
Dorothy Jordan  
Kay Johnson  
Buster Keaton  
Charles King  
Gwen Lee  
Barbara Leonard  
Bessie Love  
Robert Montgomery  
Polly Moran  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Catherine Dale Owen  
Anita Page  
Lucille Powers  
Aileen Pringle  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Norma Shearer  
Lewis Stone  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres

## At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
William Austin  
George Bancroft  
Clara Bow  
Mary Brian  
Clive Brook  
Virginia Bruce  
Jack Buchanan  
Nancy Carroll  
Lane Chandler  
Ruth Chatterton  
Maurice Chevalier  
June Collyer  
Chester Conklin  
Jackie Coogan  
Claudette Colbert  
Gary Cooper  
Marlene Dietrich  
Kay Francis  
Harry Green  
Mitzi Green  
James Hall

Neil Hamilton  
O. P. Heggie  
Doris Hill  
Phillips Holmes  
Jack Luden  
Paul Lukas  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Fredric March  
Rosita Moreno  
David Newell  
Barry Norton  
Jack Oakie  
Warner Oland  
Guy Oliver  
Zelma O'Neal  
Eugene Pallette  
Joan Peers  
William Powell  
Charles Rogers  
Lillian Roth  
Regis Toomey  
Florence Vidor  
Fay Wray

## Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres  
John Boles  
Ethlyn Claire  
Kathryn Crawford  
Reginald Denny  
Jack Dougherty  
Lorayne DuVal  
Hoot Gibson  
Dorothy Gulliver  
Otis Harlan  
Raymond Keane  
Merna Kennedy  
Barbara Kent

Beth Laemmlé  
Arthur Lake  
Laura La Plante  
George Lewis  
Jeanette Loff  
Ken Maynard  
Mary Nolan  
Mary Philbin  
Eddie Phillips  
Joseph Schildkraut  
Glenn Tryon  
Barbara Worth

## Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky  
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman  
Lily Damita

## At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston  
Luana Alcaniz  
Mary Astor  
Ben Bard  
Warner Baxter  
Marjorie Beebe  
Rex Bell  
Humphrey Bogart  
El Brendel  
Dorothy Burgess  
Sue Carol  
Sammy Cohen  
Marguerite Churchill  
Joyce Compton  
Fifi Dorsay  
Louise Dresser  
Charles Eaton  
Charles Farrell  
Earle Foxe  
John Garrick

Janet Gaynor  
Ivan Linow  
Edmund Lowe  
Claire Luce  
Sharon Lynn  
Kenneth MacKenna  
Farrell MacDonald  
Mona Maris  
Victor McLaglen  
Lois Moran  
Charles Morton  
Paul Muni  
George O'Brien  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Paul Page  
David Rollins  
Milton Sills  
Arthur Stone  
Nick Stuart  
John Wayne  
Marjorie White

## At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Armida  
John Barrymore  
Betty Bronson  
Joe Brown  
William Collier, Jr.  
Dolores Costello  
Claudia Dell  
Louise Fazenda  
Lila Lee

Winnie Lightner  
Lotti Loder  
Myrna Loy  
Ben Lyon  
May McAvoy  
Edna Murphy  
Marian Nixon  
Lois Wilson  
Grant Withers

## Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
William Boyd  
James Gleason

Ann Harding  
Eddie Quillan  
Fred Scott  
Helen Twelvetrees.

## First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess  
Bernice Claire  
Doris Dawson  
Billie Dove  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Alexander Gray  
Corinne Griffith  
Lloyd Hughes

Doris Kenyon  
Dorothy Mackaill  
Colleen Moore  
Jack Mulhall  
Vivienne Segal  
Thelma Todd  
Alice White  
Loretta Young

## United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado  
Fannie Brice  
Dolores del Rio  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Al Jolson

Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge  
Constance Talmadge  
Lupe Velez

## Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent  
William Collier, Jr.  
Ralph Graves  
Jack Holt

Margaret Livingston  
Jacqueline Logan  
Shirley Mason  
Dorothy Revier

## RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton  
Sally Blane  
Olive Borden  
Betty Compson  
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro  
Richard Dix  
Bob Steele  
Tom Tyler



Now you can  
**TAKE THE GUESSWORK  
OUT OF  
"GOING TO THE MOVIES"**

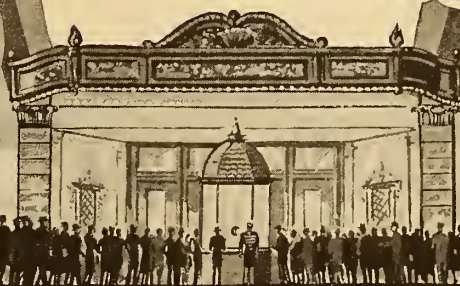
A NEW movie season is almost here . . .  
Make sure it brings you better,  
richer talking picture entertainment!

Wouldn't you like to have a say in  
"booking" attractions for your local  
theatre? Wouldn't you like to help  
pick the pictures you're going to  
see in the next twelve months?

Wouldn't you like to make  
sure of seeing your favorite  
stars, and the biggest hits  
of the coming season?

There IS a way to do it  
—if you act now!

*here's how...*





Tell your theatre Manager you want to see



**WARNER BROS.**

**FIRST NATIONAL**

*and*

**ITAPHONE**



**R**IGHT now your theatre manager is selecting his attractions for the coming year. He's trying to choose the ones YOU'LL like best.

You can help him decide by telling him YOUR choice! He'll be GLAD to know your preference so that he can more closely accommodate your tastes.

To help you in your selection, WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL, exclusive Vitaphone producers, announce here in advance their amazing production programs for 1930-31.

Look over these lists... Notice the wealth of famous stars... the brilliant stories by favorite authors... the wonderful entertainment values these titles promise.

Compare them with any other group of pictures announced for the coming year... Then use the ballot on the second page following to indicate your choice.

*(Titles and casts are subject to change in a few instances.)*



# WARNER BROS. PICTURES for 1930-1931

**JOHN BARRYMORE**  
in **"MOBY DICK"**

From the famous novel by Herman Melville.  
With Joan Bennett.

**JOHN BARRYMORE**  
In a second spectacular production.

**"VIENNESE NIGHTS"**  
All in Technicolor

Their first original romance.  
By Sigmund Ramberg and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd.

**"CAPTAIN APPLEJACK"**  
From the long-run stage hit. With John Halliday, Mary Brian and other stars.

**"MAYBE IT'S LOVE"**  
With the All-American Football Team  
And Joe E. Brown, Joan Bennett.

**GEORGE ARLISS**  
in **"OLD ENGLISH"**

From the celebrated play by John Galsworthy. With a star cast.

**"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN"**

The greatest musical comedy in years in New York, filmed entirely in Technicolor.

**"THE OFFICE WIFE"**  
By Faith Baldwin.

**"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"**

All in Technicolor  
With Winnie Lightner, Irene Delray and others.

**"THE DANUBE LOVE SONG"**

All in Technicolor  
A lavish romance by famous Oscar Strauss.

**AL JOLSON** in **"BIG BOY"**  
All Laughs!

**"SIT TIGHT"**

With Winnie Lightner, Joe E. Brown, Irene Delray.

**"RED HOT SINNERS"**

With Winnie Lightner.

**"NANCY FROM NAPLES"**

Irene Delray, Charles King and 10 other stars in a comedy by celebrated Elmer Rice.

**"CHILDREN OF DREAMS"**

Magnificent romance by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and Sigmund Ramberg.

**AND MANY OTHERS**

**Also "VITAPHONE VARIETIES"**

The finest of all "Short Subjects."



## FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES for 1930-1931

**RICHARD BARTHELMESS**  
in **"THE DAWN PATROL"**

A vast production and a perfect Barthelmess story.

**RICHARD BARTHELMESS**  
in **"ADIOS"**

The brilliant star in the kind of part that made him famous.

**"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"**

One of the greatest stage plays of all time, to be filmed with Ann Harding, James Rennie and 7 other stars.

**OTIS SKINNER** in **"KISMET"**

With Loretta Young  
One of the stage's greatest stars in his most famous hit.

**"THE TOAST OF THE LEGION"**

All in Technicolor  
From the glorious Victor Herbert hit, "Mile. Madiste," with a tremendous cast.

**"MOTHER'S CRY"**

From the famous best-selling novel.

**"TOP SPEED"**

Joe E. Brown and Jack Whiting in a great Broadway success.

**"THE BAD MAN"**

Walter Huston and 5 other stars in a celebrated stage comedy.

**MARILYN MILLER**  
in **"SUNNY"**

By Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Music by Jerome Kern.

**"WOMAN HUNGRY"**

All in Technicolor  
With Lila Lee, Sidney Blackmer, Fred Kahler and 5 other stars.

**"BRIGHT LIGHTS"**

All in Technicolor  
With Dorothy Mackaill, Frank Fay and 8 more stars.

**"RIGHT OF WAY"**

From the famous novel by Sir Gilbert Parker, with Conrad Nagel, Loretta Young and others.

**"THE CALL OF THE EAST"**

First original screen production by the brilliant composer and author, Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach.

**"CAPTAIN BLOOD"**

Glorious sea adventure from the thrill-packed pages of Rafael Sabatini.

**"THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY"**

With Walter Huston.

**AND MANY OTHERS**



## STARS and PICTURES



# for 1930-1931



# Cast your



# VOTE

*for*

**WARNER BROS.**

**FIRST NATIONAL**

**and VITAPHONE**

**STARS and PICTURES**

*for*

**1930  
1931**



*Vitaphone is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor process.*

**Y**OU have just read on the preceding page the most ambitious array of super-productions any company has ever dared to plan!

Entertainment values that would ordinarily be spread over two years or more, will be concentrated by these two famous producers in a single season!

Many of them will be radiant with the resplendent tints of Technicolor...and ALL will have the perfect tone of Vitaphone.

If you enjoyed "Disraeli", "Gold Diggers of Broadway", and the scores of other great Vitaphone successes released last year, you will want to be sure to see the stars and new productions of the companies that have proved their preeminence by turning out hits like these.

**To help bring these exciting shows to your theatre, use the ballot below NOW! Sign it and mail it today to Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc.**

Your choice will be brought to the attention of your theatre manager, and you will receive—FREE—a beautiful photograph of your favorite star.

**Also write or 'phone your theatre manager direct to let him know that you wish to see these famous stars and important productions.**

WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC.  
321 West 44th St., N. Y. C.

T

I should like to see all of the Vitaphone pictures which Warner Bros. and First National plan to produce this coming year. Please send me a photograph of

(Insert name of any star mentioned in this announcement.)

(Signed).....

(Address).....

(City & State).....



# The New Movie Magazine



## Gossip of the Studios

**T**ALKIES have increased the earnings of the motion picture industry \$500,000,000 a YEAR! They have doubled the attendance.

seeing as how they are getting one million dollars for thirty days' work.

\* \* \*



Charles Farrell: Wins newspaper popularity contest in New York and Chicago, defeating Buddy and Gary.

**H**AROLD LLOYD had to postpone his scheduled trip to Honolulu, where a number of scenes in his next picture, "Feet First" are to be shot. The reason: an uncertain and troublesome appendix. And to add to his tough luck for the month, a \$2,500 Great Dane prize dog died from poisoning.

\* \* \*

**C**OSMO HAMILTON, noted British writer and author of "The Blindness of Virtue," has come to Hollywood to see what can be done about making better pictures. His first blast on arriving was to say that present marriage laws are the bunk! "Marriage should be made so difficult that nobody would want it," he said. On the same thought he advocated making divorces so easy anyone could get one at any time for any reason whatsoever. He has been married once—and divorced.



William Powell: He slipped away quietly for a vacation touring Europe with his pal, Ronald Colman.

\* \* \*

*Signor Benito Mussolini ran Al Jolson's "The Singing Fool" in his private talkie theater in Rome.*

\* \* \*

look something like Rudie's and tried unsuccessfully to break into pictures, made a flock of charges against George Ullman, Rudie's friend and business manager, who is the executor of the estate. Ullman showed in court that, far from mishandling the estate, he had built it up from being a half-million in debt to where over \$300,000 was in the clear. That was done by the judicious exploitation of Rudie's pictures after his death. No other screen star's pictures have made money after his death.

\* \* \*

*Hollywood has 160,000 population. In the last ten years 75 corner lots between Western and Highland on Hollywood Boulevard show an average increase of \$116,408 each in valuation.*

\* \* \*

**B**ILL HART is all right again after having had his tonsils removed. Lon Chaney was in the hospital at the same time, having a small operation on his throat.

\* \* \*

**"CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK"** is the name of the picture Amos 'n' Andy will make in Hollywood. And a right good name, say we,

**T**HOUSANDS of letters coming to Marion Davies regarding her picture, "The Florodora Girl," seem to indicate that the world is of different opinions on the long skirts. But they all say they would not want to go back to the days of bustles and hoops.

\* \* \*

**V**IVIENNE SEGAL, New York stage star and now a Warner Brothers star has a pet punch she serves. One quart of grape juice, one pint of orange juice, one-half cup of sugar, four bottles of ginger ale and one-third cup of lemon juice. This makes three quarts of a rather tasty beverage.

\* \* \*

*On his way back from Europe, Doug Fairbanks flew from New York to Hollywood.*

\* \* \*

**THE DAILY NEWS** (a New York tabloid), held a contest to decide the most





# The Who's Who of Hollywood—what the



Mary Pickford: She stops work abruptly on her new picture and sets Hollywood talking.

Warner Brothers player, recently decided to live fifty years ago. So they dolled up in old time costumes and took a four-day horseback trip into the mountains—using nothing in the line of equipment except things which could have been used fifty years ago. That's an idea for some fun, at that.

\* \* \*

*Gary Cooper was born on May seventh.*

\* \* \*

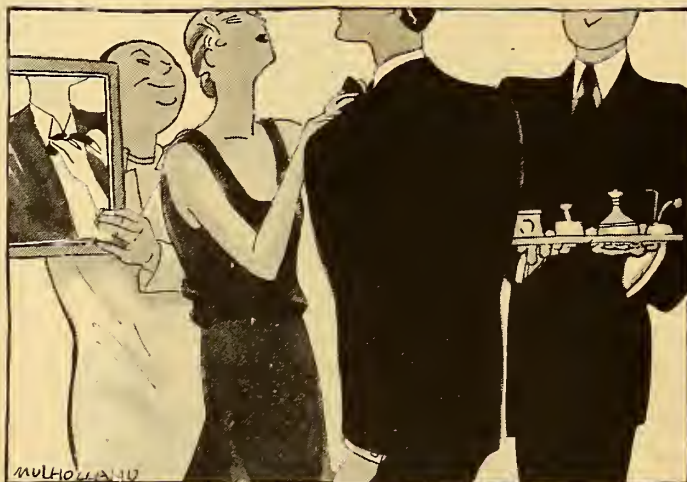
LAWRENCE TIBBETT is back in Hollywood after a concert tour. His next picture will be "New Moon" with Grace Moore, another opera singer, as his co-star.

\* \* \*

A BANDIT held up the Santa Fe's crack train, The Chief, just as it was pulling out of Los Angeles for Chicago. He took a \$6,500 engagement ring and a \$1,000 diamond encrusted dinner ring from Marian Nixon. He gave her back her wedding ring, which he had taken, when she began to cry. He took \$400 in cash from Marian's husband, Edward Hillman. He knocked on the door of Mrs. Al Jolson's compartment but she had locked herself in and refused to unlock. She had caught a glimpse of the bandit and had dodged into her compartment. The bandit overlooked a \$5,000 necklace around Miss Nixon's neck.

\* \* \*

THREE thousand feet over Hollywood an airplane sailed through the clouds. In it were thirteen people. They held a telephone and radio conversation with Premier Mussolini, who was in Rome, for seven minutes. They talked to Ambassador Charles Daves in London for five minutes. They gabbed with Director Milch in Berlin for fourteen minutes. And then called up Mexico City, Ottawa, Canada and New York. That's an air chatter record.



MULHOLLAND

popular screen players. Charlie Farrell led Buddy Rogers by over ten thousand votes. Janet Gaynor won the girl's end of the contest and beat Greta Garbo by a big margin.

The Chicago Tribune held a contest and while the vote was not as heavy, Gaynor again beat Garbo and Farrell beat Gary Cooper.

\* \* \*

A PARTY of Hollywood people, including Alexander Gray,

Here is one Lilyan Tashman, who is regarded by many as the best dressed woman in pictures, is telling on herself. During a recent visit to New York she and her husband, Edmund Lowe, were guests at a dinner party at the fashionable Central Park Casino. Miss Tashman had a gorgeous new white gown for the occasion and couldn't understand why she felt so uncomfortable all evening. It wasn't until after the second dance that she found she had the dress on hind side before.

\* \* \*

RUTH CHATTERTON was forced to stay in bed for a week with a very bad cold which threatened to develop into pneumonia. She is okay again now. Ralph Forbes, her husband, and Ruth have rented Anna Q. Nilsson's house at Malibu Beach for the summer.

\* \* \*

ALMA RUBENS and her husband, Ricardo Cortez, have come to the parting of the ways. Alma is suing for a separation, not a divorce.

\* \* \*

JOE SCHENCK offered George M. Cohan \$1,000,000 to come to Hollywood and make talking pictures. Cohan accepted and started. He stopped off in Chicago to play in his drama, "Gambling," and it went so well he decided the stage was more fun AND TORE UP THE MILLION-BUCK CONTRACT.

\* \* \*

Ten years ago Beverly Hills had a population of 674. Today it has 17,428. An increase of 2465.7 per cent. Motion picture stars moving into Beverly attracted a lot of people!

\* \* \*

MARSHALL NEILAN and Blanche Sweet, recently divorced, were seen lunching at the Embassy Club the other day. Blanche looked exceptionally pretty in a frock of green linen and a big floppy green hat.

\* \* \*

TANIA FEDOR, a French belle who does not speak a word of English, landed on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and had the boys running around in circles looking for dictionaries. She is un-yum pretty and going to make French versions until she learns to parlay Onglaze.

\* \* \*

Latin America bought more Hollywood pictures last year than all Europe. No wonder the producers have gone "Spanish version" mad.

\* \* \*

BERNICE CLAIRE had the flu for a while last month and no one knew it. Incidentally her real name is Johnigan. She was born in California and is an Oakland girl.



# film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

**S**PEAKING of Harold Lloyd and his dogs, forty of his prize-winning animals are going to be given away. \$15,000 worth of dog. The reason is that the neighbors complain they are too noisy. When Harold built his kennels there was not a house within a half mile. Now the neighborhood has built up and although there first, the bowwows must go.

\* \* \*

**E**RIC PEDLEY, of Hollywood and one of the best polo players in the United States. Mrs. T. H. Dudley (formerly Louise Williams), who was doubles champion of the United States with Mary K. Browne, and Marion Hollins, who was women's golf champion a few years ago, sat at a dinner seven years ago. They said that whichever one of them made a million dollars first would give the other two \$25,000 apiece.

Marion Hollins sold some oil rights in Kettleman Hills last month and gave another dinner. Underneath Pedley's and Mrs. Dudley's plates were checks for the 25 grand.

\* \* \*

*Raquel Torres' real name is Raquel Von Osterman.*

\* \* \*

**E**NTERTAINING for the first time since her return to Hollywood, Mrs. Frederick Worlock (Elsie Ferguson), and her husband, gave a dinner party at the Assistance League in Hollywood.

This tea room is run for the benefit of charity, and many of the wives of prominent actors, writers and sometimes the stars themselves who can find the time, have contributed by serving at luncheon and dinner. The tea room is the top floor of a house, converted into a really charming old-fashioned dining-room. Mrs. Abraham Lehr is in charge of the activities.

The room was lighted with many candles and decorated with pink and yellow spring and summer flowers. The small tables were set with quaint china and old silver, and everyone voted Miss Ferguson a lot of thanks for finding so new and charming an atmosphere for entertaining away from home.

The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lighton (Hope Loring), Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Knopf, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Glazer, Ilka Chase, Ruth Shipley, Leonora Harris, E. Sidney Howard, Arthur Richman, Paul Dickey, Achmed Abdullah, A. E. Thomas and others.

\* \* \*

**M**ARY PICKFORD gave a luncheon recently in her pretty bungalow on the United Artists lot in honor of Mei Lan-Fang, the famous Chinese actor. As her guests she invited Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest K. Mey, Dolores Del Rio, Gloria Swanson, Joseph Schenck and C. C. Chang.

*Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli are being seen everywhere together again now.*

\* \* \*

**B**ILLIE DOVE entertained with a supper-dance at the Embassy Club following the premier of "Hell's Angels."

The gowns of the women guests were particularly lovely. Small tables were set about the dance floor. Miss Dove was in a soft taffeta gown of green-blue, ornamented in gold stars, with a short jacket coat of the same material. The guest list included Charlie Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert (Ina Claire), whose blonde beauty was set off by a white gown, with heavy silk fringe across the skirt; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), in a lovely gown of pale blue with a tight little jacket of blue and gold metal cloth; Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, Colleen Moore, John Considine and Joan Bennett, in white tulle; Jean Harlow also in white; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, James Hall and Myrna Kennedy, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, Mrs. Mae Sunday and Wallace Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Gloria Swanson, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Estelle Taylor Dempsey, in a backless gown of beige lace; Mr. and Mrs. Ben Bard (Ruth Roland), Joseph Schenck, Virginia Cherrill, Will Hays, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hobart.

\* \* \*

*Bill Powell is in London with Ronny Colman.*

\* \* \*

**T**HE most brilliant dinner-dance of the season was given by Marion Davies at her beautiful beach home in honor of Baron De Rothschild, who was her house guest during his brief stay in Hollywood.

The magnificent table in Miss Davies' dining-room was set for sixty guests and there was dancing in the lovely gold and ivory ball room, overlooking the ocean.

On Miss Davies' right was the Baron and on her left Florenz Ziegfeld. Miss Davies wore a gown of pale blue chiffon, and magnificent sapphires, in a ring, bracelet and necklace.

Her guests included Gloria Swanson, in a gown of silver gray lace, Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld (Billie Burke), Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Worlock (Elsie Ferguson), Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Forbes (Ruth Chatterton, looked particularly beautiful in a dancing frock of pure white chiffon), Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Mr and Mrs.



**Harold Lloyd: Postponed his sea trip to make new film, because of appendix.**





# All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



**Lupe Velez:** She is still the storm center of popular Gary Cooper's affections.

Sadie Murray, Anita Murray, Matt Moore, Virginia Cherrill, Andre Luguet, Tania Fedor, and Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert (Ina Claire).

\* \* \*

**H**OLLYWOOD society has been remarkably gay of late. Parties for Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon occupied many high spots on the social calendar.

Among the most interesting affairs was a luncheon-shower given by Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge) at her beautiful beach home. The small tables were decorated with little dolls, dressed as bride and groom, and lovely spring flowers. Among the guests were Mae Sunday, Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Betty Compson, Lila Lee, Colleen Moore, Billie Dove, Louella Parsons, Mrs. Edwin Knopf, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mrs. Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Mrs. Peg Talmadge, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Bessie Love, Corinne Griffith, Carmelita Geraghty and Seena Owen.

The girls wore gay sport suits and Connie herself was in brilliant yellow pajamas, with a white satin waist and a long coat.

\* \* \*

*Hoot Gibson has a new Packard speedster that steps up to 125 miles an hour.*

\* \* \*

**M**RS. SADIE MURRAY of New York, who has taken a home in Beverly Hills since her daughter, Anita Murray, went into pictures, gave a beautifully appointed dinner-dance for Miss Daniels and Mr. Lyon. A buffet supper for a hundred guests was served. The guest list included Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, Mr. and Mrs. Don Alvarado, Colleen Moore, Leatrice Joy, William Haines, Beatrice Lillie, Polly Moran, Dolores Del Rio, Marilyn Miller, Lloyd and Carmen Pantages, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Rube Goldberg, Lew Cody, Mr. and Mrs. Millard Webb (Mary Eaton), Buster Collier and Marie Prevost, Marion Davies,

George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Colleen Moore, William Haines, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), Beatrice Lillie, Dorothy Mackaill, Gene Markey, Cedric Gibbons, Grace Moore in a white satin gown trimmed with brown feathers; Dolores Del Rio, all in black with magnificent diamonds; Marilyn Miller, Betty Bronson, Lloyd and Carmen Pantages, Edmund Goulding and Seena Owen, Mrs.

Cedric Gibbon, Jimmy Shields, Ivan Lebedeff, Fifi Dorsay, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, Elsie Janis and Mrs. Janis, Jack King.

\* \* \*

**G**LORIA SWANSON, whose husband, the Marquis De la Falaise, is still in Paris, and from whom it is rumored she may soon be divorced, is being seen out nowadays with a number of very distinguished and handsome young escorts. Among them Gene Markey, the writer, and Sidney Howard, the playwright. Small wonder she's popular. There has never been and probably never will be as attractive a woman in the film colony as the stunning Miss Swanson.

\* \* \*

*William Farnum is fifty-four years old.*

\* \* \*

**G**EORGE OLSEN'S Supper Club, on the road between Hollywood and Santa Monica, is getting a great play from the film colony. Any evening you drop in there you are sure to see a number of stars dining and dancing. Mae Murray and her husband, Millard Webb and his pretty wife, Mary Eaton, were there with a party recently. Mae Murray looked stunning in black, with a little black and silver hat. Buster Collier and Marie Prevost were there, too, Marie in a white sports costume. Colleen Moore and Julianne Johnson, accompanied by Willis Goldbeck and Harold Grieve, Hollywood's favorite interior decorator, were having a gay little supper party. Eddie Cantor and his wife entertained a big dinner party.

\* \* \*

**J**OHAN BARRYMORE and his wife, Dolores Costello, are planning to go to Alaska soon for the salmon fishing, aboard Jack's marvelous new yacht. They haven't decided yet whether to take little Miss Barrymore, who is only a few months old, but probably they will leave her at home in Beverly Hills.

\* \* \*

**J**ANET GAYNOR is still at outs with the Fox Studios over stories. She says that she does not intend to do any more "High Society Blues," a picture she detested. However, now that Winnie Sheehan is back on the West Coast, the little star will probably have her difficulties adjusted. In the meantime she has taken a beach house at Playa Del Rey with her husband, Lydell Pack, and seems to be enjoying her vacation. She likes to slip away now and then and dance at the public dance hall on the Venice Pier, where no one ever recognizes her.

\* \* \*

*Everyone in Hollywood is taking French or Spanish lessons.*

\* \* \*

**H**OOT GIBSON and Sally Eilers expect to be married some time this summer. Not a big wedding, just a few inti-





# Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

mate friends. Sally is reported on the verge of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract, and now that Ziegfeld has named her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, she ought to be much sought by producers. Hoot is concentrating on his new ranch at Saugus. He aims to make his yearly rodeo second only to the Pendleton Round-Up.

\* \* \*

**M**RS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, for many years one of the great actresses and great beauties of London, is in Hollywood—just for a visit, she says. She recently closed a London season in "The Matriarch." It is well-known that Mrs. Campbell has for years studied the art of the speaking voice, which is her great hobby. Hollywood thinks she may remain to instruct young screen stars in proper dramatic speaking. An interesting addition—for Mrs. Campbell is one of the old school of the famous actresses around whom legends center. Once when she played in New York the manager had to cover the streets for blocks with tan bark, because she said the noise of traffic disturbed her when she was playing.

\* \* \*

**MAURICE CHEVALIER'S** wife is a very pretty little Frenchwoman, with blue-black hair and a vivacious manner. Her accent is fascinating and her sense of humor always ready. The other evening at a dinner party at Sadie Murray's she turned the tables on a "comic butler," imported for the occasion, and was much funnier than he was. She is a devoted wife, and the Chevaliers lead a very quiet life, always going home early from parties. Mrs. Chevalier has the same delightful French accent that marks her husband's speaking on the screen.

\* \* \*

*Ten million dollars was paid for a tract of land in the mountains between Santa Monica and Beverly Hills. Eastern capitalists say they will make plenty of money on the deal.*

\* \* \*

**W**ITHIN ten days of the end, Mary Pickford has called off her new picture, "Secrets," and the latest report is that she will start all over again with a new cast, director and cameraman—especially cameraman. The news shocked Hollywood, since it was rumored that she was getting a great picture out of this once successful stage play. Marshall Neilan was directing.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Embassy is very gay at lunch time these days. Saw Evelyn Brent there the other day, lunching with Micky Flynn. Monta Bell, just back in Hollywood after directing in New York, at a table with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn. Carmel Myers with a group of girl friends. Warner Baxter and his beauti-

ful wife. Jesse Lasky and Walter Wanger — Mr. Lasky has just returned from Europe to resume active control of the Paramount forces. Dolores Del Rio, very lovely in a sport suit of green, with her most intimate friend, Mrs. Don Alvarado. Mrs. George Fitzmaurice and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. Mae Sunday, in a white skirt and an orchid sweater, and Beatrice Lillie.

\* \* \*



Mrs. Maurice Chevalier: A former Paris favorite, she has a ready wit.

**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS**, born in Denver, Colorado, had a birthday May 23rd. The stars that day said: Self-confidence, perseverance and enthusiasm are characteristics of those born today. Their actions reflect daring, courage, forcefulness and thought and, while they are artistic, they also possess business ability. Which is a pretty good description of one Doug Fairbanks as Hollywood knows him.

\* \* \*

*Vilma Banky says she never did realize what happiness was until she retired from the screen and became a home-maker for Rod La Rocque.*

\* \* \*

**HARRY LAUDER** says they make talkies better in Hollywood than in England and that is the reason he is going there to make his first talkie.

\* \* \*

**WINNIE SHEEHAN**, newly elected head of Fox Films, was given a monster banquet upon his return to Hollywood from New York. One hundred and thirty-five people, among them Will Hays, Will Rogers, Flo Ziegfeld, Sam Goldwyn, Al Jolson, Sid Grauman, Rube Goldberg, Irving Thalberg and Cecil B. De Mille whooped it up in his honor.

\* \* \*



**GARY COOPER** and Lupe Velez were riding on the roller coaster at the Venice Pier, a beach near Hollywood. Gary wanted to get off after the second trip but Lupe adores the roller coaster, so they rode seventeen times more. Afterwards they visited all the concessions and Lupe went home loaded with vases and kewpie dolls, ornamented with feathers. The strong, silent young man of the films seems to be wax in Lupe's hands.



# WHAT HOLLYWOOD FOLKS ARE TALKING ABOUT

**DOUG MACLEAN** just returned to Hollywood from a trip around the world on a freighter. He is busy writing a play.

*Who has forgotten "Seventh Heaven"?*



**George Bancroft:** Goes to New York to negotiate a new Paramount contract.

**KNUTE ROCKNE** is going to make a series of short football talks—illustrated—for Pathe. What with the movies, newspaper and magazine writing, after-dinner speeches, and whatnot, it is getting so that football coaches are doing everything except coach football.

**HOLLYWOOD** is fast becoming the literary center of the world.

Theodore Dreiser (*The American Tragedy*), P. G. Wodehouse (*Jeeves*), Richard Haliburton (*Royal Road to Romance*), Louis Bromfield (*Green Bay Tree*), W. E. Woodward (*Meet General Grant*), Sinclair Lewis, Will Durant, Zoe Aiken, Frederick Lonsdale, Rupert Hughes, Gene Markey, Maxwell Anderson and a flock of other noted authors are all in the cinema city.

*Blanche Mehaffey has changed her red hair to blonde and her name to Joan Alden.*

**IRENE MAYER** and Dave Selznick, newlyweds, took a honeymoon trip across the continent without even as much as a toothbrush for baggage. Their grips were sent to the wrong station in Los Angeles, so missed their train. Then Papa Louis B. Mayer put the bags into an airplane hoping to catch the train at Albuquerque. But engine trouble forced the plane down and the young couple were shirtless until Chicago.

**CHARLIE CHAPLIN** held up traffic by blocking the streets in Beverly Hills. But he did not intend to. He just shot some scenes in the street and people flocked around until the cops had to be called.

**BEN LYON'S** fan mail dropped from over five hundred a day, which he was getting when he started "*Hell's Angels*," to twenty-five a day at the end of the picture. That's because he was almost three years off the screen. But now the postman is beginning to get weary again.

**THEODORE DREISER**, the famous author, in Hollywood on both

business and pleasure, says that before he made any money he had trouble dodging bill collectors. Now that he has money he has more trouble dodging bond salesmen. "And of the two the bond boys are the toughest," he says.

**A MOVEMENT** is on foot among educators of children to make the talking picture the next text-book. Historical and geographical subjects will be made into one-reelers and shown school children in the classroom. Nature studies will be photographed in color.

Can you imagine the difference between reading about Washington at Valley Forge and seeing it in a motion picture? Or the Battle of Bull Run? Or the Gettysburg address? Or the duel between Burr and Hamilton? Instead of having their minds on the ol' swimming hole on a hot May day, the kids will no longer lose interest.

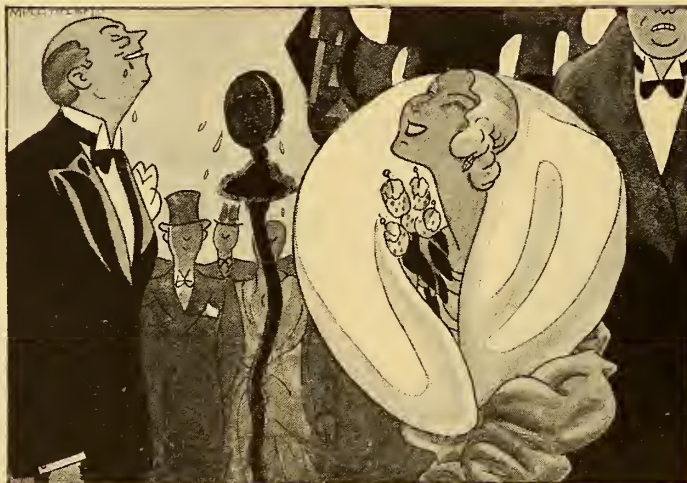
**ACHMED ABDULLAH**, magazine writer now breaking into the movies, says he is just a laborer, "turning out stories instead of laying bricks."

**SIX** alligators got loose on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and could not be found. Buster Keaton, in making his latest picture, walks into a seven-foot-deep mudhole and disappears. He came up gasping and got out of the hole in a hurry. Looking at a tear in his panties he yelled, "Tell that zoo one of their damn alligators is in my hole."

**AL JOLSON** has given funds to be used to erect a Catholic Church at Palm Springs, desert resort not far from Hollywood much frequented by movie folk. This in order that tourists who wish to go to church can do so without crowding the small, homely building now used by the Indians.

*Shades of red and blue are the most popular colors in Hollywood.*

**LORETTA YOUNG** has a new contract which calls for \$875 a week for the first year, \$1,250 a week the second year, \$1,750 the third, \$2,250 the fourth, and \$2,750 a week the fifth year. First National has the option of canceling the contract at the end of any year. But figure it up, if they don't. (Continued on page 97)







Photograph by Autrey

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL





Photograph by Hurrell

RAQUEL TORRES





Photograph by Richee

WILLIAM POWELL





Photograph by Hurrell

NORMA SHEARER





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

RICHARD BARTHELMLESS





Photograph by Hurrell

CHARLES BICKFORD





Photograph by Hurrell

MARION DAVIES





AL JOLSON



# Back to Her FIRST HATE

By DICK HYLAND



Elsie Ferguson left pictures because she wanted to use her voice. She wasn't happy and she went back to the stage. Now she has returned to the talking screen.

**E**LSIE FERGUSON has returned to her first hate.

She is back in motion pictures.

Eight years ago, Elsie Ferguson voluntarily abdicated her Hollywood throne. She turned her back upon the world-wide fame which the screen alone can give an actress. She gave up a salary which paid her thousands of dollars every week.

A star whose beauty and ability had raised her in a few pictures to rank with the greatest, she simply and without explanation walked out on Hollywood.

Now she has come back. The great position she left was not waiting for her. That doesn't happen. Where once her name was twenty-four-sheeted in movie palaces, as it had been for years on Broadway, her first rôle after her return was a supporting one with George Arliss.

As there was much talk when she went away, there is much talk now that she has come back. Seeing her one evening, slim and lovely and serene as ever, I wondered why she had left the screen and why she had returned. Her fans had been sad when she went away and would be happy, even after many years, to know that she was once more before the camera.

**I** WENT to the Beverly Hills Hotel to ask her. I went a little timidly, because I had heard plenty of tales relating to the Ferguson temperament.

My fears were groundless. A more gracious lady I have never met. Charming, frank, easy to talk to, the loveliest speaking voice I have ever heard, little flashes of humor illuminating her serious talk, she gave me three of the pleasantest hours I have ever spent in Hollywood.

"Why did you leave the screen?" I asked her.

She mused a moment. I studied the graceful line of her head, the clean-cut features. She is the patrician, poised type of beauty, with the perfect features that

years do not touch, unless to make more attractive.

"Have you ever been in a stuffy room for a long time," she asked me, "and suddenly felt that you just *had* to go out and get a breath of fresh air? That is the way I felt about pictures. You see, to me fame and money don't mean much if you're not happy. I wasn't happy making motion pictures. So I left and went back to the stage."

In that last sentence is more than appears upon the surface. Elsie Ferguson loved the stage and the opportunities it gave her.

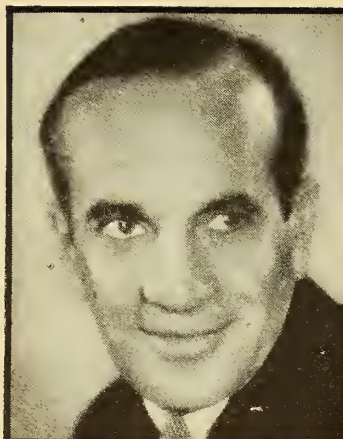
Coming from the stage to silent films, Elsie Ferguson's beauty and acting ability made her a great success. But not for long would she be content.

**E**LSIE FERGUSON'S voice was a great part of her work. For years, while New York audiences packed theaters to see her in "Outcast" and other plays, she had trained herself to achieve much of her dramatic effect through her voice alone. For only a short time could she be happy without using it. For a while she struggled along, feeling bound and handicapped, growing restless and unhappy. Then the urge to get back to the stage became so great that it could no longer be denied.

But the day she heard her first talkie a new vista opened. The advantages of the camera with its wide scope, plus the possibility of using the voice, thrilled her and awakened in her (Continued on page 119)

"I have no false pride. It doesn't bother me that I was a star and am not one now. I'm still Elsie Ferguson."





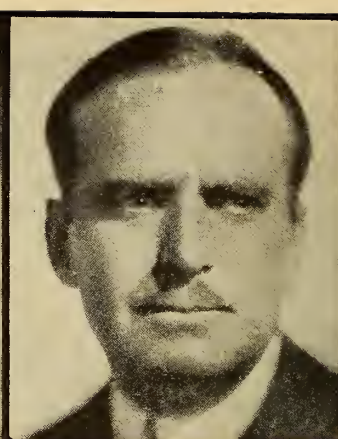
Al Jolson  
\$1,000,000 a year.



Harold Lloyd  
\$700,000 a year.



Mary Pickford  
\$500,000 a year.



Doug Fairbanks  
\$500,000 a year.

# Looking into the Stars'

## Motion Picture Salaries are Tumbling After the Most Radical Upheaval That Ever Hit Hollywood

**A**RE movie salaries coming down? The most radical salary upheaval that ever hit Hollywood followed the advent of the talkie. Indeed, any number of stars were eliminated—salary, position and all.

Past reputations in the silent drama meant nothing. New singing faces and dancing feet were imported from the Broadway stage. The screen went musical comedy mad.

Favorites of years standing were pushed to the wall. Some of them, as Richard Barthelmess, survived—and went on to new heights. Others, such as Tom Mix, Emil Jannings, Pola Negri, Thomas Meighan and Adolphe Menjou, were shunted aside. Right now more stars seem about to be pushed from prominence. Among these are Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith and Billie Dove. Such favorites of yesteryear as Jack Gilbert and Lon Chaney have their careers hanging in the balance.

Even worse than the havoc wrought among the stars has been the situation confronting the featured players. The avalanche of stage players and dancers has crowded them into the background.

There is little question that—in this puzzling year of 1930—the star is waning and movie salaries are going down. The tendency has been in that direction for the last two years. As to the future, the authors of this article disagree. Mr. Lane believes that the star is done and that salaries will drop from twenty to fifty per cent further. Mr. Smith thinks that the talkie will develop a new set of stars, since the fundamental appeal of the screen—silent or noisy—is personality. And, with the development of new stars, he believes that salaries, after an era of adjustment, will head upward again.

Before detailing the salary damages of the last two years, it is interesting to note how movie acting remuneration climbed steadily upward for fifteen years.

**I**N 1915 Mary Pickford was drawing the fattest salary envelope. Every week she received a check for \$2,000. Charlie Chaplin was banking exactly \$1,000. Frank Keenan was getting the top salary for a dramatic star, \$1,000 each week, from the late Thomas H. Ince. Francis X. Bushman topped the screen lovers at \$750 a week. Two stage stars came to films for brief engagements in 1915. Billie Burke received \$40,000 for one picture, "Peggy." Geraldine Farrar was given the same amount for three pictures.

Turn now to 1920. Five years have passed. The highest salaried player is Alla Nazimova. Metro paid this bizarre star \$13,000 a week. Next among the salaried stars were Elsie Ferguson, who is just starting a Hollywood come-back, and Geraldine Farrar. These two stars received \$10,000 a week.

In 1920 Mary Pickford, as head of her own company, profited to the tune of \$500,000 on the year. Charlie Chaplin made something less than a half million. Norma Talmadge and Anita Stewart each earned close to \$500,000 during 1920. Bill Hart ran up the total of \$900,000 in earnings in the two years of 1919 and 1920. In 1915 he had been drawing \$300 a week.

Theda Bara was receiving \$4,000 a week. Other highly paid stars of 1920 (earning between \$1,000 and \$5,000) were Marguerite Clark, Pearl White, Pauline Frederick, Elsie Ferguson, Mabel Normand and Mae Marsh. Charlie Ray, one of the idols of the day, was getting but \$500, how-

**In 1915 Mary Pickford topped movie salaries at \$2,000 a week.**

**In 1920 Alla Nazimova was drawing the highest salary, \$13,000 each week.**

**As head of her own company, Mary Pickford had climbed to \$500,000 and Charlie Chaplin was close behind. Bill Hart earned \$900,000 in the years of 1919 and 1920. Theda Bara was getting \$4,000.**

**In 1925 Harold Lloyd topped the field, running close to \$1,500,000.**

**This year Al Jolson leads, at \$1,000,000. Just behind are Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson and Norma Talmadge.**





# SALARY ENVELOPES

BY TAMAR LANE AND FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

ever. Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish were drawing even less.

James Kirkwood and Henry Walthall topped all leading men in 1920 in earning capacity. These two actors received \$1,000 each. The average leading man received \$750 or less. Leading women earned \$500 or so, and prominent in popularity were Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Florence Vidor, Wanda Hawley, Naomi Childers, Lois Wilson and Anna Q. Nilsson.

**M**OVE on five more years. It is 1925. Harold Lloyd, not visible to the naked eye in 1915, has flashed from nowhere to nearly \$30,000 a week. His earnings were totaling close to a million and a half every twelve months. The big money earners in 1925 were Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks, at about a million each; Charlie Chaplin, something less, due to slow production; and Norma Talmadge, a million.

Here were some of the big salaries of 1925: Tom Mix (the biggest flat salary), \$15,000 a week; Rudolph Valentino, \$100,000 a picture; Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan, \$8,000 a week each; Pola Negri, \$5,000; Richard Barthelmess, \$2,500; Barbara La Marr, \$3,000; Corinne Griffith, \$3,000; Milton Sills, \$2,500; Ramon Novarro, \$2,000; Richard Dix, \$1,500; Lon Chaney, \$2,500; Raymond Griffith, \$1,500.

Conway Tearle and Eugene O'Brien topped the leading men with a weekly salary envelope containing \$3,000. Tom Moore was right behind at \$2,500. Florence Vidor led the leading women at \$2,000.

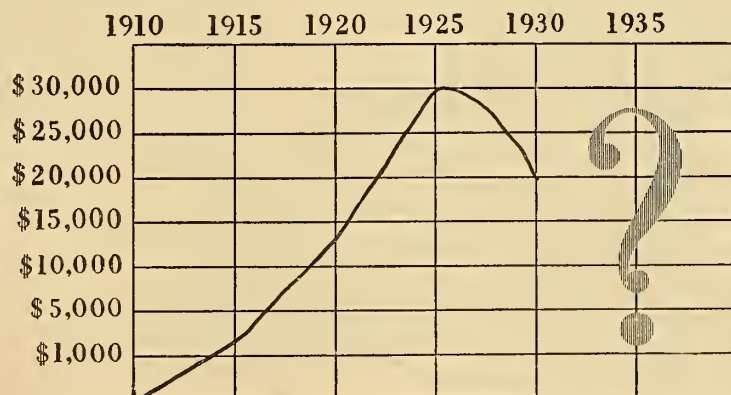
**W**ITH which we come to 1930. Today we find Al Jolson riding at the top, with yearly earnings running over the \$1,000,000 mark. The big six, just behind, are Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Gloria

Swanson and Norma Talmadge. These stars have their own companies and their earnings depend upon the film profits. These profits have slumped in varying degrees. Lloyd has moved down to \$700,000, Chaplin to \$250,000, Miss Swanson to \$400,000, and Miss Talmadge to \$250,000. Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks are making about \$500,000 each.

Two of the highest salaried stars are Dick Barthelmess and John Barrymore. Mr. Barthelmess is averaging well over \$8,000 a week to make only two pictures a year. These two pictures occupy about three months in the making, leaving the rest of the year free. John Barrymore gets \$150,000 a picture.

One of the record salaries of the year was paid to John McCormack, the Irish tenor. He received \$50,000 a week for a period of slightly less than ten weeks to make "Song o' My Heart." Marilyn Miller is said to be getting \$200,000 for each film in which she appears. George Arliss draws down \$50,000 a picture. Lawrence Tibbett's salary has been reported to be as high as \$75,000 a picture.

The newer stars still draw what are termed moderate salaries. Buddy Rogers was getting \$1,000 a week until recently, Nancy Carroll draws \$1,200, Gary Cooper \$1,500, Richard Arlen \$1,000, and John Boles \$1,000. These players are on the edge of big money.



The talkie has knocked the Hollywood pay envelope to bits. The trend for two years has been downward. What has 1935 in store for the movie actor?

**G**EORGE BANCROFT has been paid \$4,500 a week and has been asking \$8,000. Hence his recent disagreement with Paramount. However, an adjusted increase has been given him.

Here are a few of the bigger salaries, quoted at random: Ruth Chatterton, \$2,250; William Powell, \$1,700; Janet Gaynor, \$3,000; Richard Dix, \$5,000; Warner Baxter, \$2,000; Ramon Novarro, \$5,000; Norma Shearer \$5,000; Ronald  
(Cont'd on page 102)





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

## LORETTA YOUNG

The beautiful young First National star as the heroine, Rosalie, of the new talkie version of Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way." Conrad Nagel will play the role of Beauty Steel.

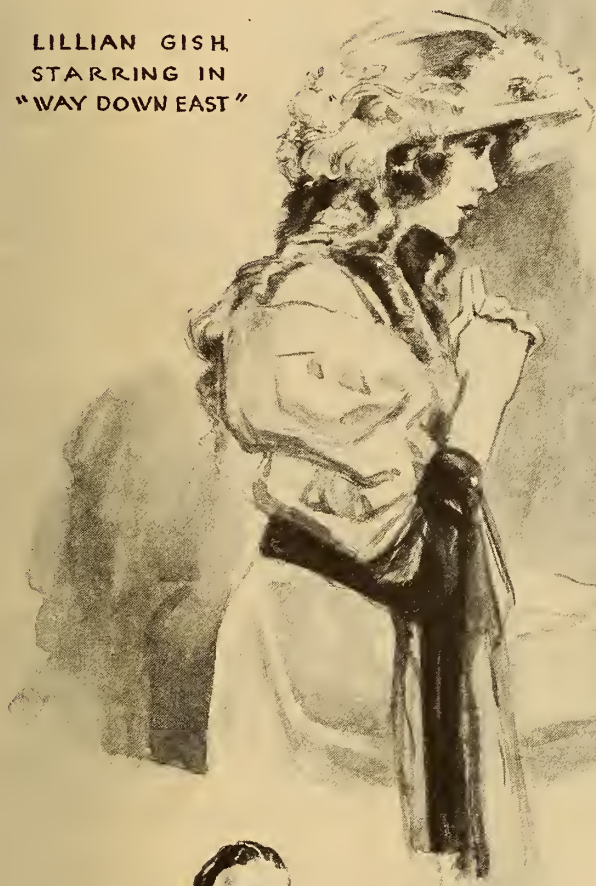


# FLASH BACKS

to 10 Years Ago

By Albert T. Reid

LILLIAN GISH  
STARRING IN  
"WAY DOWN EAST"



GLORIA SWANSON  
SHOWING WHAT THE  
DARING SENNETT  
BATHING BEAUTIES  
WERE WEARING-



WALLIE REID-  
STANDING THEM  
UP IN THE  
"CHARM SCHOOL"



HAROLD LLOYD PUTTING  
HIS NAME ON A CONTRACT  
THAT MADE HIM ONE  
OF THE RICHEST MOVIE  
STARS IN THE WORLD



Albert T. Reid





## Marie Dressler is Poison to the Stars of Hollywood. No Picture is Safe when she's around

**T**HERE is a thief abroad in Hollywood.

At the mention of that name the greatest stars in the business tremble as Scotland Yard once trembled at the name of Raffles. No one is safe—not even the immortal Garbo.

Give her enough footage and she'll steal any picture from anybody.

Stealing a picture is an achievement almost as difficult as robbing the Bank of England. In Hollywood it is the secret ambition of every actor and actress who isn't a star.

Stealing the show is an old stage custom which has elevated many a name into electric lights.

Stealing a picture is the latest short cut to high salary in the movies.

It means that in a subordinate rôle someone has overshadowed the star. A player cast in a rôle less important than the star's receives the best notices, the most applause and stands out as the person to be remembered in that particular picture.

Marie Dressler has made an art of it.

**C**HARACTER women, especially comedy character women, are not supposed to steal pictures. It's agin nature. They are supposed to remain in the background as props and supports for the glittering youth, male or female, who happens to occupy the major portion of the title sheet.

The background hasn't been invented that can hold Marie Dressler. She just naturally pops out.

Walking across the M-G-M lot the other day, I heard someone say: "Well, she's done it again."

Inquiry revealed that Miss Dressler had just finished stealing "Let Us

Be Gay" from Norma Shearer, Rod La Rocque, Sally Eilers and Gilbert Emery. Miss Shearer is young and beautiful—more beautiful than she has been at any time in her screen career. Besides being an excellent actress she is the wife of Irving

There are two reasons why Marie Dressler is able to dominate scenes and pictures: First, she has a tremendous personality, vibrant with fascination, with sheer humanity, second, she has had forty years on the stage, at everything from chorus girl to star.



# The THUNDER THIEF

By  
ADELA ROGERS  
ST. JOHNS

Thalberg, dictator extraordinary of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions. He'd be a funny man if he didn't see to it that his wife didn't get any the worst of it in stories, directors and production value.

Nevertheless, Marie Dressler had succeeded in taking the honors.

**B**ILL HAINES, who is one of her greatest friends, said to me the other day: "Look what she did to me, the old thief. Why, she just took 'The Girl Said No' right out from under my nose. Once you let her on the set you're finished.

"She said to me, 'Oh, Bill, my teeth. I've had such trouble with my teeth. It's funny, since we've got such fine dentists, how much more trouble you have with your teeth than you ever did before. What is this picture? I'm sure I can't do it. My teeth bother me so. They say I did well in 'Anna Christie.' Well, Bill darling, if you really want me—I was going to Europe—still—'

"I wanted her all right—and look what happened."

Rumor hath it that she has stolen "The Swan" (now called "One Romantic Night") from Lillian Gish. Greatest of all, in a part that ended early in the picture, she ran a neck and neck finish with Garbo in "Anna Christie." If she'd had another reel it would have been just too bad. I know the thing I remember best in that picture is Marie Dressler.

Why?

**T**HERE are two reasons, I think, for Marie Dressler's power to dominate scenes and pictures.

First, she has a tremendous personality, vibrant with fascination, with sheer humanity. In every little moment, in every big scene, she is so *human* that she stirs the memory-mind of each individual in the audience. Her comedy and her pathos are part of her and they are expressions of the comedy and pathos in our own lives.

Second, she has had forty years on the stage, at everything from chorus girl to star.

Give anyone a fine natural gift and forty years in which to perfect the tools to carry on that gift and you have something so deep and mellow and powerful that youth itself must fall before it.

Into her work Marie Dressler pours all that she is as a woman, and her long experience of dramatic technique projects her wide understanding of life right out of the screen and into the very heart of a crowd always hungry for the tears that are close to laughter and the laughter that is close to tears.

And as a woman Marie Dressler is—let me see—



No woman wants to be a comic. Marie Dressler never wanted to be a comedienne. She has always longed to do big dramatic roles. Then—close to sixty—her dream came true with the role of Marthy in "Anna Christie."

she's—no, there is no one phrase, no short sentence that can contain her. As well try to describe the state of California in a few words.

She's ornery—just plain ornery. She's magnificent in honesty and generosity. She's a veritable upheaval of emotion. Her heart is as big as the Grand Canyon, but her mind is keen and shrewd, quite capable of looking out for Marie Dressler and her interests. Her vocabulary contains more superlatives than any other in Hollywood. Her likes and dislikes are as positive as Mussolini's. She is afraid of nothing and nobody—in fact she is one of the few people in this business who seem free of the fear complex in some form or another. Approaching sixty, her vitality and interest in life would shame sixteen.

Altogether, she is a grand person.

**T**AKE Marie in a bridge game. She adores bridge and plays an amazing game.

But the excitement! The tenseness! The battle of it!

You sit down at a bridge table with Marie. She scoops up her cards and without deigning to give them a glance, bids one no trump. If her partner fails to bid at any time, she is seriously annoyed. "You've got thirteen cards, haven't you?" she says. Having over-bid recklessly, she then (Continued on page 122)





Left to right, Dolores Costello, Colleen Moore, Lila Lee and Fay Wray—all owners of retroussé noses. The retroussé indicates pliability to direction, love of the beautiful, an emotional rather than a reasoning quality, and a capacity for memory. Also a large love nature. The retroussé has its drawbacks, too.

# WON by a NOSE

**W**ON by a nose! How often one hears that expression to describe a close race. Then there is the story the colored comedians always tell about the horse that stuck out his tongue and won the race. Modify this story a little and you have a true story. The girls in Hollywood tip-tilt a perky nose, languidly lift the upper lip a trifle, and they win a race, too—the race for fame and fortune. It is amazing when one considers the number of retroussé noses, often accompanied by a short upper lip, that there are among the very successful stars in Hollywood.

The saucy tip-tilted nose was much preferred by

gentlemen in the days before Anita let loose her flood of propaganda about gentlemen preferring blondes. Anyone can be a blonde; but a nose is different. Anyway, in those halcyon days, a group of directors set up a vogue for the retroussé nose and the short upper lip. No actress lacking these two characteristics was considered to conform to Hollywood's standard of beauty. Interestingly enough, the retroussé nose and the short upper lip often go together.

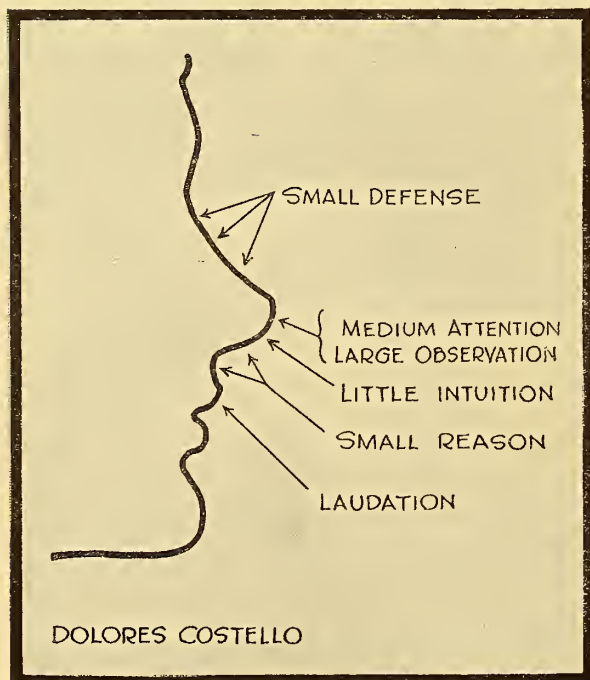
The days are past when the type of nose and lip determines a girl's eligibility for pictures. There are, of course, many very successful actresses who do not possess a retroussé nose; the really astonishing thing is the number who do. A list of thirty names, drawn from the actresses of prominence in Hollywood, shows retroussé noses, many with the short upper lip.

A suspicion is bound to dawn in anybody's mind that the preponderance of retroussé noses might have some explanation. It can not be explained by the old cult for retroussé noses, for many of the retroussé noses of famous stars would never be considered beautiful. This is so true, and so much realized by some of them, that it is almost impossible to get a profile picture showing the retroussé unadorned. When some of these stars do consent to pose in profile, the result is so much touched up, or foreshortened by the cameraman's craft, that it is a little difficult to recognize the profile of the star concerned. Colleen Moore, Betty Compson, Jetta Goudal and Mae Murray never have had profile pictures made.

A few are brave enough to challenge critics and say, "Here's my nose! Take it or leave it, admire it or criticize it, but it is my nose!" Among these are Gloria Swanson, Lillian Gish, Ruth Chatterton and Dolores Costello, the four most distinguished retroussés of pictures. None can deny their beauty and talent.

Aristotle, who lived before they had motion pictures, was the

Dolores Costello's face charted in detail. Miss Costello's nose belongs to the between type, not very long and not very short, with broad upturned tip. This type are not possessed of inspiration, as are their longer nosed sisters.







Reading across: Lupe Velez, Laura La Plante, Betty Bronson and the glorious retroussé, Gloria Swanson. Miss Swanson has the long pointed retroussé that marks the most distinguished actresses. This indicates the ultimate in inspiration and intuition. No great actress can be without this type of nose.

## The Retroussé Is the Actress Nose and All the Big Stars of Hollywood Possess Concave Nasal Profiles

BY ROSALIND SHAFFER

first phrenologist, the first man to associate character traits with the features. Many thinkers since Aristotle have said that the features indicate one's real character.

**J**UST what is a retroussé nose? A true retroussé nose is one which has a concave outline from its tip to its base between the eyes. It may be slightly concave, or it may be very concave, its tip may be pointed or blunt, it may be slightly bumpy, or of a quite clean-cut curved outline. Looking at it from the front, it may be wide all down the face, or it may be narrow. It may have narrow nostrils or wide ones. But it is a retroussé nose if the profile shows its outline to be concave.

Retroussé noses group themselves generally into three classes, the long, slightly pointed retroussé of Gish, Swanson, Chatterton, Barbara LaMarr, Pauline Frederick, Louise Dresser and Joan Crawford; the rounded tipped, slightly shorter nose of Costello, Vivian Duncan and Clara Bow; and the shortest tip-tilted retroussé of Anita Page, Nancy Carroll, Jetta Goudal and Rénée Adorée.

Before we get down to sticking pins in these gorgeous butterflies, and putting them in separate boxes, it will be in order to sit awhile in the sunshine and observe the glorious lepidoptera in a general way.

Don't laugh when I tell you that a girl with a retroussé nose has no strong will. When Aristotle tucked up his toga and waded into this subject way back in the days before the Gish Sisters were discovered, he noticed that there are three places along the bridge of a girl's nose that are either prominent, so as to form the arc of the Roman nose, or lacking, so as to produce our concave nose, the retroussé. After watching the gals in the forum and out, he noticed that the ones with the Roman noses said "No" quite by instinct, and usually remained old maids, while the girls with the retroussé said "Yes" after more or less arguing, according

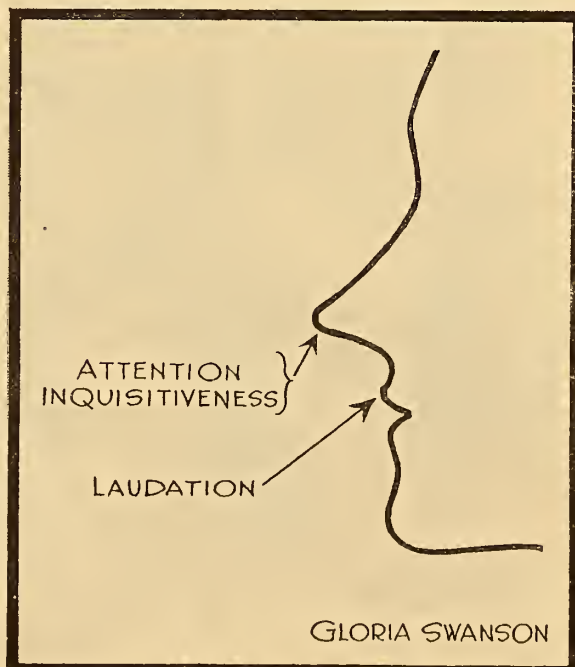
to how retroussé the nose under consideration was.

Getting serious, the three points mentioned are referred to by the phrenologists as aggression, protection and self-defense. (See the facial map on page 36.) They all group under defense.

**A**NALYZING these three points separately is necessary, for often a girl will have a slight hump at one of the three spots, on an otherwise concave nose. That means that she has exactly what that hump stands for, though she may not have the other two of the three points under defense.

The point coming first after the root of the

Gloria Swanson's famous profile charted in detail. The long septu, or nose bone, means the possession of inspiration. Lillian Gish, Pauline Frederick and Barbara La Marr belong to this interesting retroussé class.





# READ YOUR REAL INNER CHARACTER IN YOUR NOSE

nose, the first possible elevation after the dent where the eye fits into the profile, is the point of aggression. This point determines the practical business ability of the person. People with no elevation at this spot are poor business people. *Retroussés* are of the creative type, interested primarily in emotion, and practical affairs mean little to them. It is certainly well known and accepted that few stars are good business women. Only recently Gloria Swanson has put her affairs into the hands of a manager who invests her money and pays her bills; this after years of making enormous money.

Lillian Gish could be expected to be as foolish financially as Swanson, if it were not that her nose shows such a pronounced depression at the base, right at the eye depression before it joins the bulge of the forehead. This depression, which shows a capacity for deep thought and analysis, counteracts the bad sign of no aggression shown in the contour of her delicately *retroussé* nose.

Jetta Goudal also has this depression, which proved itself in the way she sued and collected from Cecil De Mille for a broken contract. Miss Goudal may be seen in the markets selecting her own vegetables. No one will fool her about money, in spite of her *retroussé* with its lack of aggressiveness.

Clara Bow, another unwise person about saving her money, which she has scattered with prodigal and thoughtless generosity on her father and her friends, is an improvident *retroussé*. Betty Bronson is still another who did little saving and haymaking while the movie sun shone.

Louise Dresser lost a very sizable sum in an unwise investment a couple of years ago. A *retroussé*, she was rather easily victimized and did not investigate all the ramifications of the deal in which she was "taken" for a small fortune.

Barbara LaMarr was continually enmeshed in debt and was most unwise and incapable in business affairs. Her death found little but debts at the end of a brilliant career, instead of the possible sizable fortune.

Mrs. Lucille Webster Gleason found herself so unable to cope with the stream of gold coming into the Gleason coffers from her husband Jim and her son Russell, as well as herself, that she, too, has acquired a manager.

Mabel Normand, realizing her incapacities to manage money, selected a business manager long before her death and invested her money through him so that she was independently wealthy.

Madge Bellamy, another charming *retroussé*, found herself with a forty-room mansion, full of expensive furnishings, when her disagreement at the Fox Studios left her with an uncertain income. The *retroussé* is a menace!

Joan Crawford found that she and her husband, Douglas



Lillian Gish might easily be a spend-thrift. But she is saved by a pronounced depression at the base of her nose. This shows a capacity for deep thought and analysis.

Fairbanks, Jr., had overreached themselves in expenses. They sold their house and have gone into an apartment. The *retroussé* pursues them still.

On the other hand, look at Bebe Daniels, with her Roman nose; everything Bebe touches turns to money. Witness the four beach houses she recently built and furnished, and sold for a profit. Mary Pickford, acknowledged by everyone to be a competent financier, shows this bump.

**A**UTHORITIES on phrenology have something interesting to say about the reason this particular spot on the nose represents aggression. They declare that no baby is born with an arched nose. The breathing of an individual, be it forceful or weak, according to the basic character, develops or does not develop the arch in the nose by reason of the very force or lack of force with which the breath is expelled. This particular spot is hit by the volume of air as it

enters and leaves the lungs through the nose. Incidentally, for this same reason, women with a *retroussé* nose are subject to pulmonary disorders.

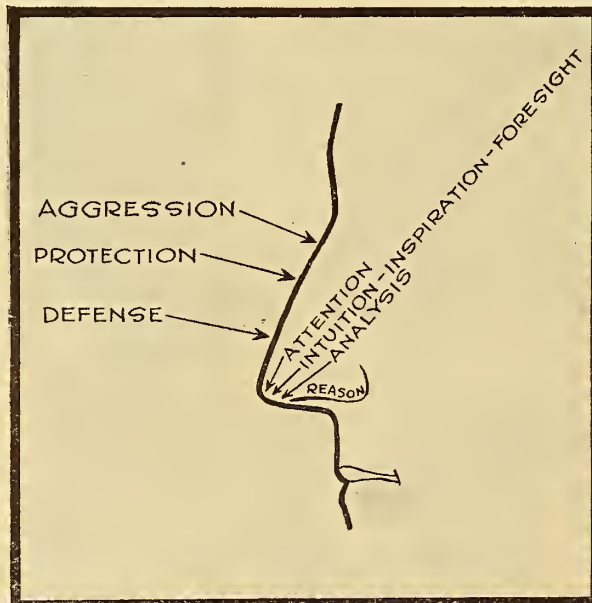
The *retroussé* is most impressionable, and is frequently much influenced by surroundings and companions. Lovers of pleasure, it is hard for them to stand alone and fight the big fight if surrounded by undesirable companions. It was the surrounding circumstances and friends of Barbara LaMarr and Mabel Normand that cut short two brilliant careers.

The second bump represents a person's ability to retain mental integrity against all suggestion from outside. It is named Protection. No actress with this bump, unless this trait is denied elsewhere in her features, can succeed, because she would be impervious to direction and could not lend herself to interpreting a rôle. She could not be pliable and adaptable in interpreting a characterization foreign to her own character. Pliability and adaptability, the power to project self into any character or rôle, is the gift of the *retroussé*, which lacks the bump of Protection.

The gift of mimicry is closely allied with this spot on the nose, for the reasons above given. It is certainly a very important thing to an actress.

Generosity, too, is signified by lack of this bump. Carried to extremes, it represents prodigality, as does the first. Certainly generosity is a trait of all actors.

The third of our trio of bumps is named Self Defense. Lacking in aggression—  
(Continued on page 126)



The three nasal bumps shown in detail. The point of aggression indicates business ability. Protection represents one's ability to retain mental integrity against outside influence. Self defense indicates ability to fight off aggression.



# LAUGHS OF THE FILMS



What do you consider the funniest talkie joke of the month? THE NEW MOVIE will pay \$5 for the best written letter relating the best talkie joke. If two or more letters prove of equal merit, \$5 will go to each writer. Address your jokes to Laughs of the Films, THE NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



# The Hemline Came Down and Sounded the Death Knell of the Who-Cares Flapper

BY DOROTHY HERZOG

**H**AS anybody here seen a flapper?  
I doubt it. There isn't a flap the length  
and breadth of Hollywood Boulevard. Nor  
is one left on the studio census roll. The  
original Clara Bows, Alice Whites, Colleen Moores,  
have set with the fashion sun of 1929. They are  
today's ash to yesterday's flame of youth.

Even the choruses in musical comedy pictures  
no longer flap, and there were the ideal whoopers:  
petite, slight, totally unconscious of display as  
they strolled around the lots in "shorts" or thimble  
attire. But they no longer flap. They are serious-  
minded young girls. A flapper camouflaged  
her seriousness under a wild oat.

Modistes claim to know the answer to the  
abrupt change in feminine temperaments.

Nothing more or less than long skirts.

Clothes, they contend, motivate personali-  
ties. In a skirt to her knees a girl flits  
and flaunts. In one below her knees,  
she does neither. That hemline quiets  
her.

**A**S a matter of fact, a dreadful  
thing has happened to Holly-  
wood. It has gone stylish and  
ultra. For years, the little cel-  
luloid center did what it pleased  
and was a romantic law unto it-  
self. The names of Barbara  
LaMarr, Bebe Daniels, Gloria  
Swanson and Mary Pickford in  
the old days symbolized the  
reality of freedom. Pictures were  
in their infancy. Coddling clothes  
and coddling habits could be care-  
less. The players banded into a  
magic circle. The outside world's  
imagination contributed the flow and  
fascination.

Along came Elinor Glyn. Her slightest  
interest in an actress or actor scared her  
or him into alluring print. She interpreted  
Hollywood in terms of love. She boiled this  
down to two words, sex appeal. Later, she  
coined the million-dollar slogan, "IT." Aileen  
Pringle, Jack Gilbert, Clara Bow and Corinne  
Griffith benefited. Mrs. Glyn wrote their names  
in celluloid gold by singling them out from the  
many. She really  
started the modern  
girl racketeering.

The flapper—with her un-  
ruly bob, her indifferent  
dress, her cynical wise-  
cracking, her rakish in-  
dependence—took the  
world by storm. The flap-  
per reigned—until a meeting  
of dress designers in Paris  
last Fall.

But it was Warner  
Fabian who gave the  
sex-appeal fad its  
final push into the  
spotlight. He did this  
with "Flaming  
Youth." To him,  
"Flaming Youth"



# HOLLYWOOD'S Successor to IT

DRAWINGS BY RAY VAN BUREN

behaved as she pleased with a verve that withstood the shocked criticism of her horrified elders.

Colleen Moore played the story to the screen. She launched the flapper.

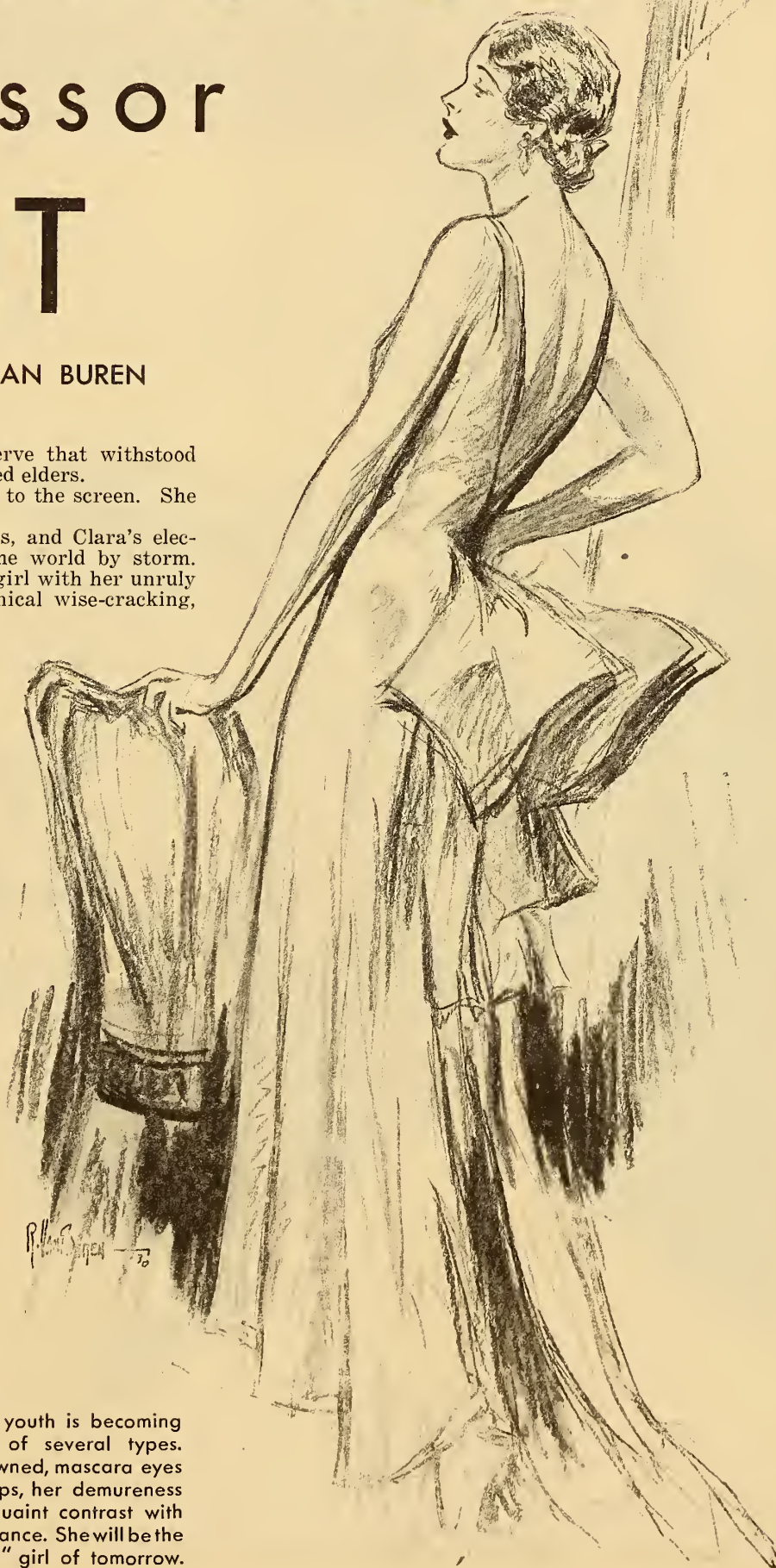
Clara Bow picked up the cudgels, and Clara's electrical efforts took the youth of the world by storm. She came to represent the modern girl with her unruly bob, her indifferent dress, her cynical wise-cracking, her rakish independence.

Because of her tremendous popularity, other flappers spread the glad message. Joan Crawford's name reached the lights. Alice White rose from the ranks in one lingerie. Likewise, Sally O'Neil, Sue Carol, Laura La Plante, Ruth Taylor (the Lorelei of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes") failed to make good because she didn't qualify as a flapper. Ruth—in front of the camera—embodied more the shrewdness of the gold-digger. A flapper never "gold-digged." It was 50-50 with her.

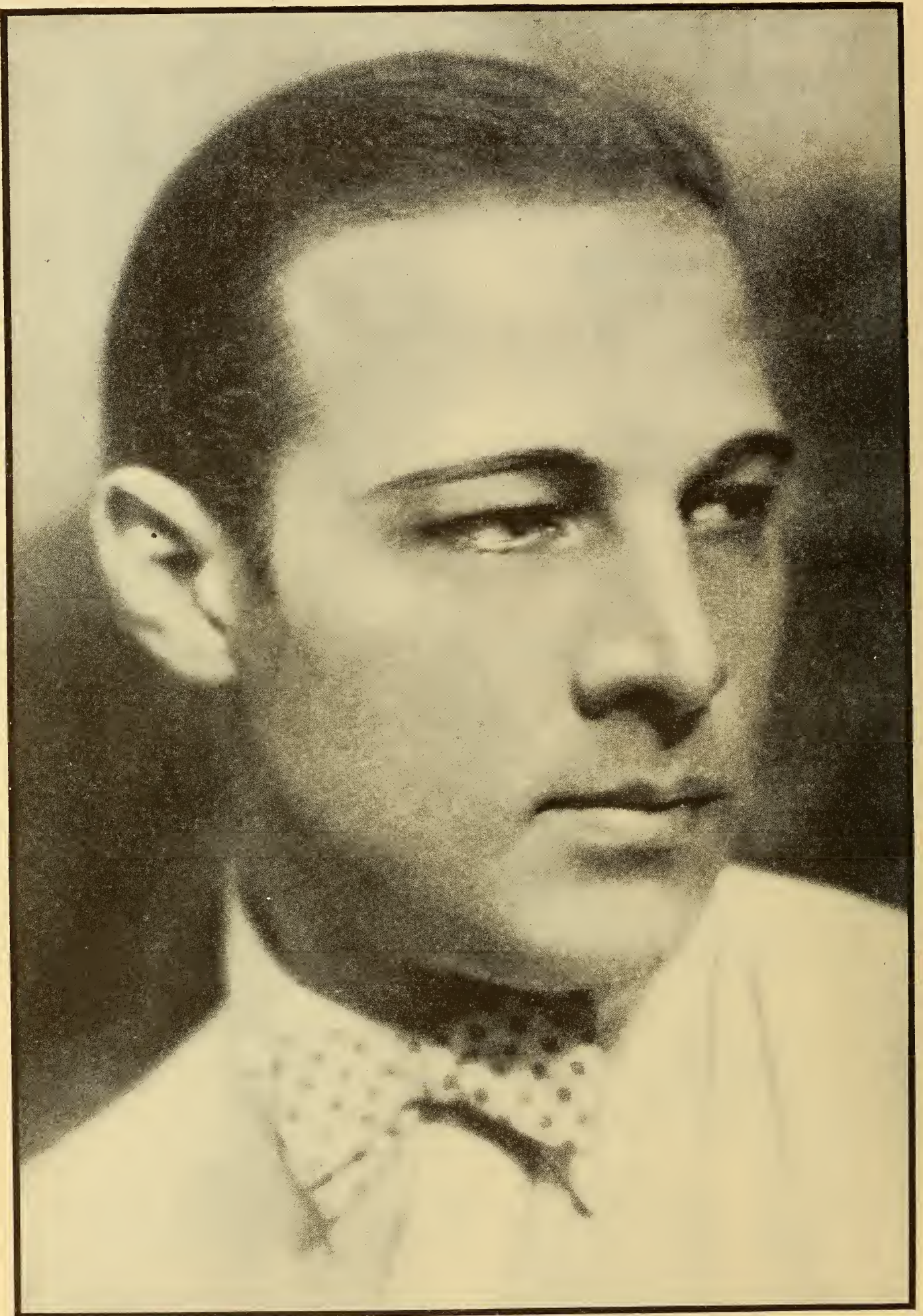
THE flapper reigned for an extraordinarily long time. Until last fall, in Paris, 10,000 miles from Hollywood, a group of designers ordained the long skirt and fastidiousness in style. That sounded the death knell for the who-cares children.

Naturally, Hollywood youth objected. But Hollywood had reached the thoughtful point already. The talkies brought stage players from Broadway by the trainload. One saw the Park Avenue sleekness of Ann Harding, Ina Claire, Constance Bennett, Grace Moore, Alice Gentle, Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, *et al.* Their well-groomed appearances at the Embassy, the Montmartre, the Roosevelt, the Brown Derby and the Ambassador prompted

Hollywood youth is becoming a merger of several types. Smartly gowned, mascara eyes and ruby lips, her demureness will be in quaint contrast with her appearance. She will be the "soft pedal" girl of tomorrow.









# The Last Days of VALENTINO

How the Peasant Boy from  
South Italy became the  
Caesar of a Fantastic Empire  
and died a King with a  
Broken Heart

BY HERBERT HOWE

"I'M sick of everything," he said, "sick of marriage, sick of the ingratitude of friends, sick of business and Hollywood pretense. . . . I want just to have a good time, to live a little."

Lusty lover of life, he grasped its beakers in both hands and thirstily drank. It was as though the astrol-ogists had predicted his death three months hence.

Actually he was seeking the intoxication of life in order to forget it. Perhaps we all are.

He was like a man who, having drunk too much the night before, awakens with a head and drinks again in order to go on.

If he had been wholly a sensualist he might have succeeded, but Rudie was sentimental and idealistic far beyond the realization of those who count themselves idealists. True idealists are never conscious of idealism.

IN those last days of reckless splendor the legend of Valentino soared to a crescendo that echoed Imperial Rome. The maze of fortune through which the boy had stumbled was

The public struggled so frantically to witness the last earthly ceremonies over the body of its idol that these cards of church admission were given to his friends. Without one of these, it was impossible to pass the police lines.



An unpublished picture of Rudolph Valentino in medieval armor. This portrait was given to his friend, Manuel Reach, in Rudie's early Hollywood days of 1919. It was signed Rodolfo di Valentina.

Solemn Requiem High Mass  
will be celebrated in the  
Church of the Good Shepherd  
Beverly Hills  
for the repose of the soul of  
Rudolph Valentino  
on Tuesday morning, September seventh  
at ten o'clock

ADMITTANCE BY CARD

as fantastic, as monstrous and incredible as the mad purple scenes in which a dancer, a gladiator, a common soldier, one after another, was capriciously cast upon the throne of Rome to be defiled, worshiped, then slain or driven to suicide.

Rudie was the symbol of Southern Italy. He was the product of its sun and earth. When I think of him I think of Apulia, out of which he came. In Apulia everyone fears the Evil Eye. They make the sign of the horn with their fingers to protect themselves against it. In Apulia, if the facts were known, it would be



# HERB HOWE tells how VALENTINO'S Last Mad Days



This was one of Rudie's favorite pictures. It was made just after his marriage to Natacha Rambova and was taken at their Whitley Heights home.

said that Rodolpho Guglielmi, son of the respected horse doctor of Castellenata, was victim of the Evil Eye. I shall not dispute them.

He came a peasant boy out of Italy, out of the heel of Italy, where poverty is abject, counted in tattered lire. Yet the people have in their blood the sun that ripens the grape, and with its blood they salute one another, touching glasses when the sun dies and work is done.

He came out of the poverty of Apulia into the wealth of Hollywood. His name was trumpeted through the world, reverberating further than any Caesar's. It might be said of him as of the Emperor Hadrian, "The world rose to him as a woman greets a lover."

Fortune prostrated herself before him, offering an estate, motor cars, a yacht, jewels, ivories, works of art and all the luxuries of an emperor. The whole world was his realm. No urchin ever dreamed such a fabulous dream as was given the peasant Rodolpho Guglielmi.

WHEN he returned in 1925 to Europe, which he had left an emigrant a few years previous, it was on a triumphal tour costing a hundred thousand dollars. In Paris he received grand dukes and princesses, artists and diplomats. The peasant of Italy, who once was punished for running away from school in Perugia to see his king pass by, was himself a greater king, the whole world turning out to see him pass.

And like a king he died in the abject poverty of spent

illusions and with a broken heart.

"My life has been all up and down," he said to me one day in his New York apartment, adding fatalistically, "I expect to die in the gutter."

The gutter he anticipated was poverty. Actually it was worse.

Rodolpho, the genial, generous, simpatico peasant, son of a horse doctor, was cast for the brilliant rôle of irony in life. At the height of his fame, the world kissing his hand, he could not forget the three days he spent in the Tombs prison of New York on a false charge. Pathetically he showed me clippings from newspapers retracting the libel. The retraction was small compared to the headlines that had damned him. He told me how he had been framed when he was the dancing partner of Joan Sawyer. I know he told me the truth.

WHEN I talked with him in New York he and his wife, Natacha, were living on borrowed money, yet he was world famous. He had quarreled with the Paramount Company. Only that day he had refused Adolph Zukor's offer of \$750,000 a year to return to work because he felt, on Natacha's advice, that the company had no artistic capacity. He wanted to be an aristocrat of the arts. He would have liked even more to have been a patron of them, a Lorenzo the Magnificent. He dreamed as a boy of being a great medieval prince. That explains his taking of the name "di Valentina" from the Borgias.

Without the benefit of culture other than Italy offers its humblest, which is perhaps equal to what America gives its highest, he had a pathetic eagerness to under-

stand and appreciate the arts. This passionate desire drew him to the superior mind of Natacha Rambova. An American girl, Winifred O'Shaughnessy, she had taken the Russian name to quicken her artistic recognition. Rudie adored her. He worshiped her as a goddess. Valentino, the idol of millions of women, idolized one woman and she did not love him, or so he believed.

If Rudie had answered the cablegram which Natacha, then his ex-wife, sent him in Paris on his last Christmas he might be alive today. Hope might have stemmed his headlong recklessness, but hope was impossible.

He wanted to answer that cable. Discreetly worded, it offered an opening to reconciliation. Forgetting a banquet awaiting him, he sat down at the desk in the damask paneled room of his hotel and wrote a dozen replies, then one after another threw them in the open fire. His heart dictated, his pride prevented. Perhaps I should say his reason. His heart had dictated forgiveness before, when he felt she did not love him. Proffered everything in the world save one thing he desired and that was denied him!

IN Hollywood, when Rudie and Natacha agreed after many trials that divorce was the only solution, he accompanied her to the train and kissed her good-bye. From the station he went to the home of Manuel Reachi. Manuel was his first friend in Hollywood. Their friendship had ended when Manuel urged him to accept Mr.



# of Reckless Splendor Echoed Imperial ROME

Zukor's offer in opposition to Natacha's counsel. When the servant announced that Mr. Valentino was downstairs, Manuel thought it some practical joke.

"Who is there?" he called.

"I, Rodolpho, Manuel."

"What do you want?"

"Natacha has gone."

"Well, what has that to do with me?"

"Well—I had no place to go, so I came to you, my friend."

Manuel, Mexican, with the sensitiveness of the Latin, rushed downstairs and embraced his friend.

When I collaborated with Rudie on his life story he spoke of Manuel.

"He was my first friend in Hollywood," he said. "He loaned me money and gave me his Rolls-Royce for visiting studios looking for work. He was Mexican vice-consul in Los Angeles. When the Mexican government ordered a speed boat, Manuel allowed me to act as his agent. When the lowest bid had been determined I was able to get a commission of two hundred and fifty dollars for completing the transaction. It was a life saver for me."

MANUEL told me of meeting Rudie. It was in New York, when Valentino was simply Rodolpho, the dancing partner of Bonnie Glass. Manuel, commercial agent for the Mexican government, visited the café one evening and was impressed by the Spanish tango which Rudie did. He applauded and invited Rudie to the table for a drink.

"The management does not permit me to sit with guests," said Rudie.

Manuel arrogantly summoned the manager. The manager unctuously permitted the humble dancer to sit with the Mexican diplomat and his guests. Two years later Manuel was appointed vice-consul to Los Angeles. Entering the Alexandria Hotel, he saw one familiar face. It was that of Rodolpho, the dancer. "Hello," said Manuel, shaking hands with the boy.

Rudie was living in a garret room. Two months' rent was due. The landlady decided to throw him out. Manuel said, "Come live with me. There is plenty of room in my house."



In the days when Pola Negri was pre-eminent in Rudie's heart. This picture was taken at a costume ball of the Sixty Club at the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles. It shows Rudie, Manuel Reachi and Miss Negri.

Two years later Rudie appeared in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and excited adulation without comparison in our generation.

The best indication of Valentino's nature was his undying appreciation of Manuel's friendship. When lonely, disillusioned and eager for "just a good little time," his thoughts turned to his first friend in Hollywood. He asked Manuel to accompany him to Europe.

I met them in Paris. Manuel was exhausted in his effort to keep pace with Rudie and his whims.

Two weeks after he returned from Europe, Valentino narrowly escaped death when he almost ran into the path of a train. His car hit a post and swerved around, grazing the locomotive. Rudie jumped out and snapped this picture of the scene himself.

"The boy is mad," he said. "He thinks only of Natacha. For two days on the boat he talked of nothing but her. He goes on an endless round of parties which I'm sure he doesn't enjoy."

Rudie slept only two hours a night during twenty-two days in Paris. As

(Cont on page 128)







Hubert P. Vallee, otherwise Rudy Vallee. Rudy is a native Vermonter. His father is of French-Canadian extraction and his mother of English-Irish parentage. The Vallees moved to Westbrook, Maine, when Rudy was six years old.

**A**LWAYS myriads of people have milled and swarmed around the great gods of Fate and Luck, tossing bright coins called careers into the laps of these strange controllers of destinies. Sometimes the gods have exchanged the coins for fame—that phantom many men seek but few capture. No matter how fleeting the life of this wraith, those who have beheld it are in the public's eye—sometimes as subjects of conjecture, other times of fascination, but always themes for discussion.

One who has captured the phantom of fame is Rudy Vallee. While others made their obeisances to popular gods he chose a less known convey, the god of hard work and protector of one's own convictions. Strangely, Rudy's success is intangible—you cannot lay a finger very definitely on the reason, although he gives supply to the demands of the public.

**F**ILED away in a certain newspaper office is an envelope containing all the clippings on Vallee, Hubert P. (Rudy), Musician. To this might be added, dreamer, hard worker, author, motion picture actor, and matinee idol. Though you say there are thousands of envelopes that show the same specifications for thousands of other men, this story is only about Rudy. No one knows when this thing called fame will disappear, certainly there is no one living who can gauge its elusive qual-

## How Rudy Vallee, the Idol of the Air, Went Out to Seek Success from the little town of Westbrook, Maine

ity until the person who earned it has gone forever. But one can write about its attainment.

Rudy Vallee roosts on the pinnacle today. He used to sweep peanut shells out of a theater in Westbrook, Maine. Now he's one of the highest paid radio stars in America. He used to lead a college band. Now he owns his own New York night club.

A native Vermonter, born in Island Point, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Vallee, the father of French-Canadian extraction and the mother of English-Irish parentage, he was six years old when Mr. Vallee moved to Westbrook and opened a drug store. Rudy and his brother worked in the drug store but Rudy soon broke away and got a job projecting motion pictures in the Star Theater. He used to sleep in box cars to escape the wrath of his father caused by playing the saxophone. Then, too, he rode a bicycle back and forth from Portland to save 15 cents carfare. Mrs. Vallee, a gentle-voiced woman, was torn between fostering her son's ambition and loyalty to her husband's desire for Rudy to become a druggist. Lean, discouraging years for the boy. He haunted the bigger play houses in Portland, absorbing back stage atmosphere and listening to the musicians who

were always stumbling over "that kid." But there are always compensations in life and Rudy found a solace in the mutual love he and his sister had for music. This mutual bond kept them close together. They had similar taste in music, both preferring the best in musical composition.

**T**ODAY, the sister, Mrs. Kathleen Vallee Lenneville, of Westbrook, says of her brother, "he very kindly gives me credit for nurturing a love of the best in musical appreciation in him. I rather think we both inherited it but I did try to keep at his music with him and now he seems to appreciate my effort although at the time, I, as his instructor, can assure you that I had no greater apparent success accomplishing my task than any other young sister has trying to boss a situation with a brother. As a matter of fact I will not hesitate in saying that I consider my piano teaching efforts in Hubert's (she always refers to Rudy by his right name) behalf a decided failure, but it seems that we both got something out of it because



Rudy's pet dog, Barney, especially posed for NEW MOVIE. Barney resides with Rudy's parents at Westbrook, far from the great street of night clubs.



# HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

By  
PERDITA HOUSTON  
of The Press Herald,  
Portland, Maine

Vallee Home Town Photographs  
Especially Made for NEW MOVIE

our real musical tastes are identical to this day.

"As a little shaver," the sister continues, "at home Hubert was no different from any other little fellow. He could be very, very good and, while never very bad, had his off moments and a very decided will of his own." This strong will is expressed in Rudy's achievements again and again—he has a determination of iron that nothing can melt or corrode.

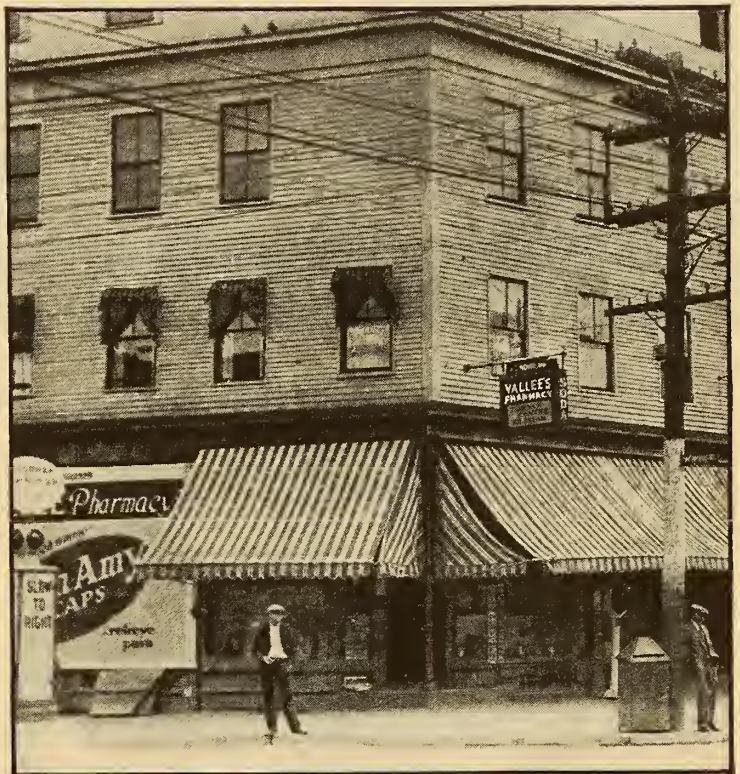
Being a sister of a celebrity sometimes means great anxieties, according to Mrs. Lenneville, who was greatly upset a short while ago when she heard over the radio that "Rudy Vallee was more safely guarded than the President of the United States owing to threatening letters demanding \$100,000 or his life."

"This has been an entirely unlooked for phase to his fame and one that is decidedly disquieting," the sister commented.

IN her opinion, the old adage that a man is without glory in his own country does not hold exactly true in Rudy's case. It has come to her ears again and again that Rudy Vallee has lost his head and is very high hat. This she strongly denies, saying that the boy is extremely busy and hasn't a minute for small talk but is loyal to and fond of every single person that he ever knew in Westbrook or elsewhere.

"As a whole, his home town has been fine to him, so the adverse criticism does not bother him or us." Mrs. Lenneville told an interesting story of his latest visit home several months ago. His time was limited to one day's stay only and he arrived very early in the morning. The first thing he said after exchanging affectionate greetings with his family was, "I want to have just one good nap in my own bed," and he did just that. His room at home is always ready for him,

The Vallee home at Westbrook, Maine. Mrs. Vallee, Rudy's mother, posed in front of the residence with Barney. Rudy's room is kept ready always, awaiting his home visits.



The Vallee drug store at Westbrook, Maine. For years this was owned and managed by Charles A. Vallee, father of Rudy.

exactly the same as when he lived there and he was overjoyed at the chance to sleep once more in his own bed.

A younger brother, Bill Vallee, is a student at Fordham and will later enter Yale. Mr. and Mrs. Vallee spend most of their time in New York with Rudy and this leaves Mrs. Lenneville the only member of the family in Westbrook.

Finally Rudy landed down in the little town of Orono, a freshman in Maine University. He carried his sax, tenderly, much to the disgust of the upper classmen who thought the freshie just learning to play. As a classmate said of Rudy at that time, he was shy, different and kept in the background. But, in spite of this, he was the showman of the college. He dreamed. He worked. His object  
(Cont'd on page 124)







The Chortle Comedy Studio was in a mad whirl of noise. The serious business of being funny was Stage B sheltered a couple of comedians setting fire to a sheriff's whiskers, while in the third enclosure

# A FOOL and His

## The Laughable Yarn of a Clown who Longed to be a Combination Hamlet and Romeo

AS all the world knows, the boulevards of Los Angeles are positively swarming with glossy automobiles which function perfectly under the guidance of carefree, incredibly handsome drivers. At least, it looks that way in the tourist folders, so that an optimistic Chamber of Commerce would have had good reason to feel irritated at the sight of a large and flabby gentleman abusing a decrepit old bus on the fringes of Elysian Park.

Groaning loudly, this traitor was tearing off the fenders, after which he lifted the radiator cap just in time to have a rattlesnake wriggle forth, a sight which caused him to sit down heavily upon a passing piglet. Then, egged on by the cries of a pretty redhead in the front seat, he rushed around to peer into the exhaust, receiving a spray of soot that sent him into a fit of the juvenile jumps, ending in a vicious kick at where the car's kidneys ought to be. This treatment miraculously started the motor, so the fat man grinned idiotically, hopped in beside the girl, and prepared for a pleasant ride.

"Gangway!" he shouted happily, and, as though to mock him, down came a torrent of rain that filled the car to overflowing in less than a minute. Then, clasping the redhead, he sank with a despairing screech beneath the surface, leaving a pathetic string of bubbles as farewell to a world that had done him dirt.

THEY reappeared a second later, and the flabby man cocked a fishy gray eye at one of the onlookers. "How was it?" he gasped anxiously.

"A knockout," said the director, waving aside the microphone fishing pole and the overhead rain machine. "When this sequence gets on the screen it'll

send 'em home in hysterics. No kidding, Jelly Roll, that big moonface of yours certainly can look dumb."

Mr. Osbert (Jelly Roll) Wick considered this as he scrubbed his countenance with a towel. "And I'm beginning to think it isn't skin deep," he admitted. "Whew! Four times this afternoon before you're satisfied. A fat lot you care, all dressed up like a haberdasher's delight, but it's pretty rough on Marjorie and me."

"Oh, I don't mind," said the flaming-haired Miss Berry, twinkling her laughing blue eyes. "It's rather fun, I think, and everyone who has a car will appreciate the picture. You can't make comedies and be dignified at the same time, so snap out of it, Jelly Roll."

"That's just it," sighed the flabby man. "What am I, after all? A clown. A piece of driftwood on the river of life, wasting myself on cheap two-reelers when I should—" He broke off as the peppery little director advanced threateningly.

"So you've been reading books!" snarled the megaphone wielder. "Going artistic on me, eh? Two thousand a week is hard to take, I s'pose, for making the nation forget its troubles. Say, listen, nobody can pull that tear-behind-the-smile stuff around me. Why, if you didn't have that silly-looking pan you'd be a deckhand on a submarine or something. Get some dry clothes on, both of you, and don't forget those restaurant retakes first thing in the morning."

MR. WICK shamled away to change in a nearby tent, and later, driving Miss Berry back to Hollywood in his glittering roadster, he resumed his fishing





going on at top speed. On stage A a newlywed was feeding roach powder to his mother-in-law. Wick, in a misfit dress suit, was being industriously decorated with a mass of slithery spaghetti.

# HONEY

By STEWART ROBERTSON

Illustrated by Russell Patterson

for sympathy, against which she was prepared. "What I've got in here," he croaked, thumping his chest, "is ambition. Look at Chaplin and Lloyd—they're making six-reel features, so why can't I? And, furthermore, my dream is to graduate from slapstick and do drawing-room comedy, the deft kind that the critics rave over."

Marjorie studied him anxiously. "You're crazy," she said sharply. "Chaplin and Lloyd have the audience pulling for them, out the fans laugh at you. And the idea of you being deft! Heavens, Jelly, you may have no more sex appeal than a roomful of authors, but you'll be a star long after the collar ad boys have folded up."

"But I'm in a rut and——"

"If you are, it's a comfortable one. Is it really so bad to be famous and to have me caring for you, even though you disappointed me by not proposing last week?"

Mr. Wick groaned tragically and tried out a Shakespearean gesture. "I was going to," he said earnestly, "but then I got to thinking I'd wait until I was more important. I want you to be somebody in the social racket, and you know darned well that two-reel people are just another bucket of sand at Ocean Park."

The girl was silent, fully aware that her companion was correct. One of Hollywood's favorite sports consisted of tossing the gay and festive snub at the layer just below, and she knew that Jelly Roll, even though his pictures had saved many a feeble program, would not be able to breathe the same air as the fashionable stars without getting pneumonia.

"I don't care anything about the society end of it," she said at length. "I'd rather eat at my own house than spend my life in other people's homes. Ask me now, Jelly."

"I can't," said the comedian. "I'm too disheartened. Did you hear Joe tell us about the café retakes

tomorrow? Well, the news crumpled me up like a paper towel, because that's where I get socked with the bowl of spaghetti. It's tragic, I'm telling you, for a guy with the soul of Hamlet to be playing the jester. It's—cockeyed censors!"

"Come out of your trance!" screamed Miss Berry, jabbing him in the ribs. "Didn't you see the red light, you idiot—oh, now we're going to get a ticket, and I'm starving. I can just see the judge taking Hamlet as an alibi."

A MEATY-FACED policeman was coming toward them on the run. "Guys like you should be roostin' on a load of hay instead of a car!" he bellowed. "Gowan, tell me the one about your wife is havin' triplets, you big—" Then, as he drew nearer his expression changed to that of a child staring at his first rhinoceros. "G—gee," he stammered, "if it ain't Jelly Roll Wick, himself. Say, Mr. Wick, I guess probably you was gazin' in that lady's eyes instead of watchin' me, and what I says is who wouldn't?"

"Do I know you?" asked the comedian frigidly.

"Naw, but I know you. I could recognize that punkin face of yours a mile off. Say, Mr. Wick, just send me an autographed pitcher an' we'll call it square, see? Here's my address. I think you're swell, an' so does me wife, an' kids, an' when you fell off a roof into a barrel o' tar in that last fillum, I pretty near passed out. Happy days, Mr. Wick, you sure got a mush that would make even a landlord laugh."

The crimson Jelly Roll muttered a mingled thanks and curse, and rolled away, while the policeman stood looking after him.

"He didn't seem any too pleased," he said perplexedly. "Still maybe he's bashful, like most of the great. This is somethin' to brag about, me chinnin' with old Jelly Roll. Haw, haw—he's a good old stiff, but if it had been one of them shellacked sheiks I'd of give him the works."



# What Happened When a Fat \$2,000-a-Week

ELEVEN o'clock the next morning found the Chortle Comedies Studio in a mad whirl of noise. The serious business of being funny was going at top speed with three sound stages recording views of minor crimes that always culminated in assault and battery. On Stage A a newlywed was feeding roach powder to his mother-in-law. Stage B sheltered a couple of comedians setting fire to a sheriff's whiskers, while in the third enclosure Mr. Wick, in a misfit dress suit, was being industriously decorated with a mass of slithery spaghetti.

Finally, after three tries, the director signaled his approval and the exhausted Jelly Roll sank weakly into a chair and registered martyrdom.

"I'm through!" he wheezed. "When my contract runs out next month you can find some other lunatic. Socked with spaghetti—is that art? Is that creative? Is——"

"Aw, relax your larynx," rasped the director. "And lay off the sob stuff, you hear me? If I could get my hooks on the sap who started the Laugh Clown Laugh gag, I'd separate his voice from his body."

"But I'm serious. Look here, Joe, before I crashed the movies I hung around the parks so much I was beginning to think my name was Benchley, and believe me, I'd rather go back to that than grow gray getting smeared with pies."

"You've got to do better, if you expect me to break down," sneered Joe. "Just for being up-stage, I'll have a sequence in your next picture where—ah, good morning, Mr. Squibb, happy to see you, Mr. Squibb. Quick, somebody give Mr. Squibb a chair!"

The cause of this startling politeness was a sawed-off little man with the features of a gargoyle, but who carried himself with the assurance of a Turk owning a hundred wives. Mr. Eppus Squibb, seventh vice-president of Fascination Films, the huge producing concern that controlled Chortle Comedies, was aware of his importance, and now he leered triumphantly upon the lowly two-reelers.

"Comedy," squawked Mr. Squibb, "is the oats in the manger of life. Am I a liar?"

No answer. Everyone stiffened expectantly, and Mr. Squibb prepared to throw the art of speech for a loss.

"FASCINATION has bought the rights to 'The Pirate's Princess,'" he declared oilily. "It's one of them costume dramatics where the hero is pretty loose with his tenor. Swords, songs and saving the gal—the old stuff that always gets 'em, but it needs contrast. Ham needs eggs, Minneapolis needs Saint Paul, and when a story is dripping with romance and tears, a few belly laughs wouldn't do it no harm. Could I be wrong?"

Jelly Roll began to tremble and he listened to the voice of opportunity without knowing that Marjorie was close beside him.

"So I says to myself," proceeded the little man, "we'll write in a part for Jelly Roll Wick, and so I gave the job to our memory man, who's got all the good stuff from every hit since 1920 right at his fingertips. And so, Joe, I'm here to take him off your set. He'll move in swell company—Adrienne Effingham and Boylston Tremont, from the original Broadway cast, are going to warble the leads. It's all in color, too, which will give him a chance to wear a red nose."

"But listen," said Mr. Wick hopefully, "if I'm to play opposite those gaspers I'll have to be kind of refined, won't I?"

Mr. Squibb interpreted a knowing wink from the hovering Joe. "Well," he said cagily, "it all depends. I want you to be a relief for too much slush, because, between you 'n me, this Tremont feller may be a panic with the dames, but you can't depend on these tenors for everything. Most of 'em have been On the Road to Mandalay so long that they've got fallen arches. That's why you're going to have a swell song called 'My Brother is a Private Still, for He's a Private Still.'"

Jelly Roll's pop eyes took on the glaze peculiar to poets and punch-drunk pugilists. "Gosh," he mumbled, "I guess this must be what they call Fate. Here I was getting ready to leave the picture game on its back, and look what's dished up to me." Then he responded loyally to the pressure against his arm. "And can you make a place for Marjorie?"

"Sorry," said Mr. Squibb. "Everything else is completely set. Say, you two are engaged, or something, ain't you? Well, girlie, you don't need to worry about losing this man mountain when he gets up among them high-priced hyenas."

"That's what you say," pouted Miss Berry.

"Who'd want him?" inquired Mr. Squibb rudely. "Of course, I ain't saying he lacks good points—love's got eyes like a hungry eagle, they tell me—but the general impression around headquarters is that Jelly Roll's got no chimes in his steeple."

The unfortunate Mr. Wick fidgeted miserably, not daring to cross the seventh vice-president, so he guffawed amiably and tried to change the subject.

"I suppose that foreign director is going to handle things," he ventured. "You know, that Cin—Cina—uh."

"Cinabinarino? No, he's out. I fired him because he was too lavish."

"Oh, yeah?" piped Jelly Roll.

"That's funny, I thought all the time he was a Cuban."

Mr. Squibb smacked himself on the forehead and staggered back. "See?" he yelled to the indignant Marjorie. "What did I tell you?"

\* \* \* \* \*

THE advent of Jelly Roll Wick onto the Fascination lot, important as it was to him, caused no particular stampede. The screen players of established fame in the pre-talkie days greeted him with the patronizing familiarity of royalty hobnobbing with the peasants. The director was cordial, and Mr. Boylston Tremont, lonesome for his dear old Broadway, grew friendly enough as he realized that Jelly Roll offered no competition to his charms. And then, humming an aria, he led the comedian to his doom.

Scrunched in a quiet corner was a vivid female who lurked amid the dingy surroundings like a tigress in the jungle. Olive-skinned, hair like black satin, and with a sultry pair of yellowish eyes. Miss Adrienne Effingham proceeded to exert the lure that made gullible New Yorkers pay \$6 for a chance to breathe the same air.

"Charmed," she fluted musically, and then waited, it seemed a trifle anxiously.

Mr. Wick goggled at her, fascinated. Accustomed as he was to seeing beautiful women, they seldom failed to regard him as anything but a banana peel on the doorstep of progress, whereas this vision was smiling a dazzling welcome. He advanced, trembling with anticipation.

"Me, too," he said fervently. "Gosh, Miss Effingham, you're even more gorgeous than I expected! This



# Comic Took the Laugh-Clown-Laugh Gag Seriously

is a proud day for me, to be working with the Toast of Times Square. Swell weather we're — uh — say, you're a honey!"

A wave of relief swept across the lady's oval face, quickly followed by a flash from the tawny searchlights. "You're the nicest man," she cooed. "Please sit down and tell me about yourself. You know, you're really my favorite actor; many a time I've forgotten my troubles by watching you tumble down a flight of stairs."

Mr. Wick's artistic soul writhed at the praise. "I've left all that behind, I hope," he said grandly. "What I'm pointing for is deft comedy; that sly humor with class all over it, like George Arliss in 'Disraeli.'"

"Just like all the comics," tinkled Miss Effingham, turning a desire to laugh into a fit of coughing. "They always think they could do a better job with King Lear, but it's easy to see that you're superior to the common herd. Genius always feels thwarted, doesn't it, Mr. Wick? Look at me. I've come out here to sing my first picture, and the movie crowd have been simply horrid. You're the only one who's behaved like a gentleman."

"Under your hat," said Jelly Roll, peering carefully around. "They're jealous of you, that's all, because the old silent gang is afraid they'll get knocked off their pedestals by you warblers. That's why they ritz you, and they give me the mackerel eye as well."

"Don't you mind," said the glamorous Adrienne. "Why, we are both in the same boat. You don't object to *that*, do you?"

MISS EFFINGHAM uncoiled herself, joined Mr. Tremont, and went into action with a few sample cadenzas that caused the old Hollywood settlers to curse in anguish. The prima donna's flood of golden melody was equaled only by the nonchalance of her acting, and the only apparent fault was that she seemed entirely too sophisticated to be the timorous princess called for in the script. Here, plainly, was another of the increasingly frequent cases where Broadway's verbal artillery put down a creeping barge on the faltering screen players.

The morning passed with several trial scenes that drew chuckles from the director, and at noon Adrienne, her eyes laden with enticement, inquired if dear Mr. Wick would take her to lunch. Mr. Wick would—and did. At the end of the day he motored her back to



In the corner was a vivid female who lurked among the dingy surroundings like a tigress in the jungle. Miss Adrienne Effingham proceeded to exert the lure that made gullible New Yorkers pay \$6.00 for a chance to breathe the same air. Mr. Wick goggled at her, fascinated. "Gosh, Miss Effingham, you're more gorgeous than I expected," he declared fervently.

the gilt-edged Musclebound Arms, that haven of the sacred who refuse to have their telephone numbers in the directory, and although he had intended to bid her a Prisoner of Zenda farewell and return to the waiting Marjorie, he was dimly surprised to find himself cantering about the Cocoanut Grove with La Effingham in his arms.

As the evening went, so went the ensuing week. A premiere blazoned forth with its Coney Island antics, and Jelly Rolly could be seen escorting the aloof Adrienne, whose nose was acquiring a pronounced tilt. They appeared as a team at (Continued on page 110)



# The Unknown CHARLIE CHAPLIN

CHAPLIN'S moods are as variable as April in Alabama. He has always reminded me of a powerful eight-cylindered engine—with most of the cylinders missing.

There is in him, however, a deep strain of compassion and understanding. He has no antagonisms toward any race or creed. Once, when speaking of Negroes and their humor, he said to me: "I never laugh at their humor. They have suffered too much, it seems to me, ever to be funny."

The words struck me forcibly. I watched his expression closely. His eyes were narrowed in the same manner as when he had gazed at a beautiful sunset without admiration.

"Every race has suffered," I said, after a pause, "and some had sensibilities greater than Negroes."

His mind evidently on other things, he made no comment, seemed not to hear.

Few men in any walk of life would have made such a remark—and fewer actors.

CHAPLIN has the gift of ready wit.

Madame Elinor Glyn, upon meeting him, was said to have remarked: "You don't look nearly as funny as I thought you would."

"Neither do you," was the comedian's reply.

One story pleased Chaplin greatly, and he told it often, with variations. It concerned his accidental meeting with a girl who was not aware of his identity. His friends always listened patiently, as they were willing to allow him all the vestiges of romance possible. His usual version was about as follows:

"I met a pretty little girl down on Broadway one day. She worked at a soda fountain and I had an ice-cream soda. I had no necktie on and my shirt was open at the throat and I hadn't shaved in three days. I was terribly low and I didn't know what to do with myself, so I just strolled into the place. Just as I was finishing my soda the girl was going off duty. She'd smiled at me before, so I said, jokingly, 'Can I walk down the street with you?' And she came right back with 'Surely.'"

"WE walked out of the store together. Finally the girl asked, 'Where do you work?'"

"Over at Robinson's in the shoe department. I'm on my vacation now," I told her.

"Gee, you got a good job, ain't you?" She looked at me admiringly when she said it.

"You bet I have. I'm getting thirty a week the first of October. I came out here from the East and fell right into it a year ago."

"Gosh, you was lucky," said the girl. "My brother



Jim Tully, here done in caricature by Joe Grant, continues his study of Charlie Chaplin this month. Next month he will tell NEW MOVIE readers of further adventures in interviewing.

didn't get work for four months after we come here. Work's hard to get here, when you don't know no one."

"I'll say it is," I told her.

"We looked at some hats in a window.

"That's a peach," I said, "for six dollars."

"Gee, it's a dandy, but they ain't no hat in the world worth that much—not when you jerk soda for a living. I make all my own hats."

"That so?" I said. "The hat you got on now looks nice. Did you make it?"

"I sure did."

"I'VE never seen a prettier girl than that little girl. She had beautiful auburn hair. It glinted in the sun under her hat. She had a little doll mouth and great big blue eyes that always seemed to be asking questions. We went over in Pershing Square and sat

down and I kept my cap low over my eyes so no one would notice me, and the little kid talked on, just like she was hungry to tell someone her troubles.

"You like it in California?" I asked her.

"Yes. We had so much trouble back in Iowa I was glad to get away. Father owned a big farm there, and then everything happened at once." She shuddered, and I didn't press the matter, but changed the subject.

"I'd like to see you some evening," I suggested. "I think we'd get along fine."

"She said, 'Yes, I'd like you—as long as you was kind to me.'"

"She looked so sad when she said it that I turned away from her, afraid that the tears might come.

"I may have to go back to Iowa any day now. My father—they put him away—he got sunstruck one time and never quite got over it."

"Gee, that's too bad. I understand—really I do." She looked at me, a hundred questions in her eyes.

"I made up my mind right then to be her friend.

"Let's go and have something to eat," I suggested. She was willing, and we walked along Fifth Street. When we came to Boos Brothers' Cafeteria, near Broadway, she kind of sidled toward it.

"I TOLD her I didn't want to go there and that I knew a better place.

"She said, 'Where?' and I said, 'The Alexandria.'"

"She gasped right out and said, 'Gee, no—it's too swell. It'll cost you a week's wages for a meal there.'"

"I told her I wanted to celebrate and that one of the waiters roomed where I did and that it would be all right.

"But you ain't got no tie on," she told me.



# The Complex and Many-Sided Genius of Laughter is Vividly Described in his First Real Analysis

BY JIM TULLY

"I told her that we'd sit over in the corner. Finally she went in with me.

"We had the finest time. She soon forgot herself and began to talk to me some more about her life on the farm and her driving a Ford to high school every morning. That her brother could call hogs so that they could hear him two miles off.

"Then I told her how one time I nearly bought a hog ranch in Texas and settled down to raise hogs. I intended to do that one time just before I went into pictures, and I came darn near letting the cat out of the bag, forgetting that I was just a shoe clerk to her. When she said, 'It takes money to buy hog ranches—even in Texas,' I came down to earth.

"We sat there a long time and kept getting chummier and chummier till finally Norma Talmadge came in. She came running up to me, saying, 'Hello, Charlie Chaplin,' and the game was up. The little girl looked startled and tried to stammer something when I introduced Norma to her. She excused herself for a minute"—Charlie would pause for a moment, and then continue wistfully, "and she never came back. She never returned to work at the same place, and I never could find any trace of her. And that was that."

CHAPLIN was not always so considerate of romantic young ladies. I was with him once at the beach in Santa Monica. It seemed that nothing would happen to break the monotony of our companionship. At last a diversion occurred.

A woman asked me if the gentleman with me was not the great Mr. Chaplin. I frankly admitted his identity. She had once traveled to Hawaii on board the same ship with him and she knew him by sight.

An extraordinarily beautiful young girl of sixteen was with her. Introductions over, we chatted on the beach until dinner time. Chaplin invited them to dine with us.

The girl, who had graduated from high school at fifteen, was attending an exclusive finishing school at the time. She proved to be more than the comedian's match in clever repartee. He was much taken with her.

At this time I was secretly hoping that something would occur to end his too-serious affair with Lita Grey. I watched the proceedings with entire satisfaction.

Chaplin asked the young lady to meet him at the Ambassador the next day and to call at the studio the day following that.

After dinner I talked with the elder lady in order to allow the seekers after romance more time together.

While riding to Los An-



Charlie Chaplin has been stamped by his early suffering. The hurts and fears of a sensitive boyhood mark his moods. Perhaps from them come his ability to shade laughter with tears.

geles that night, I expatiated upon the girl's charm, her beauty, her clever mind. Chaplin seemed much impressed. He leaned back in the limousine with an expression of pained wonder on his face. He became cheerful. He agreed with me volubly and I was pleased. I felt that any change would be for the better so far as he was concerned. I needed no great gift of prophecy to predict that it required a more understanding woman than Lita Grey to keep calm the marital waters of such a man.

## SAYS JIM TULLY

CHAPLIN—

"—never makes comment on those who have wrongfully used him. Neither does he speak of a kindness which he has done to another human being."

"—is fond of animals."

"—has very keen perceptions but, by inclination an actor, he has not always a proper sense of values."

"—is a facile conversationalist."

"—is bound up with pity of his own early suffering but his sympathies are seldom anything but abstract."

"—is not by nature a generous man, because of hurts suffered during boyhood."

BUT, while he talked, a secret misgiving came. I thought of the women he had known and admired. Negri, with some intelligence, was flagrantly theatrical, as her publicity ride across the nation to greet the body of Chaplin's successor, Rudolph Valentino, was to prove.

There was some quality in Chaplin which seemed to make him fear, or at least avoid, women of high intelligence.

I wondered about these matters, until the limousine stopped, and the greatest jester in Hollywood went on to his mansion alone.

He did not keep his engagement with the young girl the next day.

The following day she  
(Continued on page 114)



# VISITS to the FAMOUS STUDIOS



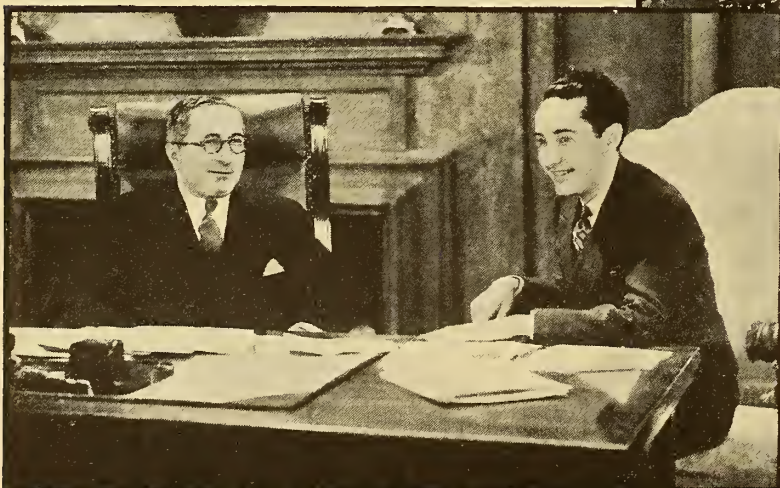
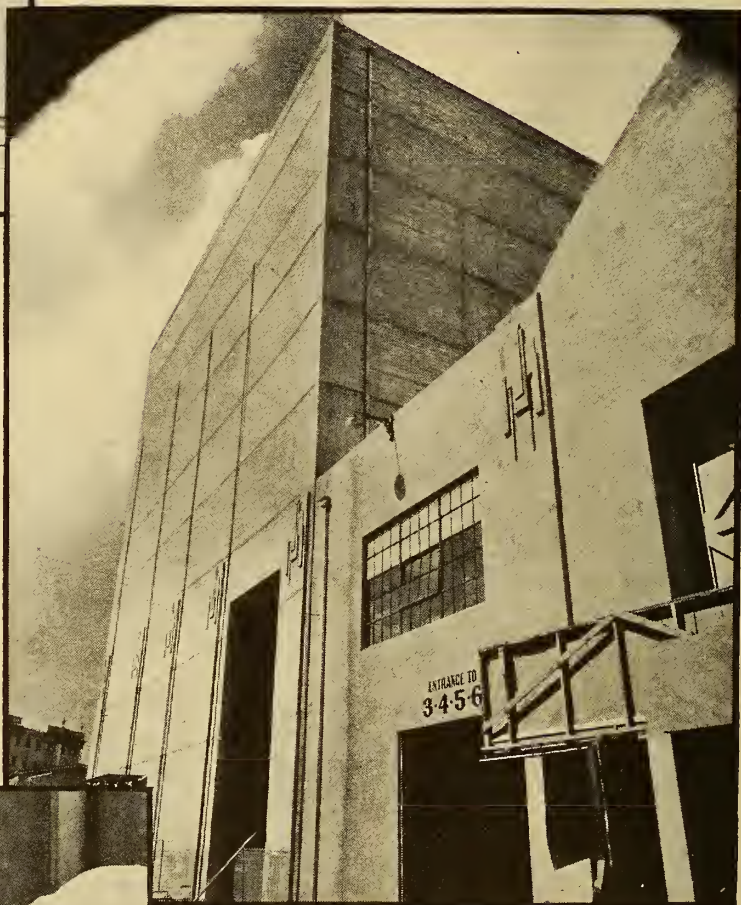
**A** SHORT sixteen years ago—bare fields which did not have even the dignity of a crop of weeds. A sandy waste.

Today — the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Valued at \$25,000,000.

In 1914 a real estate man sat in his office. He owned hundreds of acres of land on the outskirts of Los Angeles and was confronted with the problem of selling them. As it lay, that tract of land was far from pleasing to the eye. Which but increased the problem of selling it.

Something had to be done to draw attention to the location, to give it a glamour which would entice homeseekers. The real estate man gave up his thinking for the day. He was getting a headache. He decided to forget those acres for the afternoon. He would go to a movie. Half way out the door he stopped.

Movie! Motion pictures. (Continued on page 54)

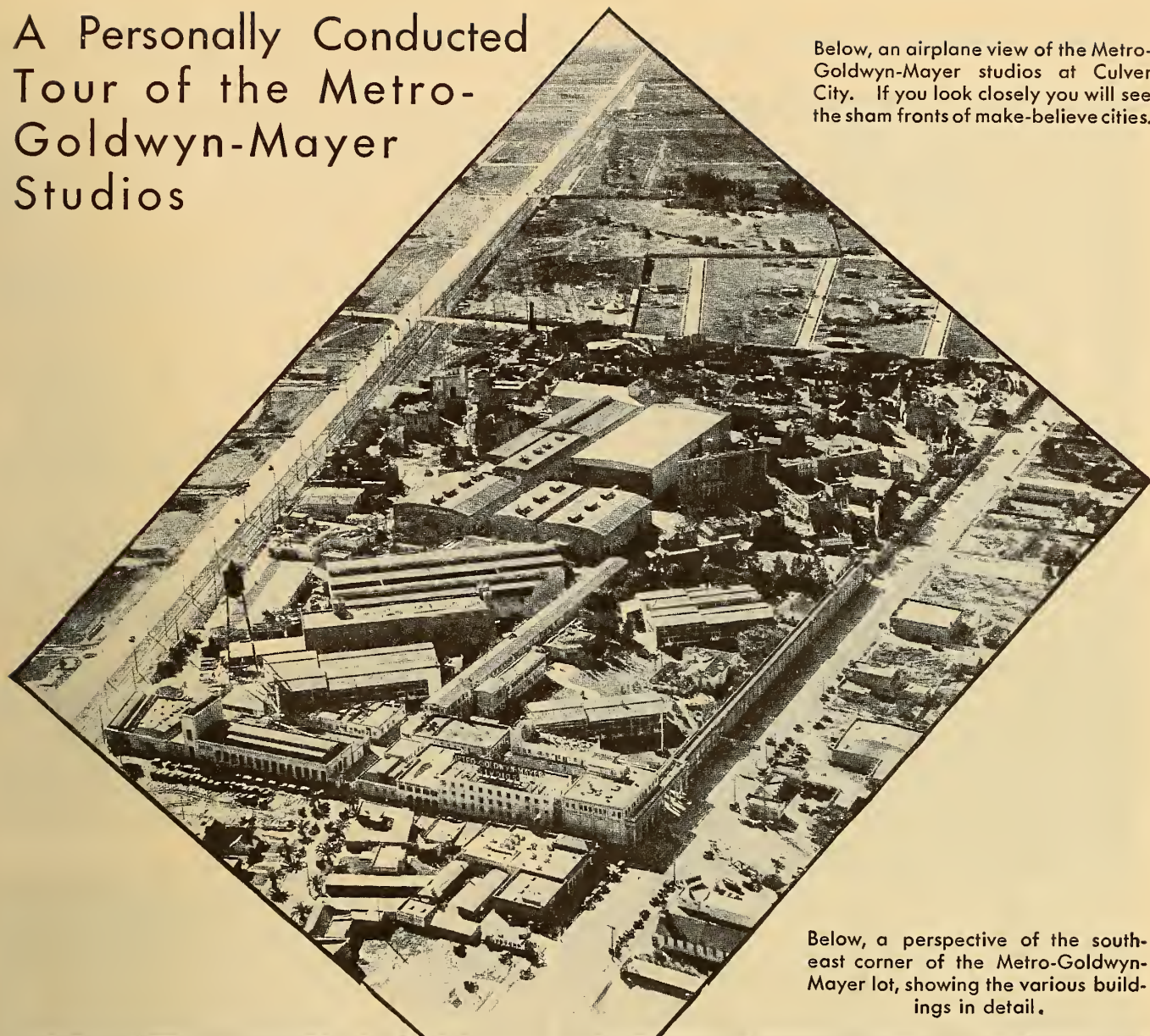


Top left, the mammoth gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, looking from the inside out. The gates are gigantic, so that anything from a big talkie truck to a procession of elephants can move through easily. Above, the exterior of the modern theater stage, where revues are staged just as they would be in a Broadway playhouse. At the left, the guiding spirits of M.G.M.: Louis B. Mayer, vice president in charge of production, and Irving G. Thalberg, executive associate producer.

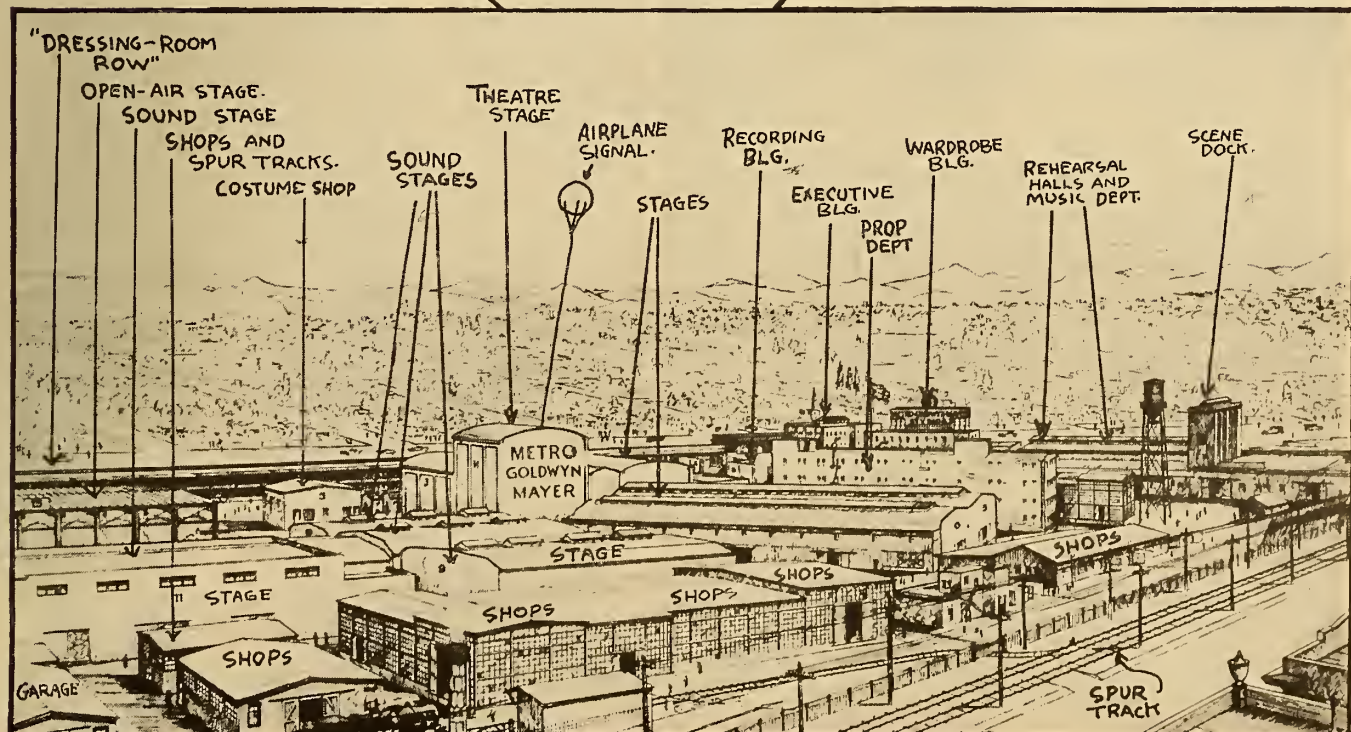


# A Personally Conducted Tour of the Metro- Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Below, an airplane view of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios at Culver City. If you look closely you will see the sham fronts of make-believe cities.



Below, a perspective of the south-east corner of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, showing the various buildings in detail.





# The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio Lot, a Modern



A studio. Publicity. Workmen who would need land for homes.

Thomas Ince, then a big mogul in motion pictures, was called.

"I'll give you," said the realtor, "a flock of acres if you will build a studio upon them and shoot motion pictures in Culver City."

"Where?"

"Culver City," replied the real estate man. "You may not know it, but around this studio you will build is going to grow a prosperous community. It will be called Culver City."

"I'll do it," said Ince.

SO out to the sanded wastes went Tom Ince. He built one rickety stage which passed for a studio and began making Western pictures.

Two years later a man who has since become rather well known in motion picture circles decided that California was a better place to make pictures than was New York.

Tom Ince's once rickety stage had grown to be three large glassed-in affairs. (Remember this was in the days when sunlight was depended upon for lighting.) Samuel Goldwyn, coming West, bought the works. Stages, land and all that went with them.

Top left, the gate guardian, Dan Owens, checks in Lillian Roth. Second from top, Dorothy Jordan and Lila Lee swap gossip. Third, our own Jim Tully buys a newspaper outside the commissary door. Lower left, Lon Chaney and little Harry Earles between scenes of "The Unholy Three." Below, the big directory board, showing the exact location of the various units. Karl Dane and Gwen Lee are the demonstrators.





# City of the Thousand-and-One Arabian Nights

The romance of motion pictures and the studio which is now called Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were under way. Both were making history, but those who participated in the struggles of those old days hardly realized the fact.

**U**NDER the Goldwyn régime at that studio Will Rogers first came to pictures. Also came Pauline Frederick, who was the most beautiful of her day; Helen Chadwick, Naomi Childers, Sydney Ainsworth, Madge Kennedy, Mabel Normand, Jack Pickford, Tom Moore and the great Geraldine Farrar, at that time the "Carmen" of them all. These and many more laughed and cried their way in and out of that old studio. Many of them are but faint memories today.

Rupert Hughes, Rex Beach, Gouverneur Morris, Gertrude Atherton—writing names which today are as big as any in their game—all saw service at that old Goldwyn studio. It was a training ground for the great.

In 1924 Metro and Louis B. Mayer joined hands with Sam Goldwyn and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization and studio developed. It has grown like a fairy city.

The pictures on these pages show you the studio as it is today. There are twenty- (Continued on page 106)

Top right, exterior of John Gilbert's private studio bungalow. Second from top, Hal Roach, the comedy director, tries to confer with a Spanish senorita. Third, John Mack Brown, wearing a Billy-the-Kid haircut, reads his fan mail. Lower right, an extra talks to Sammy Lee, the studio dance director. Below, Karl Dane and John Mack Brown outside the studio barber shop. The modern movie studio is a miniature city.





# The HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER

Drawings by  
Ken Chamberlain

By HERB HOWE

**The Paramount Hacienda:** One by one the studios are drifting away from Hollywood, crowded out of expensive locations by the town they started. Several have moved into San Fernando valley, others have found hospice in Westwood and Culver City. Paramount, a pioneer, still remains, but she has moved from her original location on Vine to the old Brunton studio lot on Melrose. When Jesse Lasky saw that the old home-  
stead was being stalked by skyscrapers he couldn't bear to abandon the barn in which the first of his Hollywood movies was born. So he picked it up and trundled it over to the new location. There it is pensioned off as a sort of museum. Every year a ball and banquet are held beneath its mothering rafters. Cecil De Mille

helps to officiate on such occasions. It was Cecil's wizardry that converted the lowly manger into a bathtub out of which so many stars sprang in personal glory.

**Rudie Still Gets Fan Mail**—Rambling in reverie about the lot with Paul Snell, publicity don, I came onto the dressing bungalow of Rudie Valentino. Paul explained it is now utilized by secretaries handling the stars' fan mail. Many letters addressed to Rudie are received each week. When I asked from whence they came a world-weary blonde replied, "Oh from up in Maine and down in Tennessee."

Evidently our vaunted means of communication are not so hot. Anyhow I think it's nice that Rudie still gets letters.

**Rudie Within Call**—Rudie rests within call of the studio where he triumphed. Forty feet from the wall dividing the Paramount lot from the Hollywood cemetery, the earthiness of Rudie lies in the mausoleum of June Mathis, his discoverer, who likewise is buried there. Fate at last seems to have relented its irony and been strangely considerate. June loved Rudie, and Rudie always wanted you to know that June was the person responsible for leading him to earthly glory.

**The Mary Pickford School**—I think it appropriate that Mary Pickford's bungalow on the Paramount lot should be used as a school for children. Law requires that children employed in pictures be given regular school instruction. Paramount keeps an instructor regularly on the payroll. She holds her classes in Mary's bungalow. Much of the time she has no pupils. Then again she has to call for special assistants from outside. With that uncannily wise child, Mitzi Green, on the lot I'm wondering if Prof. Einstein won't get a hurry-up call.

**Beethoven's Last Stand**—I also think it appropriate that Beethoven should make his last stand on Clara Bow's set. In the days of silent pictures every star had an orchestra to stimulate her emotions. With the entrance of the microphone orchestras were banned by ne-

Clara Bow is the Cinderella of the Paramount lot but "She's an intuitively great actress," says Herb Howe in his plea for the IT girl.





## The Studios Drift Away from Hollywood— Valentino's Fan Mail Continues—What's to Become of Clara Bow?—Lew Ayres Arrives

cessity. Clara alone held out for the muse of music. Other stars may resent the prohibition of other things, but Clara alone defies the prohibition law against music. Of course, she can't have it while she's acting, but she insists upon it between scenes when the microphone isn't listening. There happened to be a prop phonograph on her set the day I panted on. The boys were maliciously playing Harry Richman records. Everyone knew that Clara and Harry no longer harmonized. But never once did Clara crack. Perhaps she was too much interested in her leading man, young Stanley Smith, to recognize Harry's voice. It is said that Harry put Clara on a six months' probation never to look at another man. Who, pray, does this Richman think he is? I, for one, insisted that Clara defy him, which she did in such a nice way that I've sent back my slave bracelet to Garbo.

**What's To Become of Clara?**—Her producers sort of ditched Clara when the talkies came on. They knew she could look and so figured she couldn't talk. When "Paramount on Parade" was shown to exhibitors for the first time Clara was absent. The exhibitors screamed and pounded the arms of their chairs. They knew what they wanted and they wanted IT. The producers hastily dragged Clara out of the corner where they had stood her and let her do a little song and dance for the picture. To the anguish of another star on the lot she quite outstepped-and-outwarbled her.

Clara says she would like to retire from the screen but can't because of so many poor relations dependent on her. She is tired of being banged about like Cinderella by press and producers. Personally I think Clara has been depreciated by the cheese-mongers' stories in which she has appeared. She is an intuitively great actress. Stuart Erwin, who worked with her in a recent picture, tells me she has one of those flash minds. She reads a script through once and knows every line. "She's an on-and-offer," says Stu. "But when she's great she's so darned great that you forgive her for letting down between spurts."

Give Clara Bow the sympathetic management and intelligent coaching that are vouchsafed the frigid Garbo and you'll witness the competition of fire against ice. Clara is what Chevalier calls the *real thing*. Otherwise why does Will Rogers mention her so often? And why do I in my squeaky way pound my typewriter into a white heat as I'm now doing?

**Garbo Befriends Interviewers**—If there ever was a friend of interviewers it is Greta Garbo. She refuses



Herb Howe has gone to Europe to report Continental film news and gossip for **NEW MOVIE** for the next two or three months. You will find his new European comments of genuine interest.

to be interviewed. I wish more stars would realize they have nothing to say. But Greta came cackling off her perch when a Swede interviewer got sore because she shut the door to him. He went right home and said things in Swedish, which is a strong language. Greta hastily invited him to come back and made herself talkative in a big way. I'm not chauvinistic. Indeed, I've been spitefully accused of preferring a Polish lady to our native stars. No, it is not patriotism that makes me resent Greta slamming the door on American interviewers. It's just the bad taste of her. Why anyone, even a Swede, should prefer Swedes. . . . !

**Greater Faith Hath No Woman**—Ramon Novarro tells an interviewer that when he marries he wants a woman whose faith is so great that, when he tells her one thing and her eyes tell her another, she will still believe him. Ramon doesn't want to be a husband, he wants to be a god. Which, of course, is a far more commendable ambition.

**Tight in a Big Way**—Chevalier is living up to our idea of a Frenchman by practising a frugality unparalleled in Hollywood. When he came West the second time he decided to rent a car to save the expense of purchasing one. When he found it would cost him fifty a week he went home and pondered the night through. The next day he said, "No, I can buy me a Ford in three months for what it would cost renting a big car."

Chevalier and his wife live in a small apartment.



# Herb Howe Tells You All About Hollywood Folk

They take turns at the Ford. If a tire goes flat they also take turns. They do not entertain in a Hollywood way. And yet when Chevalier appears on the stage of a theater in Hollywood for a week he dedicates the entire receipts of the first night to the Chevalier hospital in Hollywood. When other stars get tight in a big way like Maurice — well, they'll get our money in the same big way.

**Corinne Forever—**I'm drenched from whimpering through stories about Corinne Griffith quitting the screen. She does say she may make just one more. Swearing off the screen is like swearing off on other things; just one more little one and you're on it again. But the big rainbow through my tears is the rumored possibility of a little toddling talkie of Corinne. Certainly this fine orchid strain should not die out. Charming, refined, potently feminine, Corinne yet has a brain that would do yeoman service for Morgan & Company. Although she has always appeared in luxury becoming an Eastern Empress, she has contrived to build a vast financial structure of bonds, stocks and realty holdings.

In attempting to describe Mary Nolan, someone said, "Imagine Corinne Griffith beaten by life." I regret to say my imagination collapsed like a pricked balloon. I can't imagine Corinne beaten by life but I can imagine life jolly well beaten by Corinne,—if you'll pardon the English.

**Hollywood War Hero—**I dropped in at the Hacienda Apartments to see Lew Ayres. In "All Quiet on the Western Front" Lew plays a soldier in a way that makes him an old vet's buddy. Of course, he was too young to serve in the World War, but his imagination apparently is equal to experience. Besides, the war that Universal staged for the picture was just about as hot as the original.

"How did it feel to plunge your face in the mud?" I asked.

"Funny, everyone asks that question," Lew said. "Well, it wasn't as bad as learning lines every night, after ten to twenty hours in trench and shell hole."

You see a Hollywood hero has it tougher than a World War Sammy. We didn't have to learn lines, only such voluntary ones as "Beautiful Katie." I therefore pin the *Croix de Guerre* on the bosom of young Lew Ayres. He's a boy of authentic character who I hope will come through the battle of Hollywood unscathed. Incidentally there are more casualties in that battle than in any on the Western front. Few come

out of it the same as they entered.

**Hollywood Rumor—**No small town can vie with Hollywood in fantastic gossip. I was soberly informed that Lew was given the name "Lewis Ayres" by his director Lewis Milestone who goes about places with Agnes Ayres. The "Lewis" was from Milestone, the "Ayres" from Agnes. My informant didn't say how Lew's parents came by their name of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Ayres. Maybe Mr. Milestone sponsored their christening, too.

More reliable, perhaps, is the story of little Ena Gregory who was casting about for a more propitious name. She figured that Mary and Douglas were just about the best names in the business and so she is now Marion Douglas. A girl with such genius should be heard from in a big way.

**Talkie Finds—**How badly the microphone has ravaged Hollywood may be estimated by the fact that

one studio has let out fifty of the seventy players who were under contract before the talkies came. And yet the most promising finds of the past year are not all "talkie" actors from the stage by any means. Among the best bets I would list Lewis Ayres, Loretta Young, Stuart Erwin, Stanley Smith, Bernice Claire, Lola Lane, Constance Bennett, Joan Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald, Claudette Colbert, Ann Harding, Robert Montgomery, and that little enfant terrible, Marie Dressler. Two of these have had no stage training; others have had no more than many of the silent players had had. Talkie or no talkie, Hollywood is a seething revolution. That's what makes it exciting. You never know what day you may be a Trotsky.

**The Comic Valentine—**Stuart Erwin is getting the recognizing chuckles out of audiences when he appears, just as Jack Oakie did in his beginning. Stu arrived in the world on Valentine's Day and was left at a post-office called Squaw Valley. He looked so much like Will Rogers, that, even to this day, his folks wonder if the stork didn't make a mistake in the address. Stu says he chose pictures for a career because he realized he was dumb. He flopped out of two universities.

In his first stage appearance he essayed five characters: A juvenile, a bearded gentleman, an Irishman, a German and a Negro. After that he played all sorts of parts, acted as stage manager and eventually was pulled into pictures by Winnie Sheehan. Despite the fact that he is becoming notorious as a stealer of star pictures he is very popular among

(Continued on page 97)



Maurice Chevalier is setting a Hollywood record in frugality. Instead of buying an expensive car, he travels about Hollywood in a Ford. And the Chevaliers live in a small apartment.





Photograph by Richee

CHARLES (BUDDY) ROGERS





Photograph by Hurrell

ANITA PAGE





Photograph by Hurrell

ROD LA ROCQUE





Photograph by Fred R. Archer

VIVIENNE SEGAL





Photograph by Richee

MARLENE DIETRICH





Photograph by Richee

RUTH CHATTERTON





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

KAY FRANCIS



# The MONTANA KID

One of the Greatest Contradictions in Pictures Is Gary Cooper, Who Began by Being Hollywood's Worst Actor

BY DICK HYLAND

On and off the screen Gary Cooper leaves you guessing. He talks too little for anyone to learn much about him.

HE'S a big, rough, tough guy, this Gary Cooper. He's the type you'd expect to love his mother and protect your sister, this boy with the embarrassed, intriguing grin.

He's the quiet gent, who came out of Montana and caused all Hollywood to talk about him. They have to talk because Hollywood sees him around and yet does not know him. Those ingredients make for much talk almost anywhere.

There are folks who have known Gary Cooper for years, directors who have handled him in whole pictures, and have not heard him speak over a hundred conversational words.

HE is one of the greatest contradictions in pictures, is this third of the Three Musketeers of Hollywood.

The reason for that is that he stimulates the imagination. He and Garbo are the only two people on the screen who fit into anything your own imagination creates around them. If you want to see Garbo as a sweet and gracious woman, it's easy. If you want to see her as a sleek and sirenish vampire, you can do that.

Her glimmering personality is like a beautiful picture, into which you fit your own ideals and dreams.

Gary Cooper is the same. He is the perfect model around which you can weave anything you like and he will not interfere with it. If you like a hard, dangerous man, it is easy to think of Cooper as being like that. If you want a sweet, embarrassed boy, he's there. The quality which sets women dreaming and men remembering and longing for adventure seems to be part of Gary.

On the screen Gary Cooper is all things to all men—and women.

Which explains his drawing power.


He is not a good actor. He is not a handsome man, in the generally accepted sense of the word. He has no tricks of personality, no mannerisms. None of the finish of Barrymore or the fire of John Gilbert.

But he has more of everything, and he lacks less, than any of them.

Off the screen—he still leaves you guessing.







Gary Cooper is shy. He dislikes crowds and parties. Yet his three romances have been the talk of the movie capitol.

There again, he is not good looking. Far from being a Buddy Rogers in the matter of profile and dark curls. A tall, lanky young man, with a strong chin and well-set eyes that at times look clear through you and at other times seem incapable of having a thought behind them. There is a leanness of limb and of feature about Gary Cooper that is pleasing.

But he talks so little it is impossible to know much about him.

NO small talk of any kind has Cooper. He neither will not or cannot do it. He is a first-class grunter if ever there was one. Ask him if he thinks it is a nice day and he'll grunt. Ask him how his pictures are going and he'll grunt. If you talk for a long time, he stops grunting and smiles—a sort of pleasant, but not very enthusiastic smile.

As a matter of fact he never says anything unless he has something to say. Otherwise, silence is good enough for him. The necessity for keeping conversation going is not apparent to his mind. If the subject is one about which he knows nothing or is not interested, he simply allows it to slide by without effort.

Only once have I been able to get him going.

He came out to the house one night to dinner. It was two years ago—just after I had met him. He came early, while my wife was still dressing. I'm not fooling when I say that before dinner I felt like the ancient Greek orator who spent hours talking to the waves on the beach.

Finally, long after the coffee and just about the time I was ready to say, "Well, good night, brother. Dash along and I hope you have not worn yourself out grunting at me," I happened to mention that I had spent some time as a forest ranger. That I knew a bit from a halter and how to hobble a horse. That long days spent in the saddle in the California mountains were among the most perfect a man could experience.

It was the "open sesame" to Gary Cooper. He cut loose and talked for an hour about horses, about the range, about saddles, about cattle and the nights under the stars. He made me smell the campfire again and feel the rain beating into my face as I rode into it. The peace that comes when you are alone in the mountains or on the plains with a good horse under you was mine again. Gary Cooper knew his stuff and could talk it well.

There was emotion in his voice, poetry in his words, and fire in his eyes.

I give that example in refutation of the rumor which one sometimes encounters around Hollywood that Gary Cooper is dumb. He isn't. He just will not be a wisecracker. Which is a relief at times. His sense of humor is typically Western—dry, slow, and chiefly for

his own amusement and not for the entertainment of others.

I DON'T know that you would call him anti-social. But he does not care for parties and crowds. When you do see him out he usually stands, tall and grave, watching others mill about. Or he finds some one person who interests him and spends his time in a corner. I remember seeing him sit all one Sunday afternoon on the end of a diving-board talking to Evelyn Brent, while fifty other people swam, played tennis and talked in groups at a garden party.

Partly, he is shy. Very easily embarrassed and self-conscious. Partly, he thinks that all the social chatter and laughter of people is a waste of time and energy.

Gary has needed all his energy since he first came to Hollywood.





Gary Cooper with his father and mother, Judge and Mrs. Henry Cooper. Gary was born in Montana and went to Hollywood to seek his fortune as a commercial artist.

First of all, he has had three rather hectic love affairs with three very dynamic young women.

Clara Bow saw him first, when he played with her in "Children of Divorce." It was a mad young romance and nearly cost Gary his chance in pictures. For it swept him completely off his feet—this quiet, silent cowboy from Montana—and he forgot all about his career and his work.

Then for a long time everyone thought he was going to marry Evelyn Brent. You've seen Betty Brent on the screen. A vivid, forceful girl, with a wealth of emotion and a keen brain.

Now Lupe Velez, the wild-cat from Mexico. It is funny to watch Lupe and Gary together—like seeing a small typhoon playing around a big, gray battleship, or a Pekinese pup annoying a Great Dane. Gary adores her, accepts all her emotionalism, her tempestuous outbursts, her wild mirth—with his slow, shy smile. When she starts kissing him in public—at the Montmartre at lunch or some such place—he takes it with a grin, embarrassed but unconcerned.

**T**HE second thing for which he has needed his energy is his work.

Because Gary Cooper is not a natural-born actor.

No man who ever succeeded before the camera was so terrible to begin with. He was the world's worst actor and the hardest man to direct who ever stepped on a stage.

If Gary Cooper owes his success to anyone, it is to Frank Lloyd, one of the best directors in pictures.

Frank directed "Children of Divorce," which was Gary's first real picture. Before that he had appeared—by chance—as Abe Lee in "The Winning of Barbara Worth". Then Paramount, desperate for a leading man, as every studio was at that time, cast him for a

young polo player in a picture under Frank's direction.

It was awful. In fact, it was plain murder. Frank worked until he was exhausted. It took him three days to get one scene of Gary opening a letter and looking surprised. Twice Paramount decided to take him out of the part, and twice Frank Lloyd fought to keep him in.

"He can't act yet," he said, "but he's got something. I'll manage with him. Let him alone for a while."

**F**INALLY, after a terrific struggle, Frank Lloyd pulled him through.

And the public went crazy about him. They liked that awkwardness, that shy naturalness that was not acting. They liked the tall, strong young man who actually looked like a man and not an actor.

Gary Cooper, to his own and everyone else's amazement, was OVER.

He is still difficult to direct.

He did not want to be a movie actor! He wanted to be a commercial artist. When he came down to Los Angeles from Montana it was for that purpose. But he flopped, finally could not get a job.

To keep from starving to death, and because he knew how to ride, he got a job as an extra in Westerns. He went to Nevada with the company making "The Winning of Barbara Worth" merely as a cowboy extra. But the man who was to have played the part of Abe Lee took sick and Gary was shoved into it. Merely because he looked nearest the part and they could not wait until an actor came from Los Angeles.

Unless all signs go wrong, Gary Cooper is going to come closer to taking Wally Reid's place than anyone else. Which would probably have pleased Wally because he would have liked Gary Cooper a lot.

But then—who wouldn't? Or doesn't?

### IN NEXT MONTH'S NEW MOVIE ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

will tell the brave and dramatic story of Anna Q. Nilsson, crippled by an accident and fighting to recover her place in moviedom





Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

## JEAN ARTHUR

Poses as Sir James Barrie's immortal Peter Pan, the boy who wouldn't grow up.



# The SWANSON Fashion PARADE



Gloria Swanson (above) in a suit of black broadtail, with ivory transparent velvet waist. A silver fox cuff for one sleeve only lends a smart touch to the ensemble. A close-fitting hat is worn with this original costume.

Gloria Swanson demonstrates the correct thing for sports aboard ship. She is wearing a blue floccallic sports suit trimmed with harmonizing suede. Her blue suede beret matches the suit. A white pique blouse with turned down collar is worn with this costume.





# The Famous Star Poses in the Newest Modes

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY RUSSELL BALL

Miss Swanson demonstrates the newest and smartest in dinner dresses. The gown is of nude satin, in which both sides of the material are used. A circular cape collar falls over one shoulder to form a fetching train.





## GLORIA'S 1930

Miss Swanson (at the left) is wearing an attractive afternoon suit. It is of French lida, trimmed with leopard. With it she wears a beige satin blouse and a leopard trimmed felt hat.



A smart street ensemble is shown by Miss Swanson at the right. It is made of black flat crepe and gray tribor, trimmed with astrakhan. With it Miss Swanson wears a close-fitting black felt hat.





# FASHION REVUE

An evening gown of pale green crepe mogul is revealed by Miss Swanson at the right. This is embroidered along the neckline with fine stones. With this costume Miss Swanson wears three bracelets of original design just above the elbow. Her earrings match.



At the left Miss Swanson is seen in a transparent black velvet tea gown with sleeves forming large circular flounces at the wrists. These are trimmed with rows of white gardenias



# HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

Mrs. George Fitzmaurice Gives a Shower for the Movie Colony's Bride, Bebe Daniels, and Entertains at a Buffet Dinner

By EVELYN GRAY  
Special Photographs by Stagg

**T**HERE is no more delightful occasion for entertaining than to honor some prospective bride with a shower. There are a vast number of showers which can be arranged, from little useful articles which every young wife is going to need to the finest gifts for her trousseau.

Bebe Daniels was honored before her wedding to Ben Lyon by several showers, given by her intimate friends and members of her bridal party. Just before the ceremony Mrs. George Fitzmaurice entertained with one of the most delightful parties ever given in Hollywood. The scene was the beautiful English home of the Fitzmaurices in Beverly Hills.

Seventy-five of Bebe's feminine friends were invited for an eight-o'clock dinner. The men were asked to come in around ten o'clock.

**M**RS. FITZMAURICE, who is one of Holly-

wood's most charming hostesses, used great taste in her decorations. A big bay window in the drawing-room was filled with baskets of white flowers, Easter lilies and sprays of white blossoms being the motif. Here she arranged an enormous clothes basket, covered with frilly white paper, from which the beautifully wrapped presents appeared to spill in gay profusion. Each guest as she arrived deposited her package, and Bebe had the delightful suspense of seeing this heap of treasures awaiting her hand when dinner was over.

The dinner itself was served in buffet style. Many small card tables had been set up in the dining-room, the big sun porch and the small breakfast room, covered with white cloths and with the silver laid. The guests served themselves and then found their special friends and the smaller tables arranged around the rooms.

Mrs. George Fitzmaurice puts the finishing touches to the gardenia decorations of a table. The centerpiece shows a doll in a cage with a toy lion, the doll standing with tiny foot planted in the lion's neck. The dinner itself was served in buffet style.







THE menu was a particularly delightful one, as the Fitzmaurices are famous for a dish known in the Hollywood circle as "Fitzmaurice hash." We begged the recipe from Fitz, who brought it with him from Italy after a trip abroad some years ago, and it is given in detail at the end of this article. Besides big chafing dishes and casseroles of this famous dish were platters of turkey, roasted potatoes, and new peas, and two large platters of a marvelous vegetable salad with French dressing.

In the center of the table was a special decoration arranged by Mrs. Fitzmaurice, which caused much laughter among the guests. In a white bird cage was a woolly lion, such as kiddies receive on Christmas. Above the prostrate figure of the lion was an adorable doll, in a wedding costume, with her small foot firmly planted on the lion's neck.

The dessert, served at the tables, was ice-cream made in a lion mold, and in a mold of a small book, with the names "Bebe-Ben" written in colored ice-cream. Coffee and mints were served following the dessert.

AS soon as dinner was over—during the meal a four-piece orchestra played softly in a curtained alcove, using as their chief selections the favorite songs from Miss Daniels' screen success, "Rio Rita"—Miss Daniels took her seat beside the gifts and the girls gathered about her, sitting on the floor. She opened the presents among her friends and received many congratulations on the lovely additions to her bridal trousseau and the furnishings for her new home.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice's gift was the wedding nightgown of white satin and D'Alencon lace, copied exactly from the one made in Paris for the trousseau of Princess

A few of the girls and the gifts at Mrs. Fitzmaurice's party. Seated: Carmen Pantages and Colleen Moore. Standing, left to right: Lou Rawson, Eileen Percy, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, Julianne Johnson and Mrs. Laurence Wheat. Sixty girls attended the shower. You can read all about their costumes in this article.

Marie-Josef of Belgium.

Miss Daniels wore a dinner gown of soft green chiffon, the figure outlined with delicate ruffles of the same material. A corsage of orchids was worn on the shoulder. The hostess, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, wore a bouffant dress

of sheer white organdy, very tight at the waist and with a full, long skirt, and a tiny bolero jacket of blue embroidery.

OTHERS present were:

Colleen Moore, in a dress of print chiffon, made with a long skirt of plaited ruffles.

Elsie Janis. White taffeta, with a broad hem of black around the bottom and a neckline ornamented with rose and gold.

Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. A tight-fitting gown of silver and green metallic cloth, with a wide bertha around the neckline.

Dolores del Rio. Chartreuse green velvet, with a fairly short skirtline, around which fell long panels touching the floor. With this she wore emerald rings and earrings, and orchids.

Lilyan Tashman. A tight-fitting gown of black chiffon, cut to the waistline in the back and with invisible shoulder straps of flesh chiffon. The black chiffon was printed from the knees down in very large conventionalized roses.

Carmen Pantages. A green and mauve print, softly draped and with a little winged cape over the shoulders.

Betty Compson. White taffeta, belted exactly at the waistline and covered with tiny gold stars.

Billie Dove. All black chiffon, with a simple bodice belted at the waist, and a long skirt, ending in a full, ruffled flounce below the knees. (Continued on page 109)







At the right, Miss Bow standing in the arched doorway leading to the dressing room. Rose brocaded curtains, edged with chiffon ruffles and caught back with velvet bands, drape the entrance. The wardrobe is concealed by sliding doors. The carpeting is of a very pale and warm shade of mulberry.

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS  
By DON ENGLISH



The Bow bedroom is furnished in old ivory enamel. The bed is raised on a dais and covered with a throw of ruck rose brocade. Besides the bed, the boudoir furniture includes a chest of drawers, a dressing table and a writing desk, all in old ivory. The drapes are of antique rose brocade, but the window curtains are of lightly ruffled wisps of maize chiffon, bringing a splash of eternal sunshine into the room. An imported crystal chandelier hangs from the center ceiling.

# MOVIE BOUDOIRS

IV. CLARA BOW





Miss Bow's dressing table is placed beneath a window to permit unobstructed lighting for the intricate details of make-up. This table is draped with the same antique rose brocade that covers the bed and curtains the doorway. The top is covered with glass, over a yellow silk ground. A myriad of perfume bottles are arranged on the table, crystal and onyx vying with jade and different colored quartz.

The Bow boudoir. The star's bed is devoid of footboard or headboard, but is richly draped and covered with generous yards of brocade. Pale rose chiffon, caught into folds and pleats, forms the inner portion of the overhead draping.



At the left, Miss Bow's Chinese room, designed for relaxation and rest. The walls are covered with a black and gold material, displaying Chinese scenes. One entire corner is devoted to a huge divan that is built into the walls. It is covered with black and decorated with pyramids of red and gold pillows. Red and gold brocade curtains cover the French windows. A black carpet and Oriental rugs conceal the floor. A gold Buddha sits on a throne at one side.





Phillips Holmes, son of the comedian, Taylor Holmes, came into his own in Nancy Carroll's "The Devil's Holiday." He scored a real hit. You will next see him with Cyril Maude in "Grumpy."

Photograph by Otto Dyar

**PHILLIPS  
HOLMES**





In these specially posed photographs, Alice White forgets her flapper past and tries to capture the mood of that Victorian Alice who dreamed a magic dream. Above you see her with the imperious Queen of Hearts who was one of the creatures who "ordered one about so." Alice is crouched under the fantastic mushroom, a taste of which made little girls grow short or tall at will. And below you find her in Hollywood's version of the Lewis Carroll garden.







Do you remember the card gardeners who painted the roses in order to placate the angry Queen? Perhaps these photographs are in the nature of a dress rehearsal and Miss White will surprise the public by bringing the "child with the clear untroubled brow" to the screen.

# Alice in Wonderland





Photograph by Hurrell

## DOROTHY JORDAN

Miss Jordan is a Tennessee girl. After a few appearances in the choruses of Broadway musical comedies, Miss Jordan went to Hollywood. Her first chance came in the Pickford-Fairbanks film, "The Taming of the Shrew." After that, she became Ramon Novarro's leading woman in three films, "Devil May Care," "Gay Madrid," and "The Singer of Seville." Miss Jordan is one of the most promising of the Hollywood youngsters.



# REVIEWS: By Frederick James Smith

## THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY Paramount

Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Hallie Hobart*, Nancy Carroll; *David Stone*, Phillips Holmes; *Mark Stone*, James Kirkwood; *Ezra Stone*, Hobart Bosworth; *Charlie Thorne*, Ned Sparks; *Monkey*, McConnell, Morgan Farley; *Kent Carr*, Jed Prouty; *Dr. Reynolds*, Paul Lukas; *Ethel*, Zasu Pitts; *Fred*, Morton Downey; *Hammond*, Guy Oliver; *Aunt Betty*, Jessie Pringle.

Edmund Goulding, who wrote and directed this, has a sure screen touch. He brought back Gloria Swanson with "The Trespasser." Here he has lifted Nancy Carroll from mere flapper rôles to real heights of sincerity. This is the story of the son of a rich wheat farmer and a gold-digging Chicago manicurist, their marriage and what came of it. The regeneration of the flashy, shallow Hallie is superbly depicted by Miss Carroll. And Phillips Holmes gives a splendid performance of the simple lad from the wheat fields. This film is 'way above the average, possessing sincerity and force. It is a picture you should surely see.

Best—Nancy Carroll



## THE TEXAN—Paramount

Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *The Llano Kid*, Gary Cooper; *Consuelo*, Fay Wray; *Senora Ibarra*, Emma Dunn; *Thacker*, Oscar Apfel; *John Brown*, James Marcus; *Nick Ibarra*, Donald Reed; *The Duenna*, Soledad Jimenez; *Mary*, Veda Buckland; *Pasquale*, Cesar Vanoni; *Henry*, Edwin J. Brady; *Sisto*, Enrique Acosta; *Cabman*, Romualdo Tirado.

Since the success of "The Virginian," it is evident that Gary Cooper must make other geographic sequels. Here he is a Texas cowpuncher who falls in with a crook's efforts to fleece an old woman in South America. The woman has offered a big reward for her lost son, who ran away at the age of ten. The scheme calls for Gary to pose as the son and split the reward with the crook. Down in Latin America, the Llano Kid finds he can't go through with it. He's fallen in love with his "cousin," played by Fay Wray. You will like Gary, who has never been more sincere, and you will like the picture, too.

Best—Gary Cooper



## THE BIG POND Paramount

Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Pierre*, Maurice Chevalier; *Barbara Billings*, Claudette Colbert; *Ronnie*, Frank Lyon; *Mr. Billings*, George Barbier; *Mrs. Billings*, Marion Ballou; *Pat O'Day*, Nat Pendleton; *Toinette*, Andree Corday; *Jennie*, Elaine Koch.

The process of flattening Maurice Chevalier into the conventional movie mould has started. His newest film, "The Big Pond," is the sort of thing Richard Dix once acted. An American girl, while abroad, falls in love with a Frenchman. Her father, hoping to cure her, brings the Parisian back to America and puts him to work in his factory. But the foreigner makes good and becomes a big success. Chevalier is not at his best as a go-getter. He is too expert an actor to fail, however, and keeps "The Big Pond" above water. Still, the film is pretty poor. The charming Claudette Colbert is lost in the proceedings, too.

Best—Maurice Chevalier



## BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT—First National

Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Countess Anna-Marie*, Vivienne Segal; *Count Adrian Beltrami*, Allan Prior; *Colonel Vultow*, Walter Pidgeon; *Teresa*, Louise Fazenda; *Sophie*, Myrna Loy; *Sprotti*, Lupino Lane; *Tangy*, Ford Sterling; *Sgt. Dostal*, Harry Cording; *Capt. Stogan*, Claude Fleming; *The Prince*, Herbert Clark.

This was once a stage operetta called "The Lady in Ermine." A picturesque background: Northern Italy near the border years ago when Austrian hussars were putting down a rebellion. Count Adrian Beltrami has to make his escape on his wedding night. It falls to his bride, the Countess Anna-Marie, to entertain the ruthless invaders. Their leader is a dashing colonel who has few scruples. In this rôle Walter Pidgeon, tall and striking, stands out. But the star is Vivienne Segal, Broadway luminary, who does very well with the rôle of the countess bride. Myrna Loy is excellent, too.

Best—Vivienne Segal



## THE ARIZONA KID—Fox

Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *The Arizona Kid*, Warner Baxter; *Lorita*, Mona Maris; *Virginia Hoyt*, Carol Lombard; *Nick Hoyt*, Theodor Von Eltz; *Snakebite Pete*, Arthur Stone; *Pulga*, Mrs. Jimenez; *Sheriff Andrews*, Walter P. Lewis; *The Hoboken Hooker*, Jack Herrick; *His Manager*, Wilfred Lucas; *Bartender Bill*, Hank Mann; *Molly*, DeSacia Mooers.

Continuing the adventures of the Cisco Kid, the dashing, singing hero of "In Old Arizona." Warner Baxter is again the guitar-strumming, roistering desperado. No, the sequel isn't as good as "In Old Arizona." Sequels rarely hit the fine zest of their predecessors. Hoofbeats again clatter across the mesa. Stage coaches again creak and thunder through lonely passes. And the Cisco Kid rides quite as fearlessly. It is a pleasant enough yarn, of the Cisco Kid, his love for a faithless blonde (Carol Lombard), and how the fiery-tempered Lorita (Mona Maris) saves him. Baxter is ingratiating.

Best—Warner Baxter





# ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW



Metro-Goldwyn happily borrowed Ruth Chatterton from Paramount to play the shrewdly understanding actress heroine of what was once a stage play called "The High Road." This is one of those swanky studies of British life. Drawing-room dramas, they used to call them in the old stage days. Miss Chatterton is adroit and sure as the actress who sends the man she loves back to the woman he has loved. And she is ably aided by Basil Rathbone as the man. This is tastefully directed and acted. It will hold you mildly, unless you buck at folks who hide their breaking hearts behind a teacup. The talkies, by the way, have been going in for this polite drama pretty heavily.

Best—Ruth Chatterton



Just another milestone in the wrecking of a brilliant film career. Clara Bow, who can troop with the best of them and who has personality, is weighted down with a yarn that is both dull and dumb. Clara is the pert soda fountain attendant with a sweetheart on every ship of the Pacific fleet. She flirts with 'em all until Gunner McCoy appears—and then it's all over. Clara cries and sings—but she can do something far better than this. We refer you to Herb Howe's plea for Clara on another page of this issue. Fredric March plays Gunner McCoy, the target practice hope of the squadron. Won't somebody do something for our Clara?

Best—Clara Bow



"The Silent Enemy" is hunger. This is a record of primitive Indian life, a saga of the North American aboriginals. Two explorers spent two years in Northern Ontario, studying the ways of the redskin, sharing his hardships and persuading him to take part in a mimic representation of his life as it was. The flavor of James Fenimore Cooper is somehow caught but the naïve and simple charm of "Nanook" and "Moana" is absent. "The Silent Enemy" is a tribal panorama of brave Chetoga and his Ojibway tribesmen, of the squaws and the children. There is an exciting caribou stampede. This has synchronized Indian music but no dialogue.

Best—Chief Long Lance



Of course, you liked Will Rogers in his comedy, "So This Is Paris." Here's the inevitable sequel which carries America's unofficial ambassador to England. It isn't nearly as good as its predecessor. There's no Fifi Dorsay. But it is amusing stuff, this comedy of an American family doing Europe. Son falls in love with the daughter of a British lord and Hiram Draper of Oklahoma (Will Rogers) has to make the best of it, despite his hatred of all things English. There's a hilarious sequence when the dazed Hiram attends a British shoot as the guest of the lord. Will Rogers seems to us to be rather labored in this comedy. His homely comedy is getting a little thin.

Best—Will Rogers



Barbara Stanwyck, who didn't score at her movie début in "The Locked Door," hits the gong hard in this story, which was produced as a stage play, called "Ladies of the Evening," by David Belasco. It's all about gold diggers and their victims, wild studio parties and tawdry penthouse orgies. It's too untamed for little Willie. Kay Arnold is a typical gold digger with a library consisting of two volumes—the telephone book and Bradstreet's—until she meets a nice young artist. Then her hard-boiled veneer drops away—and she's quite another person. Miss Stanwyck makes the part both sincere and believable. She's delightful.

Best—Barbara Stanwyck

## THE LADY OF SCANDAL M-G-M

Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Elsie*, Ruth Chatterton; *Edward*, Basil Rathbone; *John*, Ralph Forbes; *Lady Trench*, Nance O'Neil; *Lord Trench*, Frederick Kerr; *Lord Crayle*, Herbert Bunston; *Sir Reginald*, Cyril Chadwick; *Lady Minster*, Ellie Ellsler; *Hilary*, Robert Bolder; *Alice*, Moon Carroll; *Ernest*, Mackenzie Ward; *Morton*, Edgar Norton.

## TRUE TO THE NAVY Paramount

Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Ruby Nolan*, Clara Bow; *Gunner McCoy*, Fredric March; *Solomon Bimberg*, Harry Green; *Eddie*, Rex Bell; *Michael*, Eddie Fetherston; *Albert*, Eddie Dunn; *Peewee*, Ray Cooke; *Artie*, Harry Sweet; *Maizie*, Adele Windsor; *Grogan*, Sam Hardy; *Manager Dance Hall*, Jed Prouty.

## THE SILENT ENEMY Paramount

Directed by William Douglas Burden and William C. Chanler. The cast: *Chetoga*, Tribe Leader; *Chief Yellow Robe*; *Baluk*, the Mighty Hunter; *Chief Long Lance*; *Dagwan*, the Medicine Man; *Chief Akawansh*; *Neewa*, Chetoga's Daughter; *Spotted Elk*; *Cheeka*, Chetoga's Son, Cheeka.

## SO THIS IS LONDON Fox

Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Hiram Draper*, Will Rogers; *Mrs. Hiram Draper*, Irene Rich; *Junior Draper*, Frank Albertson; *Elinor Worthing*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Lord Percy Worthing*, Lumsden Hare; *Lady Worthing*, Mary Forbes; *Alfred Honeycutt*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Lady Amy Ducksworth*, Dorothy Christy; *Martha*, Martha Lee Sparks.

## LADIES OF LEISURE Columbia

Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Kay Arnold*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Bill Standish*, Lowell Sherman; *Jerry Strange*, Ralph Graves; *Dot Lamar*, Marie Prevost; *Clair*, Juliette Compton; *Mr. Strange*, George Fawcett; *Charlie*, Johnnie Walter; *Mrs. Strange*, Nance O'Neil.



# ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

## THE FLORODORA GIRL M-G-M

Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Daisy*, Marion Davies; *Jack*, Lawrence Gray; *Deboer*, Walter Catlett; *Hemingway*, Louis John Bartels; *Fanny*, Ilka Chase; *Maud*, Vivian Oakland; *Old Man Dell*, Jed Prouty; *Rumblesham*, Claud Allister; *Fontaine*, Sam Hardy; *Mrs. Vibart*, Nance O'Neil; *Commodore*, Robert Bolder; *Constance*, Jane Keithely.

The Mauve Decade—that era of mutton sleeves, bicycles built for two and super-modest bathing suits—comes in for a lot of spoofing in this comedy. Marion Davies plays Daisy, a guileless member of the famous Florodora sextette who falls in love with a gay society rounder. There's a scoundrel who tries to steal our Daisy, but true love wins. Our hero goes into the business of making horseless carriages—and acquires a fortune. When this comedy sticks to broad burlesque it is funny and Marion Davies is at her best in her comic moments: You'll love the sextette when it dashes into "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," with the giddy abandon of the '90s.

Best—Marion Davies



## NEW MOVIETONE FOLIES OF 1930—Fox

Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Axel Svenson*, El Brendel; *Vera Fontaine*, Marjorie White; *George Randall*, Frank Richardson; *Gloria De Witt*, Noel Francis; *Conrad Sterling*, William Collier, Jr.; *Mary Mason*, Miriam Seegar; *Marvin Kingsley*, Huntley Gordon; *Lee Hubert*, Paul Nicholson; *Maid*, Yola D'Arvil; *Doorman*, J. M. Kerrigan.

What, another revue? Here specialties are held together by a thin plot, dealing with the spendthrift nephew of a millionaire who is in love with a show girl. This somehow or other permits of the moving of a Broadway revue, scenery and all, to the rich uncle's country estate in Westchester. To our way of thinking, Noel Francis scores best as a blues singing show girl, while El Brendel holds up an otherwise weak musical picture. Brendel plays a valet who poses as a wealthy lumberman from somewhere or other. This is elaborately staged and has ambitious intentions—but it is just fair. Marjorie White is entirely too forced for our taste.

Best—Noel Francis



## SWEET MAMA First National

Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Goldie*, Alice White; *Jimmy*, David Manners; *Joe Palmer*, Kenneth Thomson; *Lulu*, Rita Flynn; *Al Hadrick*, Lee Moran; *Gangsters*, Lee Shumway, Lou Harvey, Richard Cramer and Robert Elliott.

What, the underworld and cabarets again? Here they are, playing the background once more for Alice White. Alice is Goldie, a burlesque chorine who gets all mixed up with a gang of crooks who are about to rob a bank. Of course, Goldie foils them after she takes a job in a night club. The big moment comes when the gang leader's gorillas are about to drop Alice's sweetie off a skyscraper. Enjoyment here depends upon three things, whether or not you like Alice, gangsters and cabarets. Miss White works hard, but the melodramatic machinery creaks considerably as the wheels go round. Just fair.

Best—Alice White



## ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT United Artists

Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: *Alexandra*, Lillian Gish; *Prince Albert*, Rod La Rocque; *Dr. Nicholas Haller*, Conrad Nagel; *Princess Beatrice*, Marie Dressler; *Father Benedict*, O. P. Heggie; *Count Lutzen*, Albert Conti; *Colonel Wunderlich*, Edgar Norton; *Symphorosa*, Billie Bennett; *George*, Phillippe De Lacy; *Arzene*, Byron Sage; *Mitzi*, Barbara Leonard.

If you saw the delightful stage production of Ferenc Molnar's "The Swan," with its brilliant characterizations by Eva Le Gallienne, Basil Rathbone and Philip Merivale, you are not going to like this screen version called "One Romantic Night." Briefly, it is the brittle triangular romance of a princess, a prince and a tutor. The two male rôles are clumsily acted in the film version by Rod La Rocque and Conrad Nagel. Miss Gish is mild, intelligent and dignified. The hit is scored by Marie Dressler, who gallops away with the film as the princess' mother. This film is slender and rather unsatisfactory. The right directorial treatment is lacking.

Best—Lillian Gish



## OLD AND NEW—Amkino

Directed by Sergei Eisenstein and Gregory V. Alexandrov. Photography by Edward Tisse. No cast list available. Produced in U. S. S. R. by Sovkino and released in America by Amkino.

Because it was directed by Sergei Eisenstein, who made "The Cruiser Potemkin" and "Ten Days That Shook the World," this has significance to students of films. Eisenstein is looked upon as an important figure in pictures, although he has worked far away, in Soviet Russia. Like other Russian films, this is primarily propaganda. It was produced by the Soviet Government with the purpose of educating Russian farmers to the advantages of co-operation and modern agricultural machinery. The big moment comes when an imported American churn works—to the discomfiture of the skeptics. Unless you are absorbed in screen technique, you will find this dull indeed.

Best—Sergei Eisenstein







## How a Fourteen-Year-Old Failure Lifted Herself to Film Success

### Act II

*Last month NEW MOVIE presented the first act of Lila Lee's colorful life drama. Lila Lee, who is just twenty-five, has been for twenty years an important figure in the vaudeville and screen world. In 1904 an immigrant couple from southern Germany came to New York. They were Charles Appell and his wife, Augusta. With them was a little girl in pig-tails, the four-year-old daughter, Margaret. In July, 1905, another daughter, Augusta, was born to the couple. Augusta Appell was destined to become Lila Lee.*

*In 1910 Appell was boniface of a little hotel in Union Hill, N. J. Actors playing an adjoining theater stayed at the hotel. Thus Gus Edwards came first to see little Augusta. A tiny girl in the act, "School Days," fell ill and Augusta was pressed into service. Thus the future Lila Lee made her stage debut.*

*Augusta became part of the act, thanks to the interest and loving care of Mrs. Lillian Edwards. For six years Augusta was the little star of the act. She was billed as Cuddles, the child star. In 1918 Jesse Lasky, head of Famous Players-Lasky, came to Gus Edwards with an offer to star Cuddles in pictures. Her name was changed to Lila Lee. She made one picture—a flop.*

**N**OBODY likes to be labeled a failure. It's bad enough to take a polite little flop that nobody knows but yourself. But when everyone is looking on, when you have been hailed as a conquering heroine, then it becomes a real disaster.

The child of fourteen who had been vaudeville's pet as "Cuddles," and who had come to Hollywood touted as the greatest picture find in years, faced a definite failure when most girls are still going to high school, protected and cared for and knowing no more serious heartache than a scolding or a quarrel with a girl friend.

Moreover, Hollywood gave her a big laugh instead of the sympathy which she so sorely needed.

**P**ROBABLY no one meant to be unkind. They hadn't grown to know Lila. She was simply a little upstart who had been elevated

over the heads of many more worthy of success in their eyes. Her cold reception was due to the fanfare of trumpets which greeted her entrance and which didn't make much of a hit with the hard-working girls who felt

Lila Lee was exactly fourteen when she flopped as a child film star. Touted as the greatest screen find in years, her debut was a disaster. Facing a definite failure at the age most girls are going to High School, Lila Lee paused to take stock of herself. Then she began the fight all over again—and won.



# The Drama of LILA LEE

By EVELYN GRAY



that such importations were not to be encouraged.

After all, who was this infant, shipped out from New York and flung to the top without a day's preparations? What right had she to such preferment? Maybe she had been on the stage since she was five, but that didn't argue that she was a motion picture star.

As a matter of fact, they were right.

Lila Lee found herself unable to handle starring parts in motion pictures. Looking at it in retrospect that isn't so astounding. Camera work, particularly in those days, differed entirely from stage work. Moreover, when she worked in the Gus Edwards' "School Days," Cuddles had always played either herself or some childish bit of fun-making pantomime. She had no acting technique, no knowledge of characterization. Also, she was at an incredibly difficult age. Too young for rôles that included sex, too old for really childish parts.

She should never have been forced to carry the name and the burden of a star so soon.

But it was Lila herself who had to pay for the mistake the producers made in forcing her ahead too fast.

When, after one or two more half-hearted and very bad attempts to make starring pictures with Lila Lee, it was announced publicly that she was no longer on the Famous Players-Lasky roll of stellar names, the wise ones said "I told you," a lot of folks laughed, and every one agreed that the last had been heard of that young person.

Girls didn't come back from such a flop as that.

THE executives of the organization sent for Lila Lee and explained the situation to her briefly and forcibly. Her contract was for five years but, like most Hollywood contracts, it was an option affair. It had to be renewed at the end of each year by the company. It called for Lila Lee to play star parts and nothing but star parts.

Now this somewhat bewildered youngster, with her enormous eyes and the soft, dark cloud of hair down her slim young back, heard that, when the first year was up, the contract would not be renewed on that

Lila Lee, the daughter of German immigrants, was a vaudeville favorite as a child. She was the Cuddles of Gus Edwards' "School Days." Then, at thirteen, she was signed for film stardom.

basis. They would take up the option, *but* they wouldn't star her.

If she wanted to stick around they'd try to find some parts for her. Eventually they might make something of her—just what they didn't say. Otherwise, the deal was off. She'd have to make up her mind.

Lila went home to Minnie, the ever-faithful, ever-present Minnie, who had cared for and guarded and loved her in the theater when Mrs. Edwards could no longer be with her beloved Cuddles. Never has Hollywood known such a chaperon as Minnie proved to be during those first years in Hollywood. No one ever got inside the door of Lila's house or her dressing-room without passing Minnie's eagle eye. If the girl had callers, Minnie sat in the next room. Anyone who invited Lila out to dine or drive found Minnie, arrayed in her best black, ready to accompany them.

Now Lila wept on her shoulder and faced a pretty grown-up problem. They had been badly defeated in their attempt to take Hollywood by storm. Should they go back to New York and the stage, which knew Cuddles and would always headline her in vaudeville and musical shows? Or should they stay and fight it out here? Was it possible to live down such a failure?

PRIDE told her to go back East. A certain very definite bulldog determination, which has been apparent throughout her career, counseled her to stay.

And there was another great pull toward the latter course. Whatever Hollywood thought of her, she loved Hollywood—the life, the people, the work. It seemed more real to her than any of the places she had visited in her nomadic childhood. Here one could have a real home, with a little garden and trees and sunshine, and make permanent friends, who didn't pass into mere memories when the train pulled out for the next town.

Minnie never had any doubts. She told Lila that the things which made her Cuddles were still there. She was the same girl whose charm and personality



# HOW C. B. DE MILLE SAVED LILA LEE FROM OBLIVION



Lila Lee would have been forgotten had not Cecil De Mille given her the role of Tweenie in "Male and Female." And, save for the encouragement of Tommy Meighan, she would have faltered then.

had made Jesse Lasky give her that amazing starring contract back in New York. All she needed was experience and a chance and she'd be offered another chance to be a star.

Minnie was right. Not many years later the same firm did offer to star her again. But love had come into her life then and at the dictates of love she refused it.

When she had just about made up her mind to stay and begin at the bottom again, a message arrived. Cecil B. De Mille wanted to see her.

No one who wasn't there can altogether picture what "C. B." meant in those early days. One mentioned his name with bated breath. He was the miracle worker, the star maker, the most awe-inspiring figure in the whole motion picture industry. In him began all the traditions of royalty which have since surrounded important directors. His was the first palatial office, the first huge staff, the first complete power in a big organization. D. W. Griffith had, of course, been the whole works himself.

Lila Lee was at the awkward age but Wallie Reid, out of goodness of heart, made her his leading woman. Oddly enough his pictures with Lila Lee were his most popular.

"THE CHIEF," as everyone called him, was preparing to make "Male and Female." Gloria Swanson, who had just achieved stardom through "Don't Change Your Husband," and Tommy Meighan, the sensation of "The Miracle Man," were to be featured.

Like dozens of other actresses before her, little Lila Lee approached the door of C. B.'s sanctum with a beating heart. She'd heard of his biting tongue, his cold criticism, his impersonal appraisals.

"I've never been so scared in all my life," she told me.

In the mellow light of the famous stained glass windows which featured his office, C. B. sat behind his big desk. But instead of the hard and difficult ogre she had prepared to meet, she faced a kindly smile and a most courteous welcome.

As a matter of fact, she must have looked very young and terribly frightened.

"How would you like to play a part in my next picture?" he said.

"I'd love it," said Lila Lee, and in those words committed herself to motion pictures.

A few days later she received a summons to the studio, to hear Jeanie McPherson read the script of the coming production. This was another innovation of De Mille's. Around him were gathered Miss Swanson, Mr. Meighan and the other members of the cast.

The reading began.

Lila was to play a part called Tweenie. Now in the story as it progressed (it was an adaptation of Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton") there was a great deal about Lady Mary. A great deal about Crichton. About this one and that one. But very little about Tweenie.

LITTLE by little the tears began to gather in Lila's eyes. Why, it wasn't anything. Just a comedy bit. She didn't have half a dozen scenes—and just a little while ago she'd been a star. No one noticed her sitting by herself in the corner when the reading was finished. Everyone applauded and congratulated Mr. Meighan and Miss Swanson. Lila just prayed none of the sobs that were choking her would escape.

Then Tommy Meighan's eyes fell on her. She had never met him until that day. But it wouldn't have mattered to Tommy if he'd never met her. Any kind of distress was always a signal for Tommy's kindly (Continued on page 115)





# The Poor Little RICH GIRL

BY  
ANTOINETTE  
SPITZER



Hope Hampton was a success in motion pictures. But she longed for new worlds to conquer—and turned to grand opera. Soon she is to appear in the talkies, where her charming voice will be heard to splendid effect.

ONCE there was a little girl who was very, very pretty.

The gods were good to her!

She had gorgeous red hair, not at all carrot-like, but pure titian; and lovely white skin. That wasn't all, either.

She was extremely talented, too.

There are some in this world who, like her, seem blessed.

Whoever gazed at her fair face cried:

"How beautiful!"

But the pretty, little lady wasn't very rich. You know, like you and me and our friends. Not poor, but not especially affluent. And like you and me she bemoaned her fate because there were so many things she wanted to do and study, but she didn't have the money.

"If only I were rich," she used to say all the live-long day.

That was, of course, when she was just a little girl. When she grew up she made up her mind quite suddenly that sitting before a fireplace and wishing for wealth wasn't going to get her anywhere at all. If she wanted to accomplish things she would have to go out and do them, at once. I don't think she had heard of the mountain and Mohammed at that time, but anyway, she came to certain conclusions along that very line.

And so Hope Hampton, who is the heroine of this Cinderella yarn, went out into the world and did things. And how!

It was hard work, this career business, but because she was determined she achieved success in the field

she had chosen, which was the movies. And soon she wasn't as poor as she had been and she had earned all the dollars she had in the bank herself, by her own wits, and people applauded her success and gave her plenty of deserved credit.

THEN she fell in love.

And the man she fell in love with was Jules Brulatour, the multi-millionaire.

And when she became Mrs. Jules Brulatour everyone smiled and said:

"Now she has everything."

But apparently she didn't, for she wanted something more. More success. More personal achievement.

Just as when she was a little, dreamy girl in Houston, Texas, she made up her mind to be a motion picture star and became one, so did she make up her mind to become a grand opera prima donna. But that accomplishment did not bring the deserved acclaim at all, or at least not what she hoped for.

And why? Hope frowns and says:

"Because I've a rich husband, that's why. Everything I do since I've married is attributed to his money. Oh, it's mean."

Poor, little, rich girl!


Quite a different attitude from what present-day actresses take in this matter, isn't it? The majority of them are delighted and even (Continued on page 120)

## HOPE HAMPTON Finds Wealth a Handicap to Success



# WE HAVE

By  
Homer Croy



**A**S I run my eye down the table I see we have a visitor from out of town—and quite a way out, too. In fact, all the way from the Argentine. She is Mona Maris, the Pride of the Pampas.

But she wasn't always Mona Maris, for, when the Argentinian stork deposited her on the doorstep and went flapping away, they gave her the name of Maria Rosa Amita Capdevielle, which shows how helpless a child is. This remained her name for some time, as she was too young to do anything about it. But when the urge came for her to go on the stage, she looked about and picked out one to suit herself.

As a child she had been called Mona, which in Argentinian means "little monkey," as you know. Mona had always been a lover of the sea, which in Spanish is "maris" and so she joined the two together, and thus "Mona Maris" was born without benefit of stork.

This event, by the way, was November 7, 1907, and the exact place was Buenos Aires.

Mona grew up on a rancho in the pampas and is as much at home on the hurricane deck of a broncho as most girls are in a hammock. As she was growing up, nothing gave her such delight as to clap on a pair of spurs, put on a sombrero and gallop across the pampas with the *vaqueros*, but now she lives in Hollywood and the most violent exercise she engages in is winding a wrist-watch.

Sometimes, however, she yearns for the old strenuous life again and gets so worked up for it that she waves her maid aside and dials her own telephone. It just shows that however rich and famous you may grow you can never shake off childhood's first impressions.

Just now the craze in Hollywood is to be able to speak many languages, and this is where the little girl from the big open spaces shines, for she can negotiate Spanish, French, Basque, German, Italian and English.

No, boys, she is not married, although she could support a husband in the way that some Hollywood husbands demand to be supported. She lives all alone in the seventeen hundred block on North Stanley Avenue, Hollywood. Wire

early and often.

So the next time you see Mona Maris, think of the little monkey from the Argentine who made good in Hollywood like a hot *tamale* among a Mexican railroad section gang.

**LORETTA YOUNG:** If you had dropped in at 6507 West Fifth Street, Hollywood, a few months ago and had observed the crowd filling the parlor and overflowing into the yard you would have said, "Um—look at all those men. The Tall Cedars of Lebanon must be having their annual meeting."

But you would have been wrong, for it was the home of Mrs. George Belzer, and the sitting-room and the yard were cluttered up merely by the young men who had fought their way in to call on her daughters; or maybe you know them better by the name of Young. One of the girls the boys were swirling around was Loretta Young, and if you had seen her you would have said, "What a pitiful handful of men there is around her!—not more than twenty at most."

Maybe there were so many of the girls because the family was from Salt Lake City, where another family also named Young did quite a business in the children line. Here Loretta was born, January 6, 1913. There were two other peaches on the same tree—Sally and Polly Ann—and the bud is Georgianna, now six years old.

THE NEW MOVIE'S Ambassador Extraordinary, Homer Croy, presides at another big Hollywood Banquet



# WITH US TONIGHT

But one of the peaches has been snatched by Grant Withers, who has an eye for fruit. The peach was so young that he could not annex it in the state of California where the nasty old law says that a girl has to be seventeen years old before she can promise to obey. In Arizona a girl can promise to jump through at the age of sixteen. They promise that, but *O lordy!* how some of us men know they clean forget that part of the ceremony. In fact, it's come to such a pass these days that if a wife did actually obey you could throw a tent around her and charge admission.

Grant took her to Arizona and now they are as happy as a Scotchman who has won a lottery prize.

So don't disturb 'em. Even if you went to their house to call and knocked down their front door with a sledgehammer they'd just think it was the wind rattling a leaf against the weather-boarding.

**GEORGE BANCROFT:** We have a villain with us tonight, and I will exhibit him in all his villainy.

He is none other than George Bancroft, the highest-priced villain in the world. In spite of what the copy-books say, villainy pays, for George has a lovely house

at Santa Monica, and when he goes into his bank to make a deposit the president of the bank himself comes out and gives him the best cigar in his humidor.

And it has all grown out of George's ability to laugh as he shoots a man down in cold blood. Off stage, he is just the opposite. He is so tender-hearted that if he has to set a mouse-trap he weeps all over the cheese. But when George shoots a man down, he chortles with glee and picks his teeth with a bowie-knife.

George notched his first gun in Philadelphia, September 30, 1882. When the nurse brought him in for the proud father to see, the little lad patted him one in the eye and laughed in his face. No one at the time knew that some day the boy would get a hundred thousand dollars a year for doing it in front of a camera.

And now what do you think the bad man's hobby is? It's raising delicate, exotic goldfish. It just shows that you can't be bad twenty-four hours a day, no matter how well it pays. One day, after shooting down four strong men and laughing uproariously as he dropped his gun back into its holster, he went home to find that the cat had eaten one of his Japanese goldfish and George was so wrought up that his wife had to give him aspirin.

George has seen real men die, for he was a gunner on a battleship under command of Admiral George Dewey at the Battle of Manila Bay, and also he served in the Boxer Rebellion. "It made me sick to see real men die," he says—and then he will put on his make-up and bump them off as if he were the Pride of Chicago.

The apple of his eye is his daughter, Georgette, named in honor of her bloodthirsty father, who is twelve years old. If she finds a splinter in her finger he rushes to the telephone and calls three doctors and two nurses and begs them to save her.

So that's the kind of a man we have with us tonight. Get up, George, and fire away.

(Continued on page 129)



DRAWING  
BY  
HERB ROTH

Reading across THE NEW MOVIE'S banquet table from left to right you will find: Mary Brian, Mr. Croy himself, Loretta Young, Betty Compson, George Bancroft, Mona Maris and George O'Brien. NEW MOVIE'S own jazz orchestra is providing music at the upper left.





## Just a Movie PREMIERE

But it drew the largest crowd ever seen in Hollywood. The event, by the way, was the opening of Howard Hughes' \$4,000,000 air spectacle, "Hell's Angels." For some fifteen blocks, from Vine Street to La Brea, the streets and sidewalks were jammed. It required an hour to work a car through the crowds to the entrance of Graumann's Chinese Theater. Everybody of note was there—announced by a loud speaker to the crowds.







Hollywood Boulevard was as light as day, for Mr. Hughes had placed huge sunlight arcs every fifty feet. In the sky above, squadrons of airplanes hovered, picked up by giant searchlights. NEW MOVIE caught some of the notables. Across the page: Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon while Mary Brian is speaking into the microphone. Below, Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister. Right: Gloria Swanson. At the far right, Jean Harlow, the heroine of the film, "Hell's Angels."



Special Photographs  
for NEW MOVIE by  
Stagg.

Several millions of dollars in jewels were present at the premiere. The gowns represented a fashion parade. This was the highwater mark in Hollywood openings. Among the other notables present were Mary Pickford, Maurice Chevalier, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Gary Cooper, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Clara Bow, Lon Chaney, John Gilbert and Ina Claire, Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess.



# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures  
of the Last Six Months



Louis Wolheim and Lewis Ayres in a graphic Flanders Fields scene of Universal's sensational "All Quiet on the Western Front."

## Group A

**Journey's End.** One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

**All Quiet on the Western Front.** Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

**Sarah and Son.** Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

**Song O' My Heart.** John McCormack makes his screen debut in this charming drama, in which

Norma Shearer and Chester Morris are about to be interrupted in a romantic pastoral moment of "The Divorcee." Miss Shearer gives an excellent performance.

his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

**The Vagabond King.** Based on "If I Were King," this is a picturesque musical set telling of François Villon's career in the days of Louis XI. Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald sing the principal rôles, but O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI. *Paramount.*

**Street of Chance.** The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

**The Rogue Song.** A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**The Green Goddess.** Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah







Alice White as Dixie Dugan in the further adventures of "Show Girl," released under the title of "Show Girl in Hollywood." Miss White gives a piquant characterization of the lively Dixie.

of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners*.

**Anna Christie.** This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. 'Nough said. It's great. We mean Greta's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn*.

**Devil May Care.** A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn*.

**Lummox.** Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists*.

**The Love Parade.** The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount*.

**The Show of Shows.** The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners*.

**Welcome Danger.** Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. *Paramount*.

**They Had to See Paris.** A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. *Fox*.

**The Trespasser.** A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great come-

back. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. *United Artists*.

**Sunny Side Up.** Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox*.

**The Lady Lies.** In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Darling and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. *Paramount*.

## Group B

**Paramount on Parade.** A series of specialties contributed by the company's various stars. Pretty dull entertainment. Kept alive by M. Chevalier who, with Evelyn Brent, furnishes one of the best bits in "The Birth of the Apache." *Paramount*.

**Show Girl in Hollywood.** Remember Alice White as Dixie Dugan in "Show Girl"? Well, this is her further adventures, showing the trials and tribulations of a newcomer seeking a break in pictures. Don't miss it. *First National*.

**The Divorcee.** Based on Ursula Parrott's "Ex-Wife." Norma Shearer gives a striking characterization and is ably supported by Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery and Conrad Nagel. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

**Montana Moon.** Presenting Joan Crawford as the spoiled daughter of a ranch-owner. She marries a cowboy and then decides to go her own way in New York. There is a song hit, "The Moon is Low." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.





Photograph by Hurrell

**LON  
CHANEY**

The Man of a Thousand Faces returns to the screen with four voices. He again is playing the sinister Professor Echo in "The Unholy Three." This time, however, "The Unholy Three" is a full-fledged talkie with Lon speaking for the first time. Indeed, Chaney is a whole quartet in this interesting film.



# The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 58)

stars as well as among writers both in Hollywood and New York. He is popular with stars because he is always willing to turn his back to the camera (it's his homely voice as much as his homely face that puts Stu over) and because he would rather tell the world about Gary and Buddy and Clara Bow than talk about himself. He is popular with writers because he is perfectly willing to sit back and let them talk about themselves and because he has off screen the same homely observant humor that he has on. Stu is the sort of person you delight in recommending, a comic valentine among lacy painted hearts.

**Happily Married Divorcee**—You note I love to dwell on the irony of Hollywood. For instance, there's Norma Shearer, happy spouse of Irving Thalberg, coming to triumph in "The Divorcee." Norma is one of those uncannily smart, witty and charming women who know what they want and get it. And you are glad she does.

Just the same I was a little surprised to read: "First public showing of Norma Shearer's 'The Divorcee' aboard the S.S. Leviathan is sensational. Six hundred press and public officials declare it greatest talkie yet made!"

**Good Intentions Rewarded**—I am reminded that, on the eve of the talkies, Jack Gilbert said it was his heart's desire to help Greta Garbo speak lines. Hence it is good to read that Dr. Marafioti, the voice coach, says that Jack can make good in the talkies "with care and training."

**Talkie Pasts**—The talkie has been dragging out pasts in a shameful way. In order to prove their vocal ability stars have been confessing to all sorts of things. I'm not one who believes that fans should be protected against disillusionment. Just the same I shall never quite overcome the fracture sustained by the news that Wally Beery was once a Broadway chorus man. Fortunately there is such a thing as the

power of mind to shut off things that undermine faith. And so with stopped ears I shall go on thinking of Wally as bull man for Ringlings' circus, nursemaid to the elephants.

**No Ghosts Admitted**—You no doubt read that Valentino's haunted house, Falcon Lair, is now inhabited by Harry Carey. The other day a flushed fat lady appeared at the gates and was stopped by Harry's colored chauffeur. The lady loudly demanded admittance.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Valentino," she cried.

"Go on!" said the colored man, his eyes bulging. "Mr. Valentino am dead."

"I have an appointment with him," insisted the large lady. "It is his anniversary and the spirits say I will meet him here."

"You mean a ghost am comin' round here?" gasped the colored man.

"Yes," said the lady, "his spirit."

"Not while I'm here, lady!" shrieked the shuddering Negro slamming the gates. "Not while I'm here!"

## Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 18)

**ART GOEBEL**, the best aviator in Hollywood, who already has to his credit a little non-stop jaunt from San Francisco to Honolulu, is going after another record. This one from Paris to New York. He and his plane, a Lockheed monoplane, left Hollywood for Paris the first part of June, and Art expects to jump off as soon after he reaches Paris as the weather will permit. No man has as yet succeeded in making that Paris to New York jump. Hoot Gibson, saying goodbye to Art, turned away and had tears in his eyes. "Too many of 'em have hopped off on that one and not come back," he said.

*Ruby Keeler, wife of Al Jolson, was given a test by United Artists, and it looks very, very good.*

**JUNE COLLYER** again is given a compliment. When Prince George was here he was more than attentive to June. In fact, she was the only one in Hollywood to be given such attention by the Prince. And now Baron Rothschild comes with the avowed intention of looking the girls over—and says that after many looks he thinks June is the loveliest of the lot.

**KENNETH HARLAN**, who used to be married to Marie Prevost, was recently wed to Doris Hilda Booth, of Somerville, Mass. Saw Ken and his blonde bride dancing at George Olsen's the other evening, while Buster Collier and Marie sat at a ringside table. Complications like that are getting more and more frequent in Hollywood.

*Golf is played by more actors in Hollywood than in any other sport.*

**EAST** is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." That's an old saying now, but New York has certainly moved to Hollywood these talkie days with a vengeance. Stage stars are to be seen on every hand. William Collier, Sr., Florenz Ziegfeld and Billie Burke, Ina Claire, Elsie Ferguson, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Marilyn Miller, Irene Delroy, Grace Moore, Beatrice Lillie, Ruth Chatterton, Al Jolson, John Barrymore, Laura Hope Crews, Helen Ware, Evelyn Laye, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Louis Wolheim, Eddie Cantor, Walter Catlett, Leon Errol, Louise Dresser, Marie Dressler, Otis Skinner and Maurice Chevalier have all had their names in electric lights on Broadway.

*There are more weighing machines in Hollywood homes than anywhere else in the world—of equal population. Reason: the camera shows a pound taken off or taken on and the boys and girls must be careful.*

*Jack Mulhall and Elsie Janis spent an entire evening in a corner at Sadie Murray's party for Bebe Daniels the other night discussing old days in France. Few people know that Jack had a wonderful war record.*

*"There's no one like Elsie Janis," Jack said later. "You remember that General Pershing said Elsie Janis was worth a whole army division in any war—and an army division is over 27,000 men."*

**A SPANISH** fiesta, copied exactly from the old days of early California, was given by Mr. and Mrs.

Frank Lloyd on Sunday at their ranch home near Whittier. A Spanish chef barbecued whole beeves, there were tortillas, tamales, real Spanish beans and all sorts of Spanish dishes. The honored guests were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. Frank has directed Dick Barthelmess in a number of his recent pictures, including "Son of the Gods," which is breaking box-office records.

*The seating at large Hollywood dinner parties is getting very complicated. Heard a long argument the other afternoon as to whether Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford) should rank Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer at a party connected with the opening of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Might be a good idea to get some English expert to make out a Hollywood Peerage. But then it wouldn't help, because stars come and go too quickly in this business.*

**EVERYONE** in Hollywood is busy these days writing round-robin letters to Wilson Mizner, who is ill at the Monterey Hospital. The old Brown Derby doesn't look quite natural without Bill's face, and certainly the conversation lacks the inspiration it always received from his wit as he strolled from one table to another.

**THE** first Annual Motion Picture Tennis Tournament has been in progress at the Los Angeles Tennis Club.

Strong teams in the mixed doubles who are approaching the finals are Teddy von Eltz and Catherine Bennett, George Archainbaud and Eileen Percy, (Continued on page 102)





# FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

**T**HE picture on this page is of Mary Lewis, about whose valiant fight with avoirdupois you have probably read. Miss Lewis, you know, was once a bathing girl in movie comedies. Then she came to New York, went into the chorus of the "Follies" and finally, by grace of an exceptionally fine voice, became a musical comedy singer.

At this point, Miss Lewis's teachers discovered that she had a voice of grand opera caliber and she departed for Europe to study. She returned and made a splendid début at the Metropolitan, and she was, to all appearance, done with the movies. But then, when the talking films came along, Miss Lewis had a chance to return to the screen, not as a bathing girl but as a star.

**W**HAT has all this to do with an article on beauty? Well, it happens that while Miss Lewis was gaining her voice, she was also gaining weight. The prima donna who wanted to return to the screen was no longer the slim bathing girl. Miss Lewis's producers hinted that, if she wanted to succeed in pictures, she had better lose plenty of weight. And Miss Lewis was up against a much harder problem than the average woman who must reduce. You see, there is an unwritten law in singing circles that a singer must be stout, she must have a large physique to withstand the physical hardships of operatic work, she must have a good-sized body to act as a sounding-board for her voice.

## Mary Lewis Turned Reducing Into a Health Regime

By ANN BOYD

The average woman may lose weight hastily because she usually has no voice to endanger. She is even free to trifle dangerously with her health because, as she falsely

reasons, her livelihood doesn't depend on her being in the pink of condition.

But Miss Lewis had to reduce wisely and under the direction of a physician. She could not afford to swallow all those mysterious pills which are guaranteed to make the pounds roll off. Neither could she adopt one of those diets which say that the victim may be made gorgeously thin if she lives for three weeks on hard-boiled eggs and water-cress.

**M**ISS LEWIS'S reducing régime was also a health régime. She continued to eat—almost as much as she had eaten before. She had her three meals a day. But all the fattening foods were eliminated from her diet. And she had to exercise. But, very wisely, instead of going in for strenuous indoor gymnastics, she took up golf and played in the open air. Incidentally, she got a great deal of pleasure from her golf, which is more than can be said for those indoor exercises. And she engaged a competent masseuse to roll away the pounds that, in face of her diet and exercise, were ready to melt away.

You will see that Miss Lewis went in for balanced reducing; that is to say, she didn't rely entirely on diet, or on massage or on exercise. One of these factors alone will not be effective. For instance, many women make the mistake of going on (Continued on page 113)





*Read  
your washday fortune  
in your hand...*



**Y**OU don't have to be an expert palmist. Just study the hand shown here and see how frankly it reveals its washday story.

The strong, capable palm indicates an energetic, self-reliant woman—the kind who directs her own housework. The shape of the fingers show a love of the beautiful—pride in having her clothes a little cleaner than any one else's. The unbroken life line predicts many years of happiness because she gets things done with the least exertion. And the well-defined head line tells that she's thrifty—that she knows a bargain in value when she sees it.

You would expect a woman like this to use Fels-Naptha. And if you could actually see her hand, you would *know* she does!

For her hands haven't that in-the-water look. That's because Fels-Naptha washes clothes clean without hard rubbing, and be-

cause it does this so quickly that she doesn't have to keep her hands in hot water so long.

The reason Fels-Naptha works so quickly is that it is good soap and naptha. *Plenty* of naptha—you can smell it. These two cleaners, working hand-in-hand, remove even stubborn dirt, swiftly and easily, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it works best in hot water—all soaps do. But Fels-Naptha also works beautifully in lukewarm or even cool water. So wash any way you please—you can be sure that Fels-Naptha will give you *extra* help.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. Use it

for household cleaning, too. Then your hands and home and clothes—and *you*—will all proclaim your good fortune!

**SPECIAL OFFER**—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

© 1930. Fels & Co.

**FELS-NAPTHA**

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH  
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T.N.M.-8-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Fill in completely—print name and address





Who made **SUNNY SIDE UP** the most popular motion picture of the past year? . . . YOU did—with the tickets you bought at the box offices all over the country. . . . Who made **THE COCKEYED WORLD** the runner-up? . . . YOU again—with your spontaneous approval, registered by cash paid for tickets at the box office, of the rough and ready wit and humor of McLaglen and Lowe. . . . Who were the year's favorite actor and actress? . . . Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, overwhelmingly voted the most popular in polls conducted by both the Chicago Tribune and the New York Daily News, the two largest newspapers in their respective cities. . . . Who won the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the past two years? . . . FOX—last year with John Ford's **FOUR SONS**—year before last with Frank Borzage's **7th HEAVEN**. . . . Who cast the winning ballots for Gaynor and Farrell? . . . Nobody but YOU. . . . Who has already decided what kind of pictures we will produce and



leading houses everywhere will feature during the coming year? . . . YOU, of course—because you have, in terms that can't be mistaken, placed your approval on what FOX has done in the past and told us what you like. . . . Will you get it? . . . Look at this line-up of new productions now on their way to you! . . . Janet Gaynor and Charles

Farrell in **OH, FOR A MAN!**—another sure-fire hit, produced under the masterly direction of the man who made **SUNNY SIDE UP**, David Butler. . . . McLaglen and Lowe chasing **WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS**—in the further rollicking adventures of Flagg and Quirt—from the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of **WHAT PRICE GLORY**. Direction by Raoul Walsh. What a line-up! . . . Charlie Farrell in his greatest part of all, as Liliom,



# You

# SIXTY

# OTHERS

# BE



# AND

# MILLION

# CAN'T

# WRONG



in DEVIL WITH WOMEN, from Franz Molnar's international stage success....And Charlie will also entertain you in three other great pictures during the year—THE MAN WHO CAME BACK, with Louise Huntington; THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, with Maureen O'Sullivan, the find of the year; and SHE'S MY GIRL, with Joyce Compton....In UP THE RIVER, a new kind of prison story, John Ford is striving to surpass his own Photoplay Gold

Medal winner, FOUR SONS. In this picture appears Cherie, daughter of Warden Lawes, and a great cast of established screen favorites....Frank Borzage, Gold Medal winner of the previous year, will give you four great pictures—SONG O' MY HEART, introducing to the screen the golden voice and vibrant personality of the great Irish tenor, John McCormack—two of Charlie Farrell's new pictures, THE MAN WHO CAME BACK and DEVIL WITH WOMEN—and ALONE WITH YOU, in which Janet Gaynor will insinuate herself still more deeply into your affections....The honor most coveted by the motion picture actor is the annual award of the Academy of Motion Pictures. Warner Baxter is the latest recipient of this honor—



won by his magnificent characterization of the Cisco Kid in IN OLD ARIZONA. Warner, lovable bandit and idol of the feminine heart, will give you four big pictures....If you saw Will Rogers in THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS, or SO THIS IS LONDON, you will cheer the announcement of two more pictures by America's

incomparable comic: A CONNECTICUT YANKEE, perhaps Mark Twain's funniest story, and SEE AMERICA FIRST....DeSylva, Brown and Henderson—the Gilbert and Sullivan of our day—will follow their smash success, SUNNY SIDE UP with JUST IMAGINE, clever, gay, tuneful and funny. The cast will be headed by Maureen O'Sullivan and El Brendel....We made the pictures—but YOU asked for them—and you and sixty million others can't be wrong!



# FOX



# Looking Into the Stars' Salary Envelopes

(Continued from page 29)

Colman, \$5,000; Edmund Lowe, \$3,000; William Haines, \$3,500; Wallace Beery, \$3,500.

The first of the Hollywood clan to feel the effects of this wholesale importation of footlight talent were the second string film players not under contract to any particular studio. As free-lance artists they move from studio to studio and ordinarily are able to pile up a substantial income during the year. In many instances, in fact, free-lance players have made more profit during a twelve months' period than the average contract player. The talkies changed all this, however. When outside artists were needed the studios now engaged Broadwayites.

Thus, such screen favorites as Kenneth Harlan, John Bowers, Harrison Ford, Mae Busch, Marguerite De La Motte, Robert Frazer, Jacqueline Logan, Helene Chadwick and Ricardo Cortez, who had been able to consistently earn \$1,500 a week, suddenly found little demand for their services. This despite the fact that they had been given no opportunity whatsoever to show whether they were suited to the talkies or not. Today the earnings of most of these players have been cut in half.

Much the same situation applies to Antonio Moreno, Bert Lytell, Conway Tearle, Blanche Sweet, Anita Stewart, Viola Dana and Irene Rich, who were in such demand before the arrival of the sound cinema that they were able to command \$2,500 every payday. Today many of these players are rated at the \$1,500 mark, with film jobs few and far between. Such favorites as Bert Lytell, Eugene O'Brien, Leatrice Joy and Estelle Taylor have been able to hold their yearly incomes up to a good level by deserting the movies and touring the country in vaudeville or regular dramatic stage plays. They refused to take the Hollywood salary cuts as a permanent fixture and surprised the film colony by establishing themselves as drawing cards in the footlight realm.

**M**ANY of the big stars of the silent drama days have already been dealt a hard financial blow by the new dialogue era; others have been able to avoid the salary slash temporarily or divert it completely. It has been largely a case of the qualifications of the individual player and the kind of contract held with the studio.

The quartet which has probably felt the paymaster's axe more keenly than any other stars in filmland numbers Colleen Moore, Tom Mix, Thomas Meighan and Corinne Griffith. In the days of the good old silent drama these four favorites were undoubtedly among the most highly paid celebrities in the screen world. Colleen was earning approximately \$12,000 a week, Tommy Meighan \$10,000, Corinne Griffith \$7,000, while Tom Mix was drawing down the tidy sum of \$15,000 every Saturday.

Colleen Moore made two talking pictures just before her contract expired

with First National. Her contract was not renewed by First National and, despite the fact that a year has passed, Colleen has not signed with any other company. Tom Mix is now forced to draw his income from the circus game. Corinne Griffith has concluded her contract with First National. Thomas Meighan, long one of America's foremost screen idols, had the poorest year of his career in 1929.

**D**URING the past year the big studios have been trying out their old contract players in the talkies in an effort to determine which of these players appear to have possibilities in the sound cinema. Because of this experimental attitude on the part of the producers many holdovers from the silent picture era have been able to maintain their regular salary standards, notwithstanding the fact that as conditions exist today in the film colony these players would be unable to exact the same high pay check from other studios should they lose their present contracts.

John Gilbert, for instance, who has disappointed his followers in the talkies, is drawing more salary today than when he was the most popular male star on the silent screen. Just before the advent of the talkies came into full swing Gilbert's contract with M.-G.-M. expired. At that time his salary was said to be \$5,000. Upon signing a new studio agreement, however, Gilbert was given a raise which is now reported to be netting him close to \$7,000 a week.

Joan Crawford, Conrad Nagel, Dorothy Mackaill, Alice White, Fay Wray and Loretta Young are today drawing more money than before the installation of sound. Three years ago these players were getting approximately the following weekly salaries: Joan Crawford \$500, Conrad Nagel \$2,000, Dorothy Mackaill \$1,000, Alice White \$300, Fay Wray \$200 and Loretta Young \$100. Today their weekly pay checks

are rated at: Joan Crawford \$2,500, Conrad Nagel \$3,500, Dorothy Mackaill \$2,500, Alice White \$1,500, Fay Wray \$1,000, Loretta Young \$875.

More mystery surrounds the salary of Greta Garbo than that of any other player. Greta was originally imported from Europe at the low weekly pay check of \$350. After the big success scored in her early pictures, M.-G.-M. gave her a new contract at a higher figure. Since then her salary has steadily mounted until today she is said to be getting \$6,000. Clara Bow, long the biggest box-office attraction for Paramount, is getting only \$4,000, a comparatively low figure in view of her popularity. This is explained by the fact that when she started with Paramount it was at a lower salary than that received by most stars of her magnitude.

Here are a few miscellaneous 1930 salary figures: Lila Lee \$1,500, William Austin \$750, Neil Hamilton \$1,250, Fredric March \$1,500, Grant Withers \$350, John Miljan \$750, Joe E. Brown \$1,800, Betty Compson \$3,500, Jack Oakie \$1,000, Otis Harlan \$1,000, Mary Brian \$800, William Boyd \$1,500, Robert Armstrong \$1,500, Regis Toomey \$500, Thelma Todd \$750, Nils Asther \$1,500, Kay Johnson \$750, Lois Moran \$2,000, and Lewis Ayres a mere \$125.

Nineteen hundred and thirty will undoubtedly be a hard year on the majority of screen favorites, as there is now a concerted campaign on the part of many of the big studios to release most of their players and cast them on the free lance field. The object of this move is to bring about a general reduction in pay checks, which the producers believe will net the studios a huge saving in the course of a year. Also, many of the players whom the studios have retained under contract for tryout purposes, will have proven unsuccessful for talking picture work and will no longer be in demand.

It's a bad year for Hollywood players.

## Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 97)

Ben Lyon and Lou Rawson, Solly Biano and Mrs. Gregory La Cava.

In the men's singles, Allan Dwan, Matt Moore, Cedric Gibbons, Teddy von Eltz, Charlie Lederer, George Archainbaud and Ben Lyon were prominent. Anyone who is regularly employed by the industry is eligible.

In a private tournament recently given by Marion Davies, the women's singles were won by Eileen Percy, with Catherine Bennett as her opponent. Alex Bennett, younger brother of Enid and Catherine, won the men's singles from Jules Glaenger of New York. Charlie Lederer and Anita Murray won the mixed doubles from John Gilbert and Marion Davies.

**G**LORIA SWANSON has taken Mr. and Mrs. Frank Case's house at Malibu Beach for the summer. She wants Gloria II and her small son to have the beach air for a few months.

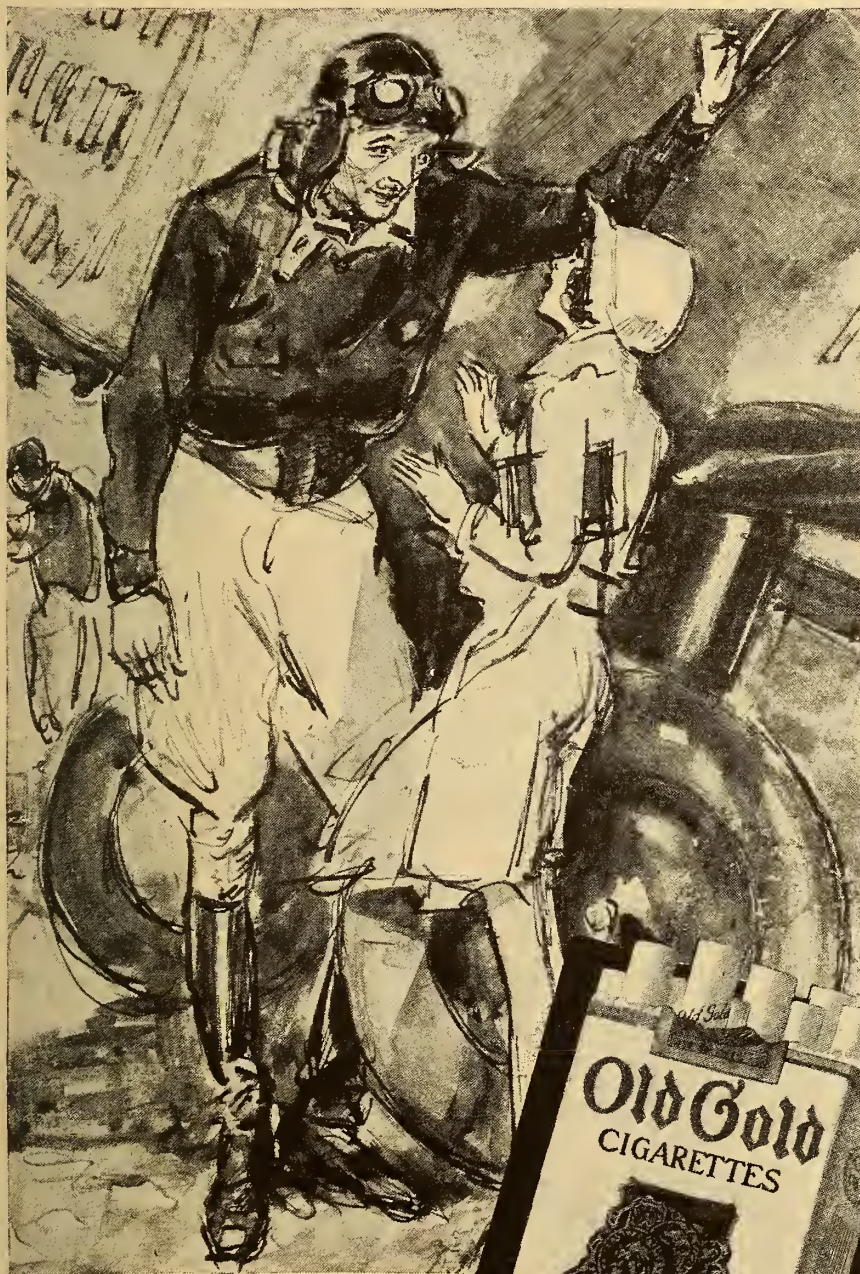
Ralph Forbes and his wife, Ruth Chatterton, have taken Anna Q. Nilsson's house until September and will spend as much time there between pictures as they can. Ralph just returned from the high Sierras and brought with him a tiny timber wolf cub, which he intends to train as a pet.

**G**EORGE HILL, the director, and his bride, Frances Marion, the scenario writer, have gone to China for an extended trip.



# They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



*"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"*

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.



© P. Lorillard Co.

## ELINOR SMITH

*Eighteen years old . . . and she's risen higher than any other woman in all world history. "Born with wings," say hard-boiled pilots. "The kid's a 'natural' when you put her in a plane."*

But there's another young ace with that same story.

OLD GOLD hopped off just three years ago. In less than three months it zoomed into favor. In one short year it had climbed to the ceiling. Today, it holds the coast-to-coast record . . . as America's fastest growing cigarette.

For, OLD GOLD, too, is a *natural* flyer. Made of better tobaccos. Endowed by nature with a new taste-thrill. Free from irritants. More smoke pleasure. Greater throat-ease.

OLD GOLD, too, was "born with wings."



ON OCTOBER 24, 1926, the first carload of OLD GOLDS reached the Pacific coast . . . endless trainloads have been going westward ho ever since . . . with nary a cough in a carload.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"



# Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 6)

## But This Writer Likes Her Voice

*Oil City, Pa.—*

I think Greta Garbo's voice was great in "Anna Christie." It sounds as if it is a voice that can be changed to suit the character she is playing. I hope all her future rôles in pictures are as interesting as this one.

*Richard McGinnis,  
108 Highland Ave.*

## Likes Home Town Stories

*Perry, Iowa.—*

The articles contained in NEW MOVIE are splendid. Especially the Home Town Stories of the Stars. We like to hear of their past as well as their present. The pictures are certainly satisfactory. It is well balanced, highly entertaining and a dime's worth. What Scotchman could ask for more?

*Hildred L. Levy,  
1707 Lucinda Street.*

## A Word for Buddy

*Brooklyn, N. Y.—*

NEW MOVIE has scored again! Why? Its immediate announcement of Buddy Rogers' Columbia recording had me all aflutter. I walked a mile—not for a Camel—but for the record. Was it worth it? I'll say it was. Thank you, Mr. Rogers, for making me so happy, and thank you, Mr. NEW MOVIE Editor for your prompt information.

*Frances Engel,  
1121 Avenue R.*

## Answer to Fan's Prayer

*Cleveland, Ohio.—*

Heavenly days! What a magazine! NEW MOVIE is certainly the answer to a movie fan's prayer! If you want to "throw a party" that is different, just look up "How Hollywood Entertains" in NEW MOVIE. And speaking about latest styles! That magazine is full of nothing else but. If you have a NEW MOVIE handy there's no excuse for seeing a picture that wasn't "just what you wanted." And boy, oh boy! The First Aids to Beauty are knock-outs! Then—getting down to the climax! No one in the good old U. S. A. or elsewhere ever got more for a dime than they get in the NEW MOVIE!

The photos just about knock your eye out, and the stories make you feel as though you'd known the star all of your life!

*Victoria Blaich,  
9505 St. Clair Ave., No. 2.*

## Defends Tibbett

*New York, N. Y.—*

I wish to answer K. C. Smith, when he or she said that Lawrence Tibbett was repulsive. He talks of Tibbett's face being repulsive. Is it because of its sincerity, frankness and goodness? He also mentions the fact that his mouth is wide. Did K. C. Smith expect an opera singer to sing through his nose? As to his hair being wild, did K. C. ever see a Cossack bandit from the Caucasus Mountains have his hair sleeked back like a parlor sheik? Also, there is no PERHAPS about Mr. Tibbett's singing. If, as you say, you would rather miss the song than to have to look at him, it proves that you're no lover of music.

*E. H. Goerecki,  
339 E. 32nd Street.*

## Used in School Work

*Watsonstown, Pa.—*

You can't possibly realize what a great help your magazine has been to me in my Home Economics course. You might ask, How Could a Movie Magazine help you eat? But that is exactly what your magazine did. In Number Six there was an article about "How Hollywood Entertains." The menus which were given brought me an A-95 on my monthly report for the best planned menu. Of course all due credit was given to your magazine and, believe it or not, all the Home Making girls have started to purchase your magazine for use in school work.

*T. Pauline Leech,  
General Delivery.*

## Cheers from England

*Boston, Mass.—*

My family in England are ardent film fans and I have always sent them bundles of movie magazines. They write: "Don't bother to send any but your NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. We find

it the snappiest and the best of the bunch. Why should you pay a shilling (25c) when you can get THE NEW MOVIE for fivepence (10c)?"

*W. M. Reeves,  
109 Peterboro Street,  
Suite No. 29.*

## Interested in Music

*St. Louis, Mo.—*

Usually the first thing I read in THE NEW MOVIE is "Music of the Sound Screen." I am an ardent lover of music and this department is very interesting to me.

*M. B.,  
3810 Indiana Avenue.*

## Anent Chevalier

*Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.—*

Someone doesn't like Chevalier, I judge by a letter in the last issue. They say: "He is not even good looking." Well, what of it? He's bubbling over with personality. Lon Chaney is not handsome. Is he famous? Ask me another.

I have two requests to make. Please have Jean Arthur and Anita Page on one of your covers. Please, please publish this great magazine twice a month!

*Joseph Mackey, Jr.,  
8714 95th Street.*

## Praise for Herb and Adela

*Philadelphia, Pa.—*

Whoop-la! So Herb is back! With all the old-time aplomb, too. Where, oh where have you been roving? To those of us who've been reading the picture magazines since the first few flickers (and paying our quarters for 'em, too) Herb Howe is sort of indispensably linked with film chat. NEW MOVIE is lucky to have him and Adela Rogers St. Johns. This lady is another of our most affectionate fancies, and one of our most persistent ambitions is to achieve something of such importance that Adela Rogers St. Johns will be asked to interview us! How we would enjoy knowing personally this charming writer, whose interviews are so human, convincing and colorful—and at times "chummy." Mrs. St. Johns is one of those mental companions whom we come to like immensely through our reading.

*Elizabeth A. Williams,  
304 Arch Street.*

## More Cheers for Herb

*Providence, R. I.—*

I have been a yearly subscriber to three of the most popular movie magazines, and up to the time when NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE was published enjoyed them very much. However, since reading NEW MOVIE, I have cancelled my subscription to the other magazines. Your movie magazine is these three all rolled into one. The general set-up of the book, to my mind, cannot be improved upon. The covers are most interesting—a compliment for the artist—and, last but not least, Herb Howe has my congratulations. I think he is superb in his "meditations."

*Anne Steiner,  
118 Wesleyan Avenue.*



Five minutes after this picture was made, Raoul Walsh, with uplifted hand, started the pioneers and their covered wagons on "The Big Trail," which he is making for Fox Pictures





## Manage THESE or they'll manage you!

**T**HERE'S no question about it, *millions of women need help!* With all our new devices, they still are being bullied by dirt. Day after day, they are working too long hours... without getting much of anywhere.

Yet other millions of wives and mothers present such a different picture. Their homes sparkle. They make cleaning seem easy. And they have, every day, some time for themselves... to read or ride or rest in... to walk, or visit, or go to the movies... to keep as young as their families.

Of course our homes must be spic-and-span. That's what homes are for. Everyone knows that when woodwork and curtains and porcelain and glass get dingy, home happiness, too, may become less bright. And we can no more get along without fresh towels and sheets, and spotless table linen than we can put up with dirty clothing or unwashed bodies.

Nevertheless, now-a-days there *is* something wrong when "a woman's work... is never done." Two things, in fact, we venture to guess: First, the

lack of a definite cleaning plan. Second, probably an incomplete understanding of the many *surprising* ways in which soap, the simplest and cheapest of cleansers, can be called upon to save backs and long hours.

**Send for this extraordinary book  
—it's FREE!**

If you, too, have days when work piles up, we urge you earnestly to send for our book, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." For here are many valuable cleaning methods given in detail. And simple instructions, if you want them, for making your own efficient cleaning schedule. Use the coupon but mail it promptly.



## CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

*Established to promote public welfare by  
teaching the value of cleanliness*

45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

**Important:** Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book about Baths", or "The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test". These, too, are free... a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, T-2  
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.  
Please send me free of all cost, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock."

Name.....

Address.....



# Visits to the Famous Studios

(Continued from page 55)

two complete sound stages. Two of these are monstrous things of steel and concrete. One contains a complete theater, the largest hippodrome stage west of New York City, for theatrical spectacles in films. The stage in this theater is eighty feet long, eighty feet wide and eighty feet high. It has every modern mechanical device invented. It is this you see in M.-G.-M. pictures whenever theatrical sequences are shown.

Another stage, the largest in existence, one hundred feet wide and two hundred and fifty feet long, is a steel and glass semi-enclosed affair for extra large exterior scenes, such as those shown in "The Trail of '98." The rest are ordinary, huge steel and wood stages made soundproof by being lined with a composition.

In these daily can be seen Jack Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Bill Haines, Marion Davies, Ramon Novarro, Greta Garbo, Lon Chaney, Joan Crawford and a host of less famous players who are battling their way to stardom.

A GROUP of concrete buildings is to the left as you come in the main gate. The first three-story building is the one housing the executives. Irving Thalberg is one of them. Louis B. Mayer is another.

Next comes a three-story concrete wardrobe building. In it are tailor and dressmaking shops, designers' offices and storage space for the more than 10,000 dresses and costumes M.-G.-M. keeps on hand ready for a moment's call. With Adrian and David Cox designing them, and "Mother" Coulter

supervising the making of them, some famous costumes and styles have gone out to the world from this building. They make the dresses worn by Garbo, Shearer, Crawford, and other M.-G.-M. stars.

Just past the wardrobe is the publicity building and casting office. That small office to which so many come daily, only to be told, "Sorry. Nothing for you to do." That sentence has sent many a boy and girl out into the sunlight to wonder where, and when, they will eat next.

Directly across from the publicity building is the commissary. A complete restaurant with dining room, lunch counters and soda fountain. It is run on a non-profit basis, being strictly for the convenience of the studio employees, the stars, extras, cameramen, directors. For years the minimum number of meals which have been served here in any one day—Sundays excepted—is one thousand. And as many as seven thousand have been fed in one day during heavy production. It is here that Louis B. Mayer entertains the entire studio at a turkey dinner each year during the Christmas holidays. Never has he had less than 2500 guests. The commissary has its own ice and carbonating plant.

Directors' Row rises two stories and runs away from one side of the commissary. Here sit Bob Leonard, Sam Wood, Jack Conway, Harry Beaumont and other directors, figuring out how they will shoot scenes which will meet with your approval.

Around the corner we come to the fan-mail department. Seven clerks

handle an average of 38,000 letters a month addressed to the stars. They are in reality a miniature postoffice staff, sorting the letters and seeing that each star gets his sackful every day. It is these men who do the work of addressing and sending pictures of the players to those who request them.

STROLLING further about the fifty-three acre lot we run into stages back to back, stages stuck off in corners, sets all over the place. A building for music and dance rehearsals, a recording building where the voices you hear are put upon wax and sent to your theater. A camera building. Near it the projection rooms, where daily the "rushes" are viewed.

Over there is the big electrical building. The M.-G.-M. studio uses 2,500,000 kilowatts of juice a year. It has a "connected load" of 35,000 horsepower—more than enough to light a city the size of Reno, Nevada.

Coming around the corner of a stage you see bungalows which nestle into the ground and look like dream houses. These belong to the stars. Then the make-up department, where men who are artists in their line study and worry about how they can make up pretty faces so that they will look prettier.

A little schoolhouse for child actors. And more sets.

MORE than 3,000,000 feet of lumber a year are used in building sets. 15,000 gallons of paint. 250 tons of plaster. 4,000 sacks of cement. 15,000 tons of rock. 600 bales of plaster fibre. 300,000 feet of wallboard. These figures are for material for the building of sets only. They do not include the materials used to build stages and buildings.

The telephone system at M.-G.-M. is a 1200-unit central switchboard. It is more than big enough to adequately serve a city of 3,000 people.

A foot is twelve inches. That is understandable. But it is hardly possible to imagine a strip of film 50,000,000 feet long. Yet that is the amount used in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio yearly.

Even so, it is doubtful if it is any more difficult for us to visualize that strip of film, than it would have been for Tom Ince, looking at those acres of sagebrush and waste land in 1914, to have pictured the M.-G.-M. studio as it is today, with its 120 buildings, its 2500 employees, its features he had never conceived. It is indeed a far cry from that dinky, rickety one stage he first erected to the ten thousand people who were on the lot at one time during the shooting of "Ben Hur."

For that is motion pictures. That is romance.

Culver City is now boasting of 13,000 as her population. That real estate gent—Harry Culver—is a multimillionaire today.



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Next month NEW MOVIE will present a tour of another leading California studio. Watch this series—and learn all about picture making.



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AND KEEP CAKES  
FRESH AND WHOLE



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## Crinkle Cup Cakes

|                          |                                        |
|--------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter | $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups pastry flour       |
| 1 cup sugar              | $3\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder |
| 2 eggs                   | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk                 |
|                          | 1 teaspoon vanilla                     |

Cream butter—add sugar, and cream. Add eggs and beat mixture well. Add sifted flour and baking powder and milk alternately to batter. Add vanilla. Pour into Crinkle Cups and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.



# Hollywood's Successor to IT

(Continued from page 39)

the local girls to consult their mirrors. They saw themselves happy little rich girls in their casual sweaters and skirts, their illustration of Bohemianism.

As an answer to the stage imports, Hollywood offered Lilyan Tashman as its best-gowned woman. Hollywood meant its best-wardrobed, for Dolores del Rio, Norma Shearer, Evelyn Brent, Dorothy Mackaill and Pauline Frederick bow to no better-frocked female.

**W**ITH such a jockeying for supremacy going on in more mature quarters, the flapper awoke one gloomy morn to find herself playing second fiddle. She discovered she had been standing still, content merely to hey-hey and take the bow.

In desperation, she has pulled herself together, and from the confusion of new styles, new influences, new competition, the modern girl of Hollywood is beginning to find her new personality.

She has split into three camps in the search for herself.

She is the clear-eyed prototype of Lilyan Tashman.

She is the Loretta Young miss.

She is the rebel who ridicules her more cautious sister and continues to say it in actions.

Now the Lilyan Tashman edition has cultivated her eyebrows as an emphatic means of expression. She speaks in a drawl. She deliberately sentences her lithe body to be a clothes horse. She converses in a bored way about diet, but is cautious to keep to non-fattening foods. She will flirt naughtily, but not conspicuously. She is so discreet she cannot be gossiped about. She mas-caras her lashes. Her lips bloom ruby red. There's cosmetic color in her cheeks and not a shine on the skin that boys crave to touch. An artful, wise girl, this Lilyan Tashman edition.

But the Loretta Youngs! Ah, they brighten the hopes of an older generation who for lo, these many years, have sighed that the young ones of today are headed straight for perdition and sanitariums. The Loretta Youngs are sweetly prepared for public appearances. They melt in the presence of men. You have a sneaking suspicion they'd try a swoon should a convenient

mouse scamper in sight. No more finger-snapping freedom. This modern girl goes in for what grandmother did when grandmother practiced her cunning wiles. Yet she is firm when the occasion demands it. As witness Loretta Young herself.

Loretta is a nice child. She minded her mother, until she eloped with Grant Withers. Her mother battled to have the marriage annulled. Loretta refused flatly. She's modern, all right, with that streak of fine steel threading through an otherwise pliable temperament.

**T**HE rebel of today is looked upon by the other two factions as a bit hoydenish. She lives (figuratively speaking) across the railroad tracks in the mysterious part of town. In public she still takes her liquor and her men straight. If her nose glistens, its jolly well none of your business. She swears robustly and at times her knees may defy regulations and salute the sunshine. She goes everywhere, but she prefers to couple off in groups. She's a slender poo-poo-de-pah-doo infant and her wisdom puts the Sphinx to shame. She's a marathoner when it comes to late hours and making who-cares.

Now Hollywood's three flapper successors declare a truce on one point. They defend themselves against possible criticism with the gentle, surprised query: "Why shouldn't I do this or that? Everybody does it." They look upon the older group with misgivings. They let them severely alone, but they study them.

The harum-scarum Clara Bow has accepted the new order. Clara's bob is shingled and nestles to her head instead of reaching for the clouds. She hasn't that "poured into her clothes" look any more. Lupe Velez, who joined the flap brigade when she spiced to town, has quieted down.

I tell you, Hollywood has grown up. Sex appeal hides behind long skirts and four walls. "IT" has taken its place as a neuter pronoun and not a blaze.

Hollywood has buried the old-time flapper. The tantalizing, "soft pedal" or "everybody does it" girl is here.

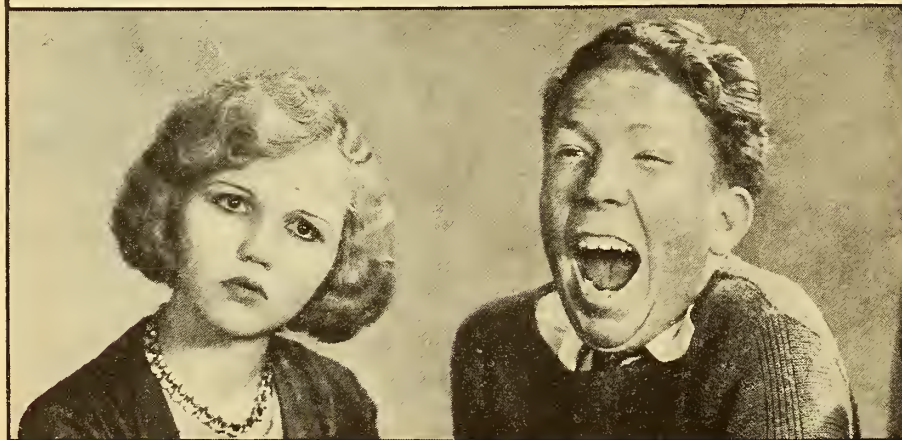
Perhaps tomorrow you will see her, a merger of the three types that have subdivided youth today. She will be frocked with the smartness of a Tashman. At social affairs, she will mas-caras her lashes and ruby her lips to the jeweler's taste. She will affect the demureness of a Loretta Young, in quaint contrast to the sophistry of her appearance. She will appreciate the brilliance of such a contrast, will this "soft-pedal" girl. She may permit herself the luxury of poo-poo-de-pah-doo moments. Particularly if she wishes the center of the stage and one pair of masculine eyes devoted exclusively to her.

She will be a fresh, glowing, swank figure, this vivid whoopee child. She will have the poise of a Palm Beach heiress, the éclat of a Mrs. Beau Brummell, and the pep of a Marie Dressler grand-daughter.

What a girl!



**THEN**—Little Mary Kornman and Mickey Daniels were members of "Our Gang" not so many years ago.



**NOW**—Miss Kornman and Mickey have grown up in the films and they are appearing in a new Hal Roach series, "The Boy Friends."



# How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 75)

Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Rose pink crêpe de chine with a delicate collar of embroidery and a pink maline evening hat to match.

Blanche Sweet. Sapphire blue satin, cut in severely simple lines and falling to the floor.

Marion Davies. Powder blue chiffon, low in the back, with a beautifully draped skirt.

Mrs. John Boles. Black and white printed chiffon, with a rather long cape, falling to the waist behind. The print was arranged to give decoration to the dress in the cape and around the bottom of the skirt.

Leatrice Joy. Delicate green-blue crêpe de chine, with a small, tucked vest of shell pink chiffon.

Lois Wilson. Black chiffon, with a big print of beige and rose. The low neck was outlined with a soft ruffle of the same material.

Mary Eaton. Print chiffon, in very gay colors, made with a ruffled skirt and delicate ruffles about the neckline and falling over the shoulders.

Julanne Johnson. Caramel tulle over taffeta of the same color. The dress was tucked to give it a line close to the figure.

Olive Tell. White chiffon, heavily weighted with pearl beads and rhinestones, and with a square cut cape falling to the waist.

Louella Parsons. Allover black lace, with a draped skirt and a low-cut back.

Mrs. George Archinbaud. Black chiffon, over ivory satin, shirred in a straight line down the front.

Eileen Percy. Black and white print, belted at the waist.

Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, mother of the bride-to-be, wore a gown of beige all-over lace, and Mrs. George Butler Griffen, Bebe's famous grandmother, was in black chiffon and diamonds. Mrs. Lyon, Ben's mother, was in lavender chiffon, and his two sisters, who arrived from the East for the wedding festivities, were in print chiffons, in green and blue.

Mrs. Owen Moore. All black chiffon with a square neckline, to the waist in the back.

Mrs. Abraham Lehr. Ivory white satin, with flowing panels to the floor.

Here is the recipe for the "Fitzmaurice hash," which has received so many compliments. Many hostesses in Hollywood make some special dish peculiarly their own, and serve it for large parties, just as the Fitzmaurices serve this popular dish:

Take onions, eggplant, and ripe tomatoes. Slice in rounds, as for salad. Brown in an iron pan with plenty of butter. Place a layer of eggplant, onion and tomato, when browned, in a casserole. Salt and pepper liberally and add a touch of cayenne. Then add a layer of about two inches thick of raw round steak, repeat this until the casserole is full, with a layer of the meat on top. Place in a slow oven for about twenty minutes. Then increase the fire until it is hot and allow to bake until the meat is thoroughly browned.



WHAT! SCRUBBING AND BOILING IN A STEAMING KITCHEN ON SO HOT A DAY? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU HOW TO SAVE ALL THAT WORK

I'LL TRY YOUR WAY NEXT WEEK, MURIEL

## NEXT WASHDAY

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT RINSO, MURIEL. I DIDN'T SCRUB OR EVEN BOIL... AND THE CLOTHES LOOK WHITER THAN EVER

YES, DEAR—AND IT'S JUST AS WONDERFUL FOR DISHES AND ALL CLEANING

# No more hot, steamy kitchens on washday yet a whiter wash with far less work

**N**O NEED now for sweltering washdays! For, no matter how hot the weather, you can keep your kitchen nice and cool every washday. Just let Rinso *soak* your clothes snowy, *without scrubbing or boiling*. Saves clothes—saves you.

"Rinso is the best soap ever for our hard water," writes Mrs. N. Belles of Syracuse, N. Y.

We have received *thousands* of letters from delighted Rinso users. "Makes rich, lasting suds in a jiffy," says Mrs. M. West of Washington, D. C. *Twice as much suds*, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps!

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Rinso is all you need, even in hardest

water; no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. The makers of 38 leading washing machines recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter clothes. Its thick, creamy suds are safe for the finest linens.

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**Millions use Rinso**  
in tub, washer and dishpan

**Rinso**  
The Granulated Soap

2 sizes  
most women  
buy the large  
package



# A Fool and His Honey

(Continued from page 49)

all the fashionable show places, and Mr. Wick took up the wearing of a cane and began to think of having his ears bobbed. Miss Effingham purred like a kitten. She had begun to appreciate the width of the invisible gap that separated the film colony from the Eastern interlopers, but the husbands were beginning to grow curiously restive, and that was enough to get her talked about by the Beverly Hills wives.

**B**UT for the slighted Marjorie there was no content. Rumors reached her, and left her in that state where a woman hovers between a spree on champagne or hats. She chose the hats, telling herself that Mr. Squibb had the right idea. Who, after all, would go gunning for the homespun Jelly Roll? Certainly not a new York gasper who made an equally high salary. So, to show how sweetly she bore her loneliness, she rang up her straying suitor.

"Of course, I haven't forgotten you," bellowed Mr. Wick to her plaintive question. "Listen, Marjorie, it's just business that's all. She says I'm so kind it helps her to do good work, and so far as I'm concerned she isn't a real woman like you. She's more like a goddess, see, on the line of those statues

over in the museum. You know, the kind the Greeks looked up to before they married ordinary girls."

"Like me?"

"Sure, like you—no. No, I mean——"

"So you worship her, eh?" shrilled Miss Berry, forgetting that she was going to be sweet if it killed her. "Goddess your eyebrow! Whoever heard of one coming from the slag heaps of Pennsylvania?"

"I haven't even kissed her," soothed the comedian, neglecting to mention that Adrienne had been too alert to give him the chance. He waited for an apology, but all he received was a severe shock to his eardrums as she slammed down the receiver.

The second week found the picture well under way, and the rapidly swelling Jelly Roll became the center of attraction. The mosquito-like Mr. Eppus Squibb and the director went into a huddle with him over his big scenes.

"Speaking personal," said the seventh vice-president, "if I was an audience I'd be looking for a laugh about this point. All that hash of uniforms, love and you-ho-ho choruses gets kind of sticky, so here's where you come in. While Tremont's gargling his first number to the gal we'll show a shot of you up in the rigging with that dead pan look. See?"

Mr. Wick congealed a trifle. "Yawss," he nodded, copying Tremont's accent.

"Yawss!" mimicked Mr. Squibb. "What kind of gab is that for a crackpot like you? Listen, when the song ends you shriek like a five o'clock whistle, do a twenty-foot fall into a barrel of flour, which busts apart, and you come out looking like a charlotte russe. You jump up and start whirling around, and what is there but a couple of giant lobsters biting you."

"No," said Jelly Roll, taking the bit in his teeth, "I won't do it. It's coarse."

"I hope to tell you it's coarse," yelled the director. "What do you think you're here for? Don't uncork that 'No' again, either."

"No," repeated the desperate comedian. "I'm up here in a six-reeler and I want to be funny in a nice way. Remember the letter scene in 'Disraeli'? Boy, that's what I call subtle humor, and I can put myself over like——"

"I'll 'Disraeli' you!" bawled Mr. Squibb, "and in addition I'll subtract a fine off your wages for insub—insub—well, you know what I mean. Go artistic right under my nose, would you? The next thing I know you'll be painting a poached egg and telling me it's a sunset. Shinny up that rigging before I forget I got liver trouble."

**M**R. WICK cast a pleading eye at the voluptuous prima donna, whose costume consisted principally of beads, a strange interlude, and more beads. Strangely enough, she showed little sympathy and shook her head in disapproval. The disheartened Jelly Roll backed down without further argument and fell seven times before Mr. Squibb offered grudging congratulations.

He made two more objections during the day, but was bullied into working in his tried and true fashion, and at five o'clock he waddled over to Miss Effingham like a chastised poodle. That



Guess who this is. Who? Wrong. It's Lon Chaney, as Mrs. O'Grady in his new talkie version of "The Unholy Three."

lady's tigerish glance was roving restlessly around the studio and she showed no delight in his presence.

"Can you tie those fellows?" moaned Jelly Roll. "Here I am all broken out with ideas and they squelch me. It certainly will be a relief to drive down to Santa Ana with you this evening."

"Not with me," said Adrienne, who seemed covertly excited. "I—I feel one of my old headaches coming on, mostly due to you and your complaining on the set. Look, Jelly, who's that handsome chap who came in a few moments ago—isn't he Keats Knollcrest?"

Mr. Wick inspected a blind Apollo who was fluttering his eyelashes at nothing in particular. "Sure, it's Knollcrest," he answered. "He's just been divorced and he's——"

"Really?" cooed Miss Effingham, making all her beads quiver. "How gra—oh, my poor head! Well, good-night, Jelly, see you tomorrow, and remember, I'm angry with you."

She undulated away, and Mr. Wick trudged gloomily to his dressing-room, washed up and became surprised that a broken heart is not the tragedy it's cracked up to be. The proper procedure would have been to go out and howl at the moon, but by supper time he was beaming contentedly across some corned beef and cabbage at Pto-maine Tommy's, and Miss Marjorie Berry was twinkling right back at him.

"I'm coming to watch you work tomorrow," she promised. "My but it will seem queer to see you in a big place like Fascination. And of course I'm not jealous, because you don't look a bit lovesick, but how did you manage to slip away from your goddess?"

"Lay off," grinned Mr. Wick. "She—she just wanted to rest up for the big farewell scene we're going to shoot. And say, I've got plans for my stuff that will give it what the publicity calls a lyrical note."

So Marjorie, bred in the rough and tumble school of two-reelers, came into the studio the next morning wondering if she were in her right senses, for there was her hero with his back to the wall.



An attractive ensemble for the seaside, presented by Jean Arthur. The trousers are of cream satin. The satin jacket is of red, white and blue stripes. With this Miss Arthur wears a sun hat of leghorn.



"NO!" he was shouting. "I've given way to everything else, but not this. It's due me, I tell you, and it's my ambition to be wistful. I want a fadeout that'll leave a catch in the throat."

"I'll give you the same sensation with a rope," threatened Mr. Squibb, hopping with rage. "I'm telling you, don't go nuts no more. The finale calls for the pirate ship to fire a salute to their head man and his captured girl friend. Twenty cannons go off, and then, from the twenty-first, where you've been sleeping, comes you. We'll jerk you into the air with an invisible guy line, drop you on the bowsprit, where you hang by your suspenders, and then, while you deliver the line, 'I can hear the caskets coffin,' the bowsprit cracks and you disappear into the mouth of a property whale. A wow, positively. It took three men eight days to concoct that sequence, and I don't want no squawks, get me?"

"You don't want Art, either. My idea is to have a scene showing that I'm secretly in love with the princess, and then, as she sails away with her pirate, I sit there wearing an agonized smile and looking wistfully across the sea. After all the slapstick I've pulled, it'll seem all the more tragic. Why, Miss Effingham told me——"

"I might have told him anything," drawled the prima donna. She was looking a bit puffy about the eyes and she glared malevolently at the earnest Jelly Roll. "You sap," she said with cruel distinctness, "don't you know I've been kidding you along just so I'd be sure of an escort? When you told me why the movie stars were freezing I decided to make a play for you because you're famous enough in your uncouth way. And now Mr. Knollcrest——"

"I thought he was lounging around for that," gulped Jelly Roll. "I was going to warn you, too, but I suppose he spoke to you and——"

"No dearie, I spoke to him. Why, I've admired him for years. And so, my oversize friend, you can fly your kite and not hold up this picture with any more gush about your art. You clown!"

MR. WICK resembled a punctured blimp as he stared at the goddess who had turned out to be clay to the knees, at least. His mouth sagged open as he tried to think of a retort, but he was saved the strain. A compact, blazing-eyed redhead had jumped into the center of the stage.

"You bet he's a clown!" she cried. "And a good one, too. Jelly, this Broadway gasper admits you're famous. What made you that way?"

"Two-reelers, I guess."

"You bet it was. So get in there and be funny—be yourself!"

"Aw, but listen, honey——"

"Get in there," repeated Marjorie, "or you'll never have the chance even to ask me for the right time. You and your wistfulness! You'd be a laugh all right, but not in the way you imagine. I've helped you to make a lot of successes, Jelly, and I'm not going to see a pair of musical comedy canaries steal a picture from you now. Snap to it!"

Mr. Wick snapped. Uncomplaining, he spent half a day of hoisting and falling, splashing and roaring. He managed to add considerable mugging, wherein his moonface took on more than slight burlesque of La Effingham's coyest expressions, and, working with

(Continued on page 112)



# facts

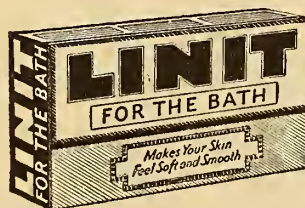
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Pure starch from corn is the basic ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. Doctors who specialize in the treatment of the skin, regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

## the bathway to a soft, smooth skin



# A Fool and His Honey

(Continued from page 111)

a sure-fire touch of the ridiculous, he had Mr. Squibb and several other officials leering their praise, for the prima donna was far from popular.

"WISE guy," snarled the lady, when the day was over. "Had to have a woman save you, eh? Well, she's welcome. I'm wise to Hollywood now and Mr. Knollcrest wouldn't want me to bother with you."

"I don't wonder," said Mr. Wick lightly, "seeing that he'll be plenty of bother himself."

"What do you mean?" Adrienne's eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"He'll probably propose to you inside a week."

"Well?"

"Seeing you really know Hollywood, old kid," said Jelly Roll, growing reckless, "of course you've heard that Knoll-

crest is a flop in the talkies and that his contract has been allowed to lapse. That's why his wife divorced him."

"Wh—what?"

"And that he's boasted he can trick some Broadwayite into marrying him for his profile."

"You wretch!" screamed Miss Effingham. "And I thought you were fond of me. Why didn't you say something?"

"I tried to last night but you wouldn't listen," said the comedian, looking his stupidest. "Say, keep a date open about a week from Friday, will you?"

"After the way I've talked to you! Why, Jelly, is it some big event?"

"Sort of," grinned Mr. Wick wiggling his eyebrows at the radiant Marjorie, "and I'd hate to have you miss it. Y'see, I've got an idea that that's the day I'm going to be married."

\* \* \* \* \*

ONE month later the Chortle Comedies Studio buzzed with achievement as the making of "Jury Fury" went forward without a hitch. The old standby, Jelly Roll, playing a slightly squiffed judge, had just received a lemon meringue pie where it would do the most good, and now was registering rage through the welter of goo.

"A pip," laughed the director, after signaling to the monitor man. "Here, somebody, wipe off Mr. Wick's face so he can breathe. Jelly, old sock, I saw the premiere of 'The Pirate's Princess' last night, and you were a riot."

"And did you read the critics?" thrilled the copper-haired Mrs. Wick. "One says he was guilty of robbery and another claims the way he burlesqued the lovers was 'a delicious bit of sly humor.' And the highest-browed one of all wants to know where Jelly Roll has been hiding, and calls him 'deft'! Just what he always wanted."

"Aw, I'm not so hot," said Jelly Roll modestly. "It's no trick to cop a picture from a couple of singing clothes horses, providing a comic sticks to his art."

"His what?" asked the startled director. "You mean that hokum—"

"Is A-R-T. I certainly do, Joe, just as much as bleating about your noble intentions in High C. I suppose I'll have to save a weak feature now and then if Squibb sends for me, but I'm glad to be back here. That last scene, now; you liked it?"

"Aces up, Jelly Roll; you've never been funnier."

"We-e-ell, I'm not so sure," said Mr. Wick thoughtfully, his glance taking in the stack of emergency lemon meringues, then switching from them to the pie-thrower. "An artist should always be striving for perfection, so my wife says, and that goes for me too. Sock me again—I like it!"

Watch for more sparkling fiction in future issues of NEW MOVIE. Several corking short stories are outlined for early numbers of NEW MOVIE.



A strip of sound film, enlarged. This is the way Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll appear alongside their voices in an episode of the golf film, "Follow Thru," in which they co-star. The sound track appears between the sprocket holes and the pictures at the left. The cross lines are the voice records.



## First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 98)

a strenuous diet, but they still do not change their exercise habits. For eighteen days they live on grapefruit and toast melba. They lose a few pounds, stop the diet and promptly gain back their weight again. Sometimes, because they are too strict about the diet, they suffer from stomach disorders and, to put it mildly, a bad disposition.

Other women exercise violently, either at home or on the beach or on the tennis court. But they continue to eat as usual. The result is that they are inclined to gain more than they lose. Or else they suffer from a bad case of fatigue.

The indolent women, with money to spend, engage a masseuse. New massage is excellent in reducing but it will not effect a general reduction. It is only good for local areas of fat. For instance, many actresses and dancers have masseuses to keep the fat from accumulating on their legs. It is good, too, for removing those ugly rolls of fat from the stomach or from the shoulders. It will break down the fat tissues but, unaccompanied by diet and exercise, it will not prevent the fat from returning nor will it remove a great deal of poundage from the grand total of weight.

So you see, if you are really greatly overweight and if you feel that your fat is endangering both your health and your appearance, it is best to realize that half measures in reducing are usually worse than none at all. Make yourself a reducing schedule that will include diet, exercise and massage, if possible, and stick to it.

*Lois K., Duluth, Minn.* Dark reds, olive greens and rich browns are your best colors. Blues are not so good with your black hair, black eyes and dark skin.

*Mrs. Elise T., New Orleans, La.* Many authorities feel that it is best not to drink tea, coffee or any stimulants while you are reducing. Others allow a cup of coffee at breakfast time. Or a demi-tasse after dinner, with hot water for breakfast.

*Y. T. L., Newark, N. J.* When washing your hair, use either a specially prepared shampoo or liquid soap. Or you may melt soap in hot water and use this on your hair. Do not rub the soap directly on the hair or scalp, as it is very difficult to rinse it off.

*Helene, New Haven, Conn.* I know that it is difficult to make a little girl stand up straight. Children resent constant nagging. Why don't you appeal to your daughter's pride? Surely there is some movie actress she admires who should be set before her as a model. Try to interest her in athletics. Old-fashioned mothers used to make their daughters walk with a book balanced on top of the head. This was a strict method but it was often effective.

Write to Ann Boyd about your beauty problems and read her advice every month.

# Jo-cu'r offers \$1000<sup>00</sup> For Beautiful Hair!



### FOR BEST RESULTS

You will be delighted to see how easily and beautifully you can shampoo and finger-wave your own hair with these famous preparations.

**Jo-cu'r Shampoo Concentrate**—lathers luxuriously, brings out the hidden gold in your hair, and leaves it soft, silky and easy to finger-wave. It should be your first thought in hair dressing.

**Jo-cu'r Waveset**—sets natural-looking waves quickly and is beneficial to hair and scalp. Its use is simplicity itself. Millions of women recognize Jo-cu'r Waveset as the one ideal finger-waving liquid.

### OTHER JO-CUR BEAUTY AIDS

**Jo-cu'r Hot Oil Treatment** corrects scalp disorders.

**Jo-cu'r Brilliantine**—adds the finishing touch to the coiffure.

Simple directions for shampooing and finger-waving the hair come with each of the Jo-cu'r Beauty Aids. If you wish to use Jo-cu'r Shampoo Concentrate and Jo-cu'r Waveset in this contest, you will find trial sizes at most 5-and-10 cent stores—regular sizes at your drug store.

### FIRST PRIZE

\$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women

### SECOND PRIZE \$100.00

2 Prizes \$50.00 each

4 Prizes 25.00 each

10 Prizes \$10.00 each

70 Prizes 5.00 each

ARE you proud of your lovely hair—its beautiful finger-wave—its becoming arrangement? Of course you are! And the beauty of your hair may mean real money to you in the Jo-cu'r Hair Beauty Contest. Think of it! You may win the money for a whole new outfit—a trip—or some other luxury you have always wanted. One thousand dollars in prizes will be given in this search for beautiful hair. Will you be one of the fortunate winners? Why not? Your chance is as good as anyone's. Read the simple rules that follow—then enter the contest.

### CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

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# The Unknown Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 51)

called at the studio. Chaplin was in his private room. He would not appear.

It was my duty to go to the young woman and "shoo her away." I lied as little as possible, as it was not my nature to be a Munchausen—at fifty dollars a week. Besides, I pitied the girl.

She left the studio with a wistful smile and made way for the comedian's romance with the Mexican girl.

Men who consider themselves quite close to the comedian are often

mistaken. Often they have met him when he was in the mood for sociability. One such gentleman, who called himself Chaplin's "father confessor," called at the studio.

CHAPLIN looked from a window and beheld his "father confessor." He made a frantic effort to hide and at last succeeded in getting into a clothes closet.

I shut the door of the closet and went out to get rid of the caller. With

the usual prevarication, I told him that Chaplin would not be at the studio that day.

In departing, the gentleman said, "Well, just tell Charlie that I dropped in to say 'Hello.'"

Chaplin emerged from the closet, breathing heavily, for the air had been close. Hearing the visitor's message, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead and exclaimed, "Why the devil didn't he send it on a postal card?"

No man answered.

SAVE in cases where he has been infatuated with women, it is doubtful if Chaplin has ever been deeply emotional over a human being in recent years. It is true that employees have remained with him for years, but this has been more a matter of habit on their part and on his own than any deep devotion. The younger and more ambitious employees left him as soon as the opportunity for advancing themselves occurred. Despite the lowly social standing of his early years in England, he nevertheless has acquired an upper-class attitude toward those who cannot grimace upon the screen to the tune of a million a year.

He never makes comments on those who have wrongfully used him. Neither does he speak of a kindness which he has done to another human being.

He is fond of animals and would stop his limousine to say a kind word to a stray dog.

The canine which played with him in "A Dog's Life" remained a pet at the studio until the end of his decrepit days. He lived with the watchman at the front gates, and was made much of by all the men and women connected with Chaplin. Whenever the comedian appeared, however, old Bill would leave all and follow him. The dog's attitude never failed to please Chaplin.

His charity takes strange turns. He is not by nature a generous man, largely, I think, because of the hurts and fears suffered during a sensitive boyhood. Nevertheless, he is capable of many kindly impulses.

A master of legerdemain who had often entertained Chaplin when he was a street urchin fell upon hungry days. He wrote the world-famous jester a letter asking for aid. Chaplin immediately put him on his pension list.

"He was an artist," he gave as his reason.

CHAPLIN did not talk of his father. Of his mother he always spoke kindly and often affectionately. It was he who eased the remaining years of her life. He was proud of her ability as an actress.

"They can say what they want about my mother," he used to say "she was greater than I will ever be. She was a great actress." I remember his pronouncing the word "was" with defiance, as though expecting me to dispute it.

"I've never seen anyone like her. She was good to me when I was a kid. She gave me all she had, and asked nothing back, and by God, I've got no mother complex, either. She was just a good fellow."

(Continued on page 118)



All is peace between Jim Tully and Jack Gilbert. They are friends again. Indeed Jim, who helped construct Gilbert's next movie story, appears with the famous star as a member of the cast. Above you see them in a pugilistic moment of the film, "Way For a Sailor."



## The Drama of Lila Lee

(Continued from page 88)

Irish heart. He came over and patted her shoulder encouragingly. "Don't you worry Tweenie," he said. "You can never tell in pictures. You just go in there and make something out of that party."

The words gave her back a little courage.

"And C. B. was so kind to me," she said later. "He knew how nervous and frightened I was and how little I knew about pictures. I had one little sequence alone, in my bedroom. He did that first to get me warmed up. And somehow, right from the first, we seemed to click. I knew what he wanted. It has never been like that with any other director."

Pretty soon Tweenie began to have more and more scenes. In the middle of a shot, C. B. would say to Jeanie McPherson: "Does Tweenie come in here? Why don't we have Tweenie come in here and do this or that?"

So that between them Lila and Tweenie did very well. Everyone was pleased. It looked as though Lila might even get a real chance sooner than she had expected.

And then something terrible happened.

LILA began suddenly to grow.

"I was exactly like Alice in Wonderland when she ate the wrong side of the mushroom," she told me. "I grew and I grew. From being a little thing, which suited my age, I shot up until sometimes I felt just like Alice."

Actually, Lila isn't so very tall. But she did grow amazingly in a short time. She grew as all girls in their teens do.

So there she was again. A tall, lanky youngster, all eyes, too young for her height, too immature to play women, too gangling to play little girls. No one wanted her for anything.

Probably she would have had to wait, like Jackie Coogan, to really grow up if it hadn't been for Wally Reid.

Wally met her on the lot one day. "What are you doing, young one?" he said.

"Nothing," said Lila, pathetically. "No one will have me for a leading lady because I'm too young and too tall. There aren't any other parts."

Wally roared with laughter. "I'll have you," he said. "I'll fix that up."

He did. Wally never took his pictures too seriously. Besides, at that time his popularity was so enormous that he could do no wrong. So began a long series of pictures in which Lila Lee was the great Wallace Reid's leading lady. Somehow she fitted into the type of stories he was making and she was very popular. That era ended with the delicious comedy, "The Charm School."

And so began, too, a beautiful friendship which lasted until the day of Wally's death. He always called her his little sister and treated her just that way. He advised her about her love affairs and her work and her business. He romped with her at the studio and played jokes on her, and insisted that she come to his house, where Dorothy Davenport Reid was a gracious hostess, like one of the family.

"Wally was the sweetest person who ever lived" Lila said, in speaking of him. "There will never be another

(Continued on page 116)



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Everyone laughed. I was sorry for her. But suddenly the room was hushed.

She played "Anitra's Dance"—played it with such soul fire that everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!"

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# The Drama of Lila Lee

(Continued from page 115)

Wally Reid. He didn't have one mean or unkind thing about him. He was the gayest, happiest person to be around that I've ever known."

After she had played with Wally, Lila was grown-up enough to begin her years as Tommy Meighan's favorite leading woman. Both those great male stars are perhaps best remembered in pictures they did with Lila.

Her screen career progressed quietly and steadily while she worked as hard as a girl can work, day after day. Her private life was developing at a much swifter pace. In one move it was entirely changed and for a time she faced in her home unpleasant situations.

She was lonely. Even Minnie's constant companionship couldn't make up to a fifteen or sixteen-year-old girl for the intimacy and affection of home life. In Lila was bred a love of home to which she has often sacrificed a great deal, and which is much at variance with other traits in her nature. More and more she missed the love and companionship and mothering which Lillian Edwards had always given her.

Now that she was making a big salary and was settled, she wanted a home of her own and she wanted her family. So she wrote and asked her mother to come and live with her.

**M**R. AND MRS. APPELL, her own mother and father, from whom she had been separated most of the time since Mr. and Mrs. Edwards took her away when she was only five, now lived in Chicago. The mother had watched with a wistful eye the upward career of little Augusta, glad in her heart that she had made the sacrifice which made that career possible, yet sadly lonely at times for her youngest child.

When Lila's letter came she was in a

transport of joy. "She wants me," she told her husband. "She wants me. At last she has need of her mother."

So Peg, Lila's older sister, and the mother came to Hollywood. They joined Lila and Minnie and together took a charming, old-fashioned house on Western Avenue. But the house didn't prove big enough for Minnie and Mrs. Appell. Minnie had been supreme too long. She couldn't realize that this plump, beaming woman was Lila's own mother. And Mrs. Appell couldn't understand why a strange woman should have everything to say about Lila's life—what she wore, what she ate, where and with whom she went.

In the end, Minnie went.

"I needed Minnie," said Lila. "But you know how those things are."

Another thing happened then which caused Lila a great deal of real suffering. That was her final breakaway from the long association with Gus Edwards.

She was still under eighteen. The contract made with Lasky in New York was made by Gus Edwards as Lila's guardian, though he had no legal claim to that title. Now that her mother was with her again, now that she was struggling hard and working hard on her own without any aid from Edwards, Lila felt that he should have no say over her money or her activities.

True, the Edwards had given her an education and a home. In return she had worked hard for them and made their act more successful than it could have been without her. Her love for Mrs. Edwards had never changed, but Mrs. Edwards was not able to be with her. And Lila had never felt for Mr. Edwards the trust and affection she gave his wife. She wanted to be free.

So her lawyer filed a suit to have Lila's guardianship and her earn-

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Jeanette MacDonald certainly should kiss Ernest Lubitsch, the director. Didn't he make her a hit in "The Love Parade"? Right now he is directing her in "Monte Carlo" and—whisper—the picture starts with another lovely boudoir disclosure of the pretty Jeanette.



ings turned over to her own people. There was much newspaper publicity and there were many things Lila's loyalty would not permit her to say. The story that the Edwards had picked her up out of the gutter, saved her from starvation, educated her above her own class, was broadcast. Lila's mother wept and Lila listened silently.

In the end the case was settled out of court and Lila's mother was made her guardian. She remained in that position until Lila, on her eighteenth birthday, was old enough to marry without her mother's consent. On that very day, July 25th, 1923, she became Mrs. James Kirkwood. One of the strangest and most dramatic marriages Hollywood has known.

But before that Lila had two years of very gay and very happy girlhood. No girl has ever been more popular than Lila Lee became once she had put up her hair and lengthened her dresses. She and Bebe Daniels and Constance Talmage were the recognized belles of the picture colony.

**H**ER first beau was Kenneth Hawks—who years later married the beautiful Mary Astor and met so tragic a death in an aeroplane catastrophe. Ken was one of the finest and cleanest boys in Hollywood. That was never a serious romance. Just a boy-and-girl crush, half friendship.

Then she fell madly in love with Jack Gilbert. Jack had been engaged to Leatrice Joy and had broken it off. So he fell madly in love with Lila.



Nancy Carroll hasn't renounced her Irish ancestors in favor of the Scotch. Don't worry. She is merely appearing in a costume ball sequence of her new film, "Follow Thru," in which she co-stars with Buddy Rogers.

At one time they were actually engaged.

"What happened?" I asked her. She sat lost in thought. "Isn't it dreadful?" she said. "I can't remember. I dare say we quarreled. We were very hectic and temperamental. He was so grand."

**T**HEN Charlie Chaplin became her devoted suitor. Three or four times a week you would see Charlie and Lila out together.

"Charlie helped me grow up," she said. "He was wonderful. He understood life. He tried to give me a real philosophy. His mind was so far beyond mine, yet we had such happy, amusing times together."

It was great fun—being a belle, being courted by such great folk, going out to dance, playing and flirting, having pretty frocks and flowers.

But none of it was deep. It wasn't until Jim Kirkwood fell in love with her that the deep drama of her life stirred.

She had known Jim Kirkwood ever since she had been in Hollywood. He was a great favorite, a handsome, brilliant, erratic Irishman, with a wild sense of humor and an emotional nature. They had always been friends, knew all the same people, liked each other. Occasionally Jim would drop in at the house on Western Avenue for a little visit.

But he was twenty years older than she was and it had never occurred to either of them to fall in love.

Then fate cast them in the same picture. The name of it was "Ebbtide," and the location was Catalina Island. There, during the weeks of location, Jim Kirkwood found that the little girl had grown up, had become a woman, and that he loved her as completely and as insanely as it was possible for any man to love any woman.

**A**T first Lila was startled. Then gradually she fell under the charm that Jim could always exert. By the time they came home they had promised each other that eventually they would marry. Jim was mad with happiness. Lila was in a dream.

But they met appalling opposition, not only from Lila's mother, but from all their mutual friends. The difference in age was one thing. Then Lila was a very young, inexperienced girl. James Kirkwood was a man of the world, a little weary perhaps of the very pleasures and excitements which Lila hadn't yet tasted. The match seemed somehow just not to be right.

The engagement was broken, they quarreled, Lila went to New York to make pictures with Tommy—but neither quarrels, nor separations, nor opposition could change them. Lila came back to Hollywood, and on her eighteenth birthday married Jim Kirkwood.

Three weeks later—they had lived together one week and then he had gone on location—in a fall from his horse before her very eyes, Jim was terribly injured. He suffered a fractured skull and for months hovered between life and death. Tragedy hung over their marriage, and Lila entered upon a new and entirely unforeseen chapter of life.

(Next month NEW MOVIE will present the third act of Lila Lee's life story, with its heartaches and its joys. Here is a fascinating story of tragedy and success.)

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## The Unknown Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 114)

His mother suffered from recurrent attacks of mental illness, probably caused by the vicissitudes of worry and poverty.

"They used to let her go when they thought her mind was well," Chaplin told me. "In half a day she'd find a place to live, get someone to trust her for the rent of a sewing machine, someone else to trust her for material to make sacks, and by night she'd have a dozen sacks ready to sell." He would pause in reminiscence. "And the first thing she'd do was get Syd and me. I'll never forget that."

"One time we came home and found her gone. We thought the worst, but hoped we were wrong. It's not so easy for a kid to come home and find his mother taken away. So we knocked at the doors of all the rooms to find someone who could tell us something. At last a big woman opened a door and we jabbered to her and asked a lot of questions. She couldn't tell us a thing. She was deaf and dumb. We found where they took her all right. Something had snapped again. We'd go to visit her and take a couple of sacks of peanuts with us and take her and sit

out under a tree with her until the man would come to get her. Many a time I couldn't talk for an hour afterward."

WITH very keen perceptions, but by inclination an actor, he has not always a proper sense of values.

"A great artist must have a great audience," he once said to me.

"How about Whitman and Nietzsche?" I asked him in return. He made an evasive answer. He had spent but very little time with such men. He knows considerable of David Garrick, but nothing of Samuel Johnson, a man of larger metal.

He is probably the finest example of the parlor socialist in Hollywood. His sympathies, bound up with pity of his own early suffering, are seldom anything but abstract.

A facile conversationalist, his apprehension is greater than his application. With the exception of his life work, which is more than half intuition, his knowledge of all other subjects is quite superficial.

His reputation brings with it a certain . . .  
(Continued on page 121)



Charlie Chaplin has been at work on his new comedy for a long time but few scenes from the picture have been allowed to reach the public. Charlie is afraid someone will steal his comedy ideas. This shot shows Chaplin in his new film and it was released especially for NEW MOVIE.



# Back to Her First Hate

(Continued from page 27)

a new interest in the thing she used to hate.

So now she is back in Hollywood and very glad of it.

She hasn't any big starring contract. In fact she hasn't any contract at all. But she has very definite ideas of what she wants to do—and she is going to do it.

"I have my feet on the ground," she said, with a quick smile. "With the years of experience I have in back of me I know just what I can do and what I can't do. It would be silly for me to shoot at things which are beyond me, not in my field, and just as silly for me to ignore what I know I can do because I have done it already.

"I do not kid myself and I do not want to kid anyone else—or have them kid me.

"I am not going to play anything I do not want to play. I do not want a contract, where I will have to play any part assigned me by the studios, whether it is suitable or not. There are many fine parts in pictures which I believe I can do, perhaps better than others, because of my long training on the stage and my experience in pictures. When I know of such a part, I can go after it, no matter what lot the picture is being made upon. I am willing to do any part that gives me a real chance."

I TOLD her what Adolphe Menjou had determined when he came back from Europe. He did not want the burden of being a star. He didn't want to be playing some mediocre part, just to be starred, when on some other lot was a part, perhaps smaller, but with greater possibilities. He will not only get fun out of doing the things he likes, but he will have a chance to stand out in every rôle, rather than struggle to make a star part of bad material.

"Yes, that is the way I feel," said Miss Ferguson. "I think—I believe—I can work up again the same thing which made me a star before and kept me a star on the New York stage. I see no reason why not. But I will not—cannot—do it by playing any old part, whether it's my style or not.

"I have no false pride. It doesn't bother me that I was a star, and am not one now. I'm still Elsie Ferguson. I didn't start my career as a star, did I? I started in the chorus and worked up to be a star. I had extreme youth then, but I had no experience, no understanding. What I have lost in that youth, I have gained in a thousand other ways.

"My only fear is that I came back too soon."

Her eyes were a little wistful, a little questioning.

"What makes you think that?"

"There are still so many imperfections in the mechanical things connected with the talkies. They've not perfected the recording of the voice. The cutting difficulties have changed so much from the old days. They aren't able to handle tempo.

"Every actor and actress knows that tempo is the most important thing in acting. It is lost in the talkies now. There is no building up to a climax; everything is the same speed from beginning to end. No play, constructed and acted like that, could succeed. It is a little difficult for anything coming from the stage. But, of course, all those things are being overcome.

THE one thing that drives me mad is the way they yell 'Turning over' just as you start a scene. It pounds into my ears and all I can think of is 'Going Over—' over the top and that I'm going to get my head shot off the moment I stick it over the trench. I just don't seem to be able to overcome those things. Lord knows I try. Mechanical things especially just drive me crazy. That's why the movies have always been difficult for me. You see the mechanics so plainly when you are making a picture."

Another reason brought Miss Ferguson back to the screen. She wants to live in California with her husband. She is married to Frederick Worlock, a tall, dark, handsome Englishman who came through the war with honor. He used to be an actor, but now he wants to write plays.

I think right now Elsie Ferguson is more interested in his career than in her own. She talked about herself and her work only when I asked questions. But she talked about her husband's playwriting, and what fun they had discussing things, and what a swell place California was for a writer, without any prompting. The two of them seem very happy and very much in love. A nice, companionable, close kind of love.

"I'm glad to be back," Elsie said, as they stood in the doorway of their bungalow to say good-by. "I love California. We can live a normal, interesting life here. I'm crazy about the talkies. Once I get the technique, I know it will interest me as much—perhaps more—than the stage. I hope the people who were so kind to me when I was on the screen before will be glad to see me back. Could one—? if it's all right—I'd like to send them my love and tell them I was always grateful for their friendship. They're the people I work for—that every actress works for. I went away because—I just had to talk. Now I can talk in pictures—everything is wonderful."



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Turn to Page 83 and read the new style

## REVIEWS OF THE NEW PICTURES

By Frederick James Smith

Concise and accurate descriptions of the new motion picture dramas, designed to save your time and money. Be sure to read this department every month.



# The Poor Little Rich Girl

(Continued from page 89)

boastful when they are the wives of men of wealth—when they can sport a couple of chinchilla coats and emerald rings. Their work becomes secondary because most of them are silly and frivolous and truly feminine.

But not Hope Hampton.

**S**HE is the essence of femininity, all right. Just take a peep at her fragile beauty that is made up of delicate, creamy skin; titian hair that is the delight of painters and color film experts alike; and her graceful, gentle movements. The quintessence of loveliness.

Yet Hope possesses qualities that are distinctly masculine.

Stamina and grit. These should be put in capital letters for all aspiring young women to see. Determination. Backbone.

These are a few of the splendid Hampton traits. These traits which carried her up from a small town Texas beauty to grand opera stardom . . . qualities that will carry her to still farther heights, if she so desires. I refer to the talkies, where the future of all the arts seems to lie.

You feel these things about Hope when you are with her alone for a few moments. The very things she talks about, the shadow of determination that glitters in her soft eyes, like a stranger who, although not really a part of a household, is quite welcome.

**Y**OU tell yourself that she is a fragile, beauteous young person to charm the eye of the most exacting connoisseur. But all the time you are thinking these things you are aware that shining through all that gossamer beauty is a spirit of courage, strength, male fortitude. You try to shake that impression by staring hard at the mop of red, curly hair that looks as if it could only belong to a little girl. But you can't. It is there.

That's the real Hope Hampton. The Hope who looks you square in the eye and declares:

"I wish my husband was not quite so wealthy."

A strange wish indeed in this day of the mighty dollar. But she explains it by declaring that the poor girl who is ambitious has a better chance to succeed on the stage or in the movies than the one who has money behind her.

"People just won't give credit to the rich girl who accomplishes things," she says; "they truly believe that it was the money that brought the success."

Hope was a success in the movies before the advent of the talkies. She had everything that any girl desires who dreams of a motion picture career. Fame, beauty, worldly acclaim. Yet even then she wasn't satisfied.

**"I FELT** there was something greater to achieve," she explains, "some-

thing more concrete than standing before the camera and doing the things I was ordered to do.

"Sometimes when I saw myself on the screen I got a feeling that I had left out something. Oh, it is hard to explain, or, at least, I couldn't understand it then. Now I know. I think I wanted to talk, use my voice, project my real self.

"I didn't know then that the talkies were coming in and would make all that possible.

"At any rate, I quit the movies to study acting and voice culture. I had always had a singing voice, but it was my husband who discovered its possibilities. He thought enough of it, anyway, to encourage me in my study of grand opera.

"Now that I've had a taste of it, I love it. Some day I hope to reach the goal I've set out for myself."

What goal is she trying to reach, this charming creature who has already been a star of the screen and has sung grand opera rôles both here and in Paris? Has that goal anything to do with the talkies?

Ask her that and she smiles. A mysterious, Mona Lisa smile.

"Well, yes," she says, "in a way."

**Y**OU wait and she looks at you through dreamy, eager eyes and says:

"My real love is grand opera. I'll never give up that dream.

"But the talkies are a wonderful thing. I've had several offers that I am considering. I'd like to make a talkie or two and see what it would be like now. But my opera career comes first."

You gaze at this wisp of a woman in utter amazement.

Rich, beautiful, a life of elegance before her, and yet she prefers to study difficult arias eight hours a day, deny herself many personal luxuries, as those who sing opera must do, and keep regular, simple hours.

Is it any wonder she has been a success?

The talkies loom on her horizon now. Opportunities are hers for the taking. She's considering them all, in between preparing for her season of grand opera. This Summer she sings in Europe with the Monte Carlo Opera Company. In October she will sing in four different operas with Gigli of the Metropolitan Opera Company in California. After that, who knows?

However, California is a part of Hollywood, they say. Perhaps this proximity to the scene of her early success may have some deep significance. Let us hope so.

At any rate, everyone is speculating if the talkies will lure Hope back to the screen again.

Maybe we shall hear Hope in grand opera in the movies, for opera has come to the realm of the silvered screen.



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Do you follow Herb Howe's Hollywood chat every month?
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The Unknown Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 118)

Next Month Jim Tully will resume his fascinating adventures in Interviewing. Watch for this feature.

tain awe. He is listened to with rapt attention by people who know even less about the subject of which he is talking than he does himself.

WHISTLER accused Oscar Wilde of taking the crumbs from his table and scattering them in the provinces. Chaplin, while often sharing social honors with Madame Elinor Glyn, is about on her level as a student. Gifted with a powerful mind, he makes no use of it.

Chaplin is a peddler of intellectual crumbs.

The comedian was sued some time ago by a writer who claimed an idea had been stolen. The majority of the jury before whom the case was tried was for conviction. Although I do not know the full history of the case, I would be inclined to lean toward the innocence of Chaplin. In my opinion, his honesty is beyond question. Being quite human, he has his petty qualities. But he is above deceit and connivance as practiced so frequently in the modern business and political world. He may be petty in order to save himself, but as long as other citizens let him alone, Charlie will treat them likewise. He is much too self-centered to worry over or mix much with the affairs of others. He may thumb his nose at pomposity and hypocrisy, but not while it is watching.

When I contracted to write the life of Chaplin for *Pictorial Review*, the editors asked that I write the comedian and explain my purpose. Their intention, although perfectly just, was one of utmost unkindness toward the little

genius. Accordingly, I wrote to Chaplin and told him that I would do all in my power to be gentle, or words to that effect.

He did not answer my letter. Instead, through his New York attorney, he filed suit against the magazine, and against me, too, I think, for a half million dollars. He was a magnificent optimist.

Common sense on the part of attorney and jester would have told them both that no magazine such as *Pictorial Review*, read mostly by women and children, would have allowed anything unkind or unjust to be printed against the idol of millions of readers.

Expensive lawyers were retained on both sides. My manuscript was carefully combed until it was as lifeless as a romantic serial. The case went to trial before Federal Judge Thacher. He dismissed it almost immediately.

Hoover has since promoted Judge Thacher to a higher position in Washington. Whether the judge's action in regard to my case was read at the time by the future president, I do not know. But the life story ran in the magazine.

It was, without doubt, the greatest piece of publicity Chaplin ever received. So far he has not thanked me.

I have often wondered just why he sued the magazine. Did he imagine I would write something different?

Charles Chaplin is, as men in general are measured, a high type of citizen. He attends as many dull dinner parties as any Rotarian. But, all in all, he is a far from usual fellow, and, as they say in the hinterland of Ohio, "I am glad to have metten him."



Claudette Colbert has departed on a five months' tour of the world with her husband, Norman Foster. Miss Colbert completed her role in the new talkie version of "Manslaughter" before her departure. The world tour is being made on a freighter—so the popular star will be far from the maddening throng for her lengthy vacation.

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The Thunder Thief

(Continued from page 33)

expends enough energy to move a good-sized mountain in attempting to make the bid—and nine times out of ten pulls a rabbit out of a hat.

If her partner is a good player, she calls attention to his mistakes in the manner of Queen Elizabeth sentencing Essex to the block. If he isn't a good player, she smiles benignly and pets him on the back for losing only two tricks by misplays.

As Bill Haines says "Playing bridge with Marie is like living through a cyclone. But it's stimulating. I'd rather play with her than with Work, myself."

SPEAKING of work—Marie Dressler is the actress to her fingertips. She has that poise, that graciousness, that brilliant play of voice and facial expression, that ability to make her point which are part of the finished personality of every great stage star, as ease of muscle and bodily control belong to the great athlete.

Talk to Ina Claire for an hour and conversation with any woman, no matter how sweet she may be or how worth while her thoughts, becomes as insipid as a cold cup of coffee.

The let-down from Marie's conversation to that of most people is the let-down from Helen Wills to a high school champ.

When she talks—and she loves to talk, loves an audience, loves people—when she talks all that swift change of mood, all the delicate shadings to awaken laughs and heart throbs, the little pauses for emphasis, the mobile play of every feature, hold you spell-bound as she holds an audience. Yet she's never affected. It's all become

part of herself. That is Marie Dressler.

If you saw Marie Dressler in "The Callahans and the Murphys," which brought her back to the screen after a long absence, it may be difficult to realize that Marie Dressler is very much the *grande dame*—oh, very much. No one takes liberties, no one ignores the usual formalities of polite society in her presence.

I KNOW one young man who had the misfortune one evening after dinner in her house to follow an old Chinese custom, which in that older civilization is considered naught but a compliment to the excellent food provided by one's host. In the good old Anglo-Saxon which is becoming more and more popular all the time, he belched.

Marie turned upon him a frozen countenance and a lifted eyebrow.

"Perhaps you had better take a little walk in the garden" she said. "I am a comedienne only on the screen."

That is true. Marie is witty, she tells a funny story well, her laugh is hearty, but unlike her friend and co-star, Polly Moran, she doesn't do spontaneously funny things, she never pulls her stuff in the drawing-room. Polly just naturally can't help being funny. Marie can—and does.

Perhaps the sweetest thing about Marie Dressler is her honest interest in everybody else. What you are doing, how your life and work are progressing, is of real interest to her. If you don't see her for months, she remembers how old all your children are, and their names and some little story about them.

There is no affectation in her idolatry

COMING

IN NEXT MONTH'S NEW MOVIE

HERB HOWE'S HISTORY OF HOLLYWOOD

Remember Herb Howe's Guide Book to Hollywood? That was perhaps the most popular feature published by NEW MOVIE up to date. Next month Mr. Howe relates the fascinating and colorful history of the world's most romantic town from the days of the Indians and the coming of the pioneers.

Here is a feature you will want to save. Watch for it! Mr. Howe's History of Hollywood will be illustrated with numerous unpublished photographs showing the old and the new Hollywood.

where children are concerned. Frances Marion, the famous writer, is her closest friend, and Marie will desert any party on Sunday afternoon, no matter how brilliant, to play with the kids in their sandpile.

Really, she should have had a dozen running around. But the one great love affair of her life was overshadowed with tragedy. The man she loved was for many years an invalid and Marie cared for him and nursed him to the day of his death. In spite of the unfortunate circumstances, Marie would have no one else. So her life has been lonely at times, and lacked those things which should have been hers—a home and children. Much of that repression, and of the grief she felt at his passing, have gone to make the undying pathos

that is hers in such parts as Marie Smith in "Caught Short."

MARIE never wanted to be a comedienne.

Like all great comics, she is terrifically sensitive. Her feelings are easily hurt. Her lower lip trembles and she assumes an enormous dignity. Probably no woman was ever more *woman* than Marie Dressler.

And let me tell you something that I have discovered from long association with the great women comics, such as Fannie Brice and Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. No woman likes to be funny. It robs her immediately of something that is a woman's birthright. They live above it, they solace the deep feelings which must be beneath all comedy with the pride of giving laughter to the world, but they carry within themselves a certain wistful withdrawal, a spot of hurt pride.

Polly Moran can kid about herself and her figure. But even her best friends can't kid her about it—and Polly is a great scout and has a sense of humor big enough to cover everything else in the world.

So always Marie Dressler—for thirteen years the great drawing card of Weber and Fields—has wanted to play drama. She knows what everyone connected with the theater knows, that comedy is the hardest thing on earth to play, the supreme test of the actor. Anyone who can play high comedy can take a rest in a heavy dramatic rôle. There was more dramatic power, more actual technique and hard work in Ina Claire's performance in "The Gold Diggers" than in Jeanne Eagels's Sadie Thompson.

Thus the rôle in "Anna Christie," which had a deep undercurrent of drama and tragedy, delighted her.

WE were sitting in a corner at one of Sadie Murray's parties one night—Sadie is Beverly Hills' leading hostess and the Alice Roosevelt of Hollywood—when she told me about it.

"It's a marvelous thing to have a dream come true after forty years," she said, giving me that encompassing smile. "I have waited forty years to play a part that had drama as well as comedy. I used to go around New York when I was with Weber and Fields, begging managers to give me a chance in drama. Begging them, my dear. And they'd pat me on the back and tell me how funny I was.

"Charlie Frohman was going to give me a chance. He thought I could do it. We had it all arranged when the Titanic went down and he went down with it. Even the icebergs were against me. So I went into 'Tillie's Nightmare' and played it for so many years it became an institution—and I finally did it in pictures."

Yet deep down, Marie loves comedy, respects it.

I sat next to her at Mabel Normand's funeral. I felt pretty badly myself, because I had loved Mabel Normand like a sister, we had been chums in our youth. I tried to keep a grip on myself, not to break down, and I was doing pretty well as I gazed at the masses of flowers that hid Mabel from us forever, when I looked at Marie's face and that finished me.

"The waste," she whispered, "the waste. The genius. That noble spirit. To go so soon and with so little accomplished of all she might have done." Later, as we all stood outside, she said

(Continued on page 125)



What? Formal evening pajamas! Honest. They appear in Joan Crawford's "Our Blushing Brides" and were designed by Adrian. Will the modern girl adopt them? Who knows? The young woman inside is one of the pretty models in the picture.



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The Star motion picture theater at Westbrook, Maine, where Rudy Vallee worked his way from sweeper to projection machine operator.

Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 45)

in having a college education was to attain culture, poise and to know how to obtain more knowledge. Although Rudy remained at Maine University only a year he experienced his first taste of fame in a small way.

Scattered all over the country are men and women who boast that they used to dance to Rudy's saxophone, playing back in the days when they were college students. The love for this university has never ceased to be big and sincere. Today he has popularized University of Maine's Stein Song all over the country. Thousands of radio fans who have heard Rudy's interpretation of this stirring marching song have begged broadcasting stations that it be repeated.

WHILE in the university he went to New York to see Rudy Wiedoeft, from whom he got the nickname "Rudy." Mr. Wiedoeft told him that his artistic ability was there, but that he lacked technique. If Rudy lacked technique he would achieve it. And he did, by playing three nights a week at dances to earn his way through college and the other nights practicing in various buildings on the campus. During the year some prig complained that his practicing kept the students awake. Rudy then hired the town hall and an old Victor. There, night after night and far into the morning he would practice with the phonograph records to guide him as a teacher.

The next year he went to Yale. There he organized the Yale Collegians—the same bunch of boys that are now with him as the Connecticut Yankees. The same popularity that later was to come to him in the public eye was his while he was at Yale.

He first became known as a crooner of tunes to his fellow students when

he and his orchestra were engaged to play during meals in the college dining hall. The Yale men had expressed the opinion that sometimes the food was "not so hot" but that good music would have a balancing influence. Later, when the college executives felt the need of reducing expenses, the dinner orchestra went under the knife. A most awful howl of protest went up from the student body, but the orders stood. Two days of eating, without the mellowing influence of Rudy's crooning, passed and became unendurable.

One night there was the usual gathering of 500 and more students in the dining hall, and apparently nothing was unusual. At a given signal, however, the lights went out and pandemonium broke loose. Tables, chairs, dishes and food were overthrown and thrown over everything and in a united voice the cry went up "We want Vallee and his music." Order was restored and the happy ending came with the re-appearance, permanently, of Rudy and his music.

RUDY received his A.B. at Yale in June, 1927. He then took his boys to New York, where they started to play in Don Dickerman's Heigh-Ho Club in the Village.

"We got the chance to play in this club catering to the ultra-elite and we won. I worked out my own ideas. No one helped or hindered me."

Loathing steady night engagements, he tried to break into the club racket which paid better. Finally he went to Herman Birnie. Birnie, who really needed a sax player, wasn't favorably impressed but later, after looking through Rudy's scrapbook, changed his mind and Rudy came back the second time. The third time Birnie gave him an audience. Rehearsal was ready

(Continued on page 127)

The Thunder Thief

(Continued from page 123)

to Mary Pickford and Marion Davies, "There is the end of genius. None of us could hold a candle to her. We have been here today—you and I and Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd and Ben Turpin and Constance Talmadge and Roscoe Arbuckle and Mack Sennett, all of us who have loved comedy, to pay our last respect to the very spirit of comedy, to the muse of comedy. The joy she could have given the world! Let us not forget that, nor forget always to defend her memory against those who did not know her and could not understand the problems and the circumstances which defeated her. I wish she had been my daughter."

There speaks the real Marie Dressler.

YET there is a ruthless, impatient streak in her, too. An old-time stage star who has a habit of long reminiscences which bore almost to extinction, came up to her on the lot the other day. "Go away," she said, "go right away. I'm too tired. I haven't time. Do go away."

Half an hour later on the set I saw her take little Sally Eilers off behind a bit of scenery and spend two hard hours teaching pretty Sally how to get the most out of her lines.

Marie loves work—her own and everybody else's. If ever a trouper died in her boots, Marie will. Yet she's always crabbing.

When after "The Callahans and the Murphys" she was out for almost a year, she literally had fits all over the place.

"Everything is going to be all right," Frances Marion told her. "Just be patient."

"I can't be patient," said Marie, with that well-known twist of her shoulders. "I'm not a patient woman. I want work. I've worked since I was fifteen. I want a job."

When she began to get one job after another, two pictures at once, she said, "What do they think I am—triplets? I don't do anything but work, work, work. Can't they give a woman a rest. I'm sorry. I'd love to play bridge, but I'm too tired. I'm too tired to do anything but work."

But she always has time to help everybody else, straighten out everything, be on hand when there is trouble. And she said recently, "If I'd keep my nose out of other people's business and my mouth shut, I wouldn't be so tired nights."

But then she wouldn't be Marie Dressler.

Born in Canada, she has a passion for Europe, where she is very popular socially—a distinguished figure among distinguished groups. They understand and value Marie. She is invited to stay in English country houses and French chateaux and Italian villas.

"When I'm through in pictures," she says, "I shall live in Europe."

But I doubt if Marie will ever be through in pictures.

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Won by a Nose

(Continued from page 36)

sion, the person without the third bump is lacking in ability to defend against aggression in others. This leads to the development of timidity, jealousy and sarcasm, each more of an exaggeration of the same basic lack. These are unpleasant traits, but ones generally ascribed to actors and actresses by their own jokes among themselves. This lack of self defense makes an actress with a retroussé nose an ideal person for the slick-tongued salesmen, glib Romeos and poor relations. She may realize she is weak, yet will give in in spite of her good sense.

The string of poor relations and other dependents that hang on the skirts of picture stars is still further testimony for this lack of self defense. Verily the retroussé is the actress's nose!

A racial example of this lack are the Chinese. Of passive nature, idealists, dreamers, they possess the concave nose.

THE retroussé is frequently accompanied by the short upper lip. This was considered a beauty point, and still is, to some extent, for the mouth when at rest shows part of the teeth and is considered to lend animation and appeal to the face. The phrenologist's side of the story is that a short upper lip means love of applause. The retroussé, which in itself means lack of force and ambition, must have a feature in the face to supply this lack. An overpowering love of applause is told by the short lip. This then supplies the motive force.

Any true artist must possess this, whether found in the nose, lip or some

other feature. The response of an artist to an audience is a well-known phrase for that pickup in her work that the actress has when the applause tells her the audience is with her. A true artist exceeds himself when stimulated by applause. Love of applause, as it is called, laudation, is a heady stimulant to ambition, and the short upper lip supplies this.

Love of display, of dress, of form and color, are accompanying traits in the short lip. The dress shops and jewelers and furniture shops tell the tale in Hollywood.

WHILE the retroussé expresses weakness, as opposed to force in the character, this trait can be made up for by width of nose, at the tip, or along the whole nose, viewing it from the front. Vivian Duncan, of the famous Duncan Sisters, possesses such a nose. A wide nostril also expresses strength. Cogitation, or thoughtfulness, is expressed by the base of the nostril. This is called by the phrenologists reason. Look at Vivian Duncan; when confronted with all the charm of Nils Asther, did she lose her head as most girls would? No, she actually broke her engagement to think it over while she went on a long tour and, while the engagement has been re-established, the marriage does not seem so imminent yet. Then there is Clara Bow and Harry Richman; the red hair and retroussé nose can't get Clara past the cogitiveness of the broad-ended nose.

Without this wide nose end, the retroussé is not a reasoning nose. It is an emotional nose, a feminine nose that

(Continued on page 130)

HomeTownStories of the Stars

(Continued from page 124)

when he invited Rudy to play. There in the dusk of a smoky room with other musicians around Rudy Vallee played his saxophone. Then and there Birnie offered him nine engagements at \$14 a week, barely enough to keep from starvation. It was the beginning of the breaks.

On March 13, 1929, the folks back home in Maine received word that Rudy had taken a contract with the Paramount Company of New York at a salary of \$4,000 a week for a period of ten weeks. A letter to his parents stated that he had insured his voice for \$250,000. The breaks were coming fast.

Previous to the contract he was a National Broadcasting artist and broke records at a Keith Broadway theater. It was during one of those broadcasts that he announced to his orchestra that he was going to sing the choruses of the selections. The boys thought he had gone "daff." Rudy sang, however, and the result was more fame.

ONE of the biggest breaks was the trip to Hollywood where he and the Yankees made "The Vagabond Lover" for RKO. Rudy's own song, "The Vagabond Lover," was one of the popular hits of the day. Flashlights boomed and cameras cranked at the Santa Fe station at Hollywood and the Governor and Mayor's representatives pushed with the belles of filmland for a glimpse of the crooner of love songs. A twelve-foot key was presented to him. It was a typical movie welcome, with the exception that the cynosure of all eyes had his arms around a little wisp of a woman, his mother, and a rotund man, his father. Not allowing them to stand in the background, Rudy introduced them, too, and the crowd went mad with delight.

"It's because you are my mother that people tell you those nice things about me," he remarked to his mother when she repeated praise heard on a certain occasion.

"And that has always been his attitude toward his success," she explained. "He hardly ever takes credit for himself. In the band it's the boys and in the picture it was the other members of the cast."

From Hollywood Rudy went back to New York. Back to his beloved radio, night club, theater public which necessitates getting up in the morning between eight and nine o'clock, devoting the morning to business at hand, such as making records, holding rehearsals and sitting for his pictures. Between twelve and one o'clock he goes to the theater where his orchestra plays from four to five shows a day. At eleven o'clock the day is still young. Three hours more of music at his Villa Vallee, a place of mirrored, paneled walls and soft hued hangings, brings the clock near 3 A. M. That puts him to bed about four in the morning. He appears twice a week now on NBC; Thursday night on a coast-to-coast chain and late Saturday nights in a broadcast from his club on WEAf only.

HIS book, "Vagabond Dreams Come True," was published the latter part of last winter. Rudy's autobiography is a straightforward account of his struggles, sincerity marking the entire story. One cannot help but admire him for this. His love of music is stressed throughout the story. He proves in the book that he is not a home wrecker, a warbling sheik with lots of luck and a few brains. Rather does he prove that he is a capable young man who has brought talent and intelligence and hard work to his fight for success.

He's a tall, blond-haired youth with a bit of curl in his hair. He has blue eyes, peculiarly close together and half open, as if he were sleepy. But he's no Adonis. Rather not, just a clean American boy with a personality.

"I have no illusions about myself, my success or my voice. My voice isn't musical in the exact sense of the word. I have tried to sing songs that tell a story—sentimental songs that bring back memories. I try to sing clearly, pronouncing each word distinctly. The sympathetic quality comes from my mother, whose voice has a soothing quality.

"I realize that ours is a radio band. We owe our success to the radio fan. I hope that the day will never come when I am not a source of pleasure and interest on the air. I know that I will always want to broadcast, as I am never so happy as when before the microphone. When I broadcast I put my theories into practice and these theories are that people are tired of jazz. Millions come home worn out after a day's work with the jangle-jangle of life's activities still in their ears and they want to relax, to listen to something soothing and softly sung."

THE personality of this boy whose meteoric rise to fame has carved a niche for himself in the public's affection is an amazing combination of showmanship and reticence. His views on love and marriage would be considered old-fashioned. His showmanship is best expressed by these words—"I know I have a damned good band. I slaved my fingers to the bone to whip it into shape. I felt that some day I would receive tremendous results. It was only a question of sincerity and feeling. Any little thing I ever did in my life, I tried to do better than anybody else. I dislike the commonplace. If I did anything seriously, I wouldn't present it to you unless it were different, yet simple, natural, so that streetcar conductors, stenographers, mothers, flappers or grocerymen would understand."

If fame is fleeting—and who can deny it is not—it is not unattainable for a time. Those who capture it and hold it for a short space of years possess a quality that eludes being caught and shaped into words. Perhaps Rudy Vallee can be more easily understood if you know he receives more money a year than the President of the United States, but he shaves himself and delights to eat in cafeterias.

The Home Town Stories of Amos 'n' Andy

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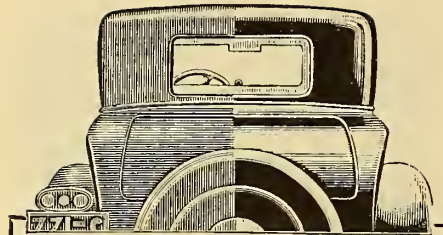
Albany

New York

Last Days of Valentino

Lest We Forget—**RUDOLPH VALENTINO**
Born—Castellaneta, Italy, on May 6, 1895
Died—New York City, on August 23, 1926

(Continued from page 43)



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Unquestionably this is one of the greatest discoveries in the automobile field. Think of it! A marvelous liquid called NUREX, almost magical in its effect, does away entirely with all polishes and waxes.

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though possessed of the devil, he would leap up and go forth to a company that was always awaiting him.

He squandered money in lavish gifts. He bought a hundred suits of clothes. He indulged in all the expensive pleasures of the most siren city of the world.

Suddenly, tired of Paris, he drove his Isotta Fraschini, costing ten thousand dollars, to the Riviera. One night in the Casino of Cannes he flung away a half million francs at baccarat, which he did not know how to play, simply because he had the whim of impressing a pretty girl at the table.

MONEY never meant anything to Rudie. When he parted with Natacha he asked her to choose what she wanted. She selected a collection of ivories which he had purchased in India at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars. He gave her, besides, the furnishings of his New York apartment and jewels that have been estimated at fifty to a hundred thousand.

From Cannes, Rudie motored to Paris. There again he plunged into the vertigo of night pleasures.

"He goes through life like a bull through a china shop," exclaimed Bertelli, American news correspondent in Paris.

On a sudden whim, Rudie took off for Berlin without heeding visé regulations. He entered Germany easily enough but was refused permission to leave. His papers were not in order. The Germans resented a movie actor taking such privileges. They particularly resented Rudolph Valentino, who had played in the anti-German picture, "The Four Horsemen." His case was so serious that Manuel appealed to Ortiz Rubio, new president of Mexico, who was then Mexican Ambassador to Germany. Señor Rubio sent Rudie's passport direct to Stresemann. He sent it at nine o'clock in the morning. It was not returned until six that evening with Stresemann's O. K.

Back in Paris, Manuel decided to give Rudie a dinner that would delight him. Rudie did not seek dissipation; his craving was aristocratic society. He wanted more than anything else to meet the Prince of Wales, an ambition that was never realized.

The banquet Manuel arranged for Rudie was one of the most brilliant Paris has known. It delighted the boy spirit of Rodolpho. On his right sat the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, on his left Madame Bertelli. Circling the great round table were such celebrities as the Comtesse Bernsdorff, Comtesse D'Orsay, Lady Millicent Hawes, Baronne Daubet, Marquis de Castellane, Comte San Just, Henri Letellier, M. Andre de Fouquieres, the Mexican Ambassador, and many other distinguished persons of social and diplomatic circles.

I think that night the worldly dream

of the simple peasant of Apulia was completely realized. The Paris papers next day said: "Forty pairs of friendly eyes drank in the magic of the Master Sheik at a luxurious dinner given in his honor at the Ritz. . ."

BACK in the United States to which he was forced to return by the terms of his contract, Rudie found exhilaration in driving his car sixty miles an hour. Driving from San Francisco to Los Angeles, he shot straight into a freight train. Oddly a post intervened and whirled the car around. Undaunted, laughing, Rudie leaped out and took a picture of the wreck.

His continued rashness brought a rebuke in the form of an editorial in *The Los Angeles Examiner*.

Rudie was not attempting suicide. He had too much egotism for that. It was simply that he was jaded with the things the world had given him, disappointed in those denied him. So he sought the thrills of the moment.

He was taken from a party in New York to a hospital, where he died, without a friend near him. No one knows what his last words were. I like to think, knowing Rudie, that they were the same he murmured dying in "The Four Horsemen"—*Je suis content*.

The ceremonials of three weeks attending his burial were arranged by producers who wished to keep publicity alive while prints of his last picture were being hastily distributed.

FOR a week his body lay in state like an emperor's, the populace surging around the catafalque to pay tribute or gaze curiously. Then, in triumph, he was brought back to Hollywood, whose magic lamps had transformed him in the space of five years from a penniless cabaret dancer into a fabulous Caesar of a fabulous realm. Meanwhile, behind the curtain of these prolonged ceremonials, the film men worked feverishly, rushing out two hundred prints of his last picture; previously when a favorite had died, his unreleased picture had been a total loss, but theaters cashed in on Rudie's while headlines fanned the public interest—and to their surprise continued to cash in long after the funeral fanfare had passed.

Thus, even as taps sounded over his earthly triumph, there was the insistent note of a relentless irony.

"*Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine.*" Incense buried the flowers in a cloud, submerged their fragrance. Over the heads of the kneeling people rolled, at length, the final chant of the requiem mass. Cameras clicked, flashlights boomed. In the street the milling thousands were held back by police.

He went to his grave as princes go.

Through it all I kept recalling what he once said to me in a long discussion of spiritual matters: "Why should I go to church, since God is everywhere?"

We Have With Us Tonight

(Continued from page 91)

MARY BRIAN: Let all you people who have scornfully asked the question, "What becomes of all the beauty contest winners?" now hang your heads in shame, for next on the program tonight we have one of them. She is none other than Mary Brian. Now don't you wish you hadn't asked it? It shows that some of them reach the top and turn out all right after all.

Our Mary was born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17, 1908, and the name written down in the Bible is Louise Dantzier.

This is how she got the name Mary Brian: She was named for her mother, whose first name was Louise; when time came for her to select her name she decided to take some other name than her mother's and chose the good old stand-by of Mary. Her father's middle name was Brian, and also she was attending the Bryan High School in Dallas, and so Mary Brian she became.

Here is a queer thing about Mary Brian—she is one of the loveliest and most delicate of the film stars. To look at her you would think she had been brought up on a down pillow on Park Avenue. But not at all. Mary's father died when she was a month old and her mother took her to an uncle's ranch in Texas, so she grew up in the great open spaces where men are men and a girl can shoot a rattlesnake in the eye at thirty paces.

Leaving Texas, her mother brought her to Los Angeles and while they were living there a neighbor made a snapshot of Mary and, unknown to her, entered the picture in a beauty contest. When the judges saw the picture they broke into poetry and Mary broke into fame. Her first film part was as Wendy in "Peter Pan."

No, boys, she is not married. She lives with her mother in an apartment, but I won't tell you the address. It wouldn't be fair to the traffic officers in Hollywood. When they saw you rushing in, they'd think Iowa was having its annual reunion.

BETTY COMPSON: Do you remember in the days of old how it used to be that all the Presidents of the United States had to be born in a log cabin, or they were simply considered no good? In fact, a man didn't dare to try to run unless he could say that he had been born in a log cabin.

Time passed and the log cabin faded out and no more was heard of it. And now bang! here is a movie star who was born in one—**BETTY COMPSON.** And it was in a town that had practically nothing but log cabins, for it was the small mining hamlet of Frisco, Utah—so small that an eagle had to put on glasses to see it. The date the big event occurred in the log cabin was March 18, 1897.

But the name they sprinkled on her in the little log cabin wasn't Betty Compsen. It was Luicieme Compson, but whoever heard of the given name Luicieme?

Well, that's the reason Luicieme changed it.

Betty's father was a mining engineer and a college graduate, but luck was against him and he never found the mother lode. He died when Betty was

only a child and the wolf came and scratched the bark off the logs.

Betty's mother picked her up and they moved to Salt Lake City, and there Betty grew up at 464 Third Avenue, if you happen to stroll down Third Avenue and want to look at the number.

The wolf followed them and kept snapping at their heels until Betty's mother had to take a job in the linen room at Hotel Utah in that city, and Betty, at the age of fifteen, had to take a job playing in the orchestra at the Mission Theatre. At the age of sixteen she started out alone for San Francisco to conquer the world with her fiddle, so you see Betty has a backbone where a backbone ought to be.

She conquered the world all right, but it was with her acting, although she could go out today and bring home the family meat with her fiddle-bow.

October 14, 1924, she married James Cruze who gave the world "The Covered Wagon." But Jimmie and Betty have separated.

GEORGE O'BRIEN: If you have ever been a bad man in San Francisco you must have met George O'Brien's father, as he was Chief of Police in San Francisco for twenty years and knew practically everybody in that racket. But if you have just entered upon such a career recently, you may be excused for not knowing him, as he has given up meeting underworld characters and is now living in Hollywood.

Here in San Francisco, George was born September 1, 1900. George O'Brien has the best physique in Hollywood, and when he hangs a cane on his arm and walks down Hollywood Boulevard, girls follow along behind him, sighing and quoting poetry. And when he puts on a bathing suit and saunters up and down the beach before taking a dip, the police have to come and club the girls back so that the tide can come in.

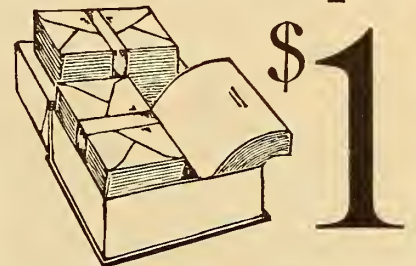
Once it looked as if he and Olive Borden were going to Niagara Falls together, but quite a bit of water has gone over since then, and they have not taken the plunge, so, girls, you still have a chance to get on the good side of the police department.

George lives with his father at Malibu Beach, which is a suburb of Hollywood (or so Hollywood says) and every morning he puts on his bathing suit and goes out for a swim. Bring your field glasses and come.

George does not smoke, and he does not drink, so you would never have to sweep up any cigarette ashes or a husband from the floor. If you prefer the kind of husband who gets lit up and is the life of the party until the others have gone home—and next morning is as cross as Leo, the M-G-M lion, being moved to a new cage, then don't send your picture and description to George, for he hates liquor and you could get a spoonful of liquor down his throat only by throwing him and using a medicine dropper. And to do this you'd have to call in the marines, so maybe you had better take him just as he is.

Address him at Malibu Beach, post paid. His secretary will answer your letter when he gets to it.

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Out on the desert near Yuma, Arizona, Alexander Korda has been making the battle sequences for Fox's "Women Everywhere." This is another yarn of the Foreign Legion.

Won by a Nose

(Continued from page 126)

makes decisions on feeling. It is impulsive and versatile (a fine trait for an actress), it has a gift for mimicry. It is a nervous, sensitive nose, often of a delicate constitution, expresses amiability when the sarcastic and jealous part of the nature is not roused or developed; it expresses refinement, a spasmodic energy rather than a sustained steady energy such as is possessed by less imaginative and emotional people; it has diplomacy and tact. It is inquiring, obstinate (nature's way of overcoming the lack of aggression). It is frequently capricious, due to lack of firmness; in fact, it seems time to tabulate a few complimentary and uncomplimentary traits that you can incorporate into your own theme song.

Complimentary
adaptable
humorous
talkative
optimistic
intuitive
sociable

Uncomplimentary
inquisitive
changeable
silly
pert
obstinate
jealous
capricious
frivolous
impulsive
timid
sarcastic

THE retroussé also expresses a capacity for memory (what a help that is when a girl has a lot of lines to learn every night), but ordinarily not a capacity for profound thought. This is considered a feminine trait by male phrenologists but, joking aside, women are conceded to be superior linguists, and to excel in a great many things which require superior memories. The psychologists seem to feel that memory and reason are opposed, that is, that few people can excel in both, though a certain amount of memory is necessary to reason well, for if one had no memory one would have nothing to draw deductions from.

A large love nature goes with the retroussé nose.

Perhaps the greatest gift of all possessed by the owner of the retroussé nose is the gift of cultivation. Speaking plainly, that means the ability to adapt one's self, to improve and to take the best from one's surroundings and profit by it. The Irish are a nation of retroussés.

The owner of the retroussé can start at the bottom and rise to the world's highest places and grace them. The retroussé can slip on Cinderella's glass slipper and it fits; the Prince Charming really need not look further than the nose.

The pointed tip retroussé, like Gloria Swanson's, brings with it a large capacity for attention and observation and also curiosity. Psychologists say that a baby is given curiosity that it may educate itself by satisfying the curiosity. This is true of adults; the actress may learn by attention and observation and curiosity. Such powers are accompanied by a love of beauty of form and color; scenery, architecture, painting, all of them mean much to the sharp tipped nose. Swanson has quite a gift for sculpture, it is well known.

POSSESSORS of the long-pointed retroussé seem to be the most distinguished dramatic actresses. This class includes Swanson, Gish, Pauline Frederick, Louise Dresser, Anna Q. Nilsson, Betty Compson, Barbara LaMarr, Mary Philbin, Fay Wray, Norma Shearer and Colleen Moore. Colleen, though a comedienne, has demonstrated her dramatic talents in past pictures, as in Edna Ferber's "So Big," made several years ago. The point, with its qualities, we have described; the long septum, or nose bone, means the possession of inspiration and intuition, a quality that would lift mere mimicry to the level of an art. No great actress can be without this quality, no matter how great her gift of mimicry, memory or personal charm.

Where the tip of the nose is level with the bottom of the nostril where it

joins the face, you will find maturity, a sane outlook on the facts of life as they are, and in exaggerated cases this comes to mean pessimism. This is a change that time brings to the moderately upturned nose tip. Dr. Josef Ginsburg, plastic surgeon of Hollywood, says that when he is restoring youthfulness to the face surgically, he often removes a bit of the cartilage from the tip of the nose, as a shorter nose tip is so much more youthful.

COMING to the second type of retroussé, the short nose with the blunt upturned tip, we find in this group Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, Mabel Normand and Anita Page.

The third type, the between type, not very long and not very short, with broad upturned tip, the type best represented by Dolores Costello and Irene Rich, has all the gifts of retroussé, but with slight modifications. This type is not so possessed of inspiration as its longer-nosed sisters. Possessed of large memories, their reasoning is not a controlling feature, though they are canny. Phrenologists describe this type as more inclined to self-advancement than self-improvement.

To sum things up, the retroussé is the typical actress's nose. Perhaps your favorite is in the following list of Hollywood stars who possess the retroussé: Gloria Swanson, Jetta Goudal, Lillian Gish, Pauline Frederick, Renée Adorée, Laura LaPlante, Louise Dresser, Barbara LaMarr, Dolores Costello, Joan Crawford, Lupe Velez, Vivian Duncan, Ruth Chatterton, Dolores Del Rio, Gwen Lee, Betty Bronson, Fay Wray, Marguerite Churchill, Anita Page, Olive Borden, Betty Compson, Clara Bow, Colleen Moore, Nancy Carroll, Lucille Webster Gleason, Eleanor Boardman, Madge Bellamy, Catherine Dale Owen, Anna Q. Nilsson, Marie Prevost, Norma Shearer, Pola Negri, Mae Murray, Lila Lee, Kay Francis, Zelma O'Neil and Camilla Horn.

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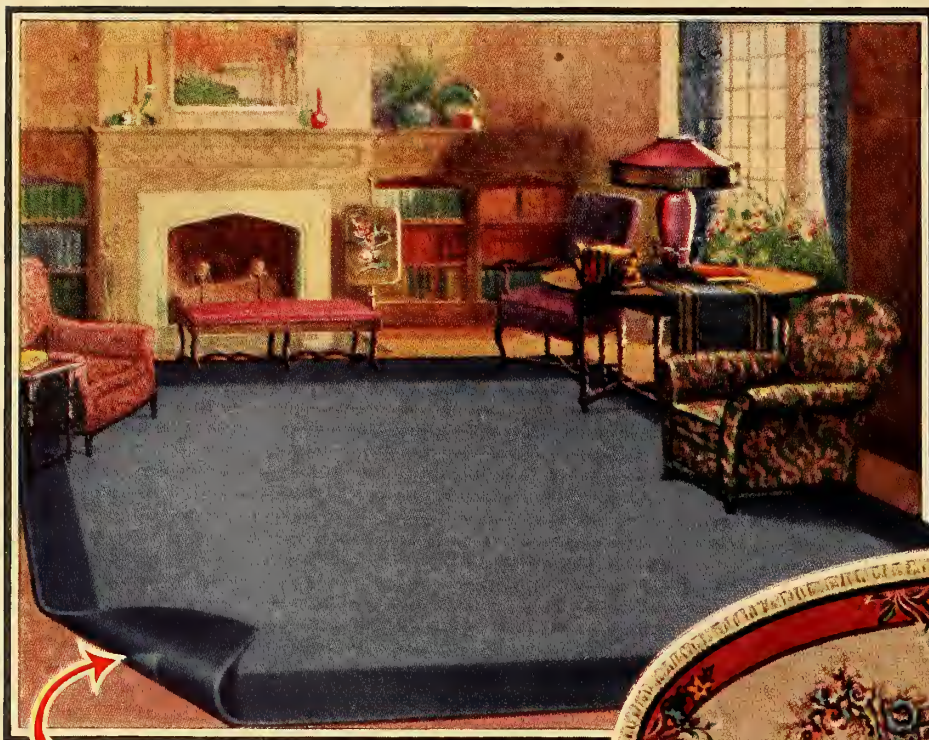
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VITAPHONE VARIETIES

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The New Movie Magazine

ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES

One of the Tower Group of Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. II, No. 3

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September, 1930

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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WOOLWORTH STORES

THERE is sweetness, delicacy, and breeding in this face. And rightly so, for hers is a family of splendid traditions.

Its men were always men of courage and gallantry. Old New Orleans and Louisville, Virginia and Kentucky, knew them well and honored them. Their names are written brilliantly in the history of their times. Its women were always fair, always aristocratic—ladies every one. In the winsome, lavender-and-old-lace annals of the South, their romances and their lives form a lovely chapter.

Surely if any young woman inherited the right to be called a lady, it was Lila . . . the sixth Lila . . . with her breeding and her charm silhouetted against the rudeness that is 1930.

And yet . . . and yet—her friends avoided her, and behind her back people whispered the damning truth. Too bad

Portrait of a Lady (not quite)

she couldn't have overheard. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently, it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but it ought to be the first.

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)

10¢ size Listerine on sale at all Woolworth stores

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

SWING HIGH," "The King of Jazz," "The Big Pond" and "Way Out West" are the motion pictures getting the biggest play from the manufacturers of phonograph records this month.

"With My Guitar and You," the song hit of Pathé's "Swing High," leads the month in number of renditions. One of the best versions was made for Victor by Don Azpiazu and his Havana Casino Orchestra. On the reverse side of this excellent rendition is the fox trot, "Be Careful with Those Eyes."

Another excellent adaptation of "With My Guitar and You" was made by the tenor, Lewis James, for Victor. On the other side of this sure-to-be-popular record is the song hit of Metro-Goldwyn's "Way Out West," called "Singing a Song to the Stars."

Columbia has an appealing version of "With My Guitar and You," played by Ben Selvin and his orchestra. This record also carries the popular number, "Around the Corner."

ONE of the best of the new records was made for Victor by Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra. This presents fine dance versions of presentations of "Ragamuffin Romeo," from "The King of Jazz," and "Singing a Song to the Stars," from "Way Out West."

If you like the boop-a-doop girl, Helen Kane, you will want her newest record, presenting the two best numbers from her latest Paramount film, "Dangerous Nan McGrew." These offer the song of that title and "I Love You."

Two new Rudy Vallée records for Victor offer Rudy's radio hit song, "Kitty from Kansas City," and "If I Had a Girl Like You." The other new Vallée record presents the blue fox trot, "How Come You Do Me Like You Do?" and the popular waltz, "Old New England Moon." None of these is a talking screen number.

THERE is a new Ethel Walters record just issued by Columbia. This presents "My Kind of Man," from Metro-Goldwyn's "The Florodora Girl," and "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," from Paramount's "The Big Pond."

Columbia has a new Paul Whiteman record which carries "Sittin' on a Rainbow," from Columbia's new film, "Call of the West," and the current hit,

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

"With My Guitar and You"

Havana Casino Orchestra (Victor)

"Mia Cara"

Leo Reisman Orchestra (Victor)

"Dangerous Nan McGrew"

Helen Kane (Victor)

"You for Me," from Tiffany's "Sunny Skies," and "If You're Not Kissing Me," from Metro-Goldwyn's "Good News." The other offers "My Future Just Passed," Buddy Rogers' song hit from Paramount's "Safety in Numbers." The reverse of this record presents the fox trot, "Get Happy," played by Nat Shilkret and his orchestra.

I'M in the Market for You," the song hit of Fox's "High Society Blues," has been highly popular with record makers. Johnny Marvin, the comedian, offers a new and attractive version. On the opposite side of this record is the current sentimental hit, "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes."

You will like Leo Reisman's playing of "Mia Cara," from Paramount's "The Big Parade." The reverse of this Victor record carries "Rollin' Down the River."

Columbia has a new record by Lee Morse and her Blue Grass Boys. This introduces "Seems to Me," from Paramount's "Queen High," and "Swingin' in a Hammock."

Some of the best Columbia records present the Ipana Troubadours. Their newest record offers "Sing," or "A Happy Little Thing," from Metro-Goldwyn's "Forward March," along with the fox trot, "Promises."

NEW MOVIE has received so many inquiries about movie stars who have made records that answer is made here: Maurice Chevalier, John Boles, Jeanette MacDonald, Dennis King, Lawrence Tibbett and, of course, John McCormack are obtainable in Victor records.

Buddy Rogers has made records for Columbia.

Drop around to the nearest music store and look them over.

Two of the numbers of "In Gay Madrid," Ramon Novarro's latest starring vehicle, are highly popular with the record makers. These are "Into My Heart" and "Santiago."





NEXT WASHDAY



The makers of these
38 leading washers
recommend Rinso

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Apex
Automatic
Barton
Bee-vac
Big 3 Speed Queen
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Decker

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Eden
Edenette
Faultless
Gainaday
Haag
Horton
Laundryette
Laundry Queen
Meadows
Select-a-Speed
Meadow Lark
One Minute

Prima
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How these soapy suds loosen dirt! Clothes soak gleaming white, without scrubbing or boiling. It's great for dishes, too. Get the BIG package.

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Millions use Rinso
for whiter washes
in tub or machine



2 SIZES most women buy
the large package

Millions use Rinso
for dishes, floors
and all cleaning

WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree
George K. Arthur
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Duncan Sisters
Marie Dressler
Josephine Dunn
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Gavin Gordon
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Leila Hyams

Dorothy Janis
Dorothy Jordan
Kay Johnson
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Bessie Love
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Aileen Pringle
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Virginia Bruce
Jack Buchanan
Nancy Carroll
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Jackie Coogan
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Marlene Dietrich
Kay Francis
Harry Green
Mitzi Green
James Hall

Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
Rosita Moreno
David Newell
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
Zelma O'Neal
Eugene Pallette
Joan Peers
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent

Beth Laemmle
Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Jeanette Loff
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Barbara Worth

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Luana Alcaniz
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Dorothy Burgess
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
John Garrick

Janet Gaynor
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Sharon Lynn
Kenneth MacKenna
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Paul Page
David Rollins
Milton Sills
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Marjorie White

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Armida
John Barrymore
Betty Bronson
Joe Brown
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Claudia Dell
Louise Fazenda
Lila Lee

Winnie Lightner
Lotti Loder
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Marion Nixon
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
James Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees.

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes

Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Colleen Moore
Jack Mulhall
Vivienne Segal
Thelma Todd
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson

Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt

Margaret Livingston
Jacqueline Logan
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier
Alice White

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

At Last The Great Broadway Hit Comes To The Talking Screen



with
Bessie LOVE
Mary LAWLOR
Stanley SMITH

Cliff
EDWARDS
Lola LANE
Gus SHY



A greater, more complete, more realistic production of this sensational musical comedy than was possible on the stage. "GOOD NEWS" brings you the soul of college life—its swift rhythm, its pulsing youth, its songs, its pep, its loves, its laughter—crowded into one never-to-be-forgotten picture. A cocktail of hilarious, riotous entertainment!

What a cast! Bessie Love, of "BROADWAY MELODY" fame; Gus Shy, who starred in the Schwab & Mandel Broadway presentation;

beautiful Mary Lawlor, also one of the original cast; Cliff Edwards with his magic ukulele; Stanley Smith, Lola Lane, Dorothy McNulty and a campus-full of cute co-eds and capering collegiates.

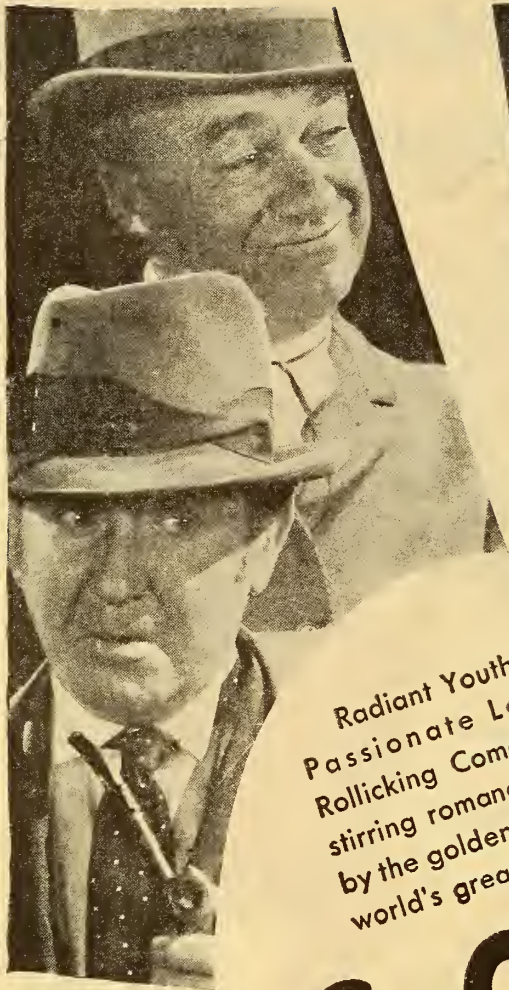
Marvelous music by De Sylva, Brown & Henderson. "The Best Things in Life are Free", "The Varsity Drag" and others. Mirth! Melody! Speed! That's "GOOD NEWS"!

Scenario by Frances Marion—Dialogue by Joe Farnham
Directed by Edgar J. MacGregor and Nick Grinde

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Passionate Love and
Rollicking Comedy . . . A
stirring romance glorified
by the golden voice of the
world's greatest tenor . . .

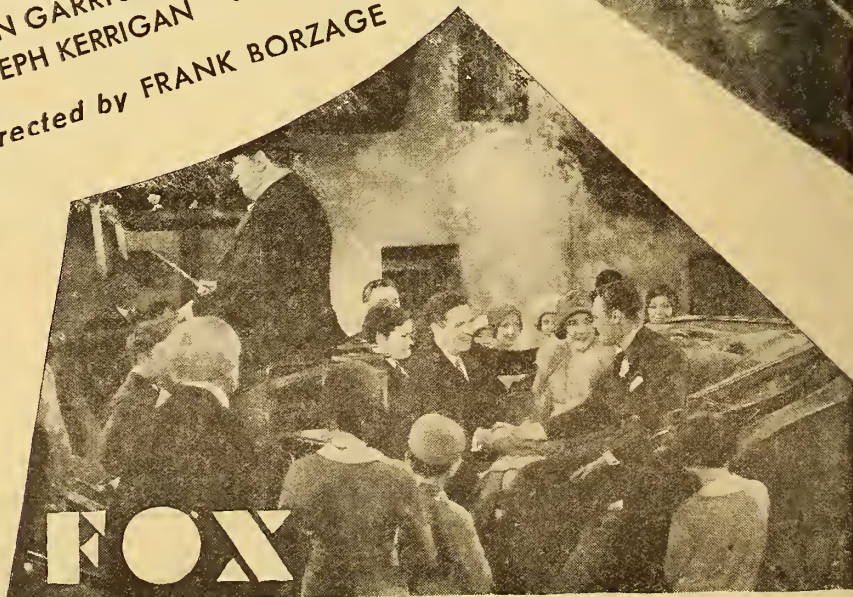
SONG O' MY HEART

A PICTURE THAT WILL BRING HAPPINESS TO MILLIONS

with
JOHN MCCORMACK

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • ALICE JOYCE
JOHN GARRICK • J. FARRELL MACDONALD
JOSEPH KERRIGAN • TOMMY CLIFFORD

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE



FOX



LEILA HYAMS

Photograph by Hurrell

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine



NANCY CARROLL



WALTER PIDGEON

Photograph by Elmer Fryer



JEANETTE MAC DONALD



NEIL HAMILTON

Photograph by Elmer Fryer



Photograph by Richee

KAY FRANCIS



CLIVE BROOK

Photograph by Richee



JACKIE COOGAN

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. II

SEPTEMBER, 1930

No. 3



Gossip of the Studios

PRE-NUPTIAL affairs and wedding festivities have dominated Hollywood society for the past few months. Entertaining for Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon just before their wedding kept everyone busy and immediately after that began a round of showers and parties for Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson.



Sally Eilers: She's Hollywood's newest bride, having married Hoot Gibson. She gave him a star sapphire as wedding gift.

The party that will be long remembered by everyone was the "bachelor dinner" given for Bebe by Mae Sunday, one of her bridesmaids and her closest friends. On the same evening that Wallace Davis and a group gave the traditional men's dinner for Ben Lyon, all the girls gathered at Mae Sunday's house and enjoyed a cat party for Bebe.

The house was gorgeous with masses of pink gladiolas and dahlias, with a full-length spray of pink roses on the table for the bridal party. About fifty girls attended and gave Bebe a very gay evening, including a lot of amusing gifts and some literary efforts supposed to be helpful to a young bride.

The hostess, Mae Sunday, wore black lace, and the guest of honor was in trailing all-over lace of beige color. Among the guests were Norma Talmadge, in black chiffon; Constance Talmadge, wearing yellow; Mrs. Peg Talmadge and Natalie Talmadge Keaton. Lila Lee was there, also in black. Betty Compson drove down from "The Spoilers" location. Mrs. George Fitzmaurice wore the most beautiful print chiffon, pale yellow and gray in color. Louella Parsons was attired in black lace. Sally Eilers came in a soft pink print chiffon. Others present were; Carmel Myers, Olive Tell, Mrs. Hugh Murray and her daughter Anita, Eileen Percy, Mrs. William K. Howard, Vivienne Segal, Carmen Pantages, and Colleen Moore.

* * *

During the evening Miss Daniels presented each of her bridesmaids with a large doll, dressed exactly as the bridesmaids themselves were to be dressed at the wedding.



IN honor of Sally Eilers, whose wedding to Hoot Gibson took place June 27, Carmen Pantages, who acted as maid of honor, gave a miscellaneous shower and supper party at the Assistance League Tea Room. The room was charmingly decorated, and about thirty girls attended. Among them Marian Nixon, Jeanette Loff, Bebe Daniels, Mae Sunday, Mrs. Reginald Denny, Mrs. Morton Downey (Barbara Bennett), Eileen Percy, Marie Prevost and Mrs. Phyllis Daniels.



Charles Farrell: They're having trouble finding him a new co-star. Meanwhile, he is a Malibu Beach newcomer.

Another party honoring Sally was given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mack in their beautiful new home in the California foothills. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, William S. Hart, Buster Collier, Marie Prevost, and of course Edward Pearson Gibson (better known as Hoot). By the way, nobody in Hollywood ever knew Hoot's real name until the wedding invitations were issued.

Buster Collier gave Hoot his bachelor dinner, in the big banquet room of the Roosevelt Hotel. Buster was best man. William Collier, Sr., one of the most famous wits of Broadway, served as toastmaster. Fifty of Hoot's best friends gathered to celebrate his last evening as a bachelor. The gathering presented Hoot with a big silver elephant's foot, which held cocktail glasses and shaker also in silver.

Beside Buster and Hoot, those who gathered about the banquet board were William Boyd, "Skeets" Gallagher, Lew Cody, Jack Pickford, Norman Kerry, James Kirkwood, Dick Hyland, Buster Keaton, Ben Lyon, Dr. Harry Martin, Louis Wolheim, Monte Blue, Mervyn LeRoy, Roscoe Arbuckle, William Haines, James Shields, Lloyd Pantages, Wesley Ruggles and others.

* * *

Before Hoot's place was a large woolly sheep—the prize insult to a cowman. Mr. Collier read telegrams from a number of celebrities and everyone got a chance to make a speech—or, at least, to attempt one.

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Renee Adoree: Slowly recovering from her long illness, is back home again.

were all completed, Jeanette Loff was taken ill and rushed to the hospital for an operation.

Sally asked Mrs. Reginald Denny to take her place. Mrs. Denny said she would. Three days before the wedding, Mrs. Denny also had appendicitis and was operated on within two hours. Much as everyone loves Sally no one wanted to be the third, so she decided to have only three bridesmaids.

Then Marie Prevost got a positive order to work that night at San Pedro. Marie begged but they were adamant. Finally Al Christie agreed to wait until eleven o'clock. So Buster Collier arranged a motorcycle escort for Marie from Hoot's ranch at Saugus. Miss Prevost traveled some sixty miles to San Pedro and got there by eleven o'clock.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. BEN LYON have returned from their honeymoon and settled in Ben's apartment, until they can build a new home on a beautiful site Ben owns in the Hollywood foothills. Mrs. Lyon (who is Bebe Daniels) is doing her own housekeeping. She even went out the other day and bought all her own groceries. The only thing she forgot to get was a can opener. Maybe someone will give her one as a belated wedding present.

The wedding gifts these two popular stars received would equal those presented to royalty on similar occasions. Marion Davies sent the bride a diamond necklace, from which hung a watch set in an enormous, carved Indian emerald. A dozen solid gold coffee spoons, which looked as though they might have been carved by Cellini, were sent by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tierney. (Mr. Tierney wrote the music of "Rio Rita.") Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Neteher (Constance Talmadge) presented the newlyweds with a carved crystal bottle, centuries old, and of wonderful workmanship. A banquet cloth of priceless Italian lace from Venice was the gift of Norma Talmadge. The aero squadron to which Ben Lyon belongs sent a

SALLY EILERS gave Hoot Gibson a perfect star sapphire ring for a wedding present. Hoot wears it on the little finger of his right hand.

* * *

SALLY certainly had some tough luck with her bridesmaids. Having selected Carmen Pantages as maid of honor, and Mae Sunday, Marie Prevost, Jeanette Loff and Marian Nixon as attendants, she thought she was all set. A week before the wedding, when the gowns

beautiful and unique gift—an aeroplane propeller, into which a wonderful clock had been set. Full sets of wonderful silver for every occasion, a carved jewel box, with interior compartments in silver, an exquisite dinner service of Royal Crown Derby, were also included in the gifts.

* * *

ALICE WHITE is making a picture for Columbia. It seems that First National didn't renew her contract. The talkies haven't been kind to Aliee. It takes too long to shoot talkie scenes with her. And First National was having trouble finding vehicles which will allow Aliee to wear teddies.

* * *

THERE are 150,000 things you cannot do in Hollywood. Among them: Aliens cannot use for any purpose city park golf or tennis courts without permits. Which makes it tough on people like Ramon Novarro, Greta Garbo, Maurice Chevalier, and a flock of others. But can you see a cop walking up to Garbo and saying "You are a bad girl; you can't play here," if she should happen to tread on a city tennis court?

* * *

In the movie, "Jenny Lind," Grace Moore sings in English, French, Spanish, Italian and German.

* * *

CLAUDETTE COLBERT isn't going to be gone six months on her ocean trip, after all. The studio has insisted that she return to play with George Baneroff. Miss Colbert ought to be very popular as soon as the fans get to know her. She's beautiful and a real trouper.

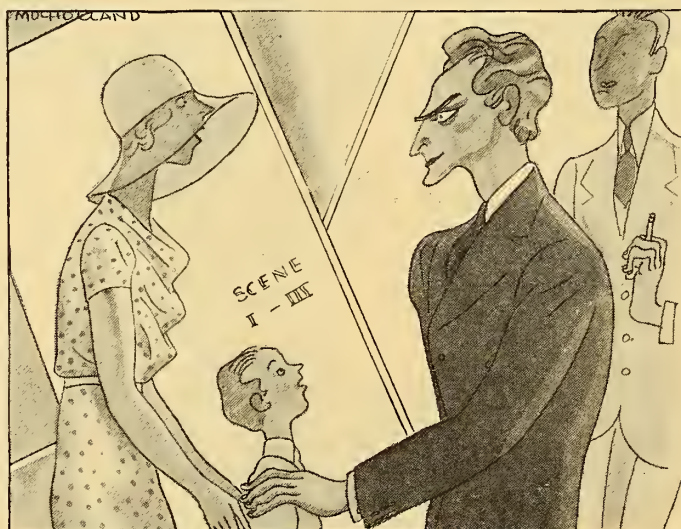
* * *

CLARA BOW'S next picture will have its locale in a college town and the heroes will be football players. The script, written by an Eastern college man, named the two leading players as Red Grange and Dick Hyland. They'll change those, however. At that, Red might be very good in the part—though as named he was the heavy. And NEW MOVIE might loan Dick Hyland for the film.

* * *

Since she started fifteen years ago as a thirteen-year-old girl, Bebe Daniels has made 288 pictures. When she was with Harold Lloyd they used to grind out one short comedy a week.

* * *



THE Fox forces are spending twenty-five million dollars enlarging and improving their studio at Fox Hills, near Culver City, and are going to shoot all their pictures there as soon as they can move in. Their Hollywood studio will be given over entirely to laboratory work. The Fox 1930 program is a notable one.

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

The best matinee idol story ever told is now going the rounds in Hollywood.

A pretty young matron, name unknown, went into Jim's Beauty Parlor. She was extremely fussy about the way her hair was to be done. Just this way and that way. She had a facial and a manœuvre. The girl who attended her was much impressed. She said, "Well, you surely must have a big date tonight, the way you're getting yourself all fired up." The pretty matron smiled happily and said, "Yes, I'm going to see Chevalier's new picture."

* * *

EDDIE LOWE has been up at Pebble Beach on location for a month. His wife, Lilyan Tashman, was working so hard that she had to stay home. But she drove up to make the return journey with him.

* * *

IT'S a wonderful sight to watch George O'Brien and his father on the beach at Malibu. Dan O'Brien, for many years chief of police of San Francisco, is just as husky as his son and can still keep up with him at swimming, hiking, tennis and even take a part in the basketball games on George's tennis court. They do a little boxing together, too, and if it ever got serious George would have his hands full.

* * *

AS soon as the final version of "Madame Du Barry" is ready, Norma Talmadge is leaving for Europe. She will spend the summer at Antibes and other places in France, visiting her friend, Mrs. Ben Troop (Rubye de Remer). Mrs. Leslie Carter, who made "Du Barry" famous on the stage some years ago, has been on the set with Norma during the entire filming of this picture.

She has coached Norma in speaking the lines just as Laura Hope Crewes coaches Gloria Swanson.

* * *

Vic McLaglen proclaims he is getting kinda tired of being tied up with that "Sez you, sez me" business. Every time he opens his mouth some original wit cracks at him "sez you," and then gets peeved if Vic does not come back with "Yeah, sez me."

* * *

GLORIA SWANSON was seen playing on the beach at Malibu with her little daughter and her stalwart little son. All of them tanned copper brown.

Miss Swanson declares emphatically that there isn't the slightest chance of a divorce between herself and the Marquis de la Falaise. They will soon be together in New York. Gloria is looking unusually beautiful these days.

* * *

KING VIDOR and Eleanor Boardman have a new baby daughter. The youngster hasn't been named yet. This is the second child in King Vidor's family. The stork seems to be busy around Hollywood these days. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery

expect a visit shortly, as do Mr. and Mrs. "Skeets" Gallagher. And report from New York says that the former Florence Vidor, now Mrs. Jascha Heifetz, will soon become a mother.

* * *

First National is spending three and one-half million dollars enlarging its studios.

* * *

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, one

of the most famous stage actresses, is now in Hollywood and is fast becoming the idol of the younger set. They gather around and listen by the hour to her tales of the great days in London and her memories of Oscar Wilde, Sarah Bernhardt, George Bernard Shaw, and all the great figures of the reign of Edward VII. Saw Lilyan Tashman, Colleen Moore, and a group of girls sitting at her feet one Sunday—and it takes something to do that in Hollywood.

* * *

EVELYN BRENT has gone to Alaska to play in "The Silver Horde," which George Archainbaud is directing. Louis Wolheim has gone along. That's a break—to be sent to Alaska for a month in the summer.

* * *

The first part Loretta Young ever played was with Colleen Moore in "Naughty But Nice."

* * *

DO you remember "Our Girls" club, which ten years ago was formed in Hollywood? Many of the younger film stars belonged to it, and Mary Pickford was honorary president. The membership included Mildred Davis, Colleen Moore, Lois Wilson, Carmel Myers, Helen Ferguson, May McAvoy, Billie Love, Lillian Rich, and Julianne Johnstone and Carmelita Geraghty.

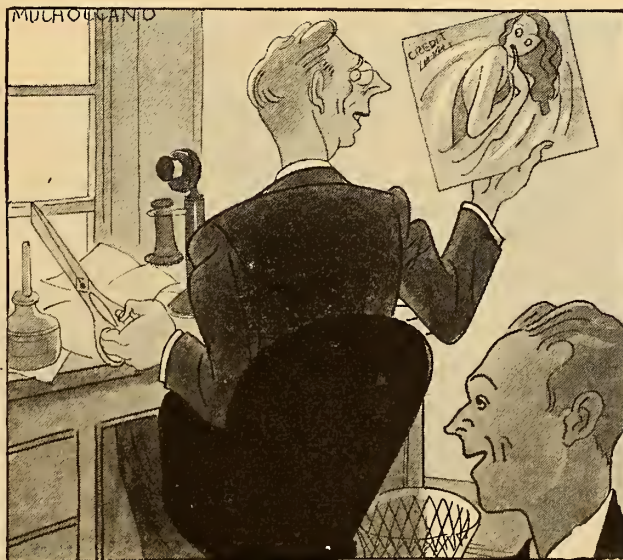
They met for a reunion the other night at Carmel Myers' new home. Ten years ago none of them was married and they were just beginning to be known on the screen. Much has happened since those days and they had great fun reminiscing. Mary Pickford presided.

* * *

DOLORES DEL RIO is vacationing before starting "The Dove." She's been down the California coast at Ensenada, getting a lot of sunshine. Miss Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, head of the art department at M.-G.-M. and one of Hollywood's most popular bachelors, are being seen about together. Miss Del Rio has been interviewed for the next NEW MOVIE.



Norma Talmadge: Plans to spend her vacation at Antibes after completing "Du Barry."



The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Jeanette Loff: Sudden serious illness prevented her from being one of Sally Eilers' bridesmaids.

as he got off the boat, and there was no escape.

HAROLD LLOYD says that the first people outside the studio who will see his latest picture, "Feet First," will be 450 lepers on the island of Molokai in the Hawaiian Islands. He was deeply touched by what he learned about the poor, isolated unfortunates who are merely waiting to die—and must not leave their quarantined isle.

Incidentally 30,000 people gave Harold the biggest reception ever tendered anyone in Honolulu.

This mob of fans met him

THE family of Ann Harding has owned a plantation in Virginia (near Norton) for five generations. No tobacco was raised on that plantation because the Vermillions (Ann's people) always believed tobacco "not nice" for women and therefore refrained from planting any, even though they are in the heart of the tobacco country.

Ann's mother, now in charge of the property, has finally decided that smoking for women is all right and is going to plant good old "terbaccy." Which, incidentally, will about treble the income of the plantation.

RAMON NOVARRO has just returned from a sojourn in East Lansing, Michigan, where he went to take some lessons from Louis Graveur, famous singing teacher.

Vivienne Segal claims the prize telegram of the month. It came from New York during one of the recent stock declines.

"Your broker wants ten thousand dollars more margin. What do you suggest? Love, Mother," it read.

"Suggest anything they will let you use for ten thousand dollars. Love, Vivienne." Vivienne wired back.

RENEE ADOREE has returned to her Hollywood home, after several months in a sanitarium. She is much better.

INA CLAIRE is to play the leading role in Paramount's production of "The Royal Family" on the screen. It's a great part and will give Ina a real chance—her first—on the screen. The part is supposed to have been suggested by the life of Ethel Bar-

rymore. The role of the mother, a very important one, will go either to Mrs. Fiske or Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Walter Pidgeon used to be a stock broker in Boston but went broke. He took to singing on the stage to recoup. Now he is in Hollywood and has forgotten all about stocks.

VIVIENNE SEGAL gave a lovely baby shower the other night for Mrs. "Skeets" Gallagher. The table had stork decorations and the ice cream was made in tiny cradles with a real little doll in the middle. The girls who came and showered Pauline Gallagher with the daintiest gifts for the coming heir or heiress were Mrs. Bert Wheeler, Kathryn Crawford, Bebe Daniels, Kathleen Martin, Alan Dwan, Carmen Pantages, Sally Eilers, Marie Prevost, Mae Sunday, Mrs. Robert Woolsey, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Mrs. Ben Lyon, Sr., and Mrs. George Butler Griffen, Bebe's grandmother, who, as usual, was the life of the party. Mrs. Rosenthal and Mrs. Meyers, Ben Lyon's sisters, who came on for the wedding, were also present.

PHYLLIS HAVER, who is now married to a young New Yorker, Billy Seaman, and has retired from the screen, made a recent visit to Hollywood and was entertained by her many friends. She says she is growing to love New York but still loves Hollywood best, and there isn't any chance that she will return to the screen.

\$70,069,945 was the assessed valuation of real and personal property in Hollywood in 1920. Today it is \$365,088,990, a gain of over EIGHTY THOUSAND dollars a DAY.

LOUIS BROMFIELD, the novelist, came to Hollywood to write an original story for Ronald Colman. After two months in the film capital he has departed for Paris to write the story. He says it's too difficult to work in the confusion and excitement of Hollywood. When he's finished the story he's going to bring it back to Sam Goldwyn.

BESSIE LOVE is fully recovered from a recent illness. Back at the studio. Bessie, who is now Mrs. William Hawks, apparently is finding married life entirely to her taste. She and her husband appear to be very happy and devoted.

WARNER BROTHERS were shooting a picture which required the hero to wear several important British war medals. A meek and lowly prop-



film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

erty man on the set offered to lend the hero his, and the astonished director saw produced: the French Croix de Guerre, the British Military Medal for bravery, the 1914 Mons Medal, the British War Medal with the "mentioned in dispatches" leaf; and the Allies Medal.

Jock More, the owner of these trinkets, was a sergeant in the Highland Light Infantry (a kilt-wearing regiment) and saw four years of the rough stuff in France.

And the director of the picture is Michael Curtiz, who was an officer in the Austrian Army.

* * *

There are 22,700 movie theaters with a total seating capacity of about 11,000,000 in the United States.

* * *

TOM MIX'S daughter, Ruth, who has been living with her mother, Tom's ex-wife, ran away and married an actor, Douglas Gilmore, in Yuma, Arizona.

* * *

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink was paid \$6,000 for one week's singing at the Rory Theatre in New York. During the week she celebrated her seventy-first birthday.

* * *

SANFORD RICH, first mayor of Hollywood (1903) died June 10 in Hollywood. He was eighty-nine years old. He first came to Los Angeles in 1859 but returned to the Middle West and then came to Los Angeles for keeps in 1900. Mr. Rich is described in Herb Howe's Outline of Hollywood History, published elsewhere in this issue.

* * *

SINCE peace terms have not been adjusted with Janet Gaynor, the Fox studios are having quite a time in finding someone who can take Janet's place in the Farrell-Gaynor team. They have considered Rose Hobart, of the New York stage, as well as Maureen O'Sullivan, Joyce Compton and Mona Maris. But wise old Hollywood wags its head and winks. There is only one Gaynor and she fits with Charlie Farrell as no one else will.

* * *

CHARLIE FARRELL is the latest addition to the Malibu Beach colony. He's bought a lot almost next door to George O'Brien. Expects to build immediately.

The romance of Charlie and Virginia Valli is blooming again. In fact, Charlie sort of intimated that there might be real news before many months have passed. They are always together. Another couple whose engagement is likely to be announced shortly is Carey Wilson, one of the leading scenario writers, and Carmelita Geraghty.



WILTON LACKAYE, famous New York stage actor, is in Hollywood on a visit and says he has no intention of going into the movies. Which makes him a rare bird indeed.

* * *

Slow motion pictures are being used by the French army to teach recruits exactly how to drill and perform their manual of arms.

* * *

MANY letters pile in to prove that the fans haven't forgotten William Farnum in "The Spoilers." Right now, Bill is playing with Norma Talmadge in "Du Barry."

"The Spoilers'" location up near Oxnard, about seventy miles north of Hollywood, is the scene of much activity. And they do say that all hasn't been so peaceful. Lot of stars up there together—Gary Cooper, William Boyd, James Kirkwood, Kay Johnson and Betty Compson. They've built a whole Alaskan village there.

* * *

Fifi Dorsay's real name is Yvonne Lussier. She was born in Montreal.

* * *

MARILYN MILLER works three hours a day at her dancing with Theodore Kosloff, the great Russian dancer. After her next picture, Miss Miller will return to New York for a stage production in the Fall. Did you know that Marilyn is the highest priced musical comedy star ever to play on Broadway?

* * *

THERE are two big parts opposite women stars—really co-starring parts—for which Douglas Fairbanks is in great demand. Both the girls and the producers think no one could do these parts as well as Doug. One is with Bebe Daniels in Irving Berlin's "Reaching for the Moon." The other is the role opposite Dolores Del Rio in "The Dove."

Since these are both great stories and big productions, and since the parts are so good, Mr. Fairbanks may consider them. If he refuses, it is probable that Walter Huston will be with Miss Del Rio and Jack Whiting will get the coveted part with Miss Daniels. Mr.

(Continued on page 96)



Evelyn Brent: In Alaska for a month playing the heroine of "The Silver Horde."

HOME TOWN Stories



Freeman Fisher Gosden, of Richmond, Va., known to fame as Amos.



THIS Y'ERE'S AMOS

By

F. J. McDermott

of The Richmond Times Dispatch
of Richmond, Va.

ster given more to pleasure than business. But much has been said and written about Freeman Fisher Gosden since he and Charles J. Correll, (Andy), attained national fame. First, let's talk about "Snowball," and then about his influence on Gosden's career.

"Snowball" is the prototype of "Amos." He is the inspiration of many episodes of "Amos 'n' Andy" and is none other than "Sylvester," the lovable lad in some of their sketches. "Snowball" is Garrett Brown in everyday life. His life is an every-day affair and his hours are long. But the long hours are of his choosing. He is without a radio of his own and, come what may, his employers are unable to get him to go home until the daily broadcast of Amos 'n' Andy is finished.

Garrett is living again his early life in the Gosden home. "Curley" Gosden was the youngest of four children. Up to ten years of age he was just the average boy; perhaps a bit too retiring and maybe just a wee bit "goody-good." A sister (Continued on page 106)

TELEPHONE service in Richmond is at a standstill for fifteen minutes every day, except Sunday. For a time attendance at supper meetings of the Rotary, Civitan, Kiwanis, Monarch, First and other civic clubs dwindled to such an extent that business could not be transacted. Church socials had to be set at a later hour. Golf courses, tennis clubs, and the like even now are almost deserted long before darkness would put an end to play.

The telephone service gets no better, despite the best efforts of the company officials. The few persons who do try to make a call almost invariably are told: "Party doesn't answer." The civic clubs, however, have remedied their troubles. Radio receiving sets have been installed in all club rooms. This was necessary because, during the months of Daylight Saving Time, Amos 'n' Andy broadcast earlier in New York. Every citizen of Richmond, old and young, sick and well, men and women, rich and poor, white and black, insist on being within hearing of a loud-speaker. And they will not be interrupted.

Amos 'n' Andy are on the air. Amos is a Richmond boy, and many of his listeners are persons who "knew him when—" He is best remembered as "Curley," a light-haired young-

Andy is holding forth on a new efficiency idea while Amos listens with some doubt. Note Andy's business charts on the wall. The taxi stands outside. The 'phone may ring at any moment—and the voice may be that of Madam Queen, Ruby Taylor or the Kingfish. Or it may be Pat Pending. If so, Andy had better check and double check.



of AMOS 'n' ANDY

THIS AM ANDREW BROWN, PRESIDENT OF THE
FRESH AIR TAXICAB COMPANY OF AMERICA, INCORPOLATED.

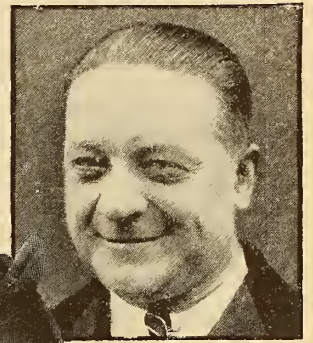
By

Robert R. Goldenstein
of The Peoria, Ill., Journal Transcript

MOST great men can point with pride to the fact that they began their careers as newspaper carriers, but Charles J. Correll, better known perhaps as Andy of Amos 'n' Andy to hundreds of thousands of radio listeners, can go them even one better.

Yes, he was a carrier boy, but in addition he was an usher in a theater house and amateur actor at the same time. He hiked over his route in the morning, took part in plays along with his school duties and worked as an usher in a theater at night. While no accurate accounting of his spare time can be had, it is definitely known that he did not study the intricacies of the taxicab business. The horse drawn vehicle was the mode of travel during his youth.

On February 3, 1891, Charles got the jump on two brothers and a sister and was the first child born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Correll. A punster, music lover and born genius at wisecracking, his ability at drama blossomed forth at an early age. A short while



Charles J. Correll,
of Peoria, Ill.,
known to the
world as Andy.



after he graduated from rompers and babyhood to knee trousers and boyhood, he was given his first chance in a play at the Greely School, which he attended.

The play had to do with fairies and ogres and wasn't exactly to Correll's liking but he gave them what he had and "wowed" them. He was made and from then on was given minors and leads in school productions.

While Charles labored over his route with a paper sack, picking up spending and saving money, a proud family was racking its brain over the choice of a career. The senior Correll, a brick mason contractor, held that his son should be allowed to choose his own vocation but agreed with Mrs. Correll that he should study the piano.

Charles loved music. The family selected Joseph Hornbacher, piano instructor of classical music, to bring talent to the surface, but all did not fare so well.

As soon as Charles learned properly to glide his fingers over the keyboard, his creative talent asserted itself. The music that bounded from the soundboard was the type that did not have the approval of the instructor.

Lively melodies are usually associated in the same category with clever jokes and pranks and Charles could give them either. His boyhood friends recall countless incidents in their early lives when they were innocent victims of a Correll prank. From his grade school days, until he became associated with the Joe Bren Production Company of Chicago, his friends remember him for his unusually keen sense of humor. Dubbed then as "the life of any party," it was only natural that he would be much sought after at parties.

HAVING mastered the piano he followed through with a knowledge of a buck and wing and tap dance. Charlie was yet in the lower grades of the Greely School and at that age when a boy maintains an infinite supply of reserve pep.

The senior Correll describes Charles as he knew him in grade school.

"Full of pep from morning to night. Trying his hand at everything and always on the go. Charlie comes home and when the front door opens we know that all the peace and quiet around the house has departed. He would toss his cap on a stand and his books on a chair and go after the piano."

While attending Peoria High School, Mr. Correll again demonstrated his ability as an actor in amateur plays given by the school. He served as leader of the High School orchestra
(Continued on page 110)

Drawing by
J. J. Gould





Photograph by Russell Ball

On the page opposite Adela Rogers St. Johns tells the dramatic story of Anna Q. Nilsson's fight for health. On May 1st, 1928, Miss Nilsson was thrown from a horse in the San Bernardino Mountains. It was four days before it was possible to get the motion picture star to a hospital. For eight months she was in a hospital in Los Angeles, unable to walk without crutches. Four months ago, at Orthopedic Hospital, Los Angeles, doctors grafted a new bone to Miss Nilsson's hip. Recently the cast was removed and an X-Ray examination indicated that Miss Nilsson is making a complete recovery. In another month she may be able to return to pictures. Meanwhile, through the months of suffering and struggle, Miss Nilsson's fan mail at the hospital has been remarkable. Have you written?

Where is Anna Q?

For Three Years Miss Nilsson has Fought the Brave Battle for Health and the Goal Is Now Close By

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

NOT long ago Grantland Rice, who would rather write poetry than sports, printed some splendid lines which my husband cut out and pasted in the scrap-book, where we keep treasures of thought or gems of fine writing which otherwise would be lost forever when the current magazines and newspapers go to start the fire.

Two of the verses run like this:

I have learned something worth far more
Than victory brings to men,
Battered and beaten, bruised and sore,
I can still come back again.
Crowded back in the hard, fast race,
I've found that I have the heart
To look rank failure in the face
And train for another start.

Winners who wear the victor's wreath,
Looking for softer ways,
Watch for my blade as it leaves its sheath,
Sharpened on harder days;
Trained upon pain and punishment,
I've groped my way through the night,
But the flag still flies from my battle tent,
And I've only begun to fight.

If Grant Rice had known Anna Q. Nilsson, he would have dedicated those ringing words to her instead of to vanquished athletes. I never read them now without thinking of Anna Q.

Life brings us contact with many people. As we grow a little in tolerance, wisdom and understanding, we cease to judge or to label anyone with definite opinion. But every now and then throughout the years a man or woman crosses our path and wins a place before which we lay the tribute of untarnished admiration. When we think of them our hearts quicken with new faith, our spirit is lifted by the beauty of their example. We feel shame for

Anna Q. Nilsson as she is today, waiting in the sun on the lawn of the Orthopedic Hospital in Los Angeles for the final cure that may permit her to walk unaided for the first time in three years. She hopes her courageous fight will bring her back to film stardom.

Photograph by International Newsreel

our own petty protests against the inevitable buffeting of fate.

I THINK, above everything, I admire the courage which keeps serene and sweet in the face of bitter disappointment, thwarted ambition, broken dreams. Perhaps in Hollywood, where the "hard, fast race" of life is in many ways harder and faster, that is the quality everyone admires most. And so Anna Q. has become an inspiration, a symbol. Hollywood's own daughter, Anna Q. has looked rank failure in the face. And always she has forced you to see that in spite of pain and punishment, she is training for another start.

The long strain of hope deferred, the rack of sleepless nights when no dreams soften the harsh outlines of the future, the anguish of being held in chains while others less worthy press on to victory, have not once caused Anna Q. to dip her flag in defeat.

Always she smiles. There are many smiles. The smile of the martyr. The smile of the envious. The smile which begs for pity. Anna Q.'s smile is as real as sunshine, and as warm and as natural. Because somewhere, as she has groped her way through the night of pain and fear and loss, she has learned to find happiness within her own stout heart.

That is why the small, white hospital room where she has lain for five long months, has become a place of refuge to many a hard-driven harassed star of the cinema. That is why in that (Continued on page 112)





Dick Barthelmess in a different sort of role, a type of part he hasn't played since Griffith's "Scarlet Days." Dick portrays a young Spanish rancher who is wronged and becomes El Puma, a dashing and fearless bandit. El Puma takes Mary Astor—and rides away to Mexico. The time is 1850, which, if you read Herb Howe's History of Hollywood in this issue, you will know was long before the coming of the movies.

By POPULAR REQUEST

Buddy Rogers' Mother is Interviewed About her Son's Ideal Girl

By DICK HYLAND

NEW MOVIE received hundreds of letters commenting upon Dick Hyland's story on Buddy Rogers—and the girl he seeks. One of the most interesting came from Ruth M. Carter, of 27 Lovell Street, Middleboro, Mass. She wrote:

"Every man is seeking the girl of his dreams. The basis of his dreams is his mother. Naturally he compares every girl he meets with his mother. I am certain that you will find Buddy's mother measures up to all those seemingly absurd requirements."

Miss Carter's letter was forwarded to Mr. Hyland and this month's interview with Buddy's mother is the result. Our thanks—and a check—go to Miss Carter. If you have interesting ideas about the contents of **NEW MOVIE**, write to the managing editor. You may be as helpful—and as lucky—as Miss Carter.

CHARLES (Buddy) Rogers, and the girl he seeks, is once again the subject up for discussion. It has to be. Because it seems that I stumbled into a hornets' nest some months ago in writing about that one bit of feminine charm Buddy is on the lookout for.

"Buddy is a chump for thinking such rot and you are a sap for writing it." That line was in one letter I received, from a girl.

"Tell Rogers to take a jump at the moon. Maybe he will find the girl he wants there." That was in another letter, from a man.

"Enclosed is a picture of Mary. I know she is the girl Buddy is seeking." It was a drawing of an angel.

"There is one actor with sense," wrote a man from Philadelphia. "But I doubt if he will ever find the girl he wants. I have known only one of that kind. She is my wife and a bit too old for me to bother about competition from a youngster the age of our son."

These and many more reactions were shown in the letters the story provoked. But the thing that dumbfounded me was that eight out of every ten believed it impossible for Buddy to find the girl he wanted. That the girl did not live who had the characteristics he enumerated, and which I will mention again in a moment. And they seemed to think that he was asking for more than any man had a right to expect.



"A woman's job, first of all," says Buddy's mother, Mrs. Rogers, "must be to make the man who is her life partner happy. She must aid him in his work by giving him a happy home life. And that is a real woman's happiness."

THEN came the letter which accompanies this story. Ruth M. Carter, from Charlie Farrell's home state of Massachusetts, gave an answer which sounds so simple I wonder that I did not mention it in the previous story.

She says Buddy's mother is his model. That it is the counterpart of her he seeks.

He did not mention his mother at the time we talked. But he did say that the girl he wants must have personality, must be reasonably good looking, must possess a sense of humor, be a good listener and sympathizer. He said that she must not wear too much make-up and must never stage jealous scenes.

With Ruth Carter's letter to guide me I decided to do a little private snooping and see just how correct she was in her surmise.

I had met Buddy's mother only once. It was two years ago on her first trip to Hollywood. Buddy brought her to a Sunday afternoon tea given by Bebe Daniels. I presented her to my mother and will never forget her quick, "Oh, I am so glad you are here. I feel—well, there are so many younger and famous people here. And I don't know any of them." It was in character that she did not think of her son, Buddy, as being one of the most famous. To her he was just Buddy, then and forever, which is perhaps what he prefers to be.



The Story of a Real 25-Year Kansas Romance

SHE sat off on one side of the room all during the tea. Her eyes sparkling, she smiled and talked with my mother, who told me afterwards, "Mrs. Rogers is such a sweet person and so understanding. She made the day a very pleasant one for me." You see, it was my mother's first time at a Hollywood party, too. And one must be considerable of an egotist to walk into a group consisting of Bebe Daniels, Constance Talmadge, Ben Lyon, Lila Lee, Billie Dove, Howard Hughes, Joe Schenck, Betty Compson, Buster Keaton, Louis Wolheim, Norma Talmadge and two dozen others just as famous—and not feel a bit self-conscious.

That single meeting gave me an excuse to visit Mrs. Rogers. She showed her poise at once by appearing not at all surprised. We sat in her living room and talked of little things until I could lead the conversation around to Olathe, where Buddy was raised. From that it was an easy step to her marriage with Bert Rogers, Buddy's father.

She smiled and the light of reminiscence came into her eyes when she spoke. "Bert was getting seventy dollars a month teaching school," she said, "but it was enough and we were happy, even if it was a bit hard at times."

"But you didn't mind?" I said.

"Oh, no," she said simply. "You see, in my day, it was considered an honor and a privilege to be a good wife. That was a woman's business and a very fine one it was."

"Just what do you consider a woman's real job?" I said.

Her answer was simple as it was all-embracing.

"Why, a woman's job, first of all, must be to make the man who is her life partner happy and to aid him in his work by giving him a happy home life."

"But if that is so," I said, "where does her fun come in? What does she get out of life? Because making a man happy is almost a twenty-four-hour-a-day job."

"MY boy," she smiled at me, and I thought that had I not been blessed with the one I have, I would sooner have this gray-haired lady for a mother than any woman I had ever met, "my boy, that is a real woman's happiness. All these modern innovations can't change what the Lord intended when he created man and woman to be one. Nothing, I am sure, can give any girl the satisfaction and the pleasure that comes from making the man you love happy."

"We didn't talk so much about those things when I was a girl. We took them for granted. It is not as difficult as it sounds, when surrounded by all these—problems and—what do you call it, psychoanalysis? I'm sure my husband would wrinkle his nose at me if he heard me say this, but children and men can be handled



Buddy Rogers' happy home impressed certain essentials upon his mind. "Buddy," says his mother, "asks no more from the girl he will eventually marry than his father has received for a quarter of a century from the girl he married."

just alike, and woman was born with the knack of doing both, wasn't she? Neither children nor men like to be punished and it isn't necessary. If you show them that the things they do hurt you, they will stop. But it's human nature to fight back, if you make a fight of it all by trying to punish them.

"Children and men will love you if you give them the things they want, if you love them and consider them, as it is your duty and your happiness to do. Ordinarily they don't want much. I expect men still like to think they are boss, even though they know deep down underneath that in spiritual ways the woman may be stronger. A woman who is—oh, just kind and sweet and helpful can always get everything she wants from a man.

"Happy people—haven't you noticed it—like to pass on their happiness, to share it. Well, if a woman makes a man happy, he wants her to be happy, too. So he shares with her and does for her in return. It would be a mighty mean man who

was unkind to a woman who always tried to please him, don't you think? Of course you have to find out what kind of a home and what kind of a life men want—each man is different, I suppose. Some like to go out nights and some like to stay home. Some like meat and potatoes, and some like desserts and salads. Some like to play bridge and some would rather work cross-word puzzles."

She stopped and laughed.

"I NEVER talked like this before, so maybe I'm not very clear. I was brought up in an old-fashioned school, where we were taught that the husband was king and the best way to get along was to cater to his moods. When I got married, I just followed that theory. I have been happy for twenty-five years following it. No woman has had a happier life than I have. Through the years I have learned to know why that theory is sound and—and necessary."

"Can you tell me?" I said.

"Well," she pondered deeply, "yes, I think so. You know how men are. They can't change very much, can they? I mean, they don't adapt themselves very quickly. That's the way they are. But women are awfully adaptable. They can just pick up anything and do it. If a man changes much, gives in, tries to fit the woman's way, pretty soon he isn't a bit the strong, masculine man she married—and she won't like that a bit.

"So, of course, the woman has to be the one to fit in, to change, to make a go of things and give in. I've heard women say they'd rather die than give in. They were awfully unhappy women, always in turmoil and quarrels. Why, those poor women are fighting against the very thing they want. (Continued on page 108)

FLASH BACKS to 10 Years Ago

By Albert T. Reid

CUTIE
SECOND
HAND
WINGS

CHARLIE CHAPLIN
DREAMED HE FOL-
LOWED "THE KID,"
JACKIE COOGAN TO
HEAVEN. JACKIE
SHOWED HIM WHERE
TO BUY SOME WINGS

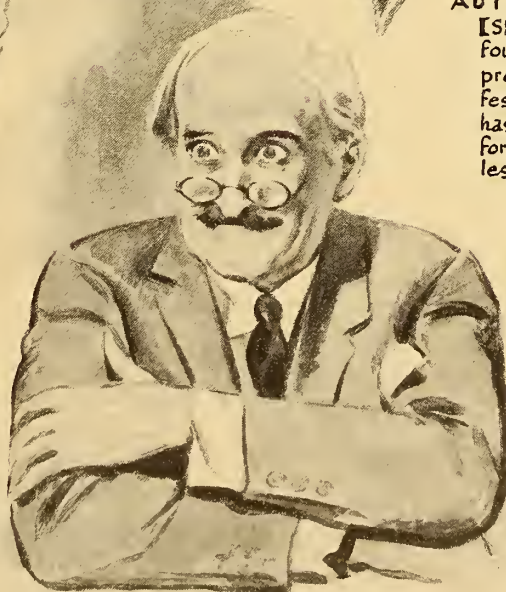


*Thus ends our first lesson
Bessie Love*

BESSIE LOVE WANTED
TO DRAW. FOR HER
FIRST LESSON WE
MADE A SKETCH
OF HER WHICH SHE
AUTOGRAPHED.

[She evidently
found a more
profitable pro-
fession. She
hasn't been back
for her second
lesson. - -]

SHIRLEY MASON AS
JIM IN "TREASURE
ISLAND" WAS A VERY
ATTRACTIVE BOY



THEODORE ROBERTS RAN
AWAY WITH MOST OF THE
PRODUCTIONS IN WHICH
HE APPEARED

Albert T. Reid



Looking eastward across Hollywood.

Herb Howe's Outline

Tracing the Glamorous Career of the World's Most Famous Town from the Coming of the Spanish Padres in 1770 to the Coming of De Mille and Lasky

ROMANTICISTS date Hollywood history from the coming of the Spanish padres who said a blessing over it in 1770. Others feel it did not get its start until Jesse Lasky and Cecil De Mille blessed it with their arrival some hundred and forty years later.

Be that as it may, Chief Cahuenga and his powwowing braves were indisputably the first Hollywood settlers. Only the chief did not call the place Hollywood. He had as much feeling for publicity as the movie chiefs who succeeded him. He called it Cahuenga valley. The name was respected by Father Juniper Serra, who admired the chief and made the courteous Indians his "children." And, to this day, the name Cahuenga still clings to the main thoroughfare intersecting Hollywood Boulevard, and to the Pass into San Fernando Valley over which so many his-

toric processions have made their way and through which a mighty traffic storms today.

Dramatic Hollywood—Hollywood has always been a land of swiftly moving pictures. She was born to drama. The stories attending her birth she has released many times in picture form. By word of lip the stories have been handed down: of the Indians and the padres, the vaqueros and the cowboys, the skirmishes



The birthplace of motion pictures in Hollywood. Blon-deau's old tavern, at Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street, was hired by David Horsley on Oct. 25, 1911, and transformed into a studio. Later, Christie bought and used the building for a studio. The present Christie studio stands on this spot. The tavern remained until 1911.



Hollywood Boulevard, stretching northward.

of Hollywood History

1930 photographs taken exclusively for NEW MOVIE by Stagg. Historical photographs loaned from the collection of the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles.

BY HERB HOWE

between Mexicans and Yankees terminating in a treaty signed in Cahuenga Chapel between General Pico and General Fremont giving California to the United States, of "Greek" George and his strange caravan of camels from Smyrna by which the United States government hoped to solve the transportation problem of the South-

western deserts but only succeeded in giving another story to Hollywood, of Tiburcio Vasquez, the gallant bandit, who robbed Americans to avenge his Mexican countrymen and who, on his deathbed, was visited by the Americans he had robbed, of the proud Senora who defied the wretched Yankee land-grabbers and one day

The Hollywood Hotel, the town's first de luxe hostelry, as it was in 1905. When the first wing was completed in 1902 the hotel's application for a liquor license was refused.





Typical 1930 residential district of Hollywood: North Genesee Street, between Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards, facing south.

tossed off her mantilla to horsewhip a thief off her ranch. . . .

The land of Hollywood teems with these stories.

Hollywood Always Formidable—La Nopalera was the name given Hollywood by the first Mexican settlers. It means "land of cactus." There were coyotes and wild cats as well as Indians. And even before the movie producers came, there were bandits. Chief Cahuenga and his braves chased them off when they waylaid the half-breed Salvador who was carrying gold for El Molino Viejo. Salvador in flight buried his gold near the present site of Universal City and never did recover it. Some suspect that this accounts for Universal thriving through the years when others failed. Salvador's ghost is supposed to drive off all searchers for the gold, but the Laemmles are still there.

First Hollywood Idol—Tiburcio Vasquez was the hero of "In Old Arizona" before Warner Baxter was born. He robbed Americans from Monterey to San Diego but never touched his Mexican countrymen, who were robbed enough by the Yankee land-grabbers.

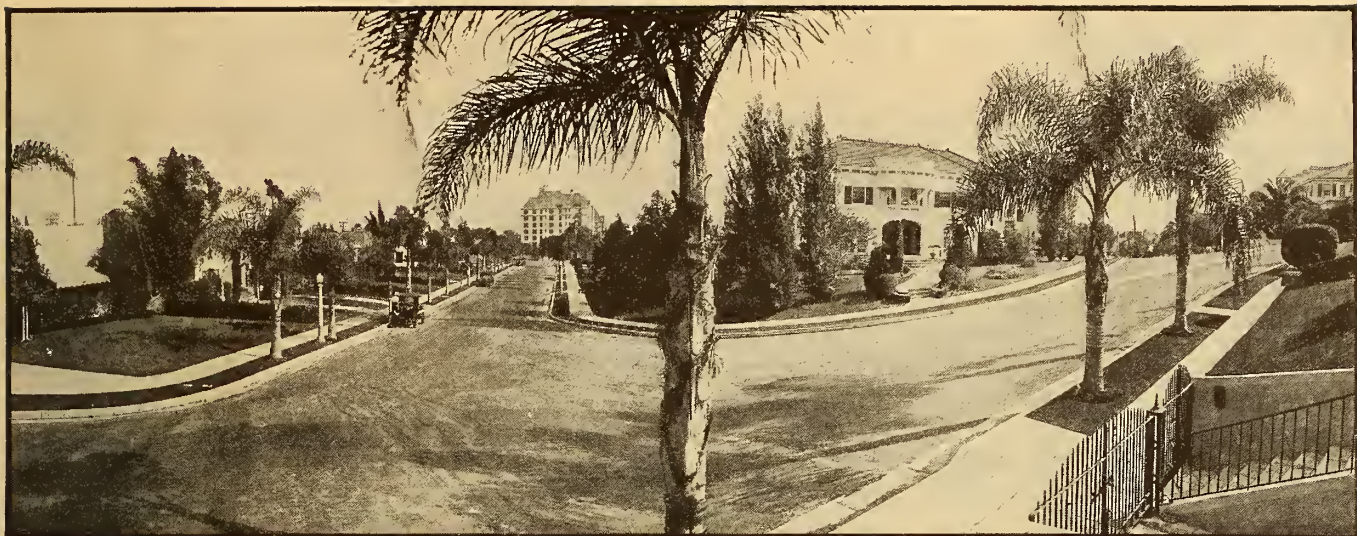
Tiburcio was the movie idol of his day. Women gladly handed over their jewels to him but he always returned them. When he was wounded and dying they sent him flowers and love.

Tiburcio had a girl in Santa Barbara and another in Hollywood. Perhaps the girl in Hollywood found out about the senorita in Santa Barbara. Anyhow who betrayed him? When Tibby came to Hollywood he lived with "Greek" George, the ex-camel driver. He trusted his Hollywood friend, which, of course, was a mistake.

On a day in May, 1874, a dance was given in the big barn in Nichols' canyon. Handsome Tiburcio, with a price of fifteen thousand dollars on his head, went blithely to the dance and gave the girls a thrill. His pal, "Greek" George, took advantage of his absence to go to the Pueblo of Los Angeles and inform the sheriff of Tiburcio's whereabouts. The next morning Tiburcio took breakfast with his sweetheart. He placed his guns on the table as was his habit. She objected and transferred them to her bed. Going into the kitchen for his coffee he observed her waving a towel at the window. He knew what that meant and dived through an opposite window. But the sheriff and his posse shot him twice. Wounded, he was caught and carried to town. On his bed of



This ornate residence on Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, was the home of many stars in the early Hollywood days. Here Fannie Ward, Dorothy Dalton, Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden lived at the height of their careers.



The real Hollywood: The heart of the residential district, Selma Avenue and Crescent Heights looking southeast.

agony, he was visited by every rancher in the valley he had robbed, and all their wives and daughters sent him sympathetic bouquets. Then he was taken up to Salinas and hanged.

Thus ended the first Hollywood idol.

First Hollywood Parties—Hollywood has always been gay. The Indians, who were not nearly as savage as the present inhabitants, puffed the peaceful pipe, the smoke from which curling upward typified the ascent of their prayers to God. Father Serra found them dancing wildly in the Hollywood Bowl; they were trying to attract the attention of the Great Spirit. The old padre showed them a different way. On a hill overlooking the valley he erected a cross and said a mass to its holy wood. Some historians erroneously attribute the name Hollywood to this mass to the Holy Wood of the Cross. In San Fernando valley a mission was built, and, on a hill of Cahuenga pass overlooking Hollywood, a chapel was erected and named for the chief. The Indians attended services here regularly.

In the wake of the padres came the Mexican and Spanish settlers building their adobe ranch houses. This was the epoch of fiestas, now being revived as a theme of California entertainment. Cowboys vied with vaqueros in feats of horsemanship at the rodeos. The branding of calves brought the festival of the barbecue. Wine and romance flowed. Senoritas danced *el jurave* and *los camotes* to the castanets and guitars.

Hollywood at \$1.25 An Acre—The treaty by which

Sanford Rich, the first mayor of Hollywood, is shown in the very act of making a speech. The event? It was the formal opening of the Hollywood Post Office in the quiet year of 1906.

Mexico gave California to the United States was signed by General Pico and General Fremont in Cahuenga chapel.

In the early seventies John Goldworthy, the government surveyor, laid out Cahuenga valley in sections of one hundred and sixty acres, excepting the Mexican land grants. Danes, Germans, Irishmen, Mexicans and Yankees came to take up the land. John Bower, a miner from the Bret Harte country, took up the section of one hundred and sixty acres centering at what is now Cahuenga Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard. This constituted the heart of present Hollywood. Later he was compelled by debt to sell it for less than the government price of \$1.25 an acre.

How Hollywood Got Its Name—In 1883 Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wilcox arrived in Los Angeles from Topeka, Kansas, with their Arab horses, *Duke* and *Royal*, and their



The History of Hollywood Is Vivid Panorama of



A study in contrasts. Above, Vine and Hollywood, looking west, as it is today from in front of the Pantages Theater. At the right, Hollywood Boulevard as it was in 1901, a placid thoroughfare bordered by pepper trees. No traffic problems then.

frame houses. Monsieur de Longpre erected a great house of Moorish architecture and created flower gardens that attracted tourist excursions before the studios did.

Thus Hollywood changed its accent from English to Moorish.

Hollywood's First Mayor—Hollywood became a golf course before it became a town. By starting right with eighteen holes in 1900, it became a town of seven hundred (souls not holes) in 1903.

The other day I called on Hollywood's first mayor at his home on Hollywood Boulevard. It was shortly before his death. Sanford Rich was ninety years old. He was a champion horse-shoe pitcher. Despite his vitality and athletic prowess, he declared his memory was not what it once was. But on one point it was vehemently clear: He did *not* want to be the first mayor of Hollywood!

"I voted against myself," he said, "and got all my friends to vote against me."

But George H. Dunlop, the rival candidate, proved stronger. Mr. Rich lost out and was elected. It was a hotly contested election between two men who didn't want to be elected. The vote was 88-78.

The first ordinance put through under Mayor Rich's regime was one prohibiting bands of more than 2,000 sheep being herded through the streets. This has since been disregarded by realtors.

Negro coachman, Sam. Mr. Wilcox, a cripple, enjoyed taking long drives through Cahuenga valley. He was attracted particularly to the ranch of apricots and figs located on the land which John Bower had sacrificed for \$1.25. He moved a farmhouse onto the land and took up his residence there. Mrs. Wilcox perfected a process for drying the figs that made them famous.

On a trip East, Mrs. Wilcox met a woman on the train who spoke glowingly of her English estate, Hollywood. Mrs. Wilcox liked the name and, when she returned to her ranch, she posted it over the gate. Mr. Wilcox, feeling a bit sheepish no doubt, imported two English holly trees to justify the name. He planted them by the gate, but they perversely died. Thus Hollywood started faking as an infant.

The Moorish Influence—Mr. Wilcox put up his acres eventually into ten-acre plots, built roads and lined them with pepper trees. When Paul de Longpre, French painter of flowers, arrived at Hollywood it had become an oasis of flowers. La Nopalera was no more. The cactus and coyotes had been supplanted by peppers, roses and mocking birds. Many of the old peppers have since been cut down, but those that remain are carefully protected, and of course we still have the mocking birds.

It was M. de Longpre and not a movie star who inspired the Moorish architecture of Hollywood. The old adobes were already being vacated in favor of grotesque



Another ordinance denied a liquor license to the Hollywood Hotel, the first wing of which was completed in 1902. Mr. Wilcox, the father of Hollywood, was an ardent dry. Back in Kansas he had helped to make the state dry thirty years before the country voted prohibition. Father Wilcox might not be so happy in Hollywood today.

In 1909 Hollywood was a city of 4,000 with a traffic problem. There weren't enough hitching posts outside the stores and automobiles were beginning to cause trouble.

The Toluca stage horses went haywire one day and galloped right through a plate glass window into the bank, whereupon Cashier Greenwood galloped out the back door—the first cashier on record who ever took flight without taking funds. But the real tragedy, according to the annals of the day, lies in the line: "The charging horses completely ruined the hand-sewn cur-

Brave Padres, Indians, Dons and Dashing Bandits

tains which Mrs. Beveridge made for the bank." Another catastrophe occurred when Dr. Palmer's gentle old mare went mad under pressure of the machine age and charged the entire length of Hollywood Boulevard, scattering choice prescriptions all over everyone.

Hospitality To All—The hospitality of Hollywood began with the kindly reception of Father Juniper Serra by Cahuenga and his men. It continued with the fine old Spanish settlers whose ranch houses were always open to the stranger, and a money bowl kept in the guest room from which the guest might help himself to gold if he needed it.

In keeping with this tradition, the first sheriff of Hollywood, on arresting drunks, would take them to his home for entertainment until they sobered up. The first jail in Hollywood was a rose-covered bungalow, a civic feature which is thought to have done much in attracting the movie pioneers.

The Movie Padres Arrive—There has been much dispute as to who discovered the movie possibilities of Hollywood and David Horsley was moved to write fantastically as follows:

"The hieroglyphiced monuments of Egypt have, until recently, been accepted as the longest-lived story-telling media known to man, but tablets found among the fossil remains in the La Brea deposits near Hollywood have been deciphered and they take us further back into history than Cleopatra's Needle.

"The question who discovered Hollywood was being discussed with much heat in 250,000 B. C. A wordy war was being waged between rival claimants for the honor. Each claimant had his own staff of tablet carvers (press agents). These tablets were the motion pictures of that time. The tablets found in the Le Brea pits have been deciphered, but the translations cannot be given here as unprintable epithets occur frequently.

"The translations reveal that the noisiest claimant was a young tablet carver who had left the employ of the pioneer to announce to the

This picture was made in 1901. It is Sunset Boulevard. On this spot today stand the Warner Brothers Studios. See the transformation on page 86.



Another study in contrasts. Top, junction of Vine and Hollywood, looking southwest. This is Hollywood's busiest corner. The Taft Building stands on the site of the old Hollywood church. Below, Hollywood Boulevard as it was in 1900, graced by the snappy Cahuenga Valley Railroad.

world that he was the discoverer. The real pioneer finally got sore and told the truth.

"Passing lightly over the intervening years we find a similar situation. . . .

"I came direct to Hollywood and arrived on October 25, 1911. A badly abandoned roadhouse—the old Blondeau tavern—at Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street

was the only immediately available site for a studio. I leased the property on October 26 and it became the birthplace of motion pictures as an industry in Hollywood."

The first motion picture made in Hollywood was "The Law of the Range," directed by Milton Fahrney. Dorothy Davenport appeared in another first thriller "My Indian Hero" and later mar-

(Continued on page 98)





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in the rôle he wanted so badly, the sky pal of Dick Barthelmess in "The Dawn Patrol." His acting in this part won a new and better contract from First National Pictures. The fight to establish himself in his own right has been a hard one. "It wasn't that I did not want to be connected with dad," said Doug, Jr. "I'm proud of having him for a father. He is one of the greatest scouts and smartest men I know. But I wanted to do something by myself."

ME—Doug, Junior

In the Old Days he was Just Doug Fairbanks' Son, but in Six Years he has Won a Place in his Own Name

By DICK HYLAND

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUNIOR, is no longer the son of his father.

The offspring of big men have more often than not failed to accomplish anything during their lives. Young Misters Ford and Rockefeller are noted exceptions to this; almost as noted for being exceptions as for what they have done.

Fact and fiction are full of the difficulties facing the sons of great men to whom the public looks to carry on in the footsteps of their noted sires. So much so that it seems the worst break you can give a young man is to present him with a famous father.

Every time the young fellow makes a move it is compared with those made by his parent. If it is a brilliant move, the father will get most of the credit; if only a mediocre one, shoulders are shrugged and—"Oh, well, Papa's got all the ability in that family. Too bad the kid hasn't more on the ball."

ENTIRELY overlooked is the possibility that, at the son's age, the father was no world-beater himself. Also disregarded is the effect such discouraging criticism might have upon a young, sensitive fellow who wants to do big things, can do big things, and will do them if he is allowed the same freedom of shaping his career, without continual disparaging comparisons, that was given his father.

Try as he might, young Doug Fairbanks has always been known as "Doug Fairbanks' son." It was his mark of distinction, the thing which set him apart from all other boys his age.

I remember first seeing young Doug in Paris in 1924. A spindly kid who seemed all arms and legs, he was where he was not supposed to be—in the athletes' section of the grandstand during the Olympic Games.

A big shotputter, forced to stand in the aisle because all seats were taken, looked over the crowd. We all knew each other, at least by sight, and he finally found just what he thought he would—someone not on the team who had a seat.

"Who is that guy?" he asked. "The young one sitting in the fourth row next to Osborne?"

"That's Doug Fairbanks' kid," he was told.

"Yeah! Well, just because he is his old

Neil Hamilton, Dick Barthelmess and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Dawn Patrol." Doug felt his future depended upon this role. And he was right.

man's kid doesn't entitle him to a seat. What did he ever do?"

"Aw, leave him alone," spoke up another athlete. "He is a friend of Charlie Paddock. Got in here by using Paddock's contestant's badge."

"All right," the shotputter agreed, "but only because he's Charlie's friend. Just because he happened to be born Doug, Junior, doesn't mean a thing to me."

I WAS looking at the sixteen-year-old Doug as these things were said. He could hear them as well as I could and I wondered what he would do. He did nothing except stare straight out onto the field. But slowly, and then more rapidly, his face and neck turned a deep red. Which, after all, was about the only thing he could do without creating a scene.

Six years later and a quarter of the way around the world—in Hollywood—I asked Doug if he remembered that day. He looked at me steadily for a moment, apparently wondering what was behind my question.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I remember. But I think it strange that you do."

"Not at all," I said. "I thought it rather a cruel thing to do to a kid just out of short pants."

"It was. It hurt me a lot at the time. But it was the greatest thing I ever had happen to me up until then. It started me thinking about things and changed my entire life."

I looked a question at him, but he was quiet for a long time. I did not interrupt his thoughts.

"You know," he said finally, "up until that time I had been only dad's son. I had not done a thing by myself important enough to take credit for it. Yet I was

invited a lot to places by people I hardly knew. I know now that the only reason they did was because of my name, not because of *me*—Doug, Junior.

"The more I thought about what that big fellow had said the more I knew he was right. And then pride, or something, stepped in and I made up my mind that I was going to do something for myself. That I was not going to be Dad's son and nothing else.

"It's been far from easy."

"WHY didn't you change your name when you went into pictures?" I asked.

"I thought of that—wanted to do it. But Mr. Lasky, who gave me my first job, talked me out of it. He said it would
(Continued on page 130)



GAY GRANDMOTHERS

BY
DOROTHY HERZOG



Blanche Sweet and her grandmother, Mrs. Blanche Alexander. You never would guess it, but Mrs. Alexander is past seventy. She adores parties and nothing makes her as happy as helping her grand-daughter entertain.

FAME came a-knocking at their door and focused the brilliance of its spotlight on their grandchildren. The world came to know these grandchildren and to accord them the plaudits won through their celluloid ability. But to their grandmothers, Bebe Daniels, Blanche Sweet, and Alice White are still the family. They love them because they have always loved them: through a fretful infancy, a mischievous childhood, and a lively girlhood. They are proud of their fame, to be sure. They are their ardent fans but their casual admirers. They keep them toeing the line and don't let them for one minute get away with temperament in their presence.

I went to see Bebe's grandmother at her charming home on West Adams Street in Los Angeles. She has lived here with her daughter, "Gina", for the past eight years and it is here she stays, despite the rapid growth of Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and nearby beach colonies. She prefers the aged charm of West Adams with its wide thoroughfare, its attractive homes, its trees, its restful dignity. Bebe's grandmother's real name is Eva Guadalupe Garcia Hil de Tehada Soto Sorio Algo Pelasco Cresto Bonito de la Plaza Griffin.

"That's a fine handle for a morsel like you to tote around," Bebe scoffs.

"It ees my family name," retorts Mrs. Griffin in her delicious accent as she draws her slim body to the magnificence of its five feet nothing.

"I bet your family were a lot of high-binders," taunts Bebe.

"Ha, you bet," Mrs. Griffin scorns. "You always bet. Then what?" But she loves Bebe to tease her.

YOU can visualize Señora Griffin as a girl, when you see her move with such regal poise in her cool, cheery drawing-room. You can visualize the silvered hair a glossy blue-black; the quiet eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles a flashing brown; the piquant wrinkled face a satin, olive-skinned freshness. There is still a subtle youthfulness about her, the lingering, audacious allure that half a century ago enslaved the youths of Bogota, capital of Colombia, Central America.

Why, when Bebe made her first airplane flight to New York, didn't her mother worry about her arriving safely and didn't Mrs. Griffin's eyes snap as she stated impatiently:

"You make me seek. Some day we all fly. You, you are back number, Phyllis!"

Ah, she was once the flashing belle of Bogota, was Señorita de la Plaza. Her father governed Colombia, but his daughter ruled the eager youths who came a-courting her. It took a dashing American to whisk the vivid little señorita from the outstretched arms of her impassioned admirers. George Butler Griffin turned the trick, and brought his bride to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Griffin is the mother of six girls and two boys. Phyllis was the only child to seek a stage career. Her mother raised no objection. Each to his temperament, she said. Phyllis met Melville Daniels, an actor. They

were married. One child resulted from this union, a girl.

What to name her? Mrs. Griffin knew. She had been reading a novel that impressed her deeply. The heroine's name was Bebe. Her granddaughter should be called Bebe. She was.

AT the age of ten weeks, Mrs. Griffin recalled, Bebe made her successful debut as an actress, winning honorary mention in a critic's review. Her parents were touring in Texas. The play stipulated that Mr. Daniels enter the scene carrying a baby. He selected his own infant for the part. Bebe wasn't nervous. She proved it by interpolating a bit of comedy all her own. Once on the stage, she deliberately reached up and tweaked her daddy's nose. Which wasn't according to rehearsal at all. Mr. Daniels felt called upon to answer the audience's outburst of laughter.

"Let go of my nose, you little rascal," he ad lib-ed. The local dramatic critic singled out this comedy touch in his review!

Mrs. Griffin didn't remember whether he also prophesied a fine comedy future for the baby, but a

Three who Played Vital Parts in Bringing Success to their Granddaughters —Bebe Daniels, Blanche Sweet and Alice White

few months later Bebe's parents had her horoscope read and they were told that their child would one day be internationally famous. This was long before the flickering celluloids entered her life.

"How did you feel about Bebe becoming an actress?" I asked.

"Her mother was an actress." Surprised I should ask such an asinine question.

Bebe was a stage star in Los Angeles at the age of five. She appeared with Mace Greenleaf in "The Prince Chap". She also appeared with her mother in a Shakespearean production in New York. They didn't remain East long. There were engagements to fill in the West.

On one opening night in Los Angeles, a particularly amusing incident occurred. Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Daniels, and other members of the family sat next to a man and his small daughter. One of the acts portrayed a football game and saw Bebe rooting her lungs out for her side.

"What's she doing that for?" the man's daughter asked.

"She's a bug," he explained.

Mrs. Griffin glared.

"Sh-h-h-h," Mrs. Daniels solaced. "He thinks a bug is a fan."

"What do you mean, a bug?" the child persisted.

"A bug," vaguely. "Just a bug."

Mrs. Griffin could stand it no longer.

"I want you to know that that girl is my granddaughter," she stated clearly, "and my granddaughter is no bug!"

Being a "bug" was quite a joke in the Daniels-Griffin household for years.

WHEN Bebe wasn't playing on the stage, she stayed with her grandmother on their ranch in Verdugo Hills, a few miles beyond Glendale. Bebe rode to school



Bebe Daniels and her grandmother, Eva Guadalupe Garcia Hil de Tehada Soto Sorio Algo Pelasco Cresto Bonito de la Plaza Griffin, who was belle of Bogota not so long ago. Mrs. Griffin's father governed Colombia. She was won by an American, who brought her—as his bride—to Los Angeles.

on horseback. She stopped in town one afternoon and the horse walked home without her.

"Bebe, she was not afraid," chuckled Mrs. Griffin. "She walk to a store where we know the proprietor. She ask him for his gun. She don say anything why she want it until he ask. Then she tell heem she want it to escort her home because she has to walk. She didn't get the gun but she get home all right."

Bebe has her grandmother's fearlessness. She has only one-quarter Spanish blood in her veins, but that quarter, being Senora Griffin, is enough.

"Were you afraid when you went up for your first airplane ride with Ben?" I asked. Ben Lyon is now her grandson-in-law.

"Afraid? I? I am never afraid. Come, I show you my dolls."

A special alcove off the entrance hall has been arranged to provide for the hundreds of dolls Senora Griffin has collected. She first showed me the Bebe Daniels doll, created after her characterization in "Argentine Love."

"It ees nice, yes?" holding it up.

"Yes." It was charming.

"And here, here ees one from Mexico. You can see by the face, yes?" I could. "Here ees one that ees white, so?" (Continued on page 116)





Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

When Edmund Lowe, popular Broadway stage idol, married Lilyan Tashman, the dashing footlight beauty, they did not think that they would find their greatest success in Hollywood. Now the handsome Mr. Lowe plays hardboiled "sez you, sez me" marines while Mrs. Lowe has become known as one of the best dressed women in all Hollywood. They both know how to steal a picture.

ADVENTURES in INTERVIEWING

The Famous Writer Tells About His Encounter With Jack Gilbert—and the Friendship That Grew Out of the Misunderstanding

By JIM TULLY

HOLLYWOOD is often called ruthless. It is more the fault of the intensity under which films are made, than of the harsh natures of the people who make them.

The "run around"—that method by which people who are successful protect themselves from many who are not—often has its roots in kindness.

All classes come to Hollywood, and among the vast number are scores who are unsuited to the business. Such is human ego, that if these people are told the truth, they will not believe it.

The larger natures in the film colony, like those of their kind the world over, have compassion and understanding. The little people, similar to citizens of their type everywhere, are ever and always the same.

With but few exceptions, no person in Hollywood has ever remonstrated with me for any published opinion. Being public figures, they accept what is written, gracefully, and often with humor.

I ONCE wrote of Frances Marion, a close personal friend, with some harshness. A superior and a charming woman, she read the article and sent me a



Albert Davis Collection

Jim Tully tells the story of Helen Holmes, the art model who became the most daring of early film stars. Miss Holmes risked her life many times in a series of railroad thrillers.

telegram which read, "For heaven's sake, Jim, give me one break. Say that I can really read and write." When storms later waged about me, Frances remained an understanding friend. "I know you, Jim. You're Irish like myself—and just a bad boy," she said to me a week ago.

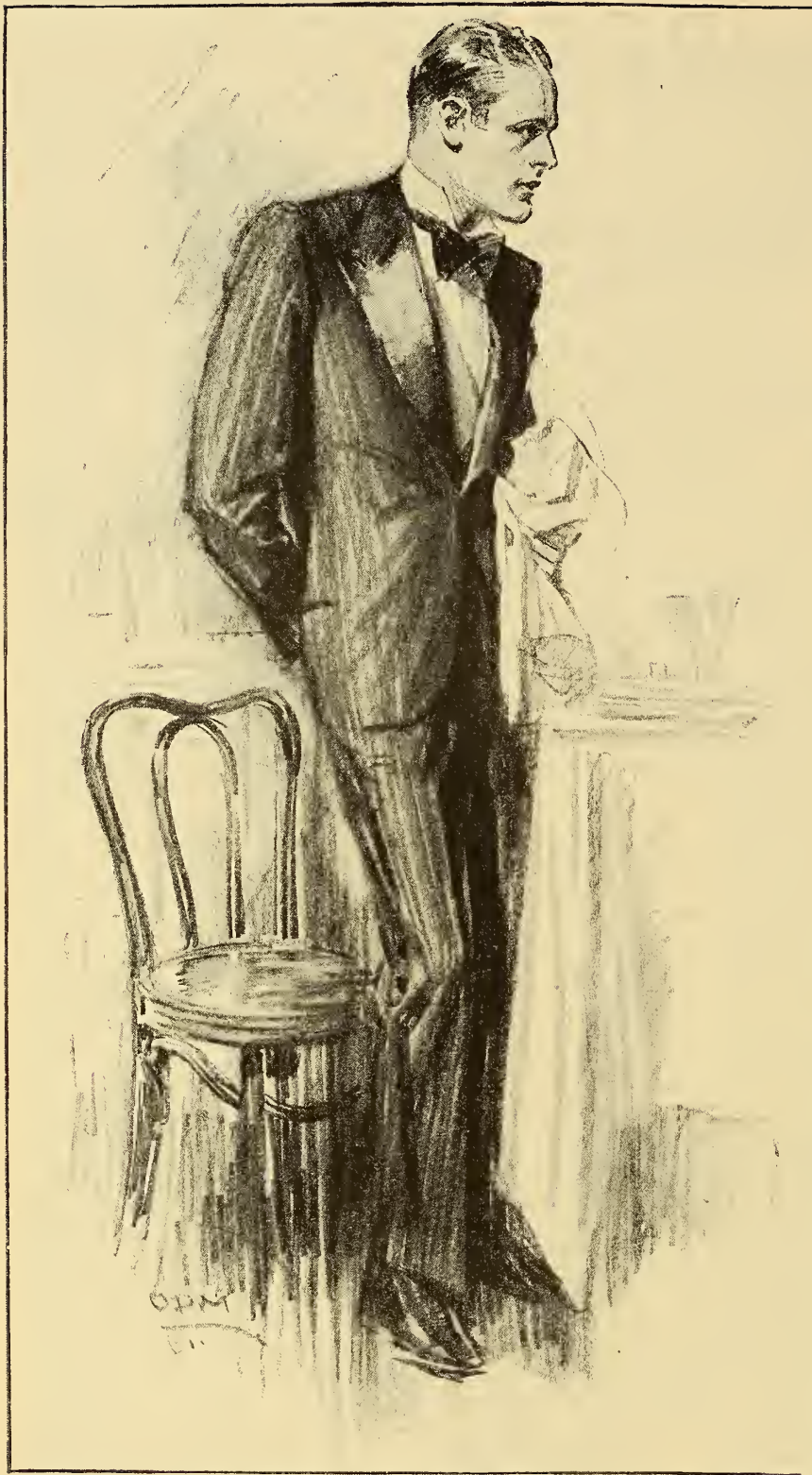
But I hastily admit that Frances is so magnanimous that she could find an excuse for Nero. If someone mentioned him with too much acrimony in her presence she would quite likely say, "Oh, well—maybe the poor boy did want to see a fire—and besides, Rome wasn't so large in those days."

My first meeting with Jack Gilbert was at the home of Matt Moore, several years ago. A few months previous I had completed a series of articles in which I took each state separately and wrote about the different actors who had come to Hollywood from each section. Thus I had made quite a study of the biographies of all the prominent film players. In a joking way, I said: "You know, I can tell you where everyone in pictures was born—in fact, almost anything you want to know about them." Jack immediately declared that to be impossible. I suggested that he try me out. "Where was I born?" he said quickly. "In Logan, Utah—back-stage in the dressing-room of a theatre," I replied. Jack looked at me in amazement.

THE newspapers of the world have had much to say of the recent encounter between Jack Gilbert and myself. Like Mark Twain's death, the details were exaggerated. It took place in the Brown Derby, an eating place made famous by a dear friend, Wilson Mizner.

Jack came into the restaurant accompanied by Sid Grauman and Ina Claire. He had not seen me since I had (Continued on page 97)

Jim Tully says that Louise Dresser is the most charming woman he has ever known. Here Mr. Tully tells how Miss Dresser adopted her name and how she gained success. After years of popularity as a singer, she became famous as an actress.



Mighty Lak' a POSE

By
STEWART
ROBERTSON

he flourished a sheaf of contracts as he frowned across at Miss Cherry Dorval, his dusky-haired, sloe-eyed star.

"Right here," he declared, "I got the options for two of them classy, tea-drinking society dramas. Swell stuff, baby, all full of marmalade, ancient emeralds, strawberry marks and a flock of the charming people that disguise their evil intentions behind what these literary punks call epigrams. Between you'n me, a stevedore could say it better, but a production manager can't have everything."

"Just my style," crooned Miss Dorval, turning pink with excitement. "If there's anything I enjoy it's one of these 'Will you—ah—sit down?' things. Reminds me of when I was a deb in dear old N'Yawlins. I suppose we'll have a wainscoted dining-room, crests on the doors of the motor car, and an entrance hall the size of the Southern Pacific depot."

"Also," said Mr. Smeck dismally, "we'll need an Englishman. That's what's got my forehead looking like a washboard."

"But why? The woods are full of them."

"Big, fat ones, yes," agreed the executive. "Butlers, bishops and bums—all them types are underfoot, almost, but what I got to have is a long, lean, blond aristocrat that looks as though even Clara Bow couldn't raise his temperature a tenth of a degree. And he's got to be real British, baby, because keeping up the accent's too much of a strain on home-grown tonsils."

"But where will you find one, outside of London?"

"I WISH I knew," groaned her superior, "but my mind's made up about having him. We got gangsters, flappers, he-men, warblers, hoofers and half a gross of

"Quite so," said the slightly dazed Alastair Weems-Wembley, "you do things hurriedly over here, don't you? I hope I'll prove satisfactory."

FIVE O'CLOCK on any blue and silver Hollywood afternoon is all things to all people. Publicity men emerge from delirious optimism to wonder if the wife remembered to water the lawn, street cars are boarded by extras with greasepaint left carefully on the back of their necks so that the world will know they are actors, and, in a smoke-laden cubbyhole at the Fascination Studios, Mr. Nebuchadnezzar Smeck was generally to be found in the throes of his daily crisis.

Without this spur to his abilities Mr. Smeck would have considered himself a flop as an executive, and now

He Was a Scion of British Aristocracy and She Was a Daughter of the Old South. At least That Was What Hollywood Thought

Illustrated by
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

well-sharpened profiles, and now to round out the menagerie all we need is a handsome juvenile who behaves as if he'd been born in a morning coat on the sunny side of a Sussex garden party."

"I'm so thrilled!" enthused the lustrous Cherry. "This will give us a hallmark of distinction and, besides, these Englishmen are polite and easy to handle. They save wear and tear on a star's feelings, not to mention her ribs, judging by the way a couple of your virile thugs have made love to me in the past. There's money in the gentlemanly type, too. Look at Cosmic Pictures and that Pilkington youth."

"He's a gold mine," nodded Mr. Smeck enviously, "and the world knows that, compared to us, Cosmic is damaged goods. We'll put a tea-taster on the market that will leave them with their little fingers in the air. Well, let's eat. What do you say we go to the Bird Cage—the picture mob ain't discovered it yet, and there won't be no geniuses to spoil my appetite?"

Inside twenty minutes they were tucked away at a corner table in a gaily-awned little courtyard, and the master mind waved a stalk of celery as he peered into the future.

"I want a new face," he declared. "I want somebody who doesn't act like an actor and——"

"I should like creamed scallops with mushrooms," said a strong and pleasant English voice, "broccoli, carrots and frosted coffee. Right?"

Mr. Smeck and his companion stared incredulously at one another. The speaker's tones were mellow as an old violin, as crisply tender as meringue and, most admirable of all, he handled his R's with that slight burr so beloved by elocutionists. Then, as a waitress teetered away, the listeners jumped to their feet and tiptoed around a tub of peonies to view this paragon of phonetics.

They saw a loose-limbed individual of Apollosque features, smoothly brushed hair the color of toffee and a pair of eyes as deeply blue as Crater Lake. Curiously enough, his face was devoid of expression, but Mr. Smeck, on the verge of swooning with joy, failed to notice this.

"HE ain't real," he whispered. "Not that face and voice together in one ensemble! There must be another fellow hiding under the table, or something."



"Don't worry," soothed the beautiful Cherry Dorval. "I'll be delighted to help you all I can—and that's a lot."

His chattering aroused the handsome youth, who turned his decorously blank countenance upon him and frowned slightly. "What the devil are you gazing at?" he demanded.

"Mister," pleaded Mr. Smeck, "say it again."

"Say what?"

"All that food. I just want to hear you talk."

The other inspected him as a naturalist would some new and interesting beetle, then his blue eyes flickered surprisedly as Miss Dorval edged into view. "Most peculiar request," he murmured. "Well, here you are." Again the golden voice rattled off the order.

"Listen," said the production manager, trembling with anticipation, "don't be insulted, mister, but do you want a job?"

To his astonishment, the youth sprang to attention, his expression more regimental than ever. "Yes, sir, I do. In fact, that's what I came out here for."

"We could tell that," smiled Miss Dorval. "How long have you been in Hollywood?"

"Two days. Of course, I've just been looking around before choosing a place where I'd like to work, but——"

"Then you ain't had a test?" inquired Mr. Smeck.

"Do they test you? Well, really, when one has true ability——"

"I'll say you've got ability," said the movie man, "which is why even before you get a chance to inhale them scallops, I want you to give Fascination Films an option on your services."

"Films?" repeated the youth.

"You mean the cinema? Me?"

"Oh, you English!" tinkled Cherry. "Trying to spoof us, aren't you? This is the great Nebuchadnezzar Smeck, and he's been searching for a boy just like you to play opposite me—Cherry Dorval—in society pictures. And something tells me you know all about the social set."

"Me, too," seconded Mr. Smeck. "You've got that up-stage flare to the nostrils that seems to go with the blue-bloods. You wouldn't be an oil, now?"

"NOT an earl," said the youth, flushing angrily. "Distinctly not an earl—they have gout and bad tempers, and all that sort of thing, you know. Or, perhaps, you don't."

"Well," shrugged Nebuchadnezzar, "any time you want to break down and confess you're a duke it wouldn't hurt the publicity none. Why, I can see right now that you'll screen better than Cosmic's Pilkington, and I'll bet you've got a sweller name, too. Come on and tell us; I'm all of a Tennyson."

His quarry seemed to be secretly amused. "Nothing short of Fate," he muttered absently. "Hollywood, the cinema and a beautiful girl. Astounding, if I may say so. Oh, the name? Well, it's Weems-Wembley, old chap, with a hyphen thing for the little birdies to roost on."

"A hyphen, no less," shrieked Mr. Smeck, beside himself with delight. "The only one in the movies! Now



spring me the first name." Mr. Smeck waited breathlessly.

"Alastair."

The production manager fell gasping into a chair. "I knew it!" he wheezed. "Alastair Weems-Wembley! Oh, but will that make the other companies curl up with their second-hand Joes and Tommies. Say, the minute I seen that haughty droop to your eyelids, I says to myself, 'here's quality.'"

"Thanks," bowed the hyphen, his eyes on Cherry.

"It's a gift with me, discovering class," Mr. Smeck assured him. "Well, so long, Mr. Weems-Wembley—heh, heh, it's got a sound like dragging your feet over a velvet carpet—we'll leave you eat in peace, but I'll expect you at my office in the morning."

"Quite so," said the slightly dazed Alastair. "Whew, but you do things hurriedly over here, don't you? I hope I'll prove satisfactory."

"Don't worry," soothed Miss Dorval. "I'll be delighted to help you all I can—and that's a lot."

This statement, accompanied by a high-tension flash from her opalescent eyes, almost dispossessed Mr. Weems-Wembley of the last remnant of his London poise.

"S-s-e-so k-k-k-kind," he stammered. "Charmed to have seen you," and as the picture people smiled their farewell he slid back into his chair, wondering when he would wake up. For the last two years he had been

HOLLYWOOD WENT IN FOR MARMALADE DRAMA



Alastair played with a vehemence that astonished Cherry Dorval. He courted her just as though they were not surrounded by a retinue of gaping and unlovely mechanics. Though she knew that five o'clock would transform him into a correct young man of incredible shyness, she met him halfway.

busted up more than one set of screen sweet-hearts? And my middle name ain't Fate; it's Ferdinand. This hyphen I've captured seems a fine, sound and sensible guy, and I don't want him vexed by a vamp except in front of the camera."

And at that very moment the sound and sensible guy was smiling dreamily into the future and putting salt in his coffee.

* * *

IN less than two weeks Mr. Weems - Wembley had barged serenely through a hurricane of tests, interviews and studio luncheons, and had

one of the army of gentlemen who, in company with the girl of the moment, went to the cinema palaces to torture themselves by blinking at the unattainable Cherry Dorval. Yet now she had stood within six feet of him and frankly shown her approval. Very probably he might even be called upon to kiss her!

BACK at their table, the radiant Mr. Smeck watched his star indulge in some feverish eye-rolling.

"He's the genuine thing," she whispered excitedly, "and I'll bet you he sports a title when he's at home."

"That idea's identical with me, Cherry, but maybe he's one of them younger sons with a past that makes Bluebeard look like a Boy Scout."

"You're ridiculous! He couldn't be anything but magnificent—that Viking head, the figure of a Grecian statue and those icy blue eyes that—that—"

"Sounds like Shakespeare's ballyhoo for Hamlet," grinned her employer. "Go on, let's have the climax."

"That can be melted," finished Cherry defiantly. "And furthermore, I'm going to try it. It won't be any strain to play love scenes with Alastair, and I wasn't known as the Torch of N'Yawlins for nothing. Oh, Nebby, I'm sure it was Fate that brought us together!"

"Hey!" shouted Mr. Smeck, much alarmed at her symptoms. "Save that Louisiana lure for someone else, you hear me? Don't you know that this siren stuff has

succeeded in getting himself talked about by the simple expedient of doing nothing at all. Nobody knew whether he collected scarabs, suffered from hay fever, nor how he stood on the concealment of the knees; nevertheless, more than one Hollywood hostess began prowling through her guest list to see whom she could sidetrack in his favor. But Alastair politely refused all invitations, remaining entrenched in his new suite at the exclusive Musclebound Arms.

A psychologist would have detected signs of fear in his behavior, but to the effervescent Mr. Smeck, beaming on the cast of his newest society picture, the hypphenated hero was two degrees better than perfect. The players, an assortment of the traditional types capable of throwing the broad A for a loss, crowded eagerly around, leaving a little space in the center for the leads.

"Ladies and gents," bawled Mr. Smeck, "when the first scene of this epic trickles onto the film and sound track you'll be making not only a box-office wow, but history? Why? Because we got amongst us the only guy in Hollywood who can say 'Home, James,' and look as if he meant it. Now, the plot's about a Quaker girl who has the cute habit of ditching her fiancés at the church door, so it's called 'Too Good to Be True,' and the action is just as subtle. Therefore, as my broker likes to say, give me all you've got."

"On the set, please," called the director, and for the next half hour he outlined the (Continued on page 114)

AND NEEDED A HAUGHTY, BLOND ENGLISHMAN

The Pictorial History of HAROLD LLOYD



I. Harold Lloyd faces the camera for the first time. The age is 18 months. The place is Burchard, Nebraska, where Harold was born. With no thought of his future as a comedian, Master Lloyd is registering dignity.

Pictures from the Albert Davis Collection



II. The house where Harold was born at Burchard, Nebraska. The date, which stands in red letters in the history of Nebraska, is April 28, 1893.



III. When Harold first arrived in Hollywood he played extra roles. At the left, Harold (honest!) as a bearded pard in a Western drama. Below, in 1913, Harold had reached the heights of playing bits (at \$3 a day) in support of J. Warren Kerrigan.





IV. Above, an unpublished portrait of Harold, taken a few days after he ventured to Hollywood.

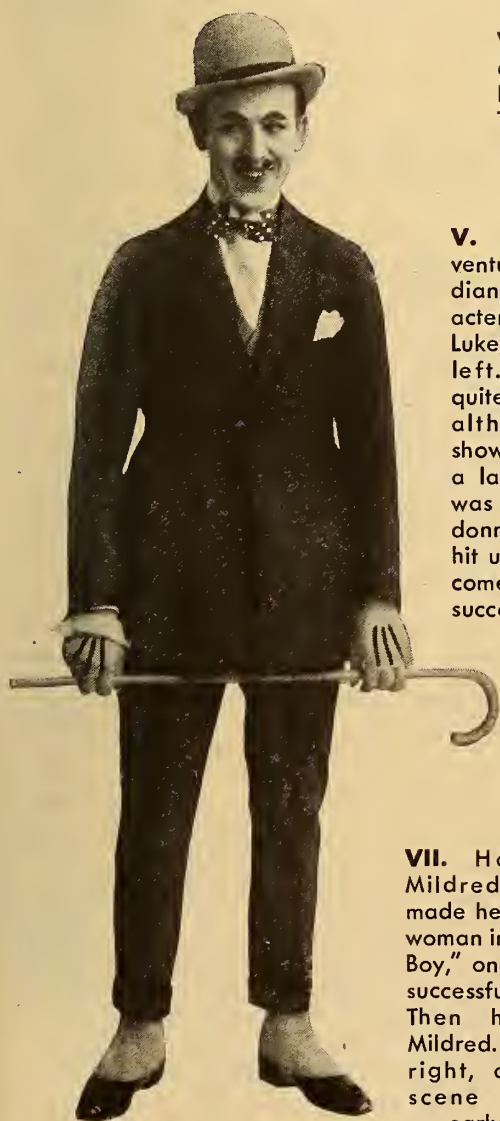


VI. Harold and Bebe Daniels in one of the first Lloyd comedies made after the comedian adopted spectacles. Lloyd immediately burst into prominence and popularity.

VIII. Harold (right) as he looks today in his screen make-up. In real life, Lloyd doesn't wear glasses. That's why so few recognize him when he appears in public.



V. Harold's first venture as a comedian was in the character of Lonesome Luke, shown at the left. Luke never quite hit the gong, although Harold showed promise as a laugh maker. It was not until he donned glasses and hit upon his present comedy creation that success came to him.



VII. Harold met Mildred Davis and made her his leading woman in "Grandma's Boy," one of his most successful comedies. Then he married Mildred. At the lower right, a prophetic scene from this early comedy.





Ben Lyon and his bride, Bebe Daniels. The bridal party, from left to right: Mae Sunday, Adela Rogers St. Johns (Mrs. Dick Hyland), Lila Lee, Diana Kane Fitzmaurice, Louella Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, Rita Kauffman, Constance Talmadge Netcher, Marie Mosquini, Betty Compson.

BEBE Gets Married

DARLING:

Well, the wedding was simply too divine. Everyone says it was the most beautiful wedding ever held in Hollywood and I suppose maybe that means everywhere. I do know Bebe was the loveliest bride I ever saw in all my life. She was simply breath-taking when she walked down that aisle. Her eyes were like stars.

To go back and be chronological—that's a two-dollar word, darling—we all dressed at the Beverly-Wilshire, that swank hotel on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills, where the wedding was held. We had to do that because the dresses were all made of tulle, and you know how easily that crushes.

PHYLLIS DANIELS had arranged four big bedrooms in a row on the second floor, with everything in them, and we arrived about seven. The wedding wasn't until eight-thirty, but we didn't want to worry Bebe, and besides there were such crowds in the streets that you might get delayed and not get there.

Billy Radigan, who made the dresses—he did the Chrysler wedding in New York and came out specially for this—was there and had girls waiting to help us. It was too exciting, all dressing together and seeing the dresses finished for the first time.

Connie Talmadge wore pale yellow, and with her summer tan it was stunning. Lila Lee was in darker yellow, which set off her black hair and eyes. They were partners.

Then Mae Sunday was a vision. Her dress was a coral pink and her bouquet was coral roses, the most beautiful I ever saw. Betty Compson was her partner, in shell pink.

Diana Fitzmaurice, who has positively the grandest figure, which everyone always raves about, was in deep orchid, and Rita Kauffman—Al Kauffman's wife, was her partner in delicate orchid.

Then Marie Mosquini, who is almost like Bebe's sister and has been her pal ever since they were both in Roach comedies, wore one shade of blue and Adela Rogers St. Johns another. They both had deep pink roses which were stunning with the blue.

The hats were tulle and malines, big picture things—so flattering.

Bebe came in about seven-thirty and she and her mother went in one room and we weren't allowed to see her until she was dressed. Then she called us all in. Her dress—well, it was perfection. Tight fitting with a long train, of hand-woven ivory satin and Italian lace. And a real lace veil that was *yards* long. Her bouquet was white orchids and lilies of the valley.

Phyllis—that *angel*—was in pink lace.

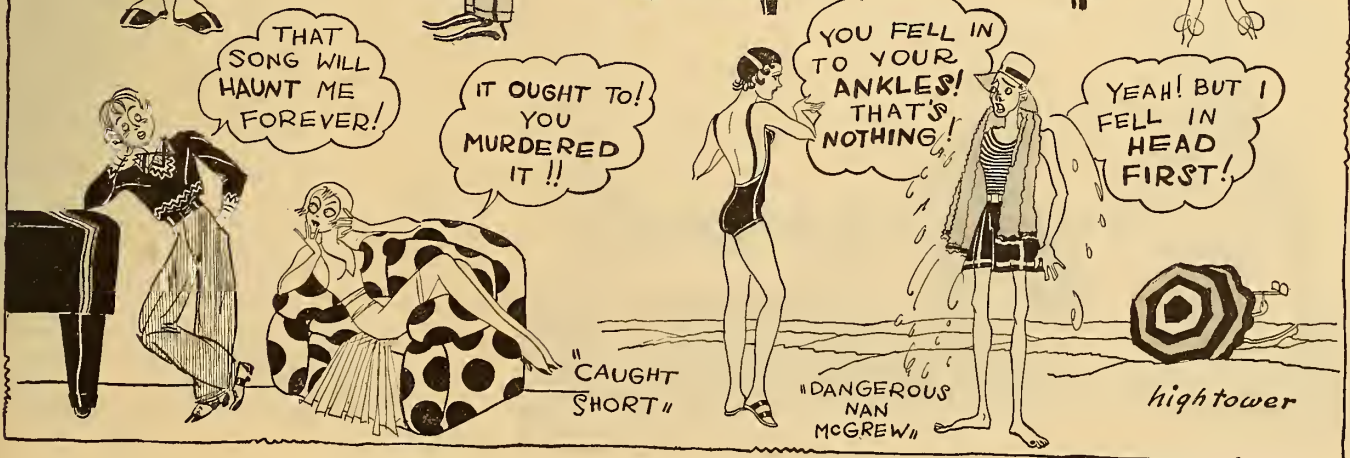
BEBE made us all stand around, two by two as we were to march, and she said we were the nicest bridesmaids she ever saw. We all cried—really—but just from happiness. She wore a little blue pocket that had been her grandmother's under her dress and Louella Parsons' tiny diamond pin—"the something old"—in her veil.

You should have seen Louella. Her dress—as matron of honor—was different. Pale green chiffon, with a rather severe hat. She never looked so well, not even at her own wedding.

Everyone was so nervous. Connie Talmadge most of all. She had everyone in hysterics, she got so excited. Wouldn't you think girls like Connie and Betty Compson wouldn't ever be nervous? But Connie was.

It was a very sweet time, those few moments before the wedding, and I don't think any of the girls will forget it. Old friendships, you know, of years' standing. Marie and Bebe since they were kids. Adela Rogers knew Bebe when she was a child. Her father and Bebe's grandfather were great friends, and Adela used to go out to their ranch (*Continued on page 125*)

LAUGHS of the FILMS





Photograph by Spence Airplane Photos

"In the Midst of Life —"

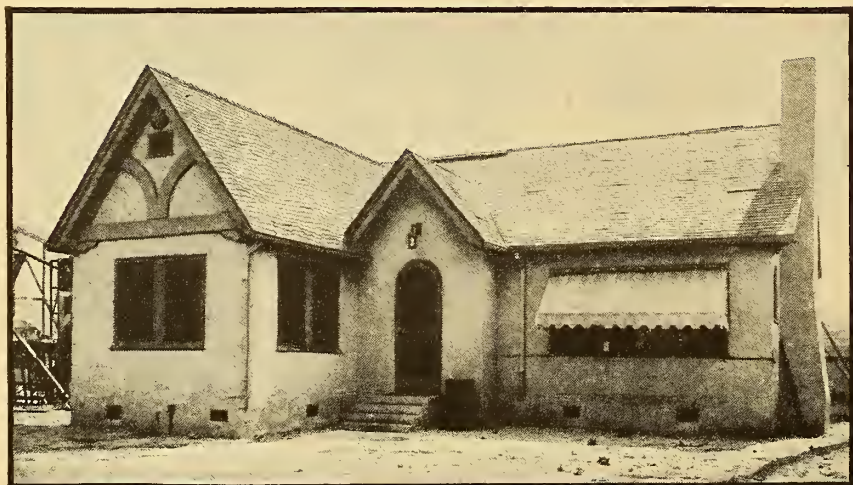
THE earthly remains of Rudolph Valentino lie within a hundred yards or so of the scene of his great successes. Herb Howe pointed this out last month in his *Hollywood Boulevardier*.

Side by side, separated only by a high green cypress hedge, are the Paramount Studios and the Hollywood Cemetery. The cemetery occupies the center of the picture above: the studio grounds lie in the lower section of the airplane shot. The arrow points to the Hollywood Mausoleum, where Rudie lies.

This studio space formerly belonged to United Artists. Paramount took it over later. While it belonged to United Artists, Valentino made his last great pictures, "The Eagle" and "The Son of the Sheik," there. Thus Rudie sleeps within sight and sound of the very stages where he moved so gaily and so happily at the height of his career.

Rudie lies in space allotted by his friend and discoverer, June Mathis, who has since died and been buried beside him. Fifteen feet away from Rudie's crypt is that of Barbara La Marr, who also made her last production, "The Girl of Montmartre," at this studio.

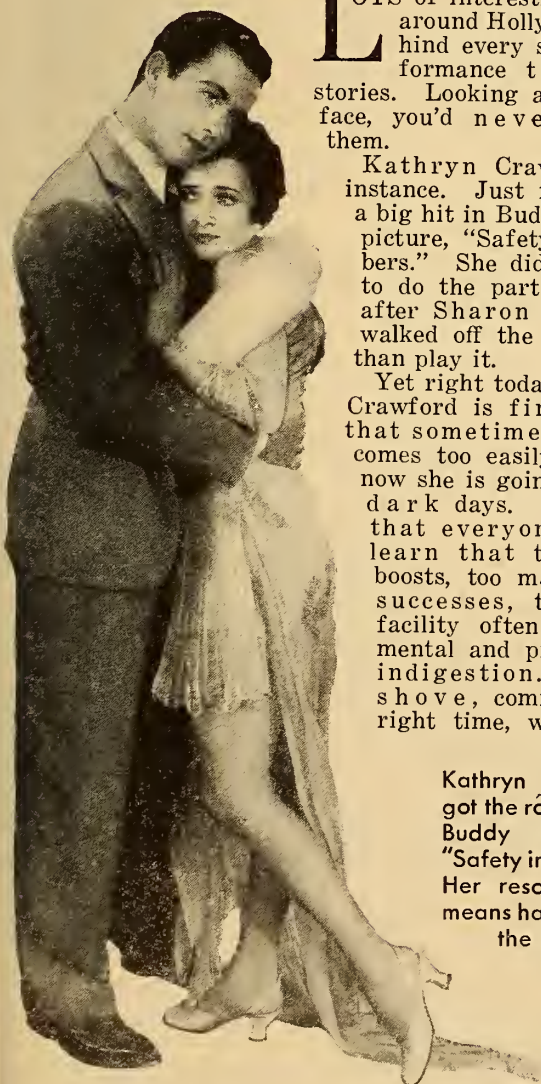
Just across the hedge, on the Paramount lot, is the bungalow dressing-room, once occupied by Rudie. It is shown at the left. It is now used as the receiving station for all Paramount fan mail.



She Didn't Want to WORK

But Kathryn Crawford's First Hit Has Taught Her that Success Doesn't Come Easily

By JACK BEVERLY



LOTS of interesting stories around Hollywood. Behind every screen performance there are stories. Looking at the surface, you'd never suspect them.

Kathryn Crawford, for instance. Just made such a big hit in Buddy Rogers' picture, "Safety in Numbers." She didn't want to do the part. Took it after Sharon Lynn had walked off the lot rather than play it.

Yet right today Kathryn Crawford is finding out that sometimes success comes too easily. Right now she is going through dark days. I told her that everyone has to learn that too many boosts, too many easy successes, too much facility often result in mental and professional indigestion. A good shove, coming at the right time, will be the

Kathryn Crawford got the rôle opposite Buddy Rogers in "Safety in Numbers". Her resounding hit means hard work for the future.



Kathryn Crawford made her stage success so easily that it was hard to fit herself to a stiff movie training. At eighteen she was starring in Pacific Coast musical comedy. At nineteen she won a two-year movie contract. Now she finds that hard work alone will carry her to the top on the talking screen.

best thing in the long run for getting ahead.

At seventeen Kathryn Crawford was an unknown youngster, graduating from Huntington Park High School, just outside Los Angeles.

At eighteen she was the star of "Hit the Deck," in all the big cities of the Pacific Coast. It was the most popular musical show that ever played in Los Angeles and San Francisco and she was up in headlights.

At nineteen they begged her to take a two-year motion-picture contract as a leading lady—and she had never stepped in front of a camera.

ALL that in two short years, and she never had really done a lick of work. Never studied, never trained. Wouldn't even stick it out in a stock company. She got by—because she had a lovely natural voice, a lot of natural grace, and was very pretty to look at.

Now Kathryn has lost three big parts in a row, the last of them a great starring part in the title rôle of "Naughty Marietta." Today Kathryn thinks she is a flop. Which just proves how wrong anybody can be. Because there isn't anyone around here who really has more to work with than Kathryn Crawford. Only these shoves are going to teach her that in the end everybody in this game has to work.

Contrast her amazing rise with what some others went through in attaining the point in their careers that Kathryn had handed to her on a silver platter only two years out of high school.

Remember how Gloria Swanson struggled to get herself out of a Sennett bathing suit. Mary Pickford worked on the stage and in pictures from the time she was a child. Greta Garbo found the way none too easy after her arrival in Hollywood. Vivienne Segal and Marilyn Miller worked from childhood to gain their places in musical comedy. They studied voice and dancing, practising hours every day.

Those girls climbed slowly, but underneath them they built sure foundations and ability to work.

They were slow but sure.

(Continued on page 124)

The HOLLYWOOD



A film actor at home. Herb Howe says most of the wall space in most Hollywood homes is divided between portraits of the owner and mirrors.

HOLLYWOOD IRONIES: The greatest heart in Hollywood has the worst breaks.

A vampire was vamped of her life savings by a gentleman friend she trusted.

A sweetest of the sweet is considered by all hands the meanest horse on the lot.

The most fiendish villain likes to cook and make things for the home.

A nectarious little flower got her chance through the plugging of her boy fiancé, a reporter, and on the night of her triumph threw him down for an actor.

A foreign charmer perfected her English. She made good by speaking her original accent and now pretends she can't speak without it.

A great lover of the screen was unable to hold either of the women he loved.

A noted director was coached each night on what he should do next day by his little, old crippled mother who never had seen a studio; when he married against her wishes she refused to help him and he hasn't been heard from since.

Another director, once famous but now a hostage of alcohol, teeters each evening on a curb in front of a studio hoping for a hello from those he once directed.

A typical American hero had to be taught baseball.

An actor who gave more fine performances to the screen than any other suddenly quit Hollywood in disgust and hasn't written to anyone since he left.

A favorite of the fair has never fallen for one of them.

A cowboy hero used to cry himself to sleep at night

Rin-Tin-Tin Doesn't Believe in Art—Hollywood Telephones—Film Problems of Maurice Chevalier and Lillian Gish

during his first Westerns. He was truly afraid of horses.

A dumb animal made the talkies possible.

Dumb Animal Bright Star. The dog Rin-Tin-Tin paid the way for Warner Brothers while they were experimenting with sound pictures. The profits of Rin-Tin-Tin's pictures enabled them to adventure with talkies. Now that the Warners are multi-millionaires and John Barrymore is vocally a box-office attraction, Rin-Tin-Tin is taking a well-earned rest and going on a world tour. He is taking with him Lee Duncan, his manager, to whom oddly he credits much of his success. Lee, when a soldier in the trenches, discovered Rin-Tin-Tin, who was likewise doing his bit. When the war was over, Lee persuaded Rin to return to Hollywood. His beauty, his charm and, of course, his brains (for do we not know that brains are necessary for screen success?) made him a star over night.

Brings Home Bacon. Rin-Tin-Tin is not quitting the talkies because of any vocal deficiency. His voice registers better than any other actor's with the possible exception of Bull Montana's. He is one of the few stars who has not had to engage a coach for English. Dumb animals long ago devised an Esperanto which enables them to make their meaning clear not only to other animals but to the dumbest of humans.

Although Rin is responsible for the talkies he never attends them. He doesn't even see his own pictures. He never attends premieres. He doesn't even make personal appearances except when assured he will bring home the bacon well digested.

It isn't that he is mercenary. He would do anything for a friend. It's simply, that, like Garbo, he has no use for the term "Art". Like Greta, he sees his work as a way to earning a living and is content so long as the bacon hangs over the camera.

Shrewd, he does not ask for a producer's promise, verbal or in contract. He merely demands that the pay be hung over the camera in plain sight where he can get at it when he finishes his work. When it isn't there he goes home, just as Garbo does.

A noble Christian is Rin-Tin-Tin, asking only his daily meat, always happy to serve his fellow-man.

Do Your Worst, Clara Bow. O. O. McIntyre warns us: "Cesare Lombroso, great criminologist, found that women engaged in poisoning and such—were red-haired. Then again some are just Henna Hell-raisers. Anyhow, Clara, I don't care . . . do me your worst!"

Science Would Protect Us. Advertisement: "Frank A. Duc (Duke) 'The Human Nightingale,' presented by

BOULEVARDIER

By
HERB HOWE

Fanchon and Marco . . . featuring his high soprano and tenor voice. A group of eminent scientists valued Duc's vocal organs at \$25,000 and are willing to pay his heirs this sum for the privilege of dissecting the chords after his death."

How long, Oh Lord, how long!

Starry or Goofy? The telephone rings.

In Hollywood, when the telephone rings, one never answers in person unless one is a nobody. One always summons a servant even though the telephone be at one's wing. If one can't afford servants one has to cultivate several voices . . . butler's, secretary's, press agent's, etcetera's. Even stars who have servants cultivate their voices because one never knows when the servants may up and leave over a question of back salary or turn up tight and tell you to answer the gottamed thing yourself. A star I know often answers the phone with an English accent instead of his native bowery.

"Who is calling Mistah Punkham?" he intones.

"Mistah Howe," says Ah, pretending I'm my secretary.

My friend then says, "One moment please, Mistah Howe, while I see if Mistah Punkham is in." Business of covering the mouthpiece with his hand while he counts fifty, then boyishly, "Oh, hello Herb, old fellow."

"One moment please, Mistah Punkham," says mah secretary. Business of counting fifty, then, "How are you, Punkie, old man?"

Actors will be actors and if you hang around with them long enough you'll either become one at five thousand a week or get free board at the psycho ward for playing games with yourself.

Speak for Yourself, Herb! I asked the girl at the switchboard to get me Mary Duncan and call me back. After several tries the operator despaired, "I get Miss Duncan but she hangs up when I say, 'just a minute.'"

Seizing the 'phone I dial Miss Duncan on to the wire. "Hello, Mary."

"Oh, hello, Herb."

"Why have you been hanging up?"

"I thought it was someone's secretary calling, and I'm fed up on this Hollywood stuff of having a secretary call. Why don't you speak for yourself, Herb?"

Maybe you think I didn't.

Let this be a lesson to other 'phoney Johnny Aldens.

Just a Letter. A letter from Mr. and Mrs. T. Steelman of Pleasantville, N. J.:

"NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE being a new one, our writers start out fair and square without dirty slams. I thought I'd write you a line and tell you I enjoyed every page. Other movie magazine writers are getting mean in their write-ups of certain radio stars—and one, 'The King of the Air,' the only star of stage or screen or radio who holds the honor of singing (by special request) for Mrs. Hoover, first lady of the land—has been standing up under the worst write-ups I have ever read. No movie star could survive such attacks, not one of them. Now, last evening we listened in on the movie stars broadcasting—Buddy Rogers and others—and such a miserable broadcast I never heard. It was rotten. It goes to show the movie stars are flops on the radio and should be razzed—that is, if the movie magazines insist on insulting the radio stars. . . ."

But then again you can't blame us for giving some

Herb Howe's next Boulevardier chat will come from Paris. At this moment he is resting along the Boulevards, considering people and things—for your benefit, of course.

Drawings by
Ken Chamberlain



Chamberlain

HERB HOWE Relates Some of Hollywood's IRONIES



Rin-Tin-Tin is going on a long and well earned vacation—a trip around the world. Rin is the dog who made the talkies possible. He helped pay the way for the Warner Brothers while they were conducting their now famous sound experiments. Rin revolutionized the movie world.

movie stars the air. It's the same old thing over again: the devil and the deep sea. There just doesn't seem to be any place for some of our star entertainers.

Warning to Marie and Polly. Evangelist Aimee MacPherson was filmed for the news reel in the act of entering a lion's cage at the Selig Zoo. She thereby demonstrated that she has the stern stellar stuff that made Pearl White and Kathlyn Williams.

Aimee wants to enter the movies. She has incorporated herself for the purpose. And what Aimee wants to do she does.

You recall her as the lass who, upon arising from the sea like Venus, was snatched by kidnapers and taken for an impious ride, from which she walked home across the desert without loss of shoe shine.

I was present at a dinner of the Wampas when Aimee was honor guest. Having cabbaged more headlines than any mortal of this age, not excepting Peggy Joyce, Aimee was naturally hailed a fellow by the press agents. She returned the compliment by greeting them as brothers and sisters.

With a soul-saving smile she said she had been honored similarly by the Shriners of Des Moines. They made her a Lady Noble—the first Lady Noble, she believed, that ever had been made.

"And they said the reason they made me a Lady Noble," said she, "was because I, too, had walked the burning sands."

The ensuing laughter, in which Aimee joined, should be fair warning to Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

About "The Big Pond." Only the mesmeric skill of Chevalier and the benumbing beauty of Claudette Colbert kept me from rising up in the middle of "The Big Pond" and wading for the nearest exit. What surprised me was that they didn't walk out of it muttering something in French. It is hard to believe that such an atrocity is not premeditated. Perhaps it was devised as a handicap to prove the invincible charm of Chev-

alier. But "Innocents of Paris" was bad enough to do that.

I used to think Valentino ill-advised in battling with Paramount, but now I feel Chevalier also should have married Natacha Rambova.

That Modern Gish. Electric sign gracing the N. Y. Rivoli Theater: FERENC MOLNAR'S 'THE SWAN,' THE STARTLING LOVE LIFE OF A VIRGIN PRINCESS—A MODERN GISH IN A MODERN STORY. . .

Startled, I stopped to re-read it. Another lover of the classics was likewise perusing. "Huh," was his observation, "I'll bet it's another one of those fakes like 'Unguarded Girls' that they advertise for men only. 'Tain't hot at all."

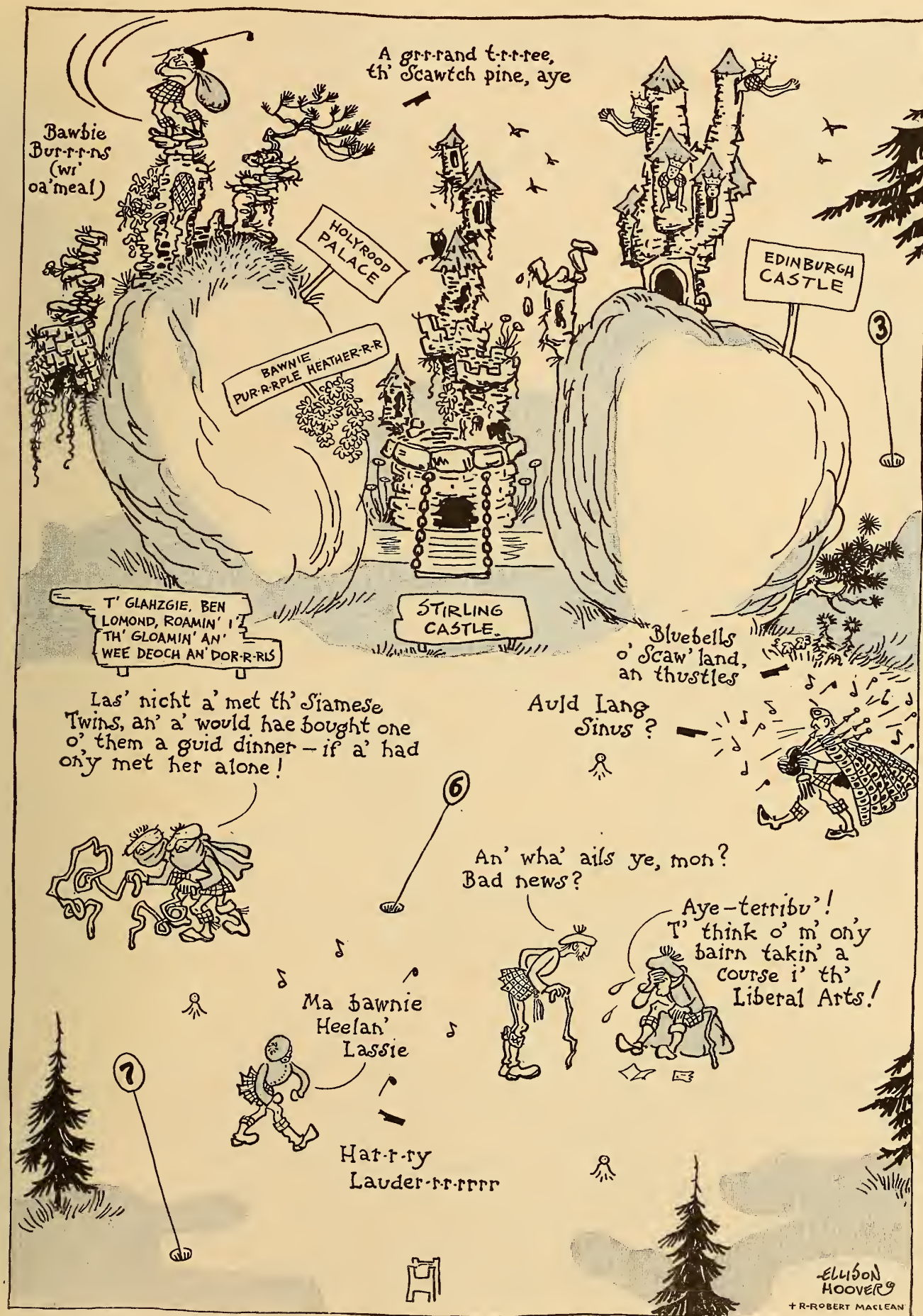
But what I resented about the sign was a MODERN Gish—as if referring to plumbing.

Hollywood Contradictions. In "Handful of Cloud," Lew Ayres plays a baby-faced boy who murders six people. This is apropos of life of which Hollywood is the most glittering sample. The kindest, most charitable souls are such screen-tipping old wenches as Marie Dressler, such screen hounds of sin as Lew Cody. The most selfish, ruthlessly cruel individuals I know are the type that would be cast as Raphael's angels.

An Actor's Home. The stanch admiration of the actor for himself is heroic in view of the ridicule it brings. In most homes the family photographs are secluded in the bedroom, but in a star's house the owner's likeness occupies all the wall space that is not taken up by mirrors, thus he never loses sight of the most important thing in life.

"Ah, they're just like prize-fighters," says an old fight promoter, "All slug-nutty."

Anent "Ingagi." Since the talkies were inaugurated, the animal actors of Hollywood have been staging a big come-back. Producers (Continued on page 125)



SCOTLAND. The land of pur-r-r-ple heather-r-r, as the talkies portray it. NEW MOVIE assumes no responsibility for Ellison Hoover's Scotch jokes, however. This is one of Mr. Hoover's series of drawings showing how the talkies present the world at large.

Fields Station, Pa.

What is the big idea in featuring practically unknown stars when we have Marie Dressler, a legitimate actress, who is the whole show in any picture they put her in? How do you feel about it?

Rose Davidson.

Doesn't Like Refilmed Stories

Covington, Ky.

About the only fault I can find in the talkies is that the producers are giving us too many stories that have already been filmed. I am not interested in a plot I've already seen, even if it has a new star and a different title.

*Mrs. John Dickerson,
1428 Russell Street.*

Something Will Be Done About It

Birmingham, Ala.

I used to read and depend on Frederick James Smith's movie criticisms in *Liberty*. Either he is very good or his picture taste closely parallels mine, because I usually thought a lot of his four star pictures. In *THE NEW MOVIE* I still depend on them. But, I have one suggestion to make. I'd like some sort of rating marks beside the reviews to show at a glance which are best. I sometimes want to find a good show in a hurry.

*Luther Clark,
1307 N. 33rd Street.*

Give Clara a Break

New Castle, Ind.

What is wrong with the chief executives of the motion-picture industry. Why don't they give our own Clara Bow a break? Why does she always have to play some crazy rôle as the sweetheart of the navy? I think she is one of the best actresses in pictures. Why, she hasn't even been given a chance to show her ability to act, so let's give the little girl a big hand.

*Mabel Hagerman,
621 So. 11th Street.*

Accepts Herb Howe's Dare

Cliftondale, Mass.

In the sixth number of *THE NEW MOVIE*, Herb Howe dared a fan to pick the handsomest *men* on the screen. I think John Boles is the handsomest *man* on the screen. Won't you please give us more about him.

*Winifred Lewis,
12 Clifton Street.*

Another Scot Writes

Minneapolis, Minn.

I am Scotch, that's why I am writing on a half sheet of paper. The only time I'll ever ditch your magazine is when some bright fellow publishes one just as good for five cents.

*David Harlan Newton,
2815 W. 44th Street.*

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

A Word for Walthall

Selma, Alabama

One must be an early bird to get a copy of *THE NEW MOVIE*, for it sells like hot cakes. Replete with many interesting feature articles, the one most pleasing to us Southern folk is the lovely and deserved tribute to our own Henry B. Walthall. He is still dear to the hearts of his countrymen and whenever his name appears on the billboards, we are there in full force to greet

him with applause. Walthall is one of our real actors.

*J. M. M.,
324 Lauderdale Street.*

Doesn't Like Thin Gals

Los Angeles, Calif.

One thing I would like to have explained is why authorities say the screen makes an actress look fatter than she is. Take it from me, that is a lot of hokey. I am sick of looking at these pipe stems and soup bones. Let the girls eat. Clara Bow and her two chins in "The Saturday Night Kid" was the best I have ever seen and I am a Bow fan, but if they are going to starve her so she will look like the rest of them, oh, well, there are others.

*Mrs. Delia Johnson,
887 E. 40th Street.*

Take Arlen Out of Westerns

Auburn, N. Y.

Why is Dick Arlen doomed to Westerns? I know they are to be one of the features of the next season but, along with eighty per cent of the feminine moviegoers, I can't get all enthused over Westerns. Dick has done so splendidly in the talkies, rushing from drama to comedy and back again, making each characterization a stepping-stone to greater glory, that it seems a shame to keep him in horse operas without a break. His popularity is liable to suffer, for already some of the fans are groaning 'not another Western?'

*Elizabeth J. Winter,
13 Westlake Avenue.*

Do They Read Their Mail?

Spokane, Wash.

I have heard much of the conceit of the movie people and believed it mostly conversation, but now I have proof. I wrote a letter of the most critical kind to a very popular actor. He happens to be my favorite but nevertheless it was a very critical letter and did not disclose my appreciation in the smallest way. Then what do you think happened. I received a photograph and a letter of thanks for my appreciation and praise.

What surprise! Can you guess the name of the actor?—Well, it was Ronald Colman. Query—Who takes care of his fan mail?

*Alice B. Drew,
E. 318 29th St.*

A Lot of Opinions

Birmingham, Ala.

Do you know that: Nancy
(Continued on page 126)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



FIFI DORSAY

Photograph by Kahle



Photograph by Hurrell

ROBERT MONTGOMERY



Photograph by Apeda

RAMON NOVARRO



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

BILLIE DOVE



MARILYN MORGAN

Photograph by Elmer Fryer



The pajama vogue has swept the land this Summer. Above, Anita Page in modernistic print pajamas. This is a gay pattern designed by Adrian. A matching handkerchief is worn, gypsy fashion, about the head. Upper right, Raquel Torres demonstrating the use of stripes for pajamas. Stripes can be worn up and down or round about. These are of blending yellow, orange and brown. A matching bandana is worn with the outfit.

Left, Bessie Love in her yellow printed pajama suit, worn with a yellow straw hat. Yellow sandals carry out the color scheme. These pajamas have the flavor of early Autumn days.



PAJAMA BELLES



Upper left, Gwen Lee in a patterned pajama ensemble. Here you see the combination of a pastel blue jumper and finger-tip length coat piped in the printed material of the wide-bottomed pajamas. This costume fits any occasion for casual comfort. Upper right, Dorothy Sebastian demonstrating the value of polka dots for the pajama ensemble.



Right, another glimpse of Raquel Torres and her striped trouser pajamas. Stripes are all the thing this summer for pajamas, by the way.

How to Have Your

BY
RUSSELL BALL

Famous Hollywood
Photographer



Russell Ball's favorite portrait of Gloria Swanson. An example of harmonious photography. Also an example of complete naturalness. Note the mouth just a trifle open—and the effect gained by it.

PHOTOGRAPHS play a large part in everyone's life. They are jewels of memory, consolation in separation, reminder of love and friendship.

In the motion picture industry and the theater, they represent business.

Left adjoining, Jone Winton. Right adjoining, Irene Delroy. Miss Winton, who hasn't a heavy jaw or neck, demonstrates the correct pose for one who possesses either. Miss Delroy, who has an extremely retroussé nose, shows the correct way to pose, head on.



But, to the average man and woman, boy and girl, they are joys and pleasant possessions. As the young girl grows up, marries and moves to a distant city; as the boy goes through college and starts upon his own career; as mother grows older; as fate places many miles between dear friends, photographs mean something precious indeed. In love affairs, they have played innumerable parts, dramatic, pathetic, tragic and comic.

Consequently, everyone wants to know how to obtain the best results when being photographed.

After over fifteen years as a photographer in New York and Hollywood, during which time I have photographed nearly all the great stars and famous beauties of stage and screen, I have naturally picked up some pointers and developed some definite ideas on how to have your photograph taken. I am glad to have the chance to pass them on.

There are, let me say immediately, no definite rules whereby every woman can produce a photograph as beautiful as Corinne Griffith. Which leads us to at least two of the most general errors made by those who go to be photographed.

ABOVE all things, do *not* try to look like somebody else. Everyone desires to look their best. But nothing is so fatal to the final result as unnaturalness. The difficulty about trying to look your best is that unless you know just how to do this, often you will not look like yourself.

Please remember that your family and your friends want a photograph of **YOU**. They want an attractive picture, but it must be **YOU**.

The aim of every good photographer is to make an attractive photograph which looks as much as possible like the original. To take a beautiful picture without any resemblance to the subject, is to fail in half the mission. I have had proofs in sittings of motion picture stars turned back to me, because while they were gorgeous photography they wouldn't do the star any good—they didn't look like her. I have learned to correct that error.

Since naturalness, looking natural and like yourself, are so

Photograph Made

Hollywood Camera Expert Tells You How to Bring Out Your Best Points in Your Next Portrait

important, it is always a mistake to go to the hairdresser the very morning of your appointment. The hair is always stiff, and can't give a pretty effect. It is a mistake to wear a dress you have never worn before. Those things tend to make a person self-conscious.

THE most successful photographs are those which suggest the person photographed in the costume, atmosphere, background and general position which those who love them like best.

Let us say that you are going next week to have your photograph taken. It is, of course, a special occasion. That picture is going to your sweetheart who is away, to your mother in a distant city, to a newspaper for reproduction in a social event, to your dearest friends. (This part now is written for girls and women. Men we will mention later on. They are always much easier to photograph than women.)

First of all, sit down and do a little serious thinking. Do this long before you enter the studio and sit down before the camera. Having determined your objective—that you want a picture of YOU, bringing out all your best points, and concealing all your bad ones, ask yourself certain questions.

1. What is my type?

Now everyone cannot be a distinct type, like Dolores Del Rio, Alice White, or Evelyn Brent. But every girl and woman belongs under some type heading.

The knowledge of that type is intensely important to you in going to sit before the camera.

Are you the clean cut athletic type? Are you the soft, purely feminine type? Are you stately? Are you the petite, dainty type? Are you the flapper?

HERE, without attempting imitation, a study of the wonderful pictures of motion picture stars published continually in NEW MOVIE Magazine should help you. Make up your mind which of these stars and



Guess who this is. Phyllis Haver! This demonstrates what expert hair dressing will do to soften the face of a photographic subject.

their type you most nearly approximate, and then follow it.

This will instruct you what clothes you should wear.

WHEN YOU GO TO YOUR PHOTOGRAPHER—

Do not try to look like somebody else.

Do not go to the hairdresser within two days of your visit.

Don't make the mistake of putting on your "best dress."

Be guarded in wearing jewels. Beware of earrings.

Be careful of your thoughts while the camera lens is watching you.

Use very little make-up.

Don't get set or still. Relax.

For you must wear the clothes in which you look best. A few women look well in everything: but even those fortunate beings have a best and worst. Doris Kenyon, for example, who is one of the really beautiful women of this age, is distinctly at her best in evening clothes. But there are many girls who look their worst in them. It is my opinion that Clara Bow looks better in anything than in formal evening attire.

There are dozens of girls who always look their best in sport clothes. One of the finest photographs I have ever seen was of Helen Wills, the tennis champion, taken, I think, by Steichen. In that picture, Miss Wills wears a severely simple white sport

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECRETS OF THE MOVIE STARS TO



Doris Kenyon in a perfect photographic illustration of the right background for her lovely personality. Note, too, the slightly opened mouth which adds charm to her portrait.

dress and sweater. The type suits her. One seldom sees her photographed in evening clothes.

Don't make the mistake of putting on your "best dress." Try to remember what you have worn which has brought forth the most compliments from your friends. Try to remember something in which your husband or sweetheart told you you looked very pretty. If possible, wear something in which you are at ease, something you have become accustomed to.

Unless you are a very unusual type, be extremely careful of jewels in photographs, particularly earrings. There isn't one woman in ten whose features won't be marred by their use.

2. What is your best background?

Of course, if you are fortunate enough to be going to one of the great photographic artists—a Steichen or a Nicholas Muray—then that will be decided for you. But few photographers know their subject well enough on one meeting to determine that. So you must figure it out somewhat for yourself. I don't mean, of course, that you must select every detail. But the general effect must be decided by you.

DO YOU notice how seldom you see a picture of Gloria Swanson, one of the greatest photographic subjects who ever lived, with anything in it which detracts from Gloria herself? The unusual lines of her face, the startling effect of her pronounced and definite features, prohibit the use of decorative aids.

On the other hand, Mary Pickford, who is called by all cameramen the one camera-perfect face in the business, lends herself well to vases of flowers, silken pillows, candles, brocades, etc., for composition.

Doris Kenyon, who is the softly feminine type, is at her best with evening dress, and a rich, soft background.

Evelyn Brent, on the other hand, is so strong and definite in her type—still feminine but suggesting fire and passion—that she looks better if her head is thrown up in plain relief.

Accompanying this article is a picture of Doris Kenyon. There, the right background,

From left to right adjoining: James Gleason, Warner Baxter and Anthony Bushell. Mr. Gleason discloses the ideal pose for a business man or lawyer. Note the value of the slight frown. Mr. Baxter shows how the possessor of dark eyes gains when direct lighting brings out the gleam of his eyes. Mr. Bushell, on the other hand, is an example of a possessor of light blue eyes who should never look directly at the camera lens.



HELP YOU WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR PORTRAIT MADE

the right costume, have been selected to bring out all her loveliness. Beware of inharmonious backgrounds.

You must decide whether severity and plainness, or soft pictorial effects fit you most tastefully. Often women who might be called plain, or even ugly, can stand a sort of violent, modernistic background. They cannot achieve a beautiful effect, but they may achieve a fascinating and distinctive one.

3. What are you going to be thinking about while the all-seeing eye is upon you?

That, please believe me, is not bunk. To me, it is actually the most important of all. I have thrown away thirty negatives of a beautiful screen star because the light behind the eyes was wrong.

Nothing, not your clothes, not your background, not your features, are so important as your expression. A poet called the eyes "the windows of the soul." My experience has taught me to believe that absolutely. And the camera sees through photographs into those windows. I do not care how beautiful a woman is, unless there is a light in her eyes, the picture will be without life, without charm.

As a star on the set used to have certain music played, so you should have certain thoughts which bring you a pleasant, or a happy, or an emotional reaction. Perhaps some poem you have read. Perhaps some memory—some person—coming into your thoughts will give your eyes that light. There may be some dream that you often dream with your eyes open—or something that you would like to have happen.

This will also make you lose your consciousness of having your picture taken.

4. What are your best and your worst features?

Many women believe that make-up is a great help before the camera. That is not always true. Unless you know exactly how to handle it, make-up will often be a boomerang. Too much lipstick will look ugly. It is possible to use some. No rouge should ever be used on the cheeks. It photographs black and makes shadows, which give a haggard effect. A base of cream, or plain grease paint which can be bought in any drug store, a coat of powder, some lipstick. Then, a bit of mascara—not much—and if your eyes are short, a soft dark line at the ends of them. A very little darkening of the upper eyelid, which can be done by rubbing your finger on a soft lead pencil and then applying it to the eyes.

On page 68 you see my

Evelyn Brent has a strong and virile face. She is the type that photographs best with mouth completely closed.



A striking study of Estelle Taylor. This is an excellent example of arrested motion. Miss Taylor has one of those rare faces, dark and definite, that gain by the wearing of earrings.



favorite portrait of Gloria Swanson. I ask you to study it. Note the slightly open, not-quite-smiling mouth.

With this, the sheen of pearls and draped chiffon, the curving line of the hat, which is decorative but not overpowering. The plain background. The relaxed hand. The complete naturalness. And note the softly waved hair. To my notion, she wears afternoon clothes better than any woman on the screen and is at her best in them. And they are essentially difficult. Everything in this picture blends.

A last word or two.

Please be careful about your hair. Have it done at least two days ahead of time, so that it will fall naturally and not have that awful artificial look. Unless you belong to the rare type of Dolores Del Rio, have your hair soft, flattering. It will give you a great deal.

(Continued on page 129)



Photograph by Hal Phylfe

CLAIRE LUCE

The glamorous Claire Luce, former Ziegfeld dancing star, is coming to pictures, via the Fox Studios. Miss Luce went to London, became a dramatic actress in "Burlesque"—and came back to try her luck on the screen.



Photograph by Hurrell

UKULELE IKE

Cliff Edwards, known to fame via phonograph records and talkies as Ukulele Ike, paused between scenes at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to strum a plaintive melody.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

Outdoor Entertaining Becomes the Vogue Among Studio Folk and the Mervyn LeRois Give a Charming Sunset Beach Party

By EVELYN GRAY

Special Photographs by Stagg

OUTDOOR entertaining is growing more and more popular everywhere. As people enter into the pleasure of sports with increasing ardor, all sorts of outdoor life gains its hold. And there is really nothing more charming than luncheon, tea or dinner served outdoors when the weather permits.

The long evenings of early Fall and Indian Summer

are particularly suited to this form of entertainment. In Hollywood everyone is doing it, utilizing their tiny gardens or their big estates, their beachfront yards of sand, their small porches, to get outdoors in the fresh air.

MR. and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy (Edna Murphy) own a charming little beach home at Malibu and they

are among the many couples who entertain outdoors informally on Sunday evenings. It is really a charming custom for anyone to inaugurate. You can prepare, as Mrs. LeRoy does, for an indefinite number of guests by having a buffet supper and give your intimate friends one of those open invitations that are so pleasant.

Merv and his pretty blond wife are very popular and entertain with easy informality. Merv is the youngest director in motion pictures.

The card tables—what would the modern hostess do without the ever-present card tables—at the LeRois, are set both on the tile terrace which runs along one side of their front yard and on the pretty open veranda. They are very attractively arranged, with luncheon sets in bright-colored linens and Edna's wedding silver, with bowls of gay flowers in the center.

After a late swim, the guests all helped themselves from the long table in the dining-room and came out to eat in the mellow twilight and watch the beautiful sunset. One feature of this informal outdoor entertaining is that guests can arrive in informal attire. After all, who wants to dress up after a pleasant day spent in the open?

JACK DEMPSEY and his wife, Estelle Taylor, were among the guests. Estelle was all in white linen, with a white-linen coat and a little white beret. Two costumes that made a great hit were worn by Vivienne Segal, the Warner Brothers' musical-comedy star, and Kathleen

Martin, formerly of the Follies and now in pictures.

Vivienne Segal, photographed at the Le Roy party. Miss Segal's costume attracted a lot of attention. It was of bright green jersey, bathing suit top and long pants.

Vivienne's was of bright green jersey, with a bathing-suit top and long sailor





The LeRoy beach party, showing some of the table arrangements. A beach baseball game is in progress in the background. Leaning against the wall is Jack Dempsey, with Mrs. LeRoy (Edna Murphy) on his right and Mervyn's mother, Mrs. LeRoy, on his left. Other guests are grouped about.

pants. And Kathleen had the most fetching combination of blue and white with linen shorts, a white linen blouse, and a blue and white coat lined with white toweling. Just the thing for a day at the beach. With it she wore woolen socks and white sport shoes.

Their escorts were William Boyd and Walter Catlett.

MR. and Mrs. Alan Dwan dropped in. Mrs. Dwan, who is really becoming famous for her gorgeous pajamas, wore pajamas in three shades of green, made of figured Chinese silk. Kathryn Crawford was in linen pajamas of bright orange, with a dark-blue coat. Marilyn Miller, who came with them, wore dark-blue jersey, with long trousers and no back, all piped very effectively in white.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead) came in, and Mrs. Leonard had a sports dress of yellow and white, the rather short

Kathleen Martin, at the LeRoy party. Miss Martin wore a fetching combination of blue and white, with linen shorts, a white linen blouse, and a blue and white coat lined with white toweling. An ideal beach costume.



skirt worn over bloomers that matched. Lois Moran had slipped white sailor pants and a white woolly sweater over her bathing suit. Carey Wilson and Carmelita Geraghty were among the guests, Carmelita in dark-green sport clothes. Charles Farrell brought Virginia Valli, who looked perfectly beautiful in a white-duck yachting costume.

In entertaining outdoors a hostess finds it necessary to provide a fairly hearty meal, because everyone is usually hungry. Mrs. LeRoy manages a nice variety.

A TRAY of cocktail glasses, in pale-green glass, was set at one end of the table and filled with watermelon cup. This was made by cutting out small balls from the heart of watermelons, pouring a little grenadine syrup over them, adding a few drops of lemon and some sprigs of mint.

Then, on a huge platter, were a number of big, baked sea bass. Over these was poured a "Sauce LeRoy," so called because Edna invented it herself to suit Merv's taste. The recipe is as follows: To one cup of mayonnaise, add four or six chopped stuffed olives; four chopped sweet pickles; parsley; one clove of garlic chopped
(Continued on page 131)



Miss Collyer's dressing table (shown below) is of French antique ivory. Perfume bottles of many colors and design are the table's only equipment. There is, of course, a lovely scarf of orchid brocade.

The boudoir of June Collyer shows a dainty Louis XV bed, canopied and covered with orchid taffeta, with ecru lace edging to the minute ruffles. The headboard of the bed is of antique ivory, decorated with delicate garlands of rosebuds. Matching night tables, with twin lamps of Dresden china base and yellow and blue silk shades, are placed on either side of the bed. The walls of the bedroom have panels of striped satin brocade of deep mulberry.



Special photographs by
Gene Robert Richee

Below, Miss Collyer is standing by one of the windows of her boudoir. The windows are treated in the typical French manner. Window curtains of hand drawn and embroidered net, and drapes of orchid ruffled taffeta are used. The woodwork is of a warm tone of beige.



A marble mantelpiece (shown above) forms one of the interesting corners of Miss Collyer's boudoir. The entire room is done in Venetian and Louis XV period. Before the fireplace a rare piece of petit point creates a dainty screen. An old French clock, with branch candlesticks to match, embellishes the mantelpiece. A mural, depicting a French garden scene worked in soft pastel tones, is above the fireplace. A beige fur rug is thrown over the mulberry carpeting. A small marble-top table is placed at the right of the mantel and an ivory and gold French chair, upholstered in flowered blue satin, graces the left.

MOVIE BOUDOIRS

V. JUNE COLLYER



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

At five Lila Lee was a vaudeville favorite. At thirteen she was a motion picture star. At fourteen she was a colossal Hollywood failure. At fifteen she had staged a new start in films—and was earning her own way in life. At eighteen she married Jim Kirkwood. These are the high points of her early career. Today Miss Lee is being starred by First National. At twenty-five she is a camera veteran, with a background of varied stage experience. Her life story, crowded with extraordinary ups and downs, is a strange and dramatic one.

The Drama of LILA LEE

By EVELYN GRAY

DURING the past two months NEW MOVIE has presented the first two acts of Lila Lee's dramatic life story. Although she is but twenty-five, Miss Lee has been before the public—in vaudeville and in pictures—for twenty years.

Charles Appell and his wife, Augusta, came to America from southern Germany in 1904. In July, 1905, a daughter, Augusta, was born to them. When Appell was conducting a hostelry in Union Hill, N. J., in 1910, little Augusta caught the eye of Gus Edwards, then a producer of variety acts. Edwards signed little Augusta for his act, "School Days," and changed her name to Cuddles. For six years Cuddles starred in the act.

In 1918 Jesse Lasky signed Cuddles for screen stardom with the Famous Players-Lasky. Her name was changed to Lila Lee. The new star—just fourteen—failed. But Lila bravely started all over again. Thanks to the kindness of Cecil De Mille, Wallie Reid and Tommy Meighan, she was given new opportunities. And she made good.

ACT III

LIFE has rushed Lila Lee forward at a terrific pace. In her brief twenty-five years she has lived through most of the experiences that can come to a woman.

At five she was on the stage and at ten she was the idol of vaudeville audiences everywhere.

At thirteen she was a motion-picture star.

At fourteen she knew the bitter taste of failure and the necessity to come back.

When she was fifteen she was entirely self-supporting.

On her eighteenth birthday she was married to James Kirkwood, who was then forty.

In some ways all this had done enviable things for her. While she still has youth, in beauty and enthusiasm, she has the experience of a much older woman, the



Richard Barthelmess gave Lila Lee her real opportunity for a come-back in "Drag." The part carried Miss Lee to a new success, proving that she possesses one of the rare speaking voices of Hollywood.

mental breadth and poise which usually come only as a not-too-welcome substitute for youth.

At the same time the mistakes she has made in her life have been the result of that same youthfulness. Emotional and psychological problems, the complicated difficulties of a public career, the responsibility of decisions regarding money and contracts, all were shoved at her in rapid-fire order.

HER nature is naturally impulsive. Only in the last year has Lila Lee reached the point where reason and cool thinking control her actions, instead of emotions and feelings. Even now it is always a struggle with herself to choose the path of self-protection and to look ahead to estimate the results of her actions.

Of course, eighteen is not remarkably young for marriage. Often youthful marriages are the best. Had Lila's marriage been an ordinary one with a man of her own age, had it followed normal, ordinary lines, it would not have been too young for her. But, from the very first, it was hectic and filled with complications.

On July 25, 1923, she and Jim Kirkwood were married.

Two days later he was forced to leave for location alone.

The bride found herself alone, facing the panic which frequently visits very young girls when they find they have committed themselves "until death us do part."

Nor did she find any sympathy or encouragement around her. Her mother still saw nothing but disaster in this union. Friends could hardly conceal—some made no attempt to conceal—the fact that they believed she had made a mistake. Everyone adored Jim Kirkwood. But they simply could not see Lila and Jim together.

She had three long, lonely weeks of pondering her marriage, her love for Jim, her career. That time is a sort of crossroads to every woman. But with Lila it presented many phases which other women do not know.

THE prediction made by Minnie years before, "Some day they'll be glad to offer you another chance to star," had come true. Four years after her prize flop as a synthetic star, Famous Players-Lasky had again decided to put the name of Lila Lee in electric lights. In those four years Lila had builded better than she knew. Though it had often seemed to her that she was lost in the shuffle, though she grew discouraged and discontented with the long succession of minor rôles, she had gone on honestly and doggedly, giving her very best in every scene, offering her personality at its height in every part big and little.

As Wally Reid's leading lady, as Tommy Meighan's, she had gained an enormous following. A solid popularity. Her fan mail, barometer of public sentiment, had reached star proportions.

In those four years she had improved in every way. The lanky, gangling youngster, whom Wally Reid had rescued from the studio backwaters, had filled out into lovely womanhood. Cuddles' every promise of beauty had been fulfilled.

Also she had grown in magnetism and charm, through contact with interesting people, through friendships with Jack Gilbert, Charlie Chaplin, Bebe Daniels, and many others. Working under such directors as Cecil and William De Mille, James Cruze, Sam Wood, she had learned much about acting. It is one of her most notable characteristics that she was and is always eager to learn.

She was ripe for those things of which she had dreamed, those things which Lillian Edwards had predicted for her years before.

THE Famous Players-Lasky contract meant much to her. In the first place, it was her laurel wreath, her justification. On that lot she had staged her great failure. On that same lot she had worked her way back, this time to a stardom based not upon a mere childish personality but upon ability and hard work.

She had been ready to sign. To know that once more the twenty-four sheets would announce, "Famous Players-Lasky present Miss Lila Lee." It meant success assured, personal triumph, money, opportunity.

But James Kirkwood, her husband, didn't want her to sign that contract.

There were many things to be said on Jim's side.

In the first place, he believed he could offer her some-



Photograph by International Newsreel

Jim and Lila, with their baby, James, Junior. This picture was made in 1924, a few days after the birth of James, Junior, and long before the unrelenting tide of life had swept Jim Kirkwood and his bride apart.

thing just as good. Thomas H. Ince, in those days one of the great producers, was going to star Jim. He was willing to co-star James Kirkwood and Lila Lee. And Jim thought that an ideal arrangement, personally and professionally.

Jim knew his Hollywood. He had seen many Hollywood marriages go on the rocks, and he sincerely believed that working apart was one of the chief contributing causes. He wanted Lila with him. He couldn't face the thought of long separations forced upon husbands and wives who work for different organizations. One might go on location for months when the other

had to stay and work in a Hollywood studio. One might be making pictures in New York while the other stayed on the West Coast. The husband might be working nights for weeks while the wife worked in the daytime—and they could be together only a few moments between rushing to the studio.

To Jim their marriage was the all-important thing. He believed it must come first and the careers be fitted into it.

Perhaps he was right. Anyway, he sold Lila the idea and she refused the offer made her by her company. But she likes to remember that it was made, that she achieved her fourteen-year-old ambition and determination to come back.

At the end of those three weeks on location, Jim Kirkwood came home to his bride. All her troubles, all her doubts vanished. She was able to see herself as his wife and not just as Lila Lee.

The afternoon after his return Lila went out with him to the riding academy to watch him try out a new horse. She sat happily on a rail fence, swinging her tam in one hand and whistling a little tune out of sheer good spirits at seeing Jim master the high strung young animal he was riding.

Suddenly there was a shout, a swift picture of a horse rearing, a saddle turning dangerously, and Jim and the horse went down in a tangle. Lila and the groom reached them at the same time. The man lay very still on the ground. His face was marble white, but a tiny trickle of blood came from his lips. His head fell limp against her shoulder.

While the groom rushed for a doctor and an ambulance, Lila knelt there, calling to her husband, kissing him, begging him to answer her. When he did not, she believed that he was dead.

FOR weeks he hovered between life and death. His skull was fractured and there was a concussion of the brain. Followed days of consultation and anxiety. Nights of fear and watching. The young wife, silent, dazed by the shock, never left his bedside. She could not eat and slept only from exhaustion, her head dropping on the coverlet.

At the end of six weeks he spoke, recognized his wife. In two months he was out of danger. From that time on he began to mend, but for (Continued on page 115)



DOROTHY JORDAN

Photograph by Hurrell



Photograph by Hurrell

HARRIET LAKE

REVIEWS: By Frederick James Smith

HOLIDAY—Pathé

Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Linda*, Ann Harding; *Julia*, Mary Astor; *Nick Potter*, Edward Everett Horton; *Johnny Case*, Robert Ames; *Susan Potter*, Hedda Hopper; *Ned*, Monroe Owsley; *Edward Seton*, William Holden; *Laura*, Elizabeth Forrester; *Mary Jessup*, Mabel Forrest; *Pete Hedges*, Creighton Hale; *Seton Cram*, Hallam Cooley.

This was an admirable story — this play by Philip Barry — and it comes through the movie mill unscathed. To me it is the best film of the month. Here is presented the clash between an engaging young dreamer and a wealthy Park Avenue family. The young man fancies he loves the youngest daughter when it is the older sister alone who can make him happy. This drama is beautifully acted. Ann Harding is superb as the unselfish, whimsical, rebellious Linda, while Monroe Owsley gives a fine performance as her dissolute brother, and Mary Astor is excellent as the luxury-loving younger sister Julia. Edward Griffith's direction is admirable.

Best—Ann Harding



SAFETY IN NUMBERS

Paramount

Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *William Butler Reynolds*, Charles (Buddy) Rogers; *Jacqueline*, Kathryn Crawford; *Maxine*, Josephine Dunn; *Pauline*, Carole Lombard; *Cleo Carewe*, Geneva Mitchell; *Bertram Shapiro*, Roscoe Karns; *Phil Kempton*, Francis McDonald; *Alma McGregor*, Virginia Bruce; *F Carstairs Reynolds*, Richard Tucker; *Jules*, Raoul Paoli; *Commodore Brinker*, Lawrence Grant.

The best Buddy Rogers film in a long time. And one with a piquant comedy idea: a handsome heir to a fortune is placed in the care of three beautiful Follies girls (by a discerning uncle) in order that he may avoid the pitfalls of New York. The girls start out as guardians but they fall for their protégée. After they rescue him from a vampirish siren, they discover that he really loves one of them. The best moment comes when Buddy wakes up in the boudoir of the trio. Buddy advances steadily and gives a diverting comedy performance. Charming Kathryn Crawford, however, steals the comedy honors. The other guardians are Carole Lombard and Josephine Dunn.

Best—Kathryn Crawford



RAFFLES—United Artists

Directed by Harry D'Arrast. The cast: *Raffles*, Ronald Colman; *Lady Gwen*, Kay Francis; *Detective McKenzie*, David Torrence; *Lord Melrose*, Fred Kerr; *Lady Melrose*, Alison Skipworth; *Bunny*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Raffles' Valet*, Wilson Benge; *Crawshaw*, John Rogers.

If you loved to follow the adventures of that debonair young cricketer, Raffles, who lived quite another life by night, you will want to see Ronald Colman in this new talkie version. Perhaps you belong to the generation that admired the handsome Kyrle Bellew's stage visualization of Raffles. You won't be disappointed. And, even if E. W. Hornung's amateur cracksmen is new to you, you will be absorbed by this superbly suspenseful thriller. This retelling of how Raffles outwits Scotland Yard is given a splendid staging. Colman is delightful. So, too, is Kay Francis as the girl of Raffles' heart and David Torrence as McKenzie, of Scotland Yard.

Best—Ronald Colman

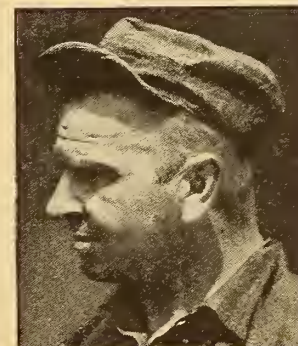


THE BIG HOUSE—M-G-M

Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Morgan*, Chester Morris; *Butch*, Wallace Beery; *Warden*, Lewis Stone; *Kent*, Robert Montgomery; *Anne*, Leila Hyams; *Pop*, George F. Marion; *Mr. Marlowe*, J. C. Nugent; *Olsen*, Karl Dane; *Wallace*, Dewitt Jennings; *Gopher*, Mathew Betz; *Mrs. Marlowe*, Claire McDowell; *Donlin*, Robert Emet O'Connor; *Uncle Jed*, Tom Kennedy; *Sandy*, Tom Wilson; *Dopey*, Eddie Foyer.

This is a corking melodrama. Had it dared to be completely uncompromising and honest, it would have been an unforgettable drama. It starts out to pillory our penal system of piling convicts into obsolete prisons and then forgetting them. It shows how, out of the brutality, the loneliness, the terror of it all grows a great sweeping prison riot, bloody and futile. It is in presenting this raging hell of pent-up hatred that the film touches the heights of excitement. Unfortunately, this grim realism is mingled with a saccharine and unbelievable love story. Wallace Beery is swell as a big, playful killer, known as Butch. Here's a scoundrel you'll love.

Best—Wallace Beery



CAUGHT SHORT—M-G-M

Directed by Charles F. Reisner. The cast: *Marie Jones*, Marie Dressler; *Polly Smith*, Polly Moran; *Genevieve Jones*, Anita Page; *William Smith*, Charles Morton; *Frankie*, Thomas Conlin; *Johnny*, Douglas Haig; *Priscilla*, Nanci Price; *Sophy*, Greta Mann; *Mr. Frisby*, Herbert Prior; *Mr. Kidd*, T. Roy Barnes; *Mr. Thutt*, Edward Dillon; *Miss Ambrose*, Alice Moe; *Manicurist*, Gwen Lee; *Peddler*, Lee Kohlmar; *Fanny Lee*, Greta Granstedt.

A low comedy natural. Two wrangling, rival boarding house keepers quarrel their way hilariously through this tale. One has a handsome son, the other a pretty daughter. The two fall in love, following in the footsteps of youth from Romeo and Juliet to Abie's Irish Rose. Thus the friendly enemies have to swallow their bickering. This comedy is greeted with tremendous laughter, thanks to Marie Dressler and her pal, Polly Moran. All this is broad slapstick, but Miss Dressler's elephantine indignation is something more. This is a safe comedy for the whole family. If Miss Dressler doesn't get 'em, nobody will. And Miss Moran lends no mean aid.

Best—Marie Dressler



ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW



Lon Chaney speaks! Now Charlie Chaplin alone stands voiceless outside the gate. Of course, you remember that classic of 1925; the ruthless tale of three side-show scoundrels, Echo, the ventriloquist, Hercules, the sinister giant, and the wicked little Midget, with their pet gorilla. The trio get hold of a pet-shop and Echo, posing as an old woman, palms off silent parrots upon unsuspecting patrons by resorting to ventriloquism. Delivery of the birds gives an opportunity to look over wealthy homes. Chaney produces five voices. Somehow, the superb suspense of the old silent version is missing. Still, "The Unholy Three" is one story in a hundred—and Chaney is matchless.

Best—Lon Chaney



"Our Dancing Daughters" was succeeded by "Our Modern Maidens." Now "Our Modern Maidens," in turn, is followed by "Our Blushing Brides." In each a trio of modern girls has been played by Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian. The newest carries on the adventures of three department store beauties, one a model. Miss Crawford is the model and her histrionics are tempered with gorgeous undress. Tragedy follows the girls as wealthy fellows try to win them, one way or another. All this is lively, a little daring and quite entertaining. Miss Crawford is at her best as Geraldine and Miss Page is better than she has been in a year of pictures.

Best—Joan Crawford



A good comedy title—and not much else. The story is hard to classify. It starts out as a burlesque of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" type of heroics and then just wanders around. The yarn, such as it is, revolves about Dangerous Nan and old Doc Foster, who operate a bankrupt medicine show. Don't ask us to recount the rest of the complications. The laughs are few. Helen Kane boop-a-doops her way through the rôle and several songs. Victor Moore does all he can with the rôle of the nostrum specialist. This strange comedy is guaranteed to leave any audience puzzled.

Best—Helen Kane



Paul Muni originally was scheduled to play the gangster of Don Clarke's popular "Louis Beretti," but Edmund Lowe somehow or other inherited the rôle. The hero is one of those sentimentalized gunmen with a heart of gold for his mother and for his pals. He avenges the murder of his sister's husband and recovers the kidnaped child of his buddy's sister. A large portion of the early story is given over to Louis' adventures in the World War. In the end, Louis falls before a gangster's bullet. The story is episodic, too haphazard to be really effective. Mr. Lowe provides another of his hard-boiled performances.

Best—Edmund Lowe



This really isn't a barkie, although it has an all-dog cast. The barks have been removed and human voices have been superimposed upon the film. With the result that the canines chat like a regular Hollywood cast. In fact, the students of Airedale University and Spitz College have their college yells. The story: A gambler tries to keep the Airedale star from playing so that he can win his bets. A terrier vamp is called in to make our hero forget his Alma Mater. But he escapes and wins the game with a long run. This is an amusing novelty and is to be followed by other dog comedies.

Best—Buster

THE UNHOLY THREE M-G-M

Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Echo*, Lon Chaney; *Rosie*, Lila Lee; *Hector*, Elliott Nugent; *Midget*, Harry Earles; *Prosecuting Attorney*, John Miljan; *Hercules*, Ivan Linow; *Regan*, Clarence Burton; *Defence Attorney*, Crauford Kent.

OUR BLUSHING BRIDES M-G-M

Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Jerry*, Joan Crawford; *Connie*, Anita Page; *Franky*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Tony*, Robert Montgomery; *David*, Raymond Hackett; *Marty*, John Miljan; *Mrs. Weaver*, Hedda Hopper; *Monsieur Pantoise*, Albert Conti; *Joe Munsey*, Edward Brophy; *The Detective*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Evelyn Woodforth*, Martha Sleeper.

DANGEROUS NAN McGREW—Paramount

Directed by Mal St. Clair. The cast: *Nan McGrew*, Helen Kane; *Doc Foster*, Victor Moore; *Bob Dawes*, James Hall; *Eustace Macy*, Stuart Erwin; *Muldoon*, Frank Morgan; *Mrs. Benson*, Louise Closser Hale; *Clara Benson*, Roberta Benson; *Godfrey*, Allen Forrest.

BORN RECKLESS—Fox

Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Louis Beretti*, Edmund Lowe; *Joan Sheldon*, Catherine Dale Owen; *Big Shot*, Warren Hymers; *Rosa Beretti*, Marguerite Churchill; *Bill O'Brien*, Lee Tracy; *Good News Brophy*, William Harrigan; *Frank Sheldon*, Frank Albertson; *Bugs*, Eddie Gribbon; *Ritzzy Reilly*, Paul Page; *Joe Bergman*, Bed Bard; *Fingy Moscovitz*, Mike Donlin; *District Attorney*, Farrell MacDonald; *Pa Beretti*, Paul Porcasi; *Ma Beretti*, Ferike Boros; *Needle Beer Grogan*, Joe Brown; *The Duke*, Pat Somerset.

COLLEGE HOUNDS M-G-M

Directed by Zion Myers and Julius White. The cast: *Jiggs*, *Buster*, *Snookie* and *Dede*. Also features 200 other trained dogs.

ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE—*Paramount*

Cameramen: Willard Vander Veer and Joseph T. Rucker.

Two cameramen recorded the saga of the two-year expedition of Richard Byrd and his men—and recorded it with such effectiveness that it should be seen by every school child in America. Oddly enough, this film—of great historical value—is not breaking the anticipated theater records. However, it is interest-holding throughout. You will be fascinated by the picturing of the blizzard-swept Little America on the edge of the great ice barrier. Of tremendous interest is the flight over the perilous Queen Maud range, across the Pole and back. One unforgettable shot: when Byrd drops an American flag, weighted by a stone from Floyd Bennett's grave, upon the Pole.

Best—Rear Admiral Byrd



SWING HIGH—*Pathé*

Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Maryan*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Garry*, Fred Scott; *Trixie*, Dorothy Burgess; *Doc May*, John Sheehan; *Mrs. May*, Daphne Pollard; *Pop Garner*, George Fawcett; *Ringmaster*, Bryant Washburn; *Billy*, Nick Stuart; *Ruth*, Sally Starr; *Major Tiny*, Little Billy; *Babe*, William Langan; *Sam*, Stepin Fetchit; *Sheriff*, Chester Conklin; *Bar-tender*, Ben Turpin; *Doctor*, Robert Edeson; *Mickey*, Mickey Bennett.

This is a romance of a small circus forty years ago, the story of a pretty trapeze artist and a singer of songs. It breaks frequently into sentimental melody. Our hero is suspected of affection for a questionable young woman and of robbing the cash box. But, in the end, he proves his innocence and gets Maryan. This is a slender story with considerable glamour of background. As one critic points out, the cast is headed by Helen Twelvetrees, who can act but can't sing, and Fred Scott, who can sing but can't act. Still, Miss Twelvetrees outshines the story and makes you forget the crude dialogue.

Best—Helen Twelvetrees

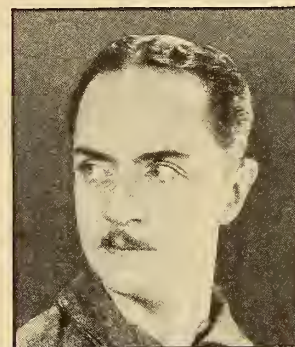


SHADOW OF THE LAW *Paramount*

Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: *John Nelson*, William Powell; *Jim Montgomery*, William Powell; *Edith Wentworth*, Marion Shilling; *Ethel Barry*, Natalie Moorhead; *Tom*, Tegis Toomey; *Pete*, Paul Hurst; *Colonel Wentworth*, George Irving; *Mike Kearney*, Frederic Burt; *Warden*, James Durkin; *Frank*, Richard Tucker; *Captain of Guards*, Walter James.

After tracking crime for some time as the re-doubtable Philo Vance, William Powell moves across the boundary to the other side. And, if for no other reason, this melodrama has a certain interest. Mr. Powell goes to prison for life because he has killed a man. The crime was committed in self-defense, but the woman who can tell the whole story has disappeared. Our hero escapes and starts life anew. Then the woman reappears to blackmail our regenerated convict, now a North Carolina mill boss. Mr. Powell gives his usual suave performance, but the story itself is un consequential.

Best—William Powell



NUMBERED MEN *First National*

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Bertie Gray*, Conrad Nagel; *Mary Dane*, Bernice Claire; *Bud Leonard*, Raymond Hackett; *King Callahan*, Ralph Ince; *Lemuel Barnes*, Tully Marshall; *Lou Rinaldo*, Maurice Black; *Warden Lansing*, William Holding; *Happy Howard*, George Cooper; *Mrs. Miller*, Blanche Frederici; *Pollack*, Ivan Linow.

Another prison drama but not a grim or realistic one. Indeed, it strains at the credulities. "Numbered Men" is a story of the honor system, of three amiable convicts—one given to harmonica playing, one a pleasant counterfeiter and the other unjustly convicted—who have quite a happy time building bridges. That is, until a mean criminal nearly wrecks the honor system. But the boys get the evil King Callahan and prove themselves. There is a girl, a sweetheart of one of the trio, who stands by to help. Bernice Claire does very well in this rôle. Still maybe you will like best Ralph Ince as the sinister King Callaghan.

Best—Bernice Claire

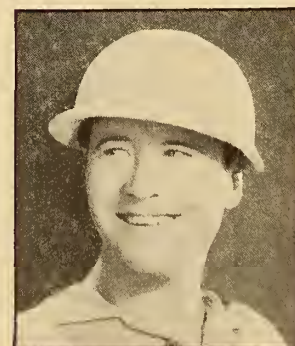


THE SOCIAL LION *Paramount*

Directed by Eddie Sutherland. The cast: *Marco Perkins*, Jack Oakie; *Cynthia Brown*, Mary Brian; *Gloria Staunton*, Olive Bordon; *Chick Hathaway*, Skeets Gallagher; *Jim Perkins*, Charles Sellon; *Ralph Williams*, Cyril Ring.

The infectious grin of Jack Oakie stars in this comedy of a smart aleck youth with sublime belief in himself. In truth, Marco Perkins is a little dense. He encounters surprises in the prize ring and later when he invades society via the polo field. In the end, he learns something of a lesson and returns to the ring. On the way he makes love to a dashing deb, Olive Bordon, but finally he returns to his first love, Mary Brian. This film is based on Octavus Roy Cohen's "Marco Himself." This Oakie will bear watching. His full possibilities as a comedian remain to be disclosed.

Best—Jack Oakie



VISITS to the GREAT STUDIOS

A Personally Conducted Tour of the Famous Warner Brothers' Studios



The studio gates to the Warner Brothers' lot with the trusty guardian on the job.

WARNER BROTHERS' studios!

That name stands for many things in Hollywood. But the foremost of them is the birth of the talkies. For the first talking pictures made struck the eye and ear of man in the Warner studio on Sunset Boulevard.

The romance of the rise and fall and rise again of this studio is as fantastic as the greatest of fairy tales.

In 1917 Warner Brothers entered pictures by buying the old Astra studios in Glendale. There they made the

wartime classic, "My Four Years in Germany," by Ambassador Gerard. This picture made enough money for the four brothers, Sam, Albert, Jack and Harry Warner, to purchase some fifteen acres on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. That was in 1918.

The present administration building was built, and behind it sprang up one small stage and a few very small buildings to house films, cameras and carpenters' tools. The studio at that time employed sixty people.

FOUR years of struggling followed. No recognition came the way of the Warner Brothers until 1922, when they made "Main Street." That picture was successful enough for them to import Ernst Lubitsch, the great German director, who gave them two more successes in quick order, "The Marriage Circle" and "So This Is Paris."

These three pictures put Warner Brothers on the map, financially and artistically. They had risen.

Confidence reigned and Warner Brothers prepared to take their seats at the table of the "big fellows" in Hollywood. But their day was destined not to come yet. Had it come then, the most complete revolution any business has ever seen might have been deferred for years, if not for all time.

Experimenting in 1926, Warner Brothers put out another Barrymore picture, "Don Juan." This production introduced Vitaphone, and thus became the first to employ synchronized sound and music.

Then Sam, Harry, Jack and

The main studio building of the Warner Brothers. Their employees jumped from sixty in 1918 to a total of two thousand with the advent of the talkies.





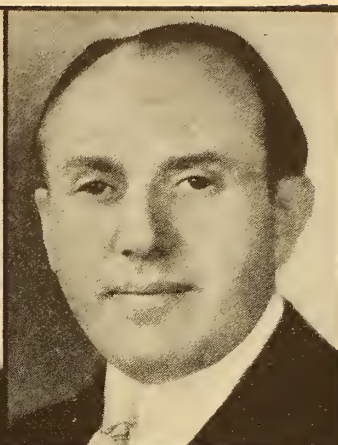
The late SAM L. WARNER
Died on the eve of success.



H. M. WARNER
President, Warner Brothers.



MAJOR ALBERT WARNER
Vice President—Treasurer.



J. L. WARNER
Production Chief.

FIRST SOUND FILM PROGRAM EVER EXHIBITED

WARNER THEATER—AUGUST 6, 1926

THE PROGRAM:

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1 . . . Will Hays | 5 . . . Roy Smeck |
| 2 . . . New York Philharmonic Orchestra | 6 . . . Anna Case |
| 3 . . . Marion Talley | 7 . . . Mischa Elman |
| 4 . . . Efrem Zimbalist and Harold Bauer | 8 . . . Giovanni Martinelli |
| | 9 . . . John Barrymore in "Don Juan" |

Albert Warner threw all their energy into the making of another picture. We know it now as "The Jazz Singer" with Al Jolson. The first picture ever made with the human voice in synchronization.

The public welcomed it with open arms, stormed the doors of theaters at which it played. And the motion-picture industry went mad over night.

Because the four Warner Brothers, in that studio on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, had done the impossible. Talking pictures were not only feasible and practical, the public wanted them.

A NOTE of tragedy marred the great success of their venture. Sam Warner became ill and died in New York almost the very day upon which "The Jazz Singer" opened.

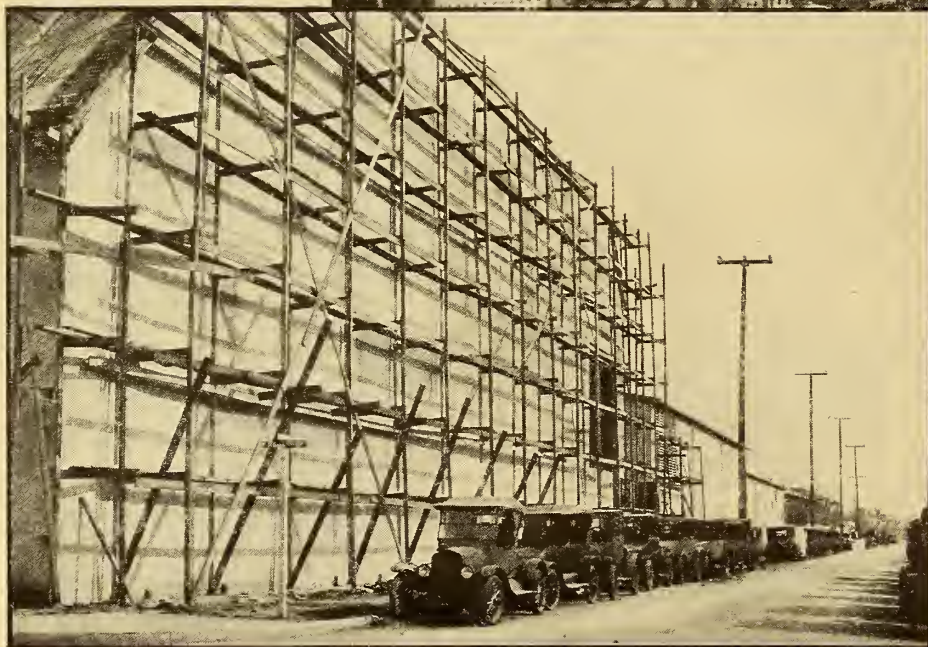
But, heartbroken or not, the business had to be carried on. Because Warner Brothers, in those days of 1928 and early 1929, had the only studio ready for the great demand for talking pictures. They had created that demand, now

Right, a studio street on the Warner Bros. lot. Below, entrance to the forty-acre Vitagraph lot, owned by the Warners. Most massive exterior scenes are shot here.





One of the Warners' sound-proof camera booths. Joe Brown sits on top and James Hall stands in front. Right, John Barrymore visits one of the studio monitor rooms, where experts measure and adjust sound. Below, a new sound-proof stage in course of construction at Warner Brothers' lot.



they reaped the reward of their foresight.

Not only were the three remaining brothers given places at the table of the "big fellows," they were given the head of the table. Money was no longer one of their worries. Their stock went from eight dollars a share to one hundred and sixty dollars, counting stock split-ups.

"The Lights of New York," the first *all-talking* picture; "The Home Towners," "Singing Fool," "Gold Diggers of Broadway," "Show of Shows" and "Disraeli" followed "The Jazz Singer" in quick order. All of these were noted successes.

In the meantime the studio had expanded rapidly to keep pace with the product. The Warner lot on Sunset Boulevard was given over solidly, the entire fifteen acres, to sound stages, recording rooms, executive offices, workshops and property rooms. The sixty employees of 1918 had grown to four hundred in 1927, but they leaped to two thousand with the advent of the talkies. That is aside from what might be called "talent"—actors, writers and directors.

The forty-acre Vitagraph lot, one of the first studios in Hollywood, was purchased and all exterior scenes shot there. Three million dollars were spent in fixing the Vitagraph lot up for Warners' talkies.

A thousand-acre ranch in North Hollywood was purchased for shooting big outdoor scenes. Yes, verily, Warner Brothers were at the big fellows'

table and proved it more than ever by stepping out and buying one of them, First National Pictures.

THE annual budget at the Warner Brothers' studio the past two years has been over TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS a year. It will be increased this coming year. Not infrequently now Warner Brothers spend over \$100,000 a day on production. They would have sold their studio for that amount but a few years ago.

And this, mind you, is less than three years after actors were saying, "No cashee, no workee!" to that same studio.

The power of talk—in pictures—is indeed great.

Lying idle, ready for call at any moment, Warner Brothers' property rooms hold enough

equipment to furnish over one hundred eight-room houses. Several thousand people can be dressed by the wardrobe without recourse to rented clothes. During production season the wardrobe makes an average of 400 costumes a week.

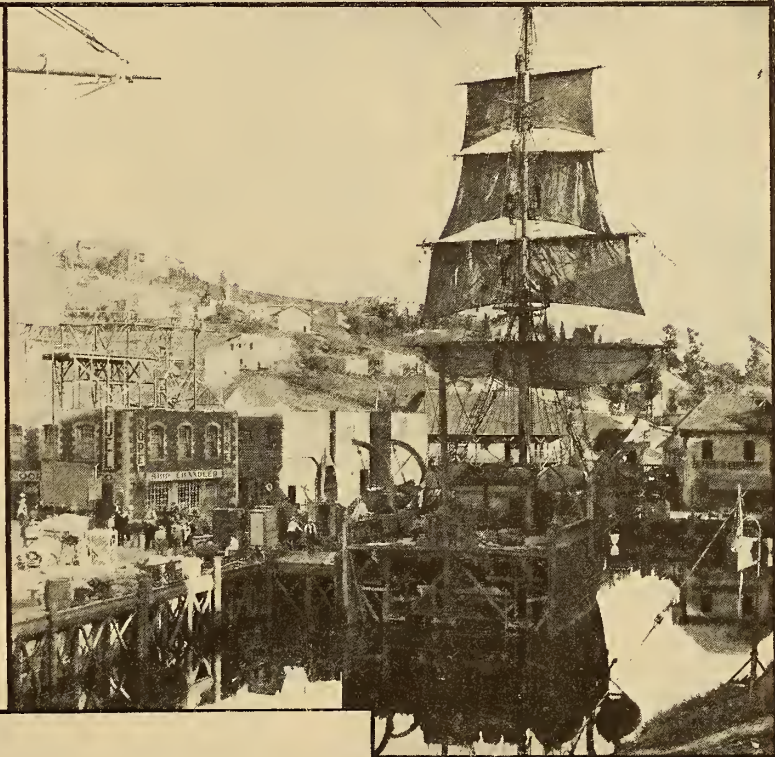
The studio maintains its own police and fire forces, has its own hospital. Enough carpenters, masons, painters and other workmen are employed during production season to make three medium-sized houses a day. Generators on the Warner lots produce enough electric current to light the average city of fifty thousand people. Ten thousand people are dependent upon Warner Brothers' salaries—either directly or indirectly—for their support. And they know the checks are good.

To Jack, Harry, Albert and their brother, Sam, goes all the credit. They did the impossible. Warner Brothers are sitting at the table of the mighty and their studio ranks with any.

Al Jolson's "The Jazz Singer," the motion picture that revolutionized the world of photoplay making, was presented at the Warner Theater in New York City on the night of October 6, 1927, three years ago.

This milestone in screen history was directed by Alan Crosland. Mr. Jolson played Jakie Rabinowitz, later Jack Robin. The famous cast numbered May McAvoy, Warner Oland, Eugenie Besserer, Otto Lederer, Robbie Gordon, Richard Tucker and Anders Randolph.

It is interesting to note that the New York program for the premiere carried this prophetic statement: "The Jazz Singer" is epoch-making. It is without doubt the biggest stride since the birth of the industry. It is the first story to be done with Vitaphone sequences."



Top, one of the big sound-proof stages on the Vitagraph lot of the Warner Brothers. Three million dollars were spent in fixing this lot up for the making of talkies. Center, one of the massive sets for John Barrymore's production of "Moby Dick." California is masquerading as New England—and doing it well.



Left, a big Mexican set on the Warner ranch. This is located in North Hollywood and numbers one thousand acres. It is used for the shooting of the very biggest outdoor scenes.



Ruth Roland is one of the wealthiest women in California, all because she was one of the first to plunge on real estate. Having bought and sold tremendous holdings, Miss Roland can snap her fingers at fickle film fortune.

TIMES are changing.

The signs of the shifting times are everywhere, but among them there is none more significant than the fact that, in addition to their picture work, many of the stars have cast an anchor to windward in the form of outside business enterprise. They anticipate that rainy day.

The picture people of today realize that, if Winter comes (as it must to the most famous and popular), it is no fun to be left out in the cold wondering where your Summer's wages went. Consequently they are putting their time and money into some enterprise which, when the fickle public says "thumbs down," will support them more or less in the luxury to which they have been accustomed.

TODAY the residents of the movie capital find it difficult to prevent their dollars from reaching the swelling coffers of the enterprising stars who have turned to commerce. They buy their flowers from Kathleen Clifford, drink milk from Bessie Love's dairy farm, have their cars washed by Bill Beaudine, get their facials from Katherine MacDonald's and spend their vacations with Noah Beery or Gary Cooper. They get 'em both going and coming!

What is probably the most ambitious and extensive

Today's Movie Idols Save Their Money and Invest It in Real Estate, Flower Shops, Garages and Other Enterprises

individual enterprise of them all is the one launched by the tall, gray-eyed chap who seems to be the logical successor to all the romantic heroes of the screen's romantic past. Yes, I mean none other than Judge Cooper's handsome boy, Gary. Already mindful of the time when his name will no longer work box-office magic, he has set about building a future for himself in the game he knew and loved long before the screen claimed him.

Ever hear of the Gary Cooper Ranches Incorporated? If you haven't, it won't be long until you do, for that corporation, headed by Gary, will soon be operating the largest string of "dude" ranches in the country.

The first of the string is just opening for business. It is located sixty miles from Helena, Montana. It is called the "Home Ranch," for on it the boy Gary "rode herd," learned to ride, rope and shoot and lived the hard life of the ordinary "puncher." It consists of about a thousand acres bordering the Missouri River, and on it is to be found some of the finest scenery in all outdoors. The big home ranch house has been remodeled and fifteen individual cabins erected. Under the supervision of Bell, the foreman, fifteen cowboys, many of them the friends of Gary's range days, will ride herd on the tenderfeet as they hunt grouse, fish in the cold streams, ride horseback and take

long pack trips into the mountains. Several camps of Blackfeet Indians now live on the ranch, insuring plenty of Wild West atmosphere for the lucky "dudes" who go there to vacation.

A second ranch of some 1600 acres in the same vicinity was purchased two years ago and will probably be in operation next summer. Gary has just returned from Arizona, where he spent several days looking over a vast domain of 80,000 acres which the company is expected to purchase soon. Other ranches, located in various favorable spots throughout the West will be added, and every moment that Gary can find, away from his picture work and his Lupe, is being spent in developing the enterprise. The day will probably come when these "dude" ranches will earn more money for the tall star than he has ever received from the producers.

NOAH BEERY, the well-known menace of dozens of pictures, is another who will have nothing to worry about when he is no longer able to frighten little children and abduct weeping heroines for art's sake. In the Noah Beery Paradise Trout Club, five thousand feet high in the Sierra Madre, eighty miles from Hollywood, he has a gold mine which would make the old Forty Niners turn green with envy.

It was during a deer hunt some time ago that Noah

The STARS Go Into BUSINESS

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

chanced upon this miniature paradise nestled in the pine covered slopes of the mountains. As he stood looking down at the clear cold stream which flowed through it, the idea of the Paradise Trout Club was born. He returned to Hollywood, found the owner and purchased the valley. A corporation was formed, roads built, a club house, swimming pool, tennis courts erected. Today it is one of the most prosperous resorts in California, and not only members of the screen colony but tourists from all over the



Above, the ranch house on Gary Cooper's dude ranch, sixty miles from Helena, Montana. Gary has gone into the dude ranch racket in a big way.

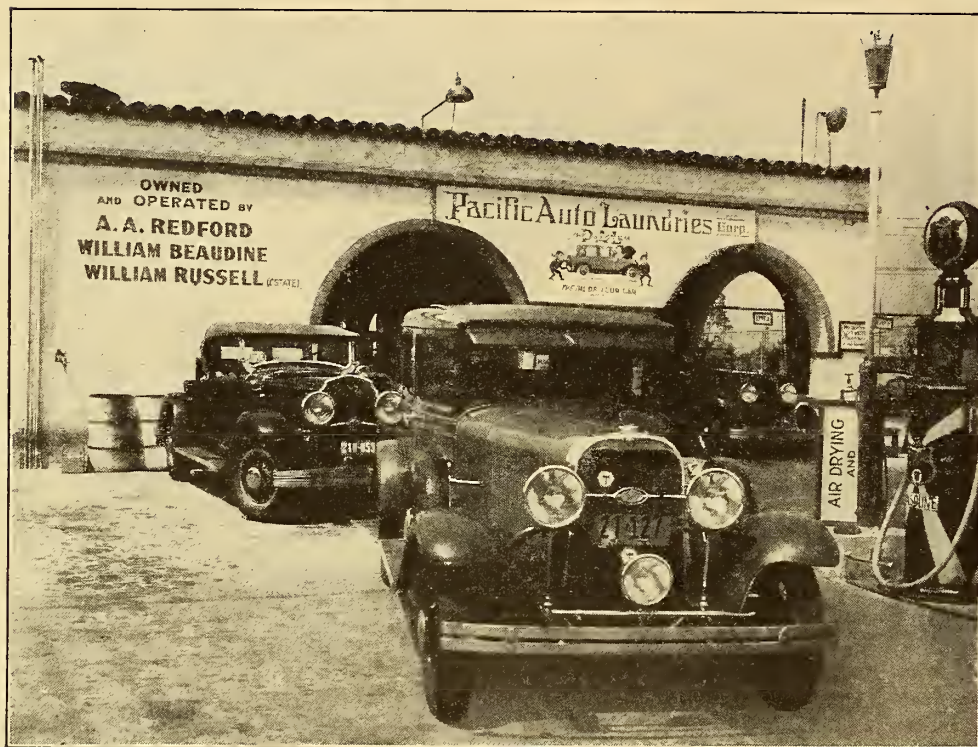
Below, Kathleen Clifford in one of her greenhouses. Miss Clifford is the bloom magnate of Hollywood, owning a chain of flower shops.

world go there for their trout fishing de luxe. The little stream has been dammed into deep pools where trout from the Club's own hatchery await the fly of the fisherman. Every week-end, providing that he is not making a picture, Noah is on hand to make merry with his guests.

CHARLES BICKFORD, the big two-fisted Irishman of "Hell's Heroes" and "Anna Christie," is another who believes in feathering his nest while the movie magnates are still furnishing the feathers. Bickford



THERE WILL BE NO RAINY DAY FOR THE RESOURCEFUL



The late William Russell was one of William Beaudine's partners in the auto laundry business. Beaudine still carries on, managing the Pacific Auto Laundry on Vine Street, Hollywood, one of the town's most prosperous businesses.

finds time between pictures to manage a hog ranch in New York State, a three-vessel whaling fleet which operates out of San Pedro harbor, an animal business which furnishes animals of all kinds for the movies, three garages and a combination garage, filling station, parking lot and café. This last is on Washington Boulevard in Culver City, just across the street from the M-G-M studios. Bickford can often be found there greasing cars, filling gas tanks and otherwise thoroughly enjoying himself.

One reason why most of the cars one sees on the streets of Hollywood shine until they dazzle the eye, is the Pacific Auto Laundry located on Vine Street, a short distance below the famous Brown Derby. The PAL, as it is called, is owned by William Beaudine, First National director, and is one of the most successful establishments in Hollywood. All day long it is filled with cars waiting to be washed, greased, polished and otherwise made pretty, a sight that brings a smile to Bill's face, when he can find time from making pictures to look it over. The late William Russell was also part owner of the PAL, his share now forming part of his estate.

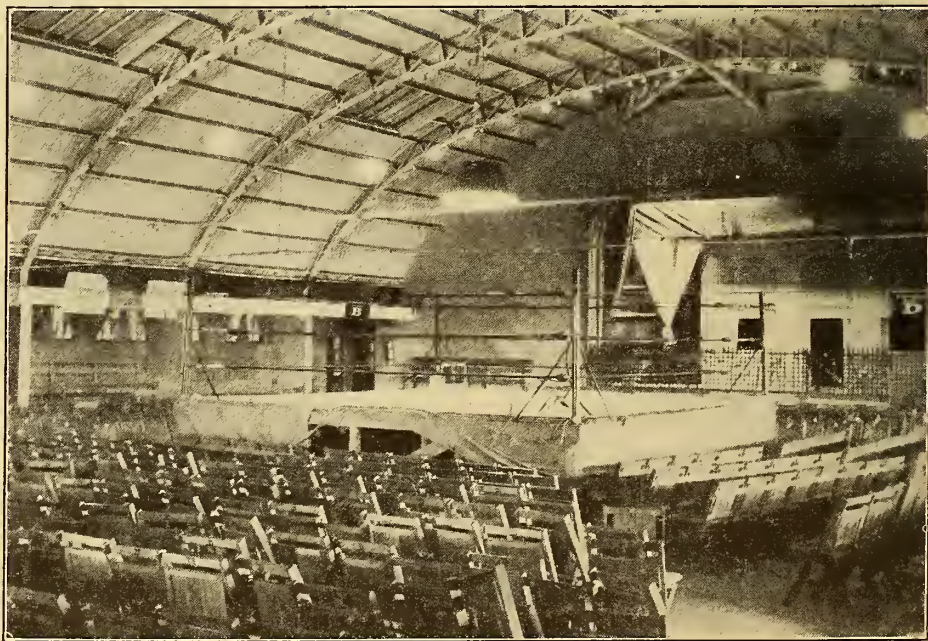
If you've ever visited Hollywood, of course you've dropped in for a bite at Henry's on the Boul' and at the Brown Derby on Vine. These are the two best places in Hollywood to catch a glimpse of your favorite players.

Jimmy Gleason and Bob Armstrong are partners in conducting the popular Southgate Athletic Club,

Henry's, as everybody knows, is financed and backed by Charlie Chaplin, while a number of the stars are said to be in with Wilson Mizner on the Brown Derby. From the prices charged in the latter, we are sure that all interested will soon be able to retire in luxury.

CHARLES (Why Bring That Up?) Mack, of the famous black-face team of Moran and Mack, may be the laziest, lowdown colored boy in the world while he and partner are doing their stuff for stage and screen—but, off stage, Charlie makes the busy little bee look sick when it comes to gathering the honey. He once discovered a paint remover by accident and now has a factory in the East where it is produced commercially. During his early trouping days he got "plum disgusted" with having his trunks smashed up so he set about devising one that even a baggage smasher couldn't break. The result was Mack's Wire Trunk factory in Cleveland, where three hundred inde-

structible trunks are turned out each month. This does not supply the demand and a new and larger factory will soon be built near Los Angeles. Mack's latest venture is a hundred-acre subdivision at Newhall, California, which he has named "Ye Old Crow Land." It lies near the Bill Hart ranch and on it Charlie plans to build a city. A number of houses are already constructed and more going up. He also owns half interest in the Futuristic Homes Corporation of Long Island, which has erected seventy-five Spanish and modernistic homes in the East during the past five years. Incidentally, he is more successful in his private ventures than he was in the famous farm where the white horses ate more than



MOTION PICTURE STARS WHO GO INTO BUSINESS

the black ones and they found out about the pigs in the spring.

Jimmie Gleason and Bob Armstrong not only staged a good fight with the brakeman in "Oh, Yeah!" but they put on regular boxing matches every week at the Southgate Athletic Club, which they own and operate.

Buster Keaton also goes in for commercial sport as he owns the Culver City baseball park. Fred Kohler, one of the screen's roughest he-men, also owns a semi-pro baseball club and raises peacocks on his ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

JACK MULHALL prefers to get his out of the ground and is president of the Mulhall Mining Company, operating in the Sierra Nevadas. He is also heavily interested in a Chilean nitrate mine from which a satisfactory check arrives quarterly.

Karl Dane (no, you wouldn't think it) is said to own a beauty shop somewhere in Hollywood, but he knows only too well what Hollywood's wise crackers would do to him if he revealed its name and location.

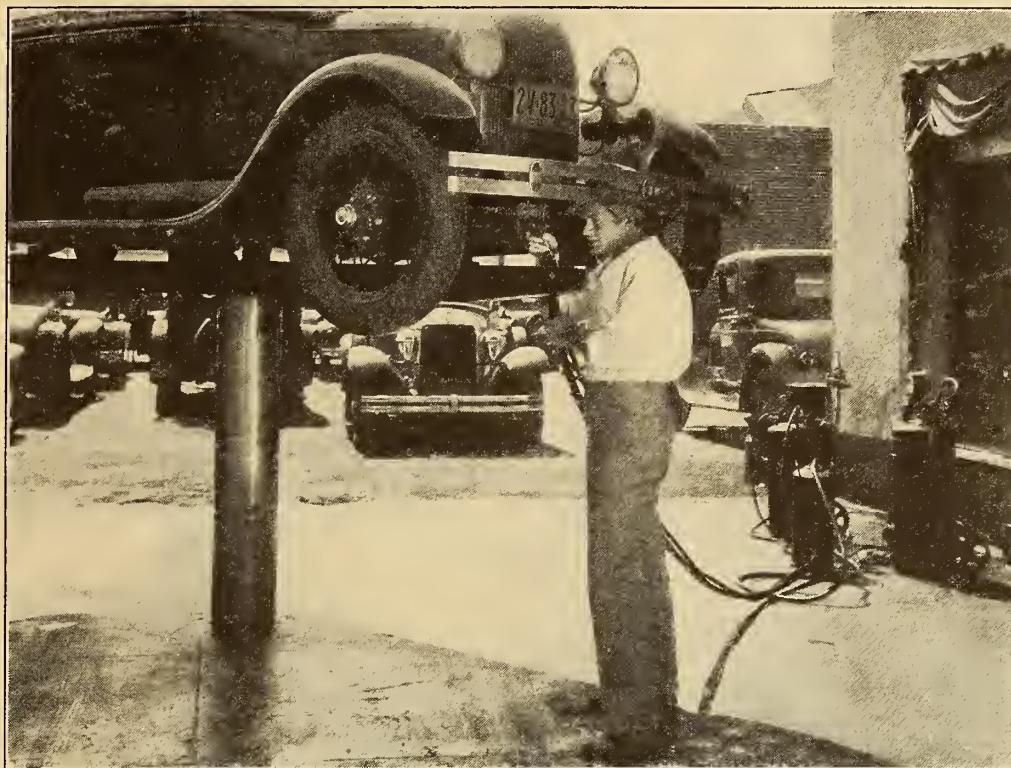
Everybody knows of Coffee Dan's café on Hill Street in Los Angeles, but few are aware that Buck Jones owns a substantial interest in it.

Hoot Gibson, just as you'd suspect, seeing that he's a crack pilot, owns the agency for the Blackhawk plane. Billy Bevan, the comic, spends his leisure moments supervising his ranch near Escondido, from which he ships hundreds of crates of avocados each season. If you think that Billy is headed for the poor farm, step out and buy a couple of avocados for dinner.

RAYMOND MCKEE now devotes all of his time to the Zulu Hut, a well-known eating place and night club on Ventura Boulevard. Hallam Cooley's real estate business has grown to such proportions as to force him to spend most of his time in the conduct of the business. Earle Fox's interests in the Black Fox Military School have proven so profitable that he also has withdrawn from the screen. Raymond Hatton has grown wealthy from his oil property. Wallace Beery is a heavy stockholder in the Maddux Air Lines and William V. Mong raises pigs on his ranch near Riverside. Merwyn Le Roy owns a knit-goods factory and J. Harold Murray a saw mill.

Huntley Gordon recently disposed of a large hosiery mill, which he founded and operated, and Neil Hamilton owns a half interest in Sherm's Magic Factory in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Harry Green once owned a bead factory in Vienna, a commission business in Paris and a clock factory in Germany. At present his only holding is a dress company in New York City. George Cooper owns a hair-tonic plant, and Allen Prior operates cattle ranches in both Australia and California. Lon Chaney owns a gas water-heater factory in Los Angeles, of which his son is general manager.

Of course, practically every star and director has



Charles Bickford not only runs three garages, but he owns a hog farm, a three-vessel whaling fleet, a wild animal business and a café. The garage above is just across from the Metro-Goldwyn studio and here Bickford spends his spare time oiling cars.

a ranch of some sort. Clarence Badger has a turkey ranch, William A. Seiter an orange ranch, and Edmund Lowe a 1200-acre ranch at Skyline, most of which was planted to grapes in 1870. The plants come from Spain, and many of the vines are now eighteen inches thick at the base. Ken Maynard, Hoot Gibson and Harry Carey own cattle ranches and Frank Lloyd grows walnuts. Cecil B. De Mille is interested in finance and is a vice-president of the Bank of Italy.

LEST you gather that all the outside business enterprises are the property of the masculine element, let us hasten to assure you that many of the most extensive and important are those which belong to the feminine stars.

Of course, Ruth Roland deserves first mention, for she, long before any of her fellow players realized that California real estate was not a bad thing to have, began investing her savings in property. Someone said not long ago that if all the real estate Ruth Roland has bought and sold were assembled into one tract, it would cover an area almost as large as the state of Rhode Island. She is said to be the wealthiest of all the stars, but whether this be true or not, she has accumulated a large fortune. She still owns extensive properties, the best known of which is probably the subdivision of Roland Square on Wiltshire Boulevard.

Bebe Daniels comes a close second, and there are some who call her the Hetty Green of Hollywood. Long before it was generally realized that the limited beach frontage would some day be tremendously valuable, Bebe quietly accumulated a number of sizable tracts. Upon most of these she has erected Spanish type beach homes which bring a high rental the year round. Exactly how much other property she owns, no one knows, but it is plenty. In addition to this she owns a headlight factory in the East and a costume designing shop on one of Hollywood's boulevards, operated by her former modiste.

(Continued on page 131)

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Nancy Carroll advances from mere flapper roles to a genuinely moving performance in Paramount's "The Devil's Holiday." This is the story of a mercenary Chicago manicurist and her reformation. James Kirkwood appears in this scene with Miss Carroll

Group A

Journey's End. One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

All Quiet on the Western Front. Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

Song O' My Heart. John McCormack makes his début in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

The Vagabond King. Based on "If I Were King," this is a picturesque musical set

"The Song of the Flame" is a colorful operetta based upon the Russian Revolution. It is one of the best of the recent Warner musical films. The principals, Bernice Claire, Noah Beery and Alexander Gray, appear right

telling of François Villon's career in the days of Louis XI. Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald sing the principal rôles, but O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI. *Paramount.*

Street of Chance. The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

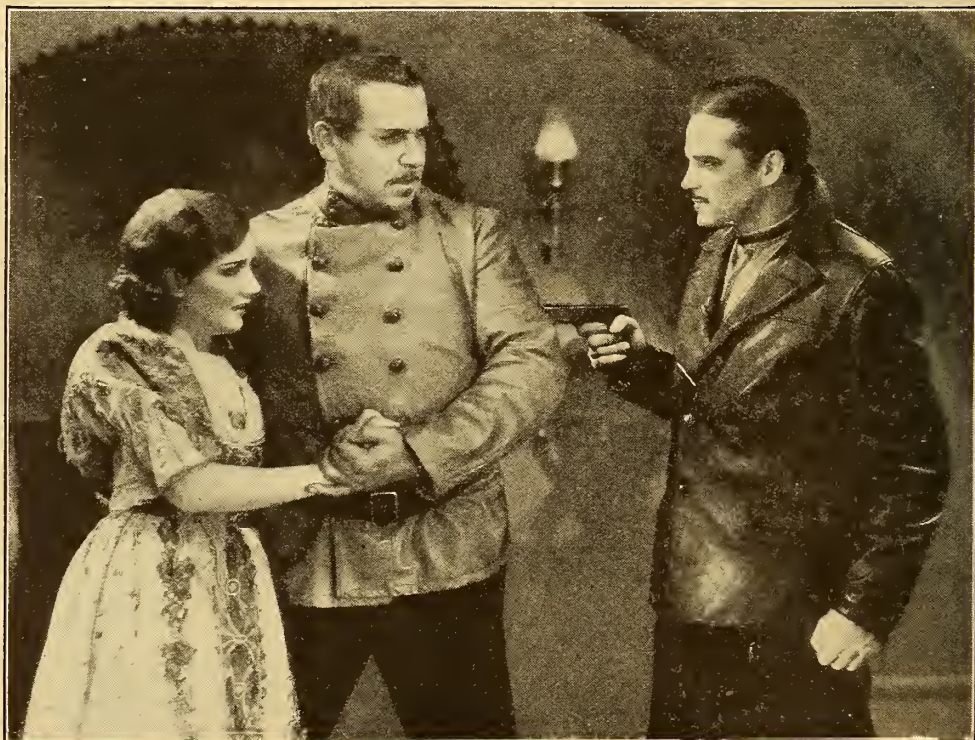
The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners.*

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. 'Nough said. It's great. We mean Greta's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Lummox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. The best musical film of the year.



Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

Welcome Danger. Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. *Paramount.*

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. *Fox.*

The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great come-back. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. *United Artists.*

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. *Paramount.*

Group B

The Devil's Holiday. In which Nancy Carroll gives us a real surprise with her fine characterization of a gold-digging Chicago manicurist. Phillips Holmes' performance is also worthy of commendation. *Paramount.*

Bride of the Regiment. This was once the stage operetta, "The Lady in Ermine." Vivienne Segal, Broadway luminary, does well with her rôle as the countess bride. Walter Pidgeon and Myrna Loy are also members of the cast. *First National.*

So This is London. Undoubtedly you saw Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris." Here's a sequel comedy which shows what went on when the Draper family visited London. Not as good as its predecessor. *Fox.*

Paramount on Parade. A series of specialties contributed by the company's various stars. Pretty dull entertainment. Kept alive by M. Chevalier who, with Evelyn Brent, furnishes one of the best bits in "The Birth of the Apache." *Paramount.*

Show Girl in Hollywood. Remember Alice White as Dixie Dugan in "Show Girl"? Well, this is her further adventures, showing the trials and tribulations of a newcomer seeking a break in pictures. Don't miss it. *First National.*

The Divorcee. Based on Ursula Parrott's "Ex-Wife." Norma Shearer gives a striking characterization and is



If you read the Dollar Thoughts page in NEW MOVIE, you know that Lawrence Tibbett's screen debut has caused a lot of discussion. He is shown above in a scene of "Rogue Song" with Catherine Dale Owen.

ably supported by Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery and Conrad Nagel. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Montana Moon. Presenting Joan Crawford as the spoiled daughter of a ranch-owner. She marries a cowboy and then decides to go her own way in New York. There is a song hit, "The Moon Is Low." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Ladies Love Brutes. Here you have George Bancroft as a builder of skyscrapers who falls in love with a beautiful young woman of wealth. Many humorous situations arise when George tries to make himself over. Mary Astor, as the young aristocrat, is excellent. *Paramount.*

Young Man of Manhattan. Adapted from Katherine Brush's best seller. The story concerns newspaper reporters. Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster have the leads. The honors go to Charles Ruggles. *Paramount.*



The best picture of Doug and Mary made in some years. They were snapped for NEW MOVIE at a Hollywood premiere just after Doug returned from his recent trip to England.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 23)

Whiting, by the way, is married to the first Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, mother of Doug, Jr.

* * *

Roy Neal, thirteen, hiked all the way to Hollywood from Bluefield, Virginia. He did it in three weeks and left home without a cent. He wanted to be a screen cowboy.

* * *

MARION DAVIES rushed to New York for the opening of "The Florodora Girl" and then unexpectedly sailed for Europe. She doesn't start a new picture for some months.

* * *

BETTY COMPSON is redecorating her big house on Hollywood Boulevard and expects to move in soon.

* * *

WATCH for Leslie Howard when "Outward Bound," a Warner Brothers' picture, is released. Mr. Howard is an English stage star and made a big hit in New York last year in "Berkeley Square." He isn't known yet to picture audiences but many regard him as the best actor around these parts. On the set the other day the whole troupe stopped to watch him work and they have been singing his praises ever since. Hollywood wishes he'd do "Berkeley Square" as a picture.

* * *

FOUR girls under eighteen went to the courts in Hollywood last month to get their contracts okayed. Lucille Powers, Joy Speare, Mary Wayne and Pauline Brooks have all been signed for five years by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

* * *

JETTA GOUDAL, ill and confined to her bed for the last two months, was finally allowed to get up by her doctor. And the first thing she asked for was permission to see a movie.

* * *

SUE CAROL had her tonsils out and caught cold. She was in bed for two weeks.

* * *

ESTHER RALSTON walked down Fifth Avenue, New York City, not long ago in a pair of street pajamas. She said that the present-day garb of women is too heavy and oppressive! Says Bill Haines: "I don't know where that gal has been, but it must be some place where they wear different clothes than those I've seen on the streets."

CONTEST WINNERS

NEW MOVIE is happy to announce that checks for five dollars are being forwarded to the following winners in the "Laughs of the Films" competition:

Avis Bellaire, No. 2217 Harriet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

J. S. Banks, No. 100 No. Dooley Avenue, Richmond, Va.

Mary Hellman, No. 1166 Stebbins Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Lack of space prevents the publication of the winning letters.

EVANGELINE ADAMS

The World's Greatest Astrologer Starts in NEW MOVIE Next Month

MISS Adams is the world's most celebrated astrologer. During the 35 years of her active practice she has been consulted by a hundred thousand men and women. Among her personal clients have been John Burroughs, Enrico Caruso, James J. Hill, Mary Garden, three presidents of the New York Stock Exchange, and practically every celebrity of the stage and screen.

Miss Adams foretold the death of King Edward VII, as well as the death of Caruso and Rudolph Valentino. In 1912 she prophesied the World War in 1914. In 1928 she foretold a Wall Street crash in October, 1929.

In her first NEW MOVIE contribution, Miss Adams will discuss the month of October and the stars—and what they mean. She will tell you how the stars have affected the motion-picture careers of many favorites born in October, discussing Janet Gaynor and others in detail.



Evangeline Adams

Adventures in Interviewing

(Continued from page 43)

written and published an article about him two years before. He did not hesitate.

Within two minutes the fracas was on. It all happened with terrifying speed. The only words said as Jack was rushing toward me, were by my comrade, who has the appearance of a teacher who has lost his Sunday school class in the woods. The right side of his face was motionless. He snapped quickly out of the left, "On your feet! On your feet!"

Jack Gilbert, like all of us, has been criticized severely. No man can question his magnificent courage.

As always in such affairs, the waiters were dumfounded. Jack was taken from the place by Grauman and Miss Claire.

Grauman's fairness as a man was tested that night. He met Wilson Mizner at the Ambassador Hotel where they both live. They had been friends since the early Alaska days. Jack's close friend, he could easily have colored the affair when he told Wilson about it. Instead, he told the entire truth.

Many accused both Gilbert and me of seeking publicity. This is their answer.

Through the efforts of Wilson Mizner, Sid Grauman and others, the affair was kept out of the newspapers for ten days. We thought it was forgotten, when suddenly it "broke."

Offers of ring engagements came from all over America. One man offered a purse of twenty thousand dollars.

Gilbert is a warm impulsive fellow.

His friends are loyal to him. Many of them, including Paul Bern, King Vidor, Benjamin Glazer and Herman Mankiewicz, are my friends also. They arranged a meeting between us.

With a nature completely magnanimous he has not retained the least touch of bitterness. Of course, he would fight me in a minute—or Carnera for that matter.

Out of it has developed a fine friendship, of which I am glad.

ONE of the most charming and finest women I have ever known is Louise Dresser. Her father, William Kerlin, was for many years a railway conductor. He was killed in a railroad wreck when Louise was a child. So upon Louise Kerlin's fourteen-year-old shoulders fell the burden of bread-winning.

Some friends had joined a musical troupe in Boston. Remembering Louise's glorious singing voice, they recommended her for a position in the same company. She followed them to the eastern city.

Louise arrived in Boston with eight dollars. The "musical troupe" proved to be a second-rate burlesque company. As an immediate income was imperative, the girl accustomed herself to the prevailing coarseness. Her innocence was termed "greenness" by the burlesque habitues. After five heartbreaking weeks she was dismissed. She secured another position immediately as an understudy in a better company. Another dismissal followed.

Her money dwindled to fifty cents. Her landlady, an elderly widow, sensed

the girl's situation and invited her to share a Sunday dinner. The sight of appetizing food after a week of starvation was too much. Louise fainted at the table.

The next day a letter arrived from Mrs. Kerlin. She had enclosed a five-dollar bill. Disaster was temporarily averted.

With new hope Louise visited the theaters. She secured a rôle with a road troupe playing "Peck's Bad Boy." The salary was eighteen dollars weekly, plus transportation. Halcyon days at last.

She was retained for a second season's engagement. The salary was increased to twenty-three dollars per week.

While playing in Detroit she was interviewed by E. D. Stair, owner of *The Detroit Free Press*, a prominent theatrical manager of the day. He engaged her to play for a season with Ward and Vokes.

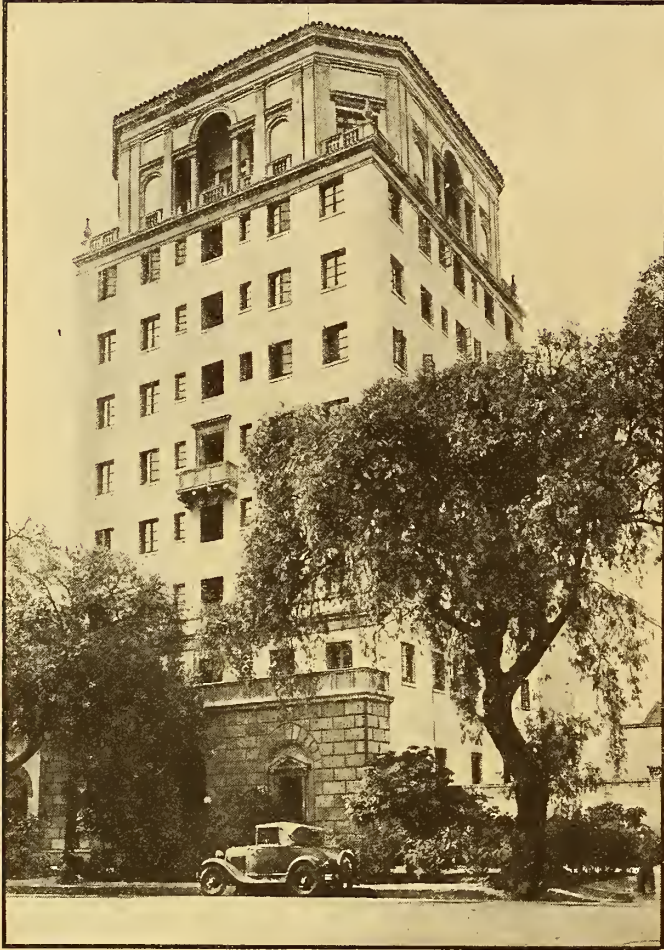
She followed this with a series of appearances at Ohio and Indiana summer parks. Her salary had risen steadily, and she was gaining in poise and technique.

At this time Paul Dresser was the most successful publisher of popular songs in America. Under a great, three-hundred-pound exterior he hid a heart as sentimental as his ballads. His real name was Paul Dreiser. His brother was later to gain world-recognition as a novelist, Theodore Dreiser. The latter has immortalized the ballad maker in one of his finest pieces of writing, called "My Brother Paul."

(Continued on page 104)

Herb Howe's Outline of Hollywood History

(Continued from page 37)



The Hollywood Athletic Club on Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Here live many of the bachelor stars and prominent players of the movies.

ried one of the extras, Wallace Reid.

Cecil De Mille In a Barn—Down in Los Angeles Colonel Selig had a studio as early as 1908. His first complete picture was "In the Sultan's Power." In 1910 the Biograph company arrived with D. W. Griffith as director. With him came Mary Pickford, her husband, Owen Moore, Mack Sennett, Arthur Johnson the matinee idol of the day, Florence Lawrence, Marjorie FAVOR and Lee Dougherty. One by one these too drifted out to Hollywood in later years.

The most important event since the arrival of the first padres was the coming of Jesse Lasky and Cecil B. De Mille. Mr. Lasky started his professional career as a cornet player in a San Francisco orchestra. Later he achieved

Last but not least, the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, on Sunset Boulevard. The Chamber of Commerce can be mighty proud of itself. Isn't Hollywood a household word in every part of the globe?

the distinction of being the only white man in the Royal Hawaiian Band.

In New York he entered the theatrical field in a bigger way. He was one of the promoters of the ill-fated "Follies Bergere" in that city. Upon its failure he decided to go West and try his hand at making movies. He wanted to engage William De Mille as a director. William already had shown his skill as a stage director. But William was engaged.

William's mother suggested that Mr. Lasky take young Cecil, who didn't seem to be amounting to much but who she was sure had great genius. Mr. Lasky was pardonably skeptical of a mother's endorsement. The De Milles, however, were a great family and so he figured that Cecil must have something in him.

They came West together, Jesse and Cecil, and leased the old Blondeau barn in the middle of an orange grove at Vine and Selma streets. It was appropriate that the pioneer venture of these movie padres

should be an Indian picture, "The Squaw Man," which they made with Dustin Farnum as the star in 1914.

Cecil De Mille in a barn is a picture incredible. Perhaps it was rebellion against this stable environment that led him to glorify the bathtub and attendant luxuries. Certainly he, more than any other man, has advanced the standard of home comfort.

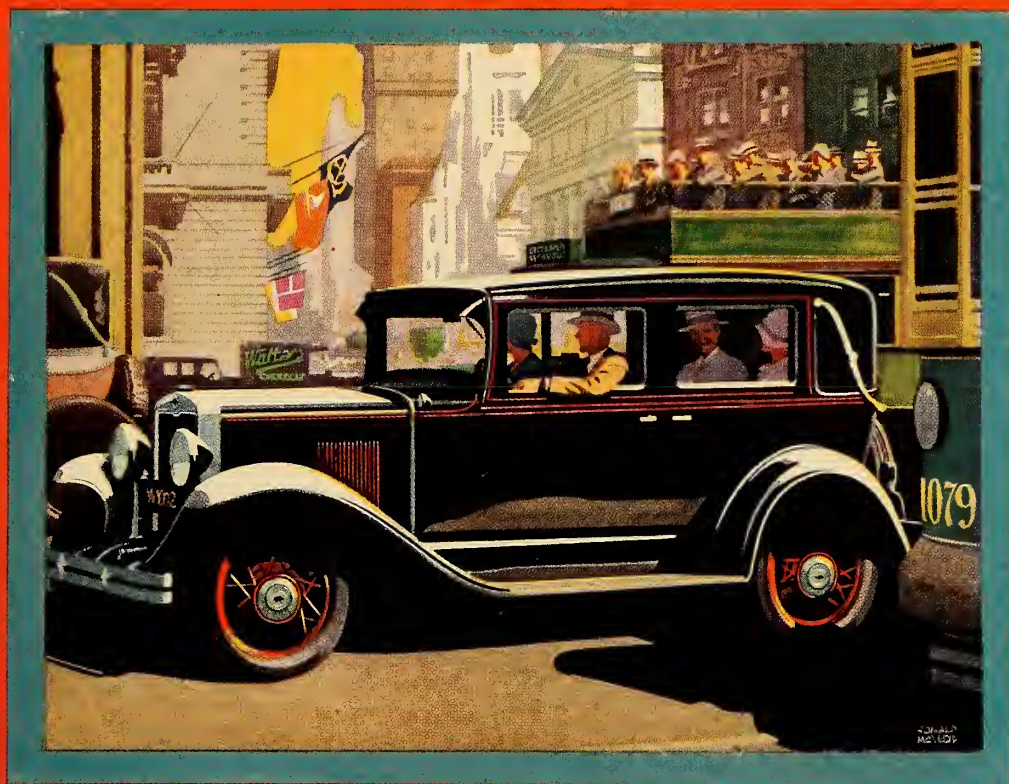
The New Athens—Hollywood today is a suburb of Los Angeles with a population of its own of about 150,000. I am not versed poetically enough to chant with a publicity pamphlet which says: "Hollywood has within it probably the greatest number of highly cultured, world-famous people any city of similar size has claimed since the Periclean age of Athens." I am not of the Periclean age, and I am not a biographer of Athens. Perhaps Will Hays or Conrad Nagel is equal to Demosthenes. I cannot off-hand pick a Hollywood successor to Socrates or even to Euripides. But time will tell.

I do declare that Hollywood has more spice in the way of variety, more color and romantic glamour than any city in this gawky new land of ours. Remember she is just seventeen, just a flapper of high-school age. And yet she exerts a world fascination comparable to that of such old sirens as Paris and Rome.

You must linger with her a while to know her. Don't judge her entirely by the studio rouge. Loiter along her peppered drives, penetrate into the Cahuenga hills, meditate a few moments in the Mission of San Fernando. Only through reverence for the knightly Cahuenga, the brave and gentle Father Serra, the hospitable dons and the spirited bandits can you come to appreciate fully the charm that springs from the ground of luxuriant Hollywood—once La Nopalera, field of cactus.



for Economical Transportation



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"So you're a saxophone player, eh? Well . . . make me weep!" "Do your stuff," said the vaudeville booker. Rudy did! And fame caressed him. The whole public succumbed in two short years.



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It wasn't the cut of his clothes . . . or the break of his luck. This youngster just naturally delivered something that the public wants!

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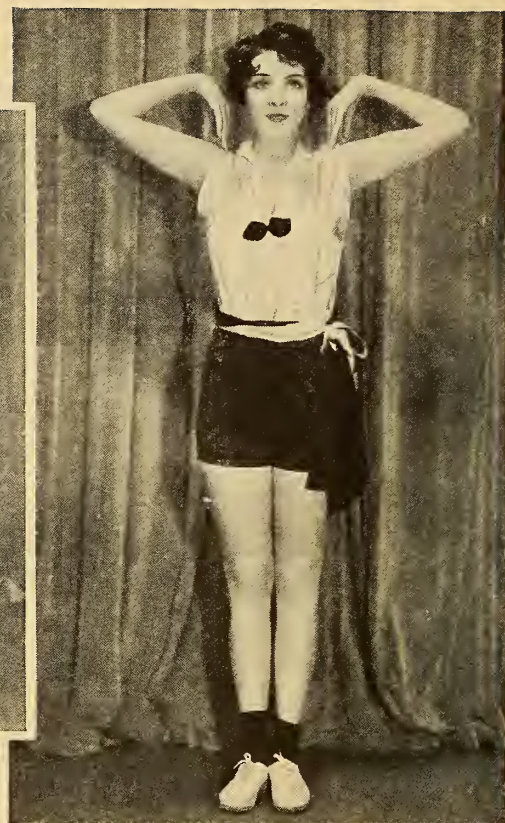
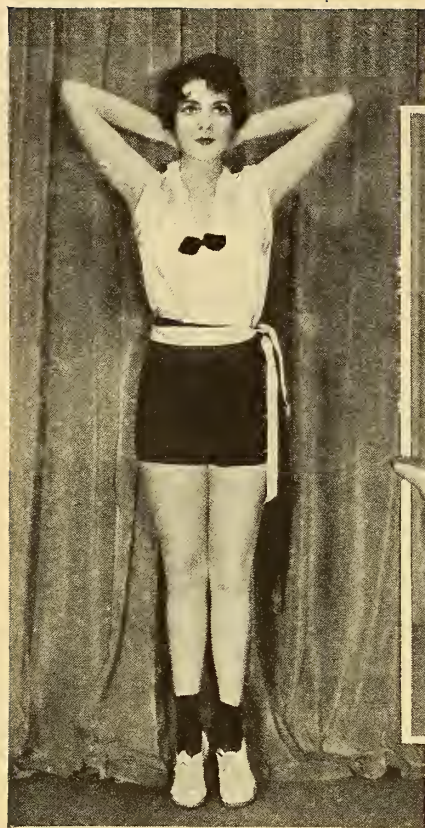


On March 7, 1927, OLD GOLDS were introduced in Illinois. Today, the city of Chicago alone smokes nearly 3,000,000 daily.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

What the Stars Are Doing

| STAR | TITLE | DIRECTOR | KIND OF STORY | LEADING PLAYER |
|---|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------|-----------------------------|
| FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO | | | | |
| Otis Skinner | Kismet | J. F. Dillon | Drama | Loretta Young |
| Richard Barthelmess | Adios | Frank Lloyd | Romance | Mary Astor |
| Jack Whiting | College Lovers | John Adolfi | Football | Marian Nixon |
| Ben Lyon | Hot Heiress | Clarence Badger | Musical | Ona Munson |
| Irene Rich | Father's Son | Harry Beaudine | Drama | Lewis Stone |
| Lila Lee | The Gorilla | Brian Foy | Farce Comedy | Walter Pidgeon |
| FOX STUDIO | | | | |
| John Wayne | The Big Trail | Raoul Walsh | Pioneer Drama | Margaret Churchill |
| Milton Sills | The Sea Wolf | Al Santell | Sea Story | Ian Keith |
| Charles Farrell | Devil With Women | Frank Borzage | Drama | Rose Hobart |
| Edmund Lowe | Men on Call | John Blystone | Sea Story | Sharon Lynn |
| Lois Moran | Red Sky | A. F. Erickson | Northwest Drama | J. H. Murray |
| El Brendel | Just Imagine | David Butler | Comedy | Maureen O'Sullivan |
| Ted Healy | Soup to Nuts | Benjamin Stoloff | Farce Comedy | |
| HAROLD LLOYD STUDIO | | | | |
| Harold Lloyd | Feet First | Clyde Bruckman | Comedy | Barbara Kent |
| METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO | | | | |
| Grace Moore | Untitled, based on life of Jenny Lind | Sidney Franklin | Costume Drama | Reginald Denny |
| All Star | Olympia | | Comedy Drama | Maria Alba |
| John Gilbert | Way for a Sailor | Sam Wood | Sea Story | Leila Hyams |
| Buster Keaton | Forward March | Ed Sedgwick | War Comedy | Conchita Montenegro |
| All Dogs | All Quiet on the K-9 Front | Zion Myers and Jules White | Dog Comedy | |
| PARAMOUNT PUBLIX WEST COAST STUDIO | | | | |
| Richard Arlen | Untitled | Otto Brower | Western | Rosita Moreno |
| Gary Cooper | | | | Bill Boyd |
| Betty Compson | The Spoilers | Edwin Carewe | Alaskan Drama | Kay Johnson |
| Maurice Chevalier | The Little Café | Ludwig Berger | Farce Comedy | Frances Dee |
| PARAMOUNT PUBLIX EAST COAST STUDIO | | | | |
| Nancy Carroll | Laughter | Harry D'Arrest | Comedy Drama | Fredric March |
| Buddy Rogers | Heads Up | Victor Schertzinger | Musical Comedy | Helen Kane |
| Jack Oakie | Sap From Syracuse | Eddie Sutherland | Comedy | Ginger Rogers |
| R K O STUDIO | | | | |
| Irene Dunne | Leatherneck | Ed Kline | Comedy | Kenneth Murray |
| UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO | | | | |
| Nothing in Production | | | | |
| UNIVERSAL STUDIO | | | | |
| Mary Nolan | Outside the Law | Tod Browning | Melodrama | Owen Moore |
| WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO | | | | |
| Charles Bickford | River's End | Michael Curtiz | Northwest Drama | Evelyn Knapp |
| Joe E. Brown | Sit Tight | Lloyd Bacon | Comedy | Winnie Lightner |
| Leslie Howard | Outward Bound | Robert Milton | Drama | Doug Fairbanks, Jr. |
| Don Alvarado | Gay Caballero | Al Crosland | Comedy Drama | Fay Wray and Victor Varconi |



An excellent exercise is shown at the right. Lie flat on the back. Raise one leg, bring it down riding-the-bicycle fashion.



Lila Lee's exercise for slenderness. Raise the arms straight upward. Bring the hands down so that the fingers touch the shoulders, as above. When drawing down the arms, pretend that a heavy weight is being pulled, so that all the muscles come into play. Then place the hands behind the head, as shown at upper left, rise on tiptoes, inhaling to capacity.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

By ANN BOYD

THIS is the time of the year when every girl should take stock of herself before the opening of the new season. She will find herself, these August and September days, a very satisfactory Summer girl. If she has spent her vacation wisely, she will have an even coat of tan and will be in far better physical condition than she was last Spring. For instance, if she has been too thin, she should have gained weight because sunlight, in reasonable quantities, is fattening—not the way heavy starchy foods are fattening, but a healthy weight such as cod liver oil furnishes. That is to say, it is an indirect additional weight brought about by a healthy appetite. On the other hand, if she has been overweight, a girl at the end of the Summer should find herself thinner because of the unusual opportunities she has had to exercise.

Now, granting that you are in the best of physical condition, what are your problems for the Fall? Perhaps you will find that your suntan is too heavy. But it isn't likely that this will bother you. You will be more apt to cherish your becoming tan. If it annoys you, however, there are bleaching creams and lotions that will do away with it in a week.

Your hair, if it is the shade that is easily bleached by the Summer sun, may need special washes to bring it back to its uniform color. If it has been dried and

made brittle by sun and wind, I recommend a treatment of hot oil shampoos. Or if, for the convenience of Summer sports, you have had a short bob, you will probably want to allow your hair to grow for the Winter.

THIS business of growing long hair is not a simple or pleasant one. But there are ways of minimizing the difficulties. When hair is at that awkward stage, it is best to use some sort of net to catch up the stray ends. There are also hair pins that will really hold both the hair and net in shape. Before trying to catch the short and reluctant hair into a knob, it is best to allow it to grow well down to the shoulders. By keeping the hair curled and by pinning it carefully, the effect is often so becoming that many women look best with their hair at the so-called awkward length. And remember, if your hair worries you, that the bob is by no means out. In fact, every day it is gaining in favor, for women are slow to drop such a convenient and becoming fashion.

Of course, you must decide on your Fall and Winter wardrobe. Probably you are debating the question of a fur coat. There are so many varieties of furs and so many variations of the standard furs, that even the experts have trouble keeping (Continued on page 129)

A DIAMOND AND AN EGG AND A BAR OF SOAP



ALL HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON « « «

If you were buying diamonds, you'd want the finest stones, not the greatest number of stones, that your money would buy. You'd look for a bargain in *value*.

When you buy eggs, you want the freshest, not the "most for your money." For freshness means *value*, and that's what you're after.

In buying soap, you again have your choice between a bargain in price and a bargain in value—between ordinary soaps and Fels-Naptha. The first may save you a penny or so at the store—the second will save you a great deal of work in your washing. And after all, isn't that the most important thing in a soap—the work it will do—the help it can give you?

Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help. It brings two active cleaners to the washing job—good golden soap and naphtha, instead of just soap. And there's *plenty* of naphtha in each golden bar—you can smell it. Work-

ing hand-in-hand, these two busy cleaners loosen dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing. Your wash goes to the line clean through and through, with the fresh, sweet odor of home-washed clothes.

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help, no matter how you use it. It's one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it washes best in hot water—all soaps do. But it also washes beautifully in lukewarm, or even cool water—whether you soak your clothes or boil

them—whether you use washing machine or tub. And Fels-Naptha does its work so swiftly that you don't have your hands in water so long, which helps to keep them nice.

Use Fels-Naptha for all household cleaning tasks as well as for the family wash. Get a few bars (or the handy 10-bar carton) from your grocer today—and learn about this bargain in value!

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just decided to try its *extra* help, let us send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naphtha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!



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Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage.

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Fill in completely—print name and address.

Adventures in Interviewing

(Continued from page 97)

LOUISE KERLIN was acquainted with Raymond Hubbell, Dresser's pianist. He arranged for her to meet Dresser. At the mention of her name the great maker of songs was immediately alert. He asked her where she had lived as a child, her father's name, his profession. Astonished at his interest, she told him. He requested her to sing several sentimental ballads. When she had finished, with no word of explanation, he turned to the phone. The startled young singer heard him say, "Dramatic editor of *The Tribune*, please. Bill? This is Paul. Say, my kid sister is in town. She's going to appear at the Masonic Temple Roof next Sunday night. Treat her right in the paper, will you? Her name? Oh, Louise Dresser."

Turning to the amazed Louise, he said, "I sold newspapers on Bill Kerlin's train when I was a boy. He was one of the finest men I've ever known—He was never too busy to say a kind word to a lonely kid. If my name is of any use to his daughter, she is welcome to it."

And Louise Kerlin became Louise Dresser.

During all the years that she made his name famous, Louise Dresser was Paul Dresser's constant friend. When discouragement and misfortune were his lot, she was an infallible source of sympathy and understanding. She was with him at the time of his death. It was her sad task to put his personal effects in order. In his pocket was one penny, his entire worldly wealth. Like her father, he had died poor in order that his fellow men might find the cruel journey through life a little more bearable.

After her appearance at the Masonic Temple Roof, which was America's foremost variety theater, she accepted an engagement with the leading American vaudeville circuit. For the next seven years she remained in vaudeville. During this time she became one of the most highly paid entertainers in the world.

Tiring of the constant travel of the road, she joined a musical comedy in New York. She appeared opposite the leading stars of the day, including Lew Fields, Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr and De Wolf Hopper.

In 1917, while playing in "Have a Heart," she was injured by a fall upon the stage. After spending a year in an Eastern hospital, she came to California to recuperate. Her mother, who accompanied her, was enchanted with the West. On Mother's Day, 1920, Miss Dresser presented her with a beautiful home in Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles.

Several seasons passed during which she worked once more in New York productions. Then, weary of theatrical success and lonely for her mother, she decided to live permanently in California.

SINCE 1908 she had been Mrs. Jock Gardner. They furnish evidence that marital felicity is not entirely incompatible with stage life. Many years of domestic contentment had proved to Miss Dresser that her happiness was not dependent upon dramatic

triumphs alone. She came to California with the resolve to abandon her career permanently, and devote her time to her husband, himself a former musical comedy favorite and now the efficient casting director at the William Fox Studios.

She had no thought of entering films. Pauline Frederick, an old friend, was making "The Glory of Clementina." At her insistence, Miss Dresser assumed a role in the picture. Despite the concerted praise of her friends, she was convinced that her performance had been a failure. Reluctantly she consented to accept a part in "Burning Sands" for Lasky. At the finish of this picture she decided to return to New York. Her work before the camera had awakened a desire for dramatic expression, but she was convinced that there was no place for her in films.

When she was preparing to leave, the opportunity came to play in "Ruggles of Red Gap." James Cruze was the director. He sensed as no one else had, her great screen potentialities. He was successful where others had failed. Miss Dresser's self-confidence began to revive. Cruze's understanding and encouragement overcame her preconceived delusions of inability. For the first time she wanted to remain in pictures.

The next picture she made was "The Goose Woman," directed by Clarence Brown. He completed what Cruze had begun. The last of her mental fear was banished. She is still convinced that without Cruze and Brown she would never have found the courage to continue a work that had her spiritually defeated.

After years as a singer, Miss Dresser has become famous as a film player. Her sense of rhythm and tempo is so unerring in her film work that one is inclined to attribute it to her life-long association with music.

THE early struggles of Louise Dresser reminded me of the first woman I ever interviewed. Her name is Helen Holmes. She was famous for her daring in "The Hazards of Helen," the railroad thrillers of yesterday.

Miss Holmes entered pictures by way of the Chicago Art Institute. Talented and ambitious, she was going without meals and proper clothing to pay for her lessons. She lived in a cheap little rooming house with a basement dining room. On Thanksgiving Day Helen had lain long abed so that one meal might take the place of two. The landlady came to her door to tell her that Thanksgiving dinner was ready. Feeling that she should not spend any money for food that day, Helen made her way to the basement. Almost overcome by the aroma of turkey and "trimmings" she ordered tea and toast. The landlady insisted that she fill up her plate. Helen answered that she wasn't hungry and did not feel well and doubted that she could eat even what she had ordered.

Too proud to admit her financial distress she finished the tea and toast. Still hungry, she went to the cashier, only to find that, for the regular guests, Thanksgiving dinner was "on the House."

The next week Helen got a chance to act as model for Loreda Taft. She posed for many of the figures that made his work famous. A cold barn-like studio that would keep clay in a workable state and drapes wet enough to cling properly, threatened her with tuberculosis. Her brother took her to Death Valley, California.

The accidental death of this brother left Helen with her mother and grandmother to support and she came to Hollywood.

Mabel Normand got Helen her first chance in pictures. Sennett put her in stock at thirty dollars a week guarantee. Thirty dollars did not go very far towards supporting herself and family. One day she was offered twenty-five dollars for falling off a horse. She needed the money. She did not know anything about falling off a horse. And it looked easy.

Never had anything looked as high as that horse once she was on him. She determined that nothing in the world would induce her to make the fall. She would not even start, career or no career. But the horse was picture-wise. When the director yelled "Come on" the horse started. Helen hung on with both hands. Just as the assistant fired the pistol which was the signal, the horse stepped in a gopher hole and threw Helen for one of the prettiest falls that had ever been photographed.

Her utter surprise that such a thing could happen and not hurt, killed her fear. It was, perhaps, the thing that made possible the feats which made her first among stunt actresses.

Doubles were little known during the early "thriller" days. Most of the sixty-two stories which comprised the "Hazards of Helen" were written by Miss Holmes. Several of them she directed. Leaping from bridges to moving trains or from moving trains to horses and automobiles or being bound and snaked out of car windows was all in a day's work.

The plot of one story hinged on the fact that the heroine was tied to the drive shaft of the locomotive. The engineer refused to do it, claiming it was too dangerous. The director bullied and cajoled. Finally it was agreed that such a thing was possible if the locomotive did not go over twelve miles an hour. Helen was tied on. The director speeded the train to thirty-eight miles an hour. Apparently he had not known—or cared—that, at thirty-eight miles an hour, a dummy would have done as well. She went to the hospital for four months with a shoulder, collarbone and every rib on her right side broken.

With such a background of excitement and action, it was surprising to find her reserved and unassuming. Intensely emotional, she has deep spiritual feeling.

After years of fame and success Helen Holmes is no longer active in pictures. Her infrequent visits to Hollywood are unheralded, known to only her closest friends. Perhaps something of her pioneer ancestry—those gallant souls who rounded the Horn and crossed the plains and fought in the wars, makes her happy on the ranch which is now her home.

DAINTY HOME-BAKED CAKES ARE A LUNCH-TIME TREAT

Home baking is easier, now. No need to bother with greasing and washing of pans. Use Crinkle Cups just as they come from their dust-proof package and every cake will come out evenly baked and perfect in shape. Cakes don't stick, in Crinkle Cups. Leave the lunch-box cakes right in their Crinkle Cups and they will be fresh and whole when the time comes to eat them.



Use Crinkle Cups just as they come from the package. Your cakes won't stick or break.



SPONGE CAKE

2 eggs 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 cupful sugar 5 tablespoonfuls cold water
1 tablespoonful vinegar 1/8 teaspoonful salt
1 1/2 cupfuls pastry flour

Beat the yolks of the eggs until thick; add the sugar gradually, continuing the beating. Add the vinegar and cold water. Mix and sift together the pastry flour, salt and baking powder, and add to the yolk mixture. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and add to cake mixture, cutting and folding them in carefully. Pour into Crinkle Cups and bake at 320° F. for thirty minutes.

In every package of Crinkle Cups there is a booklet of easy and delicious cake recipes.

A package of Crinkle Cups contains a generous supply. Buy them at F. W. Woolworth Co 5 and 10 cent stores. Use them for easier baking.

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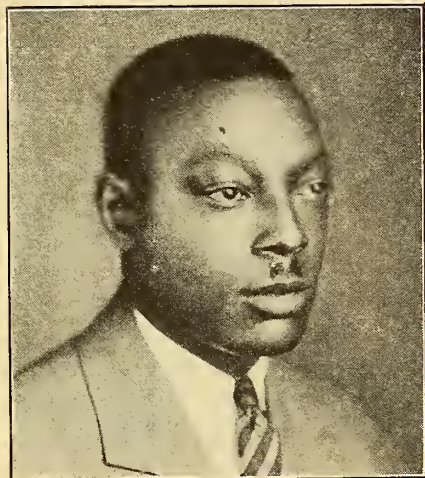


Old Mill Paper Products Corp., Dept. T-9-30, Linden Street corner Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Home Town Stories of Amos 'n' Andy

The Story of Amos (Freeman Gosden)

(Continued from page 24)



"Snowball" Garrett Brown, the inspiration of the character of Amos, as created by Freeman Gosden. If Snowball hadn't been adopted into the Gosden household, Amos might never have existed. What would have happened to Andy?

was next oldest of the family and then a brother, sixteen years Freeman's senior. At this period a young negro was bereft of his parents and was adopted into the Gosden household to run errands and do general chores about the place. Immediately he became known as "Snowball." The two boys, of the same age, became almost inseparable companions.

THE Gosden family then lived on "Navy Hill," at 711½ East Marshall Street, now the centre of Richmond's theatrical district. W. W. Gosden, the head of the family, was one of "Mosby's men," the famous Confederate organization that refused to surrender in '65 and which fought its last battle on the day after Appomattox. The father and mother were strict disciplinarians and devoutly religious. All the family attended the Second Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Cecil Russell, D.D., was then pastor. "Snowball" was permitted to choose his own church, but the family required him to attend service regularly.

Life in the Gosden household was of more or less the same routine. "Curley" got his early education at the Ruffner School, just five blocks from his home, and his companion attended a negro school near by. Just as sure as the sun set each day both boys knew they had to recite their lessons at the knee of the head of the house or take the consequences. For two years this task was Mr. Gosden's and, at his death, when Freeman was twelve years of age, Mrs. Gosden took over the job. Mrs. Gosden was as strict as her husband, and "Snowball" says, "sometimes we learned our lessons standing up" after failing to recite them correctly the first time.

As a boy, Freeman Gosden was not athletically inclined. He d'd indulge in baseball, football and other sandlot

pastimes, but his preference was dancing. At twelve he joined the Y. M. C. A. and learned to swim and often played handball. Like the character he now portrays, "Curley" became very industrious in school.

Meantime, "Snowball" branched out as a pugilist. Often he would take on other negro boys of his own size at boxing carnivals that were staged at the time in the basement of many residences throughout the city. Unlike the legalized affairs of the present day, these contests were "to a finish, winner take all." The purses were contributed by the onlookers and often they were large. Of the outcome of the bouts, "Snowball" says: "We always had money."

"Curley," of course, did not participate in any of these affairs, but was always present when his companion was on the card. Sometimes, however, Freeman got a beating as a result of these bouts. Whenever the negro returned home with any marks of battle, it was taken for granted around the Gosden home that "Curley" knew the why and was not far away at the time they were administered. Needless to say, marks of disapproval were also registered on "Snowball."

DAY by day Gosden grew more studious, until one of the boys called him "teacher's pet." That taunt started things. Freeman and his tormentor met at a school social and the bully became so unruly "Curley" proceeded to "put him in place with his dukes," classmates say. And the best of it was, he got away with it. Like his kind, the bully was unable to take his beating as a sportsman, but immediately reported to the teacher: "Freeman Gosden hit me."

"Incredible! I don't believe it," was the bully's only consolation.

At another time, however, "Curley" did not get off so well. He and "Snowball" and some others of the gang were walking along the street one day when the ducky got the notion that Freeman's head offered an irresistible target for a lime he had in his pocket. "Snowball's" aim was good and the lime found its mark. Then began Freeman's second recorded fight. For many minutes the two youngsters lambasted away at each other, and "Snowball" says when both were too tired to continue any longer the best he could give himself was a draw.

That was the only difference between "Curley" and his playmate, and their friendship grew with the years. After ten years in the Gosden home, the negro and a companion went North to make their fortunes. But even then he found himself still under the Gosden influence, and an indication of the esteem in which he was held may be gleaned from the regularity with which the family wrote him urging him to "be a good boy and don't get in any trouble."

Then came the World War. "Curley" enlisted in the Navy and Garrett indicated he preferred terra firma by joining the Army. It was not a case of beating the draft with Gosden, for less

than a month after Uncle Sam joined the allied forces found him aboard *The U. S. S. Montgomery*. His first act after signing up was to notify his old playmate.

"Dear Snow," he wrote Garrett at Roseton, N. Y., on May 2, 1917, "I leave for the Navy at 12 o'clock today. Sorry I could not see you. Will let you hear from me. Best wishes, Freeman."

"Snowball" spent the next eighteen months in the Army.

GROWN into a sturdy youth, Freeman Gosden returned from the war well versed in seamanship and radio-telegraphy but with a hankering for the stage. His mother and sister had been killed in an automobile accident while he was away, and W. W. Gosden, Jr., the brother who assumed the head of the household at the father's death, had married. Another brother, Harry, was in the West. Freeman got a job in a drugstore, then went with a Richmond shoe manufacturing concern as shipping clerk. A few months later found him in the tobacco business and then with an automobile sales agency. None of these appealed to him.

Freeman Gosden just could not get the stage out of his head. "Curley" had appeared on the stage twice as a boy, once at ten years of age in an amateur diving act staged by Annette Kellermann in which he won a prize. His first real experience, however, was as a dancer with a "semi-pro" outfit. This was soon after his return from the war. The company, composed of "Slim" O'Neill, "Nubby" Brauer, Johnny Kohler, "Sugarfoot" Drinard and Gosden, staged shows in and around Richmond. They had a dilapidated automobile in which they travelled, and often had to "make-up" before leaving home as the barns and stables in which the production was sometimes staged did not afford facilities. Gosden, O'Neill, and Drinard were dancers, and the others were singers and blackface men.

Then came the break that eventually led "Curley" Gosden to important contracts, big money, and urgent engagements. The Joe Bren outfit was staging an amateur production in Richmond under the auspices of an Elk lodge. Charlie Correll was at the head of the outfit that was training the amateurs and he needed assistance. None was to be had from the home office. Before Correll left Richmond he met Gosden. He wired Bren of his discovery and was told to give "Curley" a tryout. The home-town boy made good and a fast friendship grew up between the two directors.

THE rest you know. With the advent of the radio, the amateur show game passed on. One day the Edgewater Beach Hotel radio station in Chicago needed talent. The manager met Joe Bren. Bren suggested that Correll and Gosden be given a tryout. They put on a singing act. Scared green at the silent audience, Correll could hardly play the piano and Gosden thought his vocal chords were not func-

(Continued on page 111)



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By Popular Request

(Continued from page 30)



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It seems so silly to me. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," I said, "but please go ahead."

"I just believe that right down underneath all women are looking for the kind of happiness I've had. A fine man who loves and cares for you, in return for what you do for him, a home, and splendid children. That's real happiness—not what you youngsters would call synthetic happiness, like night clubs and jobs and those things."

"A woman has to have a man to love. It's nature. I've seen women who made excitement pass among their friends for happiness, but in their lonely hours they cried plenty of tears. Other things are pretty futile, especially as you get older. No woman's life is full unless she has one man to love and to love her. And she can always have it if she works at it, and makes a good home and pleases her husband, as we were told to do from the beginning."

DO you think it's impossible for Buddy to find the girl he wants—a girl like you must have been?"

"Oh, no," she said, vehemently, "I know it isn't. The girls today are coming to see that fundamentals, as my husband says, don't change. They've tried this other thing, this freedom and equality, and now they're getting normal once more. I was just a normal girl. That's all Buddy wants. They're different, as their clothes are different, they ride in automobiles instead of buggies, but they're real underneath. A girl in love naturally has the wisdom of the ages. When real happiness comes she'll recognize it, I'm sure, and be willing to do all the big share a girl must do to keep it. I hope he'll find her soon. I'd like some little grandchildren and so would

my husband. We both love children."

"You think your method would work with Buddy?"

"Of course it would. Buddy's just like his father, I'm glad to say."

I felt that I had snooped all I needed on that side of the family, and learning that Buddy's father was out in the garage looking at a new car, I decided to go a bit further and see if he agreed with the things Mrs. Rogers had said.

Bert Rogers, after nine years of school teaching, bought a newspaper in Olathe and was editor and business manager of that until he retired and moved to Hollywood a few months ago. He can think and has proved it. He's been successful, both with his business and his family.

"Your wife tells me that she has spent about twenty-five years of her life trying to please you," I said.

"She's done it," he answered.

"How?"

"Dozens of ways. Which ones do you want?" His newspaper training provoked that last. He knows an interview when he sees one.

"Any of them," I said. "Preferably some old ones."

"Well, she knows when to keep quiet even when it is hard for her to do so. I remember one time I came home from the school. Things had gone wrong all day. I had heard nothing but chatter since eight o'clock in the morning. When I got home I said 'Hello!' and that was about all."

"Now I know some women who would get on their ear and ask you if you did not love them any more when you greeted them like that. But Mrs. Rogers did not. She kept quiet, knowing I was tired. After dinner, when an hour's peace had made the world look brighter to me, I found out that she had been bursting to tell me some news she picked up during the day. It



Constance Bennett in an intimate scene of Warner Brothers' "Three Faces East." This gives you a vivid idea of the way such a scene is made, amid a battery of directors, assistants, electricians, cameras and lights. If you think acting is easy, try this.

was pleasant to hear—then. It would not have been when I first came home. That what you wanted?"

"One of them. Any more?"

PLENTY. Another thing sticks out because it meant a real hardship for her to do it. Every Saturday she used to cook up a big picnic dinner and come into the newspaper office with the kids. That was to help me, because we lived about an hour out of town and it would have been hard for me to go home and back to the office afterwards. I had to be there because Saturday nights all the farmers came to town. It meant news and business."

"Have you ever tried to please her?"

"Of course. Who doesn't try to please the woman he loves?"

"How did you please her?" I was determined to get this or die in the attempt.

"Oh, I dunno. Doing things for her, things she wanted me to do. I remember thinking one Saturday night as we drove home from the office that a hard-riding, iron-tired buggy was not good enough for a woman who loved me as much as she did—and proved it by doing so many things for me that I wanted her to do. So I scrimped a bit here and there on my personal things, did some extra work, and bought her about the first rubber-tired promenade buggy we ever had in Olathe. It was a classy one and she got a big kick out of it. Want any more illustrations?"

"Yes."

He gave them to me. A dozen or more. They all pointed the same way. Mrs. Rogers tried to make him happy—and did. Being grateful, he did his best to make her happy by giving her what she wanted. She met his moods, he met her desires.

ON the way home I did some thinking. Ruth M. Carter, of Middleboro, Massachusetts, must have been correct.

Buddy said he wanted a girl who was reasonably good looking. His mother most certainly is that. She most surely has the sense of humor he demanded. She does not wear make-up to any extent and, from what Mr. Rogers said, I don't think she ever did. Which fits in with Buddy's idea. She, if only by the illustration of Bert Rogers going home tired and getting what he wanted, is a good listener and sympathizer. She has never shown Bert Rogers a jealous outbreak, although she told me that, in common with all women, she had one.

IN other words, Buddy Rogers has been brought up in a happy home. Twenty-four years in that atmosphere have impressed certain things—perhaps subconsciously—upon his mind. Things which, in those twenty-four years, have been proven right.

Buddy Rogers asks no more from the girl he will eventually marry than his father has received for a quarter of a century from the girl he loved and married.

Buddy's mother says that is not too much to ask. She says further that if the girl he marries will give those things to him, make him happy, Buddy in turn will make her happy. Even as Buddy's father has made her happy all these years.

I thank you, Ruth Carter. It was a good thought.



NANCY CARROLL, the bewitching little Paramount star whose charm has won the hearts of millions, says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap!"

You too must pass the Close-up Test

AN EXQUISITE complexion spells romance! A skin so lovely it can pass the cruel close-up test is a necessity for any star, 45 Hollywood directors say.

And the watchful eyes of millions are no more critical than the eyes that look at you. The appeal of lovely skin is important, whether you are winning the heart of millions—or of ONE.

So well do the radiant screen stars who hold the world breathless with their charm know this, that 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood use Lux Toilet Soap for their skin.

Use this fragrant white soap for the close-up complexion every girl wants. Order some and begin today.



Screen stars must captivate millions when the revealing close-up is flashed on the screen. You must pass the test of critical eyes, **CLOSE TO YOU.**

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and the radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with

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Pearly blonde, dreamy brunette and the maid with coppery curls, find in Phantom Red Cosmetics the true accent for individual charm. Instantly, with these new, different beauty hues, you have a rose-fresh glow of lips and



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Because they harmonize with every type of beauty, Phantom Red Cosmetics have set the fashion of make-up in New York, Hollywood and Paris. Mary Philbin and Marion Nixon, whose pictures are shown here, as well as Dorothy Mackaill, Loretta Young

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Phantom Eye Shadow in neutral blue or brown alluringly achieves expressiveness of the eyes, and with Phantom Brow liquid, lashes take on new life and lustre.



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Home Town Stories of Amos 'n' Andy

The Story of Andy (Charles Correll)

(Continued from page 25)

during his last two years of school. Throughout his school years, he displayed an interest in drama and rarely a stock company passed thru town, without Charlie's having seen it.

Many of the veteran theatrical enthusiasts will remember Mr. Churchill, father of Marguerite Churchill, the screen star, who incidentally is also a former Peorian. Mr. Churchill, owner of a chain of theaters in the United States and South America, operated the Main Street Theater, where Charlie was employed as an usher.

Now Mr. Churchill had ample grounds for complaint when he called Charlie on the carpet one day. It seems that Charlie was spending altogether too much time backstage, conversing with the actors. The encouragement and inducement he was given by the show people, however, are partly responsible for his not being a bricklayer, instead of an actor under contract, and radio star.

BEN BUTLER, former fire chief of Peoria, took an interest in young Correll and one day, while the lad was yet in high school, he arranged a minstrel show and gave Charlie a part. The same slow lazy drawl, that is so well known today, seemed to destiny his future and blackface negro impersonations became his lot. Mr. Butler, who had played in minstrel shows for years as a young man, shaped the raw Correll into a finished minstrel actor and Charlie's present career found its inception.

While all this was good fun, it failed to bring home the bread and butter, so Charlie capitalized on his musical talent and accepted a position as piano and organ player in the Columbia "nickelodeon" in Peoria. Synchronized

music, of course, didn't come until years later so Charlie had to keep an eye on the screen to render the proper atmosphere.

About the same time young Correll learned newspaper work from the mail-room angle. His job was to slip the papers off the conveyor where they were given to the newsboys or sacked for delivery. He held this position at both newspaper offices. Many of his former companions are still employed by the newspapers.

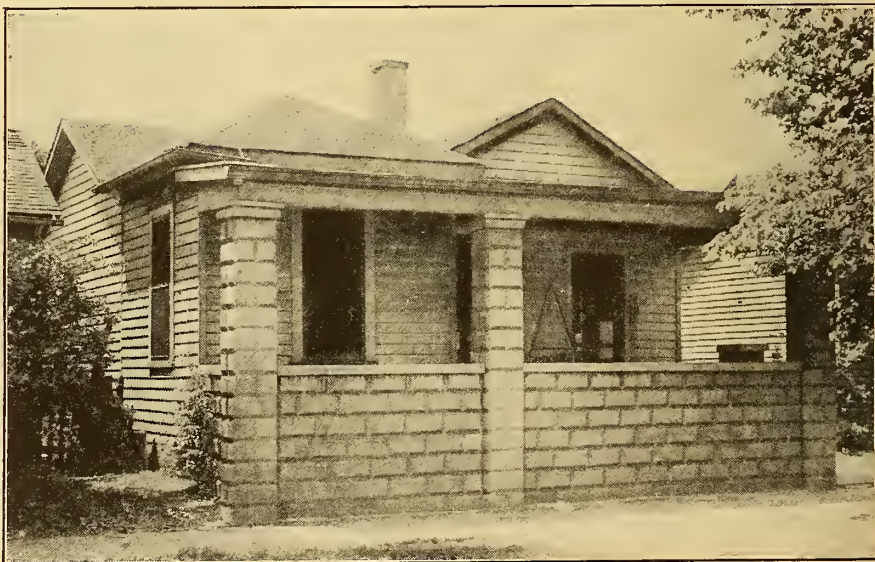
Charles Malm, *Journal-Transcript* pressroom superintendent and close friend of Mr. Correll's while he was employed by the paper, is an enthusiastic follower of Amos 'n' Andy on the air and is eager to see their new *R K O* movie, "Check and Double Check," which they are under contract to make.

Mr. Malm is confident Mr. Correll will be a bigger hit in the talkies than over the radio. "The boy is a born actor," Mr. Malm says.

Young Correll had a habit of trying to "get Mr. Malm's goat," as the phrase has it and succeeded rather well at times. When, occasionally, Mr. Malm would unearth the hatchet, young Correll would regard him solemnly and pipe up in his deep voice, "Now you ain'ta gonna be mad at me, are you, pal?" These words didn't always have the desired effect and on several occasions Correll was obliged to retire at top speed to the haunts of the mail room.

Because the elder Correll was a brick mason contractor and brother Joe followed in his father's footsteps, it was only natural that Charlie would be a bricklayer too. He worked at the brick-mason trade, but never lost interest in plays and public appearances.

Work in Peoria became slack, so



The birthplace of Andy, otherwise Charles Correll, at Peoria. The address is No. 713 Hancock Street. A sister, now Mrs. Alice Roszell, who still resides in Peoria, was also born in this house.

Charlie went to Springfield, where he helped to build the Superior Court building, under the supervision of State Architect Jim Cole. His work carried him around different places in the state, principally Rock Island. Charlie didn't object to laying bricks for a living, but the urge of the stage stayed with him.

Whenever the Rotary club, Elks or any other group sponsored entertainment, Charlie was always near by ready to take part, whether there was any pay involved or not. One day, while doing a song and dance in a home talent production, a certain gentleman noted his work with approval. Charlie didn't see him and wouldn't have known him if he had, but that person was Joe Bren, owner of the Joe Bren Production Company of Chicago.

"WHY not join up with the company?" Mr. Bren urged, but Charlie didn't need any urging. "Just give me the chance," he breathed and there we have the first step in Mr. Correll's rise from newsboy to radio star. Charlie was hot on the piano and clever with his feet, but Joe Bren, an expert in his business, saw the greater possibilities in the blackface. Joe decided, Charlie agreed, and from then on Charlie appeared in blackface. He didn't chuck the song and dance, but used them in the other acts. An actor in the Joe Bren company played many rôles, as Charlie soon learned.

The troupe criss-crossed the country, as their engagements were scattered. During an engagement at Richmond, Va., Charlie met Freeman Gosden, and the inimitable radio team had its origin. The sledding wasn't smooth, from the start, and the boys worked together with the company a long while before they became really famous.

Two years ago grief came to the Correll family, with the death of Charles' mother.

Charlie is such a busy man that he doesn't visit Peoria more than once or twice a year. When he does drop down from Chicago, he is greeted by "Tommy," his youngest brother, who is athletic coach at Averyville High School, located in a Peoria suburb; his father, brother Joe, and sister, Mrs. Alice Roszell, all of Peoria.

HomeTown Stories of Amos 'n' Andy

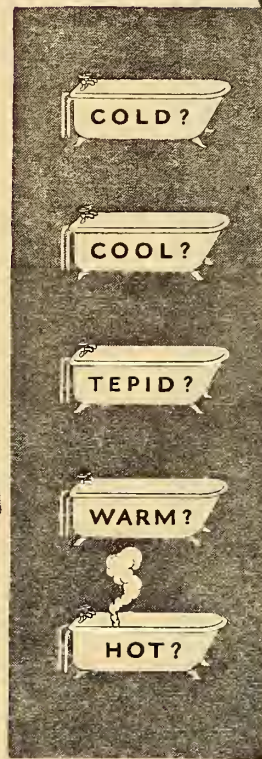
The Story of Amos

(Continued from page 106)

tioning as they should. However, the act "got over" and the boys were thanked.

Later they were offered time each week on another Chicago station. The pay was exactly nothing. They went on occasionally, and then got their break as "Sam and Henry." From then on their paths were strewn with roses. "Sam and Henry" grew into "Amos 'n' Andy" and "Amos 'n' Andy" grew into the most expensive feature on the air.

But with all his success, "Curley" Gosden has not forgotten "Snowball" and the home-town folks. Frequently in his dialogues, he refers to some old and fast friend in Richmond, and regularly does he write the companion of his boyhood. Just recently he sent him an autographed copy of the book, "Amos 'n' Andy."



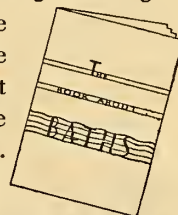
What kind shall I take ??

"I've just read the most astonishing booklet...about *baths*! Imagine a book about baths being so *interesting*, and so *helpful*!"

"But when I think of all the sleepy, 'no-account' mornings I have had; the evenings spoiled by being *inexcusably* tired; and the nights I've been too excited or nervous to sleep! And then to learn (among lots of other things) that the right kind of baths probably

would have saved many of those precious hours . . . well! . . . I can't tell you how sorry I am this little book wasn't published a long time ago".

You'll feel the same way about it, we are certain, when you get your free copy of "The Book About Baths". So use the coupon.



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Please send me free "The Book About Baths." It sounds interesting.

Name

Address

Where is Anna Q?

(Continued from page 27)



\$1500 for Pearls but only 10c for Her Rouge

Looped around her lovely neck is a strand of matched pearls that adorn her beauty with their cool, restless fires. They are worth a king's ransom. She is a woman of wealth and of discriminating taste. Yet... she pays only 10c for her rouge. To her cheeks it brings just the right tone... an alluring, harmonious shade that never varies. Its texture is cobwebby and it is so pure that it cannot harm the most delicate skin. Her rouge is Heather Rouge.

This rouge that has been popular for 25 years is sold by all 5 and 10-cent stores. From among its numerous shades select the tint that flatters your type of beauty. If you want the loveliest complexion use it faithfully.

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10c NATURAL ROUGE

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Other famous Heather Cosmetics of fine quality and low price are: Lip Stick... Cosmetiko, a mascara... Eyebrow Pencil... Eye Shadow... Powder Compacts... Puffs.

quiet sanctuary men have gained new courage to go on with the fight. No one, I think, can look upon Anna Q. lying there smiling, after all she has been through in the last few years, and not go away with a determination not to seek softer ways but to measure up to the hardest tests life gives.

THE room is bright with flowers every day and Anna Q. loves the color and the grace of each one of them. There are new books and magazines scattered about. A radio brings to her the new tunes from George Olsen's, and the news of the world, and the reports of contests and gay happenings. Every gallant effort that she could think of, Anna Q. has ordered, to make her prison homelike.

Brilliant dressing-gowns cover her shoulders. Her old hairdresser makes the trip twice a week after hours to keep the pretty blonde hair curled and shining. Her fair skin is powdered and her lipstick hasn't rusted.

Perhaps those things sound easy, helpful, alleviating. So they are. But they have been done at the cost of such effort, with the need of such sheer grit to carry them through, that one wonders if one would have been able to do likewise.

For from her ankles to her waist, Anna Q.'s splendid young body has for many long months been held by a heavy plaster cast. An instrument of torture, the doctors tell me, which in spite of all they can do is almost as bad as a strait-jacket. When she reads, the book is placed on a small stand in front of her. Somehow, she has forced herself during the weary days to keep up, to keep her mind active, to be interested and happy, when almost any other woman would gladly have given in to the pain and weariness and monotony.

When you go to see Anna Q. it is a rare visit. You don't come away feeling depressed and irritated with questions about the unfairness of life. She doesn't let you. Never once has anyone heard Anna Q. cry out. Never once has she weakened. There isn't in her manner a tone or a look that reminds you of how much she has suffered. Not a trace of irritability. No hopelessness, because she is so long in getting well. No worry or fear as to the ultimate outcome of the operation—a very serious one—which the doctors hope will some day soon allow her to walk again.

Of course, when you go in you ask how she is and how she's getting along. She says, "Fine, darling. Everything is going along splendidly. I'm so happy about it. Do tell me all about Bebe's wedding. She was in last night and I never saw anyone look so radiant. If ever a girl deserved to be happy, she does."

So you talk, for hours. She tells you what her other visitors have told her—funny stories, a bit of harmless scandal. New books are discussed. New pictures. The arrival from New York of this stage star and that. The increased ego of an over-night success. The kindness of some old friend.

HER appreciation of every little thing which is done, of thoughtful gifts and remembrances, of visits from

busy folk in the film colony, is sweet and spontaneous. She is amazed that everyone remembers her and that so many of her more casual friends love to come to visit her.

I am not amazed. It isn't a duty to visit Anna Q. Its a privilege.

Almost three years ago, the foolish accident happened which was to have such disastrous consequences. On location up in the mountains, Anna Q.—a splendid horsewoman—went for a ride. Coming down a narrow mountain trail, the horse shied suddenly at a snake and threw her, and in a panic trampled on her hip and leg.

"What I told that horse in Swedish!" said Anna Q.

The hip was broken badly, it was four days before they finally got her to a hospital in Los Angeles for proper treatment—and the fracture had grown so bad that it has never knit properly. Now the great surgeons of the West have operated, re-set the bones, and are keeping her in the cast until they find out whether it will finally join properly—or not.

Three years of hospitals, of breaking and re-breaking, of heavy steel braces. Three years since Anna Q.—who had always been so active, so full of life and movement, has taken a step without crutches or a cane. Three years since she began the long fight.

WHEN the thing happened, Anna Q. Nilsson was one of the most popular actresses on the screen. She loved her work passionately. She loved life—in all its phases. There had always been a vivid, vital robustness about Anna Q. Dancing, swimming, tennis, riding—all these things were necessary to her. Now, for three years, in the very prime of her young womanhood, she has been held prisoner.

During the first weary weeks she fought the thing out alone. In a terrible loneliness. Hollywood is so busy. No one realized what had happened. They expected to see her up and about any day. Because she was out of the swim, momentarily she was forgotten.

It hurt. But it brought no bitterness. Anna Q. understood.

"Everyone is so busy," she said. "I know how it is. I've been just the same myself."

But it is very different now. Hollywood woke up. Once they understood what Anna Q. was facing, they rushed to her side. And she took them back gratefully, happily, without one word or look of recrimination for their desertion.

Last summer, Anna Q. lived in her little house at Malibu Beach. After much treatment and many consultations, it had been conceded that the hip was not mending. The doctors determined to try a summer of sunshine and diet, to build up her general health for the dangerous operation which must be performed.

There *must* have been despair in Anna Q.'s heart. The time had been so long. The anguish of hope, disappointment, renewed hope, new delays, must have worn upon her. To move slowly and with pain where once she had run like a Viking maiden. To look continually upon a future in which she might never walk again.

Yet I don't think any of us ever spent happier week-ends than when we were fortunate enough to have Anna Q. ask us down to Malibu from Friday to Monday. If there were shadows, they never came from Anna Q. The shadows came from our own realization. Sometimes I used to sit and look at her in sheer amazement. How could any woman carrying that burden, facing the uncertainty, be so strongly cheerful, so consistently gay?

A FEW days after Christmas—it was characteristic that she waited until Christmas cheer was over to tell us—she said that she was going to the hospital that week.

She told only a few close friends, didn't want it in the paper.

"I don't want anyone to worry or be unhappy" she said.

But news travels fast in Hollywood.

If ever the motion picture colony has prayed, it prayed for Anna Q. in that journey into the valley of the shadow. Before the altar of the Blessed Virgin many a candle sent up its plea to the Mother who comforts. In the stately little Church of Christ, Scientist, in Beverly Hills, many a famous star listened to the encouraging word of the lesson-sermon and sent thoughts of faith to Anna Q. And those who went to no church, prayed in that fashion which comes to every human heart in time of need—in everyday words made beautiful by the love that gilded them.

Then word came that all was well. Now began that period of waiting. Anna Q. had been waiting five months. Without one word of complaint, without one protest—with that strong smile.

DIRECTORS have told Anna Q. that just as soon as she is well there will be parts waiting for her. If, when the cast is taken off, Anna Q. can walk, we shall once more see her on the screen.

But I cannot help hoping that she knows what she has meant to all of us in these last years. Whatever she has endured, it may be some small compensation to realize how much of beauty she has brought to others.

It can't make up to her for these years out of her life, but it can help a little if she understands that her courage, her laughter that has taken the place of tears, her never-failing interest, her splendid faith that all will, in the end, be well, have been written in immortal memories upon many sad and burdened hearts in this "hard, fast race," which is Hollywood.

"Trained upon pain and punishment, I've groped my way through the night, But the flag still flies from my battle tent And I've only begun to fight."

Whatever the answer to our waiting, that flag will always fly. And the sight of it upon gray days will strengthen many a weary traveler to carry on to their goal.

How dare we fail to give our best if Anna Q.'s weary, smiling, courageous eyes are upon us?

Whether she comes back as a star or not, whether she walks again as of yore or whether the break goes against her, these years have made of Anna Q. Nilsson a great woman. And the fight of life—the fight to be strong, courageous, fine—has been won and will continue to be won through the days that lie ahead.

Jo-cur offers \$1000⁰⁰ for Beautiful Hair!

FIRST PRIZE

\$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women

SECOND PRIZE \$100.00

2 Prizes \$50.00 each
4 Prizes 25.00 each

10 Prizes \$10.00 each
70 Prizes 5.00 each

ARE you going to be one of the prize winners in the Jo-cur contest for beautiful hair? If you have beautiful hair, attractively finger-waved and smartly dressed, it may win for you one of the prizes. Your chance to win is just as good as anyone's. Think of it! You may win the money for a glorious trip—a new outfit—or some other luxury you have always wanted. Just read the simple rules of this great contest—and enter today.



CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

HERE ARE THE JUDGES

These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial. ALICE WHITE, First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions. CHARLES B. ROSS, famous painter of lovely women. HAZEL KOZLAY, Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.

FOR BEST RESULTS

You will be delighted to see how easily and beautifully you can shampoo and finger-wave your own hair with these famous preparations.

Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate—lathers luxuriously, brings out the hidden gold in your hair, and leaves it soft, silky and easy to finger-wave. It should be your first thought in hair dressing.

Jo-cur Waveset—sets natural-looking waves quickly and is beneficial to hair and scalp. Its use is simplicity itself. Millions of women recognize Jo-cur Waveset as the one ideal finger-waving liquid.

OTHER JO-CUR BEAUTY AIDS

Jo-cur Hot Oil Treatment corrects scalp disorders.

Jo-cur Brilliantine—adds the finishing touch to the coiffure.

Simple directions for shampooing and finger-waving the hair come with each of the Jo-cur Beauty Aids. If you wish to use Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate and Jo-cur Waveset in this contest, you will find trial sizes at most 5-and-10-cent stores—regular sizes at your drug store.

If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cur Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps. Remember the contest closes at midnight September 30, 1930. Be among the first to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

CURRAN LABORATORIES, Inc.
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STARS of TODAY

REVIEWED IN
A NEW WAY

TIME and again the question pops up in the conversation at Hollywood dinner tables . . . "What are the five 'Big Moments' of motion picture history?" It's a new way to look back over the work of the stars . . . and a fascinating new game for movie fans.

"Big Moments of Screen History" will tell you all about it . . . in the next issue of The New Movie Magazine. Read this splendid article and you will know a new way to entertain your fan friends.



Coming in the
**NEW MOVIE
MAGAZINE**

On Sale September 15th

Mighty Lak' a Pose

(Continued from page 47)

preliminary scenes, indicated the proper delivery of each line, and then proceeded to put his cast through their paces to the grouping and gestures. Aside from the item of language he labored like a sergeant with an awkward squad, and it was plainly apparent that "Too Good To Be True" would cause Mayfair and Park Avenue to think they were looking in a mirror.

The monitor man settled himself in his plate-glass booth, a brace of reel-enclosed cameras were brought into range and, as a gong rang four times in warning, the recording commenced. Mr. Smeck, who had climbed to his favorite perch on an iron gallery far above the zone of sound dispersion, was surprised to see the satin-clad Cherry following him.

"They won't need me all morning," she breathed. "Oh, Nebby, I'm as twittery as a bride!"

The production manager scowled. "That's all right for working hours," he hissed, "but after you peel off them phony eyelashes just remember that your contract holds a no-marriage clause hiding down in the small print."

"But you wouldn't stand in the way of true love, Nebby?"

"Sure, I would, for the sake of true profits. Say, the way I'll build up this Double W will be like running a toothpick into a lumberyard! Anyhow, I notice he hasn't given you much encouragement."

"That's right," pouted Miss Dorval, "though I'm certain it's only bashfulness. He's taken me to supper a few times, but just as soon as dusk comes on and things take on a romantic aspect he goes back to that horrid Muscle-bound Arms. And you know, Nebby, even the best of us girls need the mystery of moonlight to help us along."

"The same as a spider and its web," nodded the callous Mr. Smeck. "Well, baby, this Alastair's not bashful; he's careful. Maybe he's been caught before." He eyed his star craftily. "Or maybe he's afraid that his wife, the duchess, will pop in on him."

"I—I never thought of that," faltered Cherry. "Already married! Oh, I can't believe that, not after the way he looked at me over the artichokes last Tuesday."

HER employer started to reply, but broke off as the action on the stage below came to a halt on a signal from the director. Mr. Weems-Wembley, brown and rangy in tennis flannels, had risen from his chair.

"If I may offer a suggestion," he said pleasantly, "there should be a slight change in the lines of that decorative lady playing the Countess of Blubbing-ton."

"Huh?" gulped the actress in question, startled out of her accent. She was an ex-show girl whose passion was to be called sophisticated because she knew two French cuss words and could make cigarette smoke come out her ears. "What's wrong? This is the fourth time I've done titles, kid, and I'm lathered with class."

"You, yourself are perfect," bowed the Englishman, "but in that speech where you ask a guest whether she prefers cream or lemon, you should add

on there the words, 'or ginger.'

"Ginger?" chorused everyone. "Absolutely," said Alastair blandly. "Small cubes of Chinese ginger are always served in the best families. The latest wrinkle, I assure you."

"Make the change, then," chirped the director excitedly, "I certainly appreciate that little touch, and what's more I'll tell my wife about it so she can have the bulge on the neighbors."

Up on the balcony the jubilant Mr. Smeck rocked with ecstasy. "You hear it?" he chuckled. "May my bridgework buckle if Cosmic's Pilkington ever gave them any inside stuff like that."

"Sh-h-h-," warned the starry-eyed Cherry, as Alastair's golden tones floated upward once more.

"Another point, Mr. Director. This young lady is far too beautiful for a *bona fide* countess. The real article, you know, runs more to holding in the wattles with a black ribbon, and similar camouflage. Not precisely sirens, if you know what I mean."

The counterfeit noblewoman twinkled her thanks as the director wriggled uncomfortably.

"We can't change that," he said apologetically. "I guess you know what's correct, but in this business a countess can't be homely unless she's a comic character. This one's dignified, so she's got to be a pip; that's one of the unwritten laws of the movies, and I don't dare break it. But you and I are going to be friends, my boy. Never mind the mister; just call me Achtung Von Eisenbahn."

"Right ho," smiled Mr. Weems-Wembley, and the scene proceeded with all hands respectable beyond recognition.

I'M telling you," husked Nebuchadnezzar, "this Alastair's so regal he almost makes me feel inferior. Honest now, baby, don't you think he's a bit too ritzy for even a Southern belle? Furthermore, guys like him don't stay put, if I've read my newspapers correctly. They toy with the gals, and leave 'em in hysterics all over Europe."

Miss Dorval sniffed haughtily, but her voice belied her manner. "Love conquers all in the sixth reel," she said without conviction, "and what is life but—oh, Nebby, you're disheartening!"

Mr. Smeck watched her disappear, spent some time applauding himself for his cleverness, and then registered surprise as Alastair mounted to the little gallery. A few casual remarks, and then Mr. Weems-Wembley blurted: "Charming girl, Miss Dorval."

"Not bad," said Mr. Smeck airily, "but Hollywood's full of live wires. Good thing, too, because it saves having to look at song writers. Listen, there's a dame from Vienna up at the Slotkin Studio that would make you miss the last train. No kidding, was I single and sound I'd be camping on her doorstep."

"Indeed? But Miss Dorval has the loveliest, most languorous voice I've ever listened to."

"Cosmic's got a real gurgly Parisienne," said his discoverer desperately, "not to mention a Boston bricktop that would be suffocated to meet you. Nice

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The Drama of Lila Lee

(Continued from page 80)

a year he suffered from the effects of his terrible accident. His strength came back very slowly. He wasn't like the old, gay Jim Kirkwood.

As soon as he was well enough, they left the bridal suite of the Beverly Hills Hotel where they had begun their married life and moved to a rented house on Argyle Street, a few blocks above Hollywood Boulevard.

"That house!" Lila said, looking into the past with eyes in which there was some vague terror. "It was a strange house. I found out later that everyone who lived in it had been unhappy. Mary Miles Minter lived there once, during some great trouble. It had a very tragic history.

"I don't know whether houses are ever haunted by ghosts. But some of them do seem to be haunted by—unhappiness. The fears and disappointments which have come to the people who lived and suffered in them linger.

"That house—our first home together—was like that. A beautiful house, full of lovely things, yet the very air seemed charged with gloom and depression. I—hated it."

Few guests were ever invited to the house on Argyle Street. The group of girls who had been such close friends of Lila's and with whom she had spent so many happy hours, never saw her. And Lila was young enough to miss gaiety and friends and social life.

They made two or three pictures together at the Ince studios in Culver City. But the pictures were not particularly successful. Neither of them, perhaps, were in to give the best to their work. Neither of them were very happy. Lila was confused, at sea, hadn't found herself in this great change. Jim hadn't entirely recovered from his illness.

THEN all these things faded into insignificance. Lila knew she was going to have a baby.

To some women, children are the beginning and end and aim of existence. From the time motherhood enters their lives, every other thought and interest is secondary. There are other women who adore their children, but who never give up the wider scope of intellectual and emotional interests.

Lila is the latter type. But she wanted a baby above everything on earth. Because she is and always will be essentially dramatic, she embodied all the feelings and thrills, the beauties of motherhood, to the *nth* degree. A career ceased to have any importance.

(Continued on page 122)

Turn to page 83 and read the new style

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Gay Grandmothers

(Continued from page 41)



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It was a white-faced doll. "Now, I show you." She swished the dress over its head and behold, it was a black-faced mammy. We both laughed. "Bebe, she geev me the leetle house. Eet ees Spanish. You see? Here ees the patio and bedroom and bath. And thees ees the kitchen," nodding to a miniature darky cook and her child.

"Did you ever cook a special kind of dish for Bebe when she was a youngster?"

"I never cook. But yes," remembering. "I make a Spanish candy. In my country we call it 'manjar blanco.' You call eet in Engleesh white nectar. Eet ees so simple, just sugar and milk, but when you make eet—ah," slyly, "that ees what make it so good."

BEBE enjoyed acting even when she wasn't cavorting behind the footlights. She used to entertain the family with a "one woman" operetta of her own creation. She sang the tenor rôle. Then she stuffed a sofa pillow in her dress and warbled as the soprano. Jerking this out, she slouched into a do-or-die pose and boomed forth the basso notes.

"She was a beesy child," Mrs. Griffin reflected.

"Didn't you teach Bebe how to read fortunes by the cards?"

"Oh, yes. I learn how from my crazy Swedish cook."

"Crazy?"

"She was crazy. I keep her a long time, but when I find she make mash potato ice-cream I let her go."

"Mashed potato ice-cream!"

"It was good," she admitted, "but there was no telling what she might do next, so I have to let her go."

Mrs. Griffin is renowned for her card reading. Charlie Chaplin waylaid her one Sunday at Bebe's beach house and begged her to read the cards for him. He was in his bathing suit and ready for a swim, but for two hours the two sat off by themselves on the sands, their heads close together, and Mrs. Griffin told him what the future had in store for him. She knows how to keep her man, does this señora!

SHE is very proud of her granddaughter. She doesn't admit it in so many words. She never would. Bebe is like her in this respect, too. She shields her emotions. She is embarrassed by "I's."

Yet you get glimpses of Mrs. Griffin's pride when she smiles mockingly at the memory of those who had forgotten Bebe is a stage veteran and who wondered if she would be able to talk in pictures. She smiles mockingly at those who think Bebe is along in years because she has been on the screen so long.

"Bebe, she Harold Lloyd's leading lady when she thirteen years old. Bebe was a beeg girl then. She just grew,"

gesturing quickly. "Then she don grow any more."

As I was leaving, Mrs. Griffin recalled a story that Mrs. Daniels had once told me. Her eyes twinkled as she talked.

Mrs. Daniels was in an automobile accident. At the receiving hospital, they asked who her nearest of kin was.

"Bebe Daniels," she said.

"Not the motion picture star?" the nurse exclaimed.

"Yes."

"I didn't know she had a mother. I thought she only had a grandmother."

A darling precious, Mrs. Griffin. Still the belle of the family, despite Bebe's popularity. Still the regal little tyrant who demands implicit obedience and permits wicked teasing from a limited few. Bebe's friends pay chivalrous court to this silver-haired little lady. She raps them smartly when they deserve it, but finally beams her infectious smile and with the hauteur of a spoiled empress grants them forgiveness. But with the tacit understanding they are more her faithful subjects than formerly. The Hollywood that knows Señora Eva Guadalupe Garcia Hil de Tehada Soto Sorio Algo Pelasco Cresto Bonito de la Plaza Griffin adores her.

BLANCHE SWEET'S grandmother, Mrs. Blanche Alexander, is the personification of the flapper.

I met her in the lobby of her apartment house and as she fumbled to insert her key in the keyhole, she fussed:

"There's no sense not being able to find a keyhole this time of the morning, is it? Here," to the elevator boy following with groceries, "just set them on the table. Lawd, I about bought out the store. I've got company coming for dinner."

Mrs. Alexander adores parties. She is never so happy as when she is hostessing to her friends or Blanche's. Her light blue eyes bubble merriment. She's petite and slender, white-haired and Irish. She will tell you quite blandly that when it comes to holding her own she knows her "onions."

Blanche gave a dinner party at the Château Elysee and Mrs. Alexander helped her receive the guests. At least, she was supposed to, but while the party was still young I saw her dancing with Clarence Badger. Two minutes later, there she was whirling a waltz with Tom Moore.

There are pictures of Blanche all around her apartment. Blanche, as a child actress. Blanche, when she first went into the movies. Blanche, of the long tresses. Blanche, today. She is the only mother Blanche has ever known. Mrs. Sweet (her daughter and Blanche's mother) passed away when Blanche was twenty months old.

"I'm still Blanche's mother," Mrs.

(Continued on page 117)

THE STORY OF BEVERLY HILLS

BY HERB HOWE

In Next Month's NEW MOVIE. After reading his brilliant history of Hollywood this month you will want to read this feature. Watch for it!

Gay Grandmothers

(Continued from page 116)

Alexander says. "I'm not old enough to be her grandmother."

I wouldn't dare give her age away. But I can say this much. She is quite a few years past seventy and for pity's sake don't say I told you. Her face is wrinkled, but the eyes are young.

"I can't tell you anything about Blanche and me that I haven't told before," she discouraged, rocking comfortably and adjusting her glasses. Mrs. Alexander was on the stage years ago.

The telephone rang. "I'd better answer that," busily. She returned, beaming. "That was Blanche. She's rushing again. She'll forget half her engagements," placidly. "Every year Blanche buys a new diary and writes each day's appointments down. But she doesn't remember to look in the book half the time. My memory's bad but not so bad as hers."

"You're always picking on Blanche," I chuckled.

"She needs it. I don't pick on her nearly enough."

I remembered the luncheon at which Blanche ordered rye bread and then didn't eat any. Mrs. Alexander reared her chin at that pugnacious angle she has perfected and cried:

"Look at that. There you go ordering something and don't eat a speck of it. Indecent extravagance, I call it."

In self-defense, Blanche ate a slice of rye bread!

THEY'VE won through thick and thin together, have these two sturdy troupers. Blanche was very young, though an experienced stage actress, when she signed with the old Biograph company. In those days, eighteen years ago, members of this company spent six months at the New York and six months at the Los Angeles studio. There was no Hollywood, except in name.

Mrs. Alexander recalled with a shudder the first time Blanche had to go on location to Laurel Canyon. The troupe rode to the end of the only street car line that threaded into Hollywood. Passengers still shot jack rabbits from car platforms. Later, a law was passed forbidding this sport. The law still stands in the Los Angeles statutes.

After reaching the end of the line, Mrs. Alexander recounted, the players changed to horse-drawn hacks that carried them to the Laurel Canyon location.

"It was a dangerous trip," Mrs. Alexander nodded vigorously. "There was just a lick-and-a-promise of a road and the hills were pretty high."

"Were you frightened?"

"Scared out of my wits," candidly.

"Were there any Get-Rich-Quick Wallingfords hounding the picture folk in those days?"

"Thicker than flies, just like now. I once invested in an olive grove syndicate that sounded good to me. Dorothy and Lillian Gish invested in it, too, but Lillian drew hers out before she returned to New York. She had sense," sighfully. "The rest of us never saw our money again, much less made any. And we couldn't do a thing about it. You can't squeeze money from a turnip."

Returning to New York after one of these six months' stays in Los Angeles, the company stopped off in Albu-

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querque to make an Indian thriller.

"Mabel Normand was supposed to be the only white girl in it," Mrs. Alexander reminisced. "The rest of us were made up as Indians. I was a pretty good squaw," chortling. "I had to put stuff on my face to make it dark and wear long, black braided hair. A wig, you know. I looked a sight, but I got my five dollars a day."

Mary Pickford and her mother were also in the company. The mothers banded together and all in all it was a comradely group of hard workers in the beginning.

They separated finally, many of these pioneering Biograph players becoming stars in their own right: Blanche, Mary and the Gishes.

AS Blanche scaled the stellar heights Mrs. Alexander scaled right along with her. They lived together until Blanche married Marshall ("Mickey") Neilan. After that, Mrs. Alexander had her own apartment, her own car, her own activities, but she saw Blanche every day.

The two live in an apartment house, now, each in her separate apartment, but within easy calling distance. And so it is that Mrs. Alexander still keeps an eye on this granddaughter of hers and still sees that she toes the mark as she should. There's sprightliness and humor and depth in the love each has for the other. One of these days, Mrs. Alexander is confident, Blanche will get the chance to portray a rôle in the talkies that will re-establish her among the foremost actresses, for, as Mrs. Alexander says, without prejudice:

"I don't care what any of these near-sighted producers say. Blanche is one of the best actresses in Hollywood."

Mrs. Alexander is right. But Autumn or Spring, these two go sailing along, singing a song, laughing above their hurts, richly Irish to the end of the reel.

CURIOSLY enough, Alice White's grandmother is also named Alexander. She is Italian, is Mrs. Sanfelici (Erselia) Alexander, with the infectious gusto of the Latin. Quick gestures. Animated voice. And a blunt humor.

She married in Milan when she was twenty—forty-eight years ago. Together with her husband, she migrated to America. They settled in Paterson, New Jersey. Mrs. Alexander is the mother of six children, three girls and three boys. The girls have passed on. Marian, the last to go, was Alice's mother. Alice was named Alva, but it is as Alice that we shall know her here.

Marian Alexander married Audler White. She had one child. The Whites separated and Marian went on the stage. Mrs. Alexander took Alice in charge. A lad named Bert Wheeler lived four blocks from them. Strange as it may seem, they never met in Paterson. They haven't even met in Hollywood!

Alice attended a convent in East Orange, but she week-ended with her grandmother. Mrs. White died in 1915. Shortly after this, the Alexanders went a-traveling, Mr. Alexander having retired from the commercial world, turning his fruit business over to his sons. When the Alexanders reached California, they liked it so much that they decided to make their home there. They did. Alice came out to live with them two years later. She

had to have another year in high school before she could graduate, so she enrolled in the Hollywood High. Before the year was out, she became restless and told her grandmother she wanted to earn her own living.

"Well, it's your life," Mrs. Alexander reckoned, in her quaint accent. None of the family speak Italian. Mrs. Alexander didn't want them to. She wanted to learn English from them. She did.

ALICE quit high and went to business school. Some months later, equipped with shorthand and typing, she sought a job. She landed one in a real estate office. It turned out to be a house-to-house canvass job, Alice ringing doorbells to learn if the owners wanted to lease their homes.

"I came home that first day dead tired," Alice said. "Grandmother looked me over:

"Tired, are you?" she asked. "Isn't so easy to earn a living, is it?"

"I didn't give her any sympathy," Mrs. Alexander commented. "It was her idea to be on her own and she had to learn."

After a time, Alice became secretary at the Writers' Club. Through this position, she met a director who gave her a chance as his script girl and Alice got her first taste of grease paint. Mrs. Alexander helped her type out the action of the day. She read. Alice pounded the typewriter.

Mrs. Alexander watched her struggle along in her jobs. She shrugged when Alice ventured into acting. She watched her climb to near-stardom on the First National lot and when First National decided not to renew Alice's option after loaning her to Paramount to play Dorothy in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Mrs. Alexander merely remarked:

"I suppose you were too fresh. That's why they let you out."

But she was pleased, just the same, when First National changed their minds and re-signed Alice. She went into joyous details with the neighbors. Not a word to Alice, though.

ALICE lived with her grandparents until two years ago. At that time, one of her uncles came to visit them. Alice volunteered to move to a hotel and let him have her room. She did. She liked having her own place and suggested to her grandmother it might be best if she took an apartment. Mrs. Alexander didn't object.

"It's your life," she said, as she had said before.

She's proud of her granddaughter, is Mrs. Alexander, but her chief concern is whether Alice is saving her money. She insists upon seeing her bank book every so often, and she highly approved when Alice told her one day that an antique dealer had 'phoned to offer her a bargain.

"The only antiques I'm buying," Alice said, "are bonds."

"Good," Mrs. Alexander applauded.

Not that she is more deeply concerned with Alice's finances than with her own. She isn't. She and her husband are independent. But she likes the idea of saving for stormy weather.

These grandmothers. They're pretty swell, they are, and even if they don't permit themselves the luxury of being publicly proud of their grandchildren, they can't stop the grandchildren singing their praises, which they do, with superlatives. And for once, the superlatives fit those intended to wear them.

Mighty Lak' a Pose

(Continued from page 114)

girls, and not so high hat as Dorval, neither.

"Worse than that," croaked Mr. Smeck, making the plunge. "First and last she's an actress, see? But she comes from an old aristocratic Louisiana family which hates the English, so although she's polite to you for business reasons, well—, you know how it is."

ALASTAIR gazed moodily into space. "Aristocratic family!" he said bitterly. "I was afraid of that. Well, there's something else I want to ask."

"Anything you like," beamed Nebuchadnezzar, secretly pleased at his downcast expression.

"I'm fed up with living at that raucous Musclebound Arms. Far too public for one's peace of mind. So what I'd like is a cabin in some quiet valley or at the shore—anywhere that's off the beaten track, because I simply must have privacy."

"On the level? You mean the real thing; not just a phony place to talk about? Why, sure, I'll find you one, or even build it for you, and throw in a noiseless Filipino cook. But why?"

"Whenever I change my shirt, socks or what not in the Arms," stated Mr. Weems-Wembley, "I feel as though the entire place knew about it even before I entered the elevator. I'm not accustomed to that sort of vulgar display. Besides, I have some—er, some important experiments to carry on which make it necessary for me to be alone."

"Different publicity at last!" exclaimed Mr. Smeck. "I can see it now—HANDSOME HERMIT HIDES IN HIDDEN HARBOR—WEEMS-WEMBLEY WEDDED TO SCIENCE! Say, I'll bet you smoke a pipe and are happiest in your rock-garden, too."

"How did you guess it?"

"I've read about guys like you, but I never believed they could be real. Listen, what kind of experiments are you going to try?"

ALASTAIR blushed, mumbled something, and descended to the stage, where he went through a rehearsal or two with the eager Cherry. And, though neither seemed to have suggested it, they strolled into lunch together and later were able to find their way to the Dorval landaulet without any assistance.

As they swept through the wrought-iron studio gates onto Santa Monica Boulevard the impeccable hyphen relapsed into the slightly pop-eyed state that betrays the ravages of love. "I'm interested in all sorts of American things," he ventured.

"Y-e-e-e-s?" lured Miss Dorval. "For instance?"

"You. Er—and of course, New Orleans, with its filigree balconies, its Spanish-French heritage, its bayou lights gleaming through the mist. You see, I've been reading up about it."

"And don't forget our old families," said the girl quickly. "We're just as proud of them as you are of yours. Every bit."

"Quite so," agreed Alastair without enthusiasm.

"I've been reading about England, too. Gorgeous town houses in Lon-

don, ancestral castles with lawns like green plush, yacht racing off the Isle of Wight. I suppose," fished Cherry, "that you know all those things as a matter of course."

Mr. Weems-Wembley's clear blue eyes froze for an instant. "I do," he said sharply, "but—but I'd prefer to forget about them, if you don't mind. They're all very tiresome."

The little actress's heart sank. Was there, after all, some discarded duchess drooping in the background? Then the cool crisp voice cut across her thoughts.

"No," it assured her, "I'm not married."

"Good heavens! How—why—."

"I've seen you register that brand of doubt in so many films that I couldn't help recognizing it."

The overjoyed Cherry faced him squarely. "Is that all you see?"

Alastair's gaze sought the winding ribbon of road, and he slipped under his cloak of aloofness. "I've noticed some of your other poses," he said stiffly. "Now, suppose we talk over tomorrow's love scenes before you drop me at the Musclebound Arms. What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing," drawled Cherry. "Only it does look as though certain people had the same affliction."

THE days wore on, vaulting from "Too Good To Be True" to bigger and better opera, and in six months' time Alastair was co-starring with Cherry. Each new picture saw the Weems-Wembley vogue get a fresh stranglehold on the willing necks of a feminine public, and his image stared with polite disinterest from the vantage point of a million boudoirs. Giving the impression of a highly satisfactory wooer who refused to be hurried, this blase attitude intrigued the worshippers far more than could the chest heavings of a mere inflammable sheik. Letters poured in, publicity rolled out, and Mr. Smeck began to refer to himself as Columbus the Second.

In front of the cameras life and love cascaded to the inevitable clench without the slightest sign of jealousy by either principal, and gossip had it that their kisses held that loud and earnest smack that is so hard to counterfeit. Yet off screen Alastair and Cherry seldom were together in the evenings. They appeared devoted up to a certain point; dining and swimming in double harness, and occasionally indulging in the futile fooling that the film colony imagined to be the game of golf, while the insinuating Nebuchadnezzar continued to joggle Cupid's elbow.

Miss Dorval took to wearing trailing black dresses and tried hard to compose her piquant little face into a strained mask of one who suffers in secret, while Hollywood quirked a knowing eyelid. True to his declaration, Mr. Weems-Wembley spent his leisure hours at a log cabin hideaway in the Verdugo Hills, guarded by a pair of wooden-faced Filipinos. But insidious rumors began to be circulated, and finally Mr. Smeck undertook to ask a question.

"Listen, Alastair," he croaked, "I got

(Continued on page 120)

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(Continued from page 119)



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inside dope that there's mysterious screams and yells coming from that hermitage of yours. Noises like a blonde was being strangled. Of course, I don't believe it, but—"

"It's nothing," snapped the hyphen, turning lobster color. "I told you I was making experiments. There may be a few sounds, but as to screams and yells, never! It's a libel, Nebby, and I won't have it."

"Yeah, and if it's scandal, I won't have you have it!" bellowed Mr. Smeck fearfully. "Them experiments could maybe concern blondes; it's been tried before. Understand? If there's anything shameful going on, I'll be as groggy as a deep breather in the subway and you'll be washed up with the public."

Mr. Weems-Wembley assembled every ounce of his dignity. "Think whatever you like, you potty old idiot," he shouted, and marched away. His scenes that day were played with a vehemence that astounded Miss Dorval, accustomed as she was to the ardency of her celluloid cavalier. Alastair courted her just as though they were not surrounded by a retinue of gaping and unlovely mechanics, and yet she knew that five o'clock would transform him into a correct young man of incredible shyness. Nevertheless, she met him half way.

**D**URING a lull in the afternoon an assortment of frankly curious visitors were herded into a corner of Stage F under the escort of two vice-presidents. This marked them as extremely important, but the players, aside from Alastair and Cherry, who were practicing soulful glances, regarded them with veiled belligerence. These excursions, happily growing rarer in the days of sound pictures,

seldom failed to produce some irritating episode.

In the forefront of the intruders sat a beefy gentleman with the inflamed complexion that comes only from peering earnestly and often through the bottoms of upturned glasses. He wore a badly fitting suit that could have been transformed into a snappy horse blanket, his Homburg hat looked as if Marie Dressler had just risen from it, and yet he had the air of one born to command.

Four clangs of the gong. Everyone was shushed, the director distributed a supply of dirty looks, and Alastair and Cherry commenced to saunter after a pair of wheel-mounted cameras which retreated slowly before them.

"But I cannot lose you now," throbbed Miss Dorval in her role of society manhunter. "You must not—dare not leave me."

"Ah, my sweet," replied Mr. Weems-Wembley, using the stylish form of address so popular in films that really matter, "only Fate can intervene. If some hidden power would—"

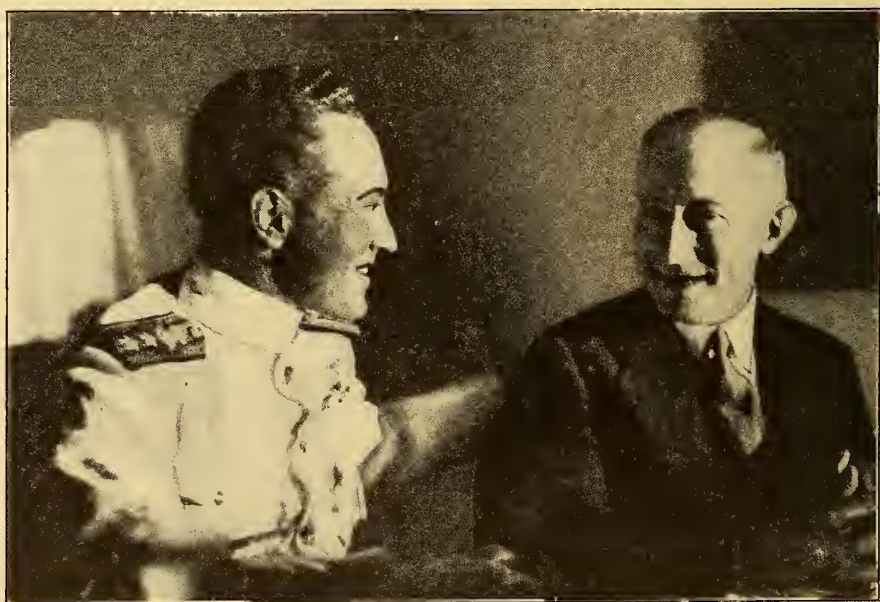
"Muggins, old fruit!" boomed a thick and malty voice. "I say, Muggins, what silly rot is this?"

**I**T was the beefy gentleman, more rubicund than ever, stumping forward heedless of the director's anguished wails. A clammy silence wound its coils about the onlookers as the principals faced him, Alastair looking remarkably like something kidnapped from a department store window.

"How do you do, sir," he said shakily. "Quite well, I hope?"

"As though you cared, you scoundrel, after leaving me in the lurch! Disappearing a year ago and—"

"Please," urged Cherry, taking in the



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avidly listening ensemble. "You mustn't quarrel before all these people. Come in here." She led the way to a half-empty storeroom opening off the far wall.

"A year ago," resumed the badly tailored one, when he had reached it. "And why? All because I insisted on putting ginger in my tea and you claimed it was making my gout worse. Whose gout was it, I ask you? And now I find you posturing in the cinema! I never attend the beastly things, else I should have seen you before now, I suppose. Well, well, it must be better than attending to business for a battered old hulk like myself. What?"

"I—I simply couldn't stand you any longer, sir. You were turning me into a dummy."

"Don't blame you a bit," said the claret-colored gentleman, favoring Miss Dorval with the glad eye. "Best secretary I ever had, young woman, but I don't wonder at him deserting my ghastly estates for all this loveliness. My friends and relatives are pretty frightful to live with, you know, and I expect it got on Muggins' nerves. The rascal looks the way nobility is supposed to—but seldom does."

"How did you happen to come here?" asked Alastair, looking everywhere but at the trembling Miss Dorval.

"Oh, curiosity, that's all, the same as going to the good old zoo. Collection of wild life, what? Haw, haw, Muggins, old boy, I'm proud of you." He turned back to the actress. "In England the ordinary people seem to have all the good looks," he told her, "and after seeing some of the peculiar specimens of upper class in America—Why—who is this—er person?"

The door crashed open and in tumbled a frenzied Mr. Smek. "And who are you?" he screeched. "Busting onto the set, the director tells me, and calling my Double W a mulligan, or something. Now, listen, mister, you better breeze out into our swell climate and quit annoying Alastair Weems-Wembley. Aha! I thought you'd be surprised."

The beefy gentleman deepened from claret to a rich purple, and seemed to have trouble with his breathing as his shrewd eyes searched the faces of the young people. He read them accurately, then advanced upon Nebuchadnezzar.

"Would you be astonished to know," he said cuttingly, "that Alastair We—Wu—, that Alastair and myself are old chums? And that Muggins is my pet name for him? And may I inform you that I am the Earl of Buff Orpington, and that my lack of interest in you is positively enormous?" From the corner of an eye he saw Alastair relax thankfully, and that Cherry's hand was stealing into his.

"AN oil?" leered the unbelieving Mr. Smek. "Say, I ain't entirely subnormal. No oil would wear rags like that."

"You're out of your depth, Nebby," advised Alastair. "A man who will never be a tramp isn't afraid of dressing like one. This gentleman is an earl—and the best friend I've got!"

"Very well put," beamed the chief of all the Buff Orpingtons. "And now, my man, suppose we leave Alastair alone with this absorbingly beautiful woman. Why should we want to look at your nebulous visage, not to mention my own, when this alive and warm ivory cameo is so close? Poetic, what? See you later, Alastair."

When the door closed Mr. Weems-Wembley bowed his well sculptured head. "Nebby wanted to think he'd found a blueblood," he muttered, "so I led him along. I suppose you think it all a great joke."

"I certainly do," said Cherry, coming closer, "particularly as he thinks he's got a Southern society girl in the bargain."

A grin that no camera had ever caught spread slowly across Muggins' face. "You mean that you're ordinary, too?"

"A certain Lizzie Mimms used to slave in a Carondelet Street candy store, but she's as dead as a certain Mr. Muggins. And why not? We've made our careers, our names and our reputations, so we'll hang onto them. My, but it's wonderful not to be in awe of you any more."

"I KNOW how it feels," said Alastair thankfully. "I've been repressed long enough, so here goes. It's after five o'clock, and I'm going to kiss you and then ask you if —"

"The answer is yes," fluttered Cherry. "Oh, honey, how foolish we've been with our poses. I'll marry you right—no, no, wait—what about those dreadful stories of screams in the night at your cabin?"

The debonair Mr. Weems-Wembley shuffled uneasily. "You might as well know that it's at an end," he blurted. "You see, darling, when I became independent I tried to gratify my desires. That's only natural, isn't it?"

"Ye-e-e-es, I suppose so."

"And all my life I've wanted to be a ventriloquist, so I began taking lessons, but it's no good. My voice rather gets out of control at times, and that's what started the rumors. I didn't deny them because I was afraid I'd be laughed at, but it wasn't a blonde. So could you, would you—oh, dash it, I've done it so often on the screen, but this is different."

"Never mind the words," crooned Cherry shyly. "Just hold out your arms!"

FIVE minutes later they floated past the dizzy Mr. Smek, who watched them suspiciously, then hopelessly with a haggard stare.

"It's the blow-off!" he wailed. "They're giggling at each other just like they were common. 'S'too bad. I bet you, oil, that what you done was to bring him news from his old man, who's maybe a baron, that all is forgiven. That means he's told Cherry, and I'll lose 'em both. Say, be a sport and tell me who he really is."

The Earl of Buff Orpington dropped a mysterious eyelid. "Between ourselves," he said meaningly, "there are some things it is better not to discuss, in case they should cause distress in high places. A man of your perception must understand? Ah, I thought so! Now, I fancy that Alastair will remain here as long as you wish, so mind that you appreciate him. As to his identity—shall we let it go at Muggins?"

Nebuchadnezzar threw up his hands. "Have it your way," he said helplessly. "Maybe, after all, getting married won't wreck their team work, because they're an exceptional couple. She's a society gal—well, anyhow, look at 'em! The original model for class and distinction! I ought to know, because I discovered 'em and," chortled Mr. Smek, as he exchanged winks with the slightly delirious earl, "nobody can kid me!"



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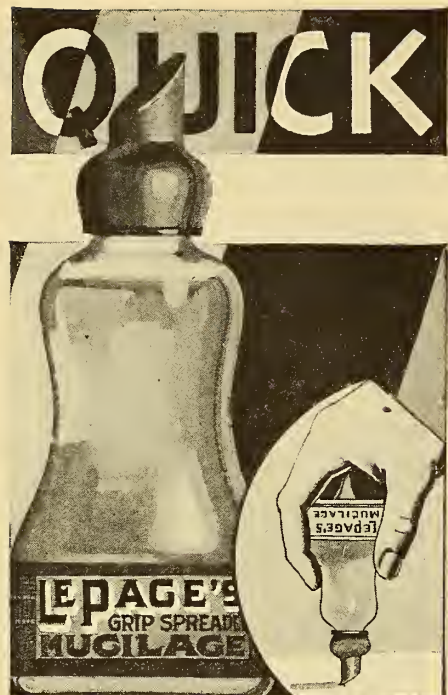
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# The Drama of Lila Lee

(Continued from page 115)



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Social life was a tedious bore. All she could think of was her baby.

It was the age-old, vital instinct of womankind, without which the race could not survive. It swept over Lila Lee and engulfed her completely. All the interests, all the training, which had made her what she was and which were really dominant in her character, were buried from sight. She had been trained, educated, lived, as an actress—a professional woman. But she forgot that entirely.

Those were her happiest days. Leatrice Joy, who had married Jack Gilbert, was also expecting a baby. The two drew very close, spent many hours together.

"We must have been frightfully dull," Lila said. "We—we knitted. Neither one of us had ever had a needle in our hands before, but we insisted on knitting and sewing our own things. They were amazing garments. We sat for hours and talked nothing but babies. We read books about how to bring up babies. We read poetry out loud to each other, and Leatrice played the piano. It was wonderful. I know it was the happiest time I'll ever have."

In due time, young James Kirkwood arrived upon the scene, a beautiful, sturdy little boy, the idol of his parents. From that day onward, little Jimmy became the center of his father's existence. It was and is the sort of father love that is written about and seldom seen—a deeper passion than any man can ever know for a woman.

Lila Lee was able to enjoy two glorious months in California, as Jimmy's mother. Then came a telegram which changed all their lives. New York wanted James Kirkwood—he had been on the stage originally—to play the leading rôle in a new play "The Fool."

**I**T was a tremendous opportunity for Jim Kirkwood.

So he and his wife left Hollywood for New York, taking with them their two-months-old son. Lila had no plans of any kind for her work. She wanted to be with her husband and baby, of course. For that she was perfectly willing to pass up her own career.

But she didn't like New York very well. After Hollywood, it seemed to her crowded and noisy. They lived in a hotel. But Jim was happy. The play was a success. So she settled down for a while. But idleness was new to her. She had worked since she was five. The baby was too little to give her companionship. A good nurse did for him and did more ably than Lila could have done.

When Famous asked her to come back and make another picture with Tommy Meighan, she went gladly. There was no chance for her to star now. She had been off the screen over a year. But it was work.

Eventually, she, too, tried the stage again. A play called "The Bride Retires." Her speaking voice was lovely and her old ability to catch audiences was as potent as it had been when she was a youngster. Critics began to predict a big future for her on the stage.

In the middle of the run of her play, Jim Kirkwood decided to produce a play of his own. The vehicle he had selected was Catherine Chisholm Cush-

ing's "Edgar Allan Poe."

Lila left her play to take the part of Annabelle Lee. It wasn't a very big part, but she wanted to be with Jim. Began long weary weeks of rehearsals, tryouts, re-writing, costuming, scenery. Jim was not only directing the play and acting the star rôle, he was helping to rewrite it, designing costumes and sets, and also he was financing the production himself. It was a very expensive play to put on, especially with the long and careful preparation they were giving it.

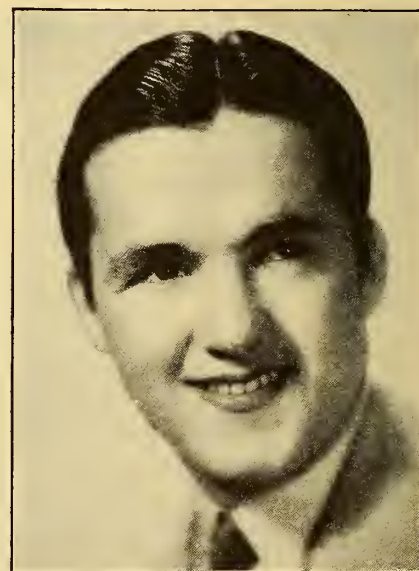
For the first time in her life, Lila was really ill. The change of climate so soon after the birth of her baby, the long strain following her marriage, had brought her almost to the point of collapse. The endless rehearsals in an arduous dramatic play, the cold theaters, the long hours Jim was giving the production, wore her out.

As a matter of fact, in Pittsburgh, where they opened first, she did collapse and was under a doctor's care for the entire week.

But the out-of-town notices were marvelous—and hope sang high. The play was tragic, heavy, written in a sort of blank verse. Lila as the poetically immortal Annabelle was lauded to the skies and Jim, playing America's great poet, was hailed by everyone as one of the great actors of the decade.

**N**EW YORK. The opening night. Lila fighting desperately to hold up. Jim in a frenzy of anticipation. Both sure of success. Sure that the morrow would see Kirkwood hailed as the American actor-manager. The audience was wildly enthusiastic.

The two principals went home to their hotel, utterly worn out, but entirely happy. They had won. They had conquered New York. Fame and



Bh Rogers, brother of Buddy, has gone into the movies. Paramount has signed him under a long term contract. Like Buddy, Bh attended the University of Kansas before departing for Hollywood. We will tell you about his movie career from time to time.



fortune—beyond what pictures could give, way beyond the hundred thousand dollars they had sunk in the play—would be theirs.

The blow which fell in the morning was therefore even more awful, since it was totally unexpected. For the New York critics united to condemn the play, the star, the cast, and the production. No play in the history of Broadway has ever been more thoroughly, more drastically panned.

"When I read those notices," Lila said. "I just couldn't believe my eyes."

The play ran one week.

So Jim and Lila found themselves in New York, having failed so completely that every manager in the city knew about it. Most of the money they had saved during their picture careers was gone. There was only one thing left to do—go back to Hollywood.

Soon after their return, Jim bought a big ranch a few miles out of Hemet. It was a three and a half hours' drive from there into Hollywood. He intended to become a gentleman farmer. There were orange orchards planted and he had other plans. He remodeled the old farm house and Lila Lee, who all her life had lived in the world of the theater, who all her life had been in close contact with people, who had always worked, went to live on the ranch.

They had no neighbors. The drive was so long that they seldom came into town. Occasionally friends came out to spend a week-end. Jim made an occasional picture. But for two years Lila did nothing. The ranch did not pay and money ran low.

Lila was thoroughly miserable. Loneliness and idleness preyed upon her. Many things had contributed to making her lose her love for her husband. None outside can explain the death of love. But Lila's friends all felt that the life she was leading, so utterly foreign to her nature, burying a really fine talent and a strong ambition was one which must result in disaster. She was, after all, only twenty-one, when she went to Hemet. Jim, at forty-three, having lived a full life, might be ready to retire. Lila wasn't.

IT is not the purpose of this life story to attempt to uncover all the many factors that contributed to bring about the separation and finally the divorce of James Kirkwood and Lila Lee. Those can be known, in all their facts and truths, only to the two persons involved.

But I should like to remind you that a woman in Lila's position faces many more problems than the average woman. Public opinion, certain kinds of publicity, all must tend to influence a girl like Lila Lee. She had a living to make. She still has. There are private matters which she, in loyalty to herself and her marriage and her child, cannot handle as she would if she were a private citizen.

This much, however, is certain. In 1923, when the marriage took place, no one expected it to succeed. When, in 1928, Lila left the ranch and came with her boy to Hollywood, no one was surprised.

In the minds of those who know them both, no blame attaches to either of them. They were unsuited in age for successful matrimony. Lila did her best. Jim did his. They failed. The facts as presented give a fairly clear picture of why they failed. Jim Kirk-

(Continued on page 127)



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"But you didn't tell me anything about it," I said. "You know I've always wanted to play," she answered. "And I thought I'd surprise you."

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# She Didn't Want to Work

(Continued from page 53)

Kathryn Crawford went up by leaps and bounds.

She came to California from New York when she was twelve years old. Her voice, naturally true and easy, attracted attention in church choir and school entertainments.

When she was fifteen, several different voice teachers wanted her to start studying seriously for grand opera. But she said, “No, I don't want to study. It's more fun just to sing.”

SOON after she left high school, while she was at home wondering what to do, Lillian Albertson heard of her. Miss Albertson is the biggest producer of musical comedies in the West. She always is seeking new talent—and she offered Kathryn Crawford a job in the chorus.

“I thought it would be fun,” said Kathryn. “I liked the idea of the lights and the music. It sounded like more fun than working in a store or something. I had never thought of it, but when she asked me I decided it was all right.”

The second production saw Kathryn Crawford playing a part and doing some dancing. She hadn't danced before in her life. But she wanted the part and said to Miss Albertson, “Sure, I can dance. Other girls do. I'll get it. It looks like fun.” So she danced.

Finally, she understudied for “Hit the Deck.” On the day before the opening the girl playing the lead fell down a flight of iron steps in the theater. She was unable to appear. The opening night Kathryn Crawford stepped into her part and made an instantaneous hit.

In her own league, in one year, she had become queen. It was no small league. She had the star dressing room, flowers were always coming across the footlights from her hosts of admirers.

THEN she got her Universal contract. Things didn't move so fast. She's an independent, quick tempered kid, ready to fight for her rights. She wasn't happy. She felt that she wasn't given a chance to show what she could do, particularly in the talkies.

But Kathryn wasn't very diplomatic. She'd never had to be. She has earned her own living and supported her family since she left high school. But she had made the mistake of allowing herself to become lazy. She had failed to work at her singing and dancing. Like a kid who skipped grades in high school, she doesn't want to go back and make up the lost work.

When the casting for “Naughty Marietta” came up, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent for Kathryn Crawford. Mariferti, the great singing teacher, who coached Caruso, listened to her sing.

“A beautiful, and exceptional voice,” he said. “But—you must have work. You have not the technique to stand a long difficult role. You could not sustain. The voice is not in shape. You could not handle difficult music. In two months—three months—with hard work—you could sing anything. But you must work.”

Another part. A director who said, “You are perfect, except that you are

out of condition for dancing. You need good dancing lessons. You need systematic exercise.”

KATHRYN faced it at last.

She had gone just as far as natural talent and facility would carry her in the field of movie musical comedy.

The easy days were over. Work loomed.

“And now?” I said.

She stared at me. Her eyes were very blue in her tanned face, under the dark brown hair.

“Now, we'll see,” she said. “If I'm any good, I'll go to work. These knocks will make me work and learn and next time when I get up, I can stay there. Everyone says I have natural ability. But this work business—I've never done it. Everything has just been fun. Well—look around two years from now. If I'm on top, I've proven that I can stand the gaff. If I'm not—they spoiled me with all that easy money and easy notice at first. Only time will tell.”

She's got a good jaw, and steady blue eyes. So we'll see—in two years.



The newest thing for beach wear is the pirate boot, introduced on the Pacific coast by Mary Doran, Metro-Goldwyn player. The boots lend a swashbuckling air to the bathing ensemble.



## Bebe Gets Married

(Continued from page 50)

at La Crescenta with her Dad. Of course Bebe and Mae Sunday are the inseparables. You never see them apart. That's been going on for over ten years. And Diana Kane—she's George Fitzmaurice's wife, lived with Bebe for two years in New York. They call each other Sister. Lila and Betty and Bebe were all together on the old Famous-Players-Lasky lot when they were just starting, and have been friends ever since. And, of course, Louella and Bebe are very close. Everyone adores Louella.

Then they said it was time and we all went down in the hall. The music began. The ushers passed in first and then the girls—two by two—with their flowers and their long trains. The altar was all of Easter lilies and white blossoms, and only candles were lighted. The girls ranged themselves on both sides, the pastel colors all blending. Then Louella, alone, and then—Bebe, on the arm of her grandfather's dear friend, and her own lawyer, Chester Morris.

THE service was simple. In fact everything was done with simplicity and dignity—nothing theatrical. In fact, Bebe just wouldn't even let the girls walk that step they usually do, for fear it would be theatrical. There were about a hundred guests in the wedding room. And then about 400 came to the reception and supper downstairs.

Marie Mosquini caught the bridal bouquet.

It was really beautiful to see that group of girls, who have been friends so long and through thick and thin, all so loyal to Bebe and so happy in her happiness. Well, I'll be crying for joy again in a minute, so I must stop. But nobody anywhere ever had such a *loving* set of attendants, I know. And no wedding ever was surrounded by more love in every way. Good-by. I'll write soon. Sally Eilers is going to marry Hoot Gibson next month, and I'll tell you about that, too.

Your Daughter.

## The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 56)

seem to prefer them to the old human stars. For one thing, they do not require expensive voice teachers. Metro-Goldwyn is making dog comedies. Human voices are doubled in, but one dog can actually say "mama," "papa," and "hamburger." Not the best of English, true, but understandable.

"Ingagi," a big monkey picture, has been a box-office sensation. The rumor around Hollywood, pretty well substantiated, is that the ape playing the lead was actually a man. Bull Montana said this couldn't be, as he was in Chicago when the picture was made.

At any rate the talkies are proving a boon to the jungles where business for some time has been rather slack, the Wall Street collapse having curbed the big game expeditions.

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Loretta Young and Sally Blaine have still another sister, little Miss Georgiana. Above, Miss Georgiana, aided by her doll, is entertaining big sister Sally at tea. Sally is a favorite with Georgiana and can you blame her? Sally gave Georgiana this beautiful play house.

## Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 58)

Carroll has replaced Clara Bow on the screen? Ramon Novarro has the silver voice of the screen? Opera pictures will never become popular? Too many revue pictures have been made? Charles Farrell is the boy personality of the screen? Bebe Daniels will never score again as she did in "Rio Rita"? William Powell can't be beat? "Hallelujah" was a wonderful picture? Janet Gaynor is the screen's loveliest star? Grant Withers has a good singing voice? Richard Arlen is a better actor than Gary Cooper? Billie Dove is everybody's idea of beauty? El Brendel and Marjorie White should be billed as stars? Jack Oakie has stepped into William Haines' shoes and wears them well? "Anna Christie" is far overrated? Lawrence Tibbett's type of singing does not appeal to about ninety-nine per cent. of the American people? "Untamed" and "Montana Moon" were both good pictures? "High Society Blues" was the best Gaynor-Farrell picture since "Street Angel"? (But they are all GRAND.)

James G. Eady,  
608 17th Pl. S.W.

### Anent Giraffe Voices

Pendleton, Oregon—

In a recent article by Douglas Drew on "They Do Their Bit" I would like to question his assertion of a giraffe "squealing" as he calls it. Does he not know, or your office, that a giraffe has no vocal cords at all and utters no sound? But, for all that, your magazine is all right.

George W. Davis,  
Hotel Pendleton.

### Wants More Phonograph Records

Miami, Florida—

I'm sure that the fans of John Boles and Maurice Chevalier are happy that they can now hear the songs of their favorites any time they wish. When the stars began making Victor records of their theme songs, they brought a new joy to a host of admirers, so why can't Ramon Novarro, Dorothy Jordan, and Bebe Daniels—whose lovely singing voice was such a happy surprise in "Rio Rita"—make records for their fans, too?

Mildred Brickman.

### Bring Bill Hart Back

Babylon, N. Y.—

Why are we denied the pleasure of seeing and hearing in today's Westerns, William S. Hart, the only real two-gun cowboy of the screen? I heard him recently in a newsreel and his voice recorded perfectly.

Robert W. Hulse,  
35 James Street.

### A Word About Lip Varnish

Santa Monica, Calif.—

Constructively speaking, can't you do something about the lip varnish which the movie stars use? Surely there is a shade that doesn't appear like violet red paint. I've often pondered over the question, and wish you'd inaugurate some kind of reform, as much of the pleasure I might get from the movies is taken away by seeing our beautiful young girls looking so unnatural.

Sheila MacCulla,  
463 Lincoln Blvd.

(Continued on page 128)



## The Drama of Lila Lee

(Continued from page 123)

wood has been fine in many ways, in regard to the separation. And Lila has also been fine.

In 1928 Jim Kirkwood went to London for the English production of "The Fool." When he returned, he found that Lila had left him. He made every effort to get her back, but she was through.

And so began her second comeback. She had been off the screen for two long years. She was broke. She didn't have a job. But she started out to get one, with her old dogged determination. She had no illusions about herself. The days when she was offered a starring contract were long ago. The whole industry had changed. The talkies were coming in.

She took any job she could get—she had to. The first was in Texas Guinan's ill-fated cinema venture. But that did one thing. It established that Lila Lee had a speaking voice. The talkies, which she had dreaded when she first came back, were actually to be a fairy godmother where she was concerned.

Months went by and she did a few small parts. But she kept at it.

**F**INALLY, Richard Barthelmess sent for her to do "Drag." It didn't seem a very big part, in the beginning. Like Tweenie, in "Male and Female" with De Mille, it just grew. With one of the leading directors, Frank Lloyd, handling the megaphone and with Barthelmess, who knows pictures as well as acting, she got a break. They soon saw how much the picture could be improved by having more and more of Lila Lee. As her work went on, the story was changed and the part developed.

"Drag" brought Lila Lee back with a bang. I think, and many people in Hollywood confirm me, that Lila has the best speaking voice of any actress now on the screen.

"Flight" helped to re-establish her. And now, once more, she is playing big parts and a starring contract with First National has been given her.

The Lila Lee of today is a much more intelligent woman than was the girl of eighteen. In the language of the modern, she has her feet on the ground. Her possibilities are limitless.

She lives simply, in a bungalow court in Hollywood. She goes out socially, as she used to do, but not when she is working. Her career is, from choice and from necessity, paramount with her these days. At twenty-five she is a camera veteran, with stage experience to aid her.

No girl in pictures deserves more credit for comebacks.

Her life story is one of strange ups and downs, one of crowded events and violent experiences. After all, twenty-five is young for a life story. Much must still lie ahead. Let's hope it will include the fruits of her twenty years of work and the rewards of her generosity and sweetness.

[As this issue of NEW MOVIE goes to press, news comes that Lila Lee has had to give up her screen work temporarily and go to a sanitarium in Arizona for a six months' rest. She has suffered a breakdown from overwork.

NEW MOVIE, realizing that its readers will want to know all about Miss Lee's illness, will tell you more about her condition from month to month.]



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Who are these lads? You'd never guess. At the left is Walter Huston, as Ponce de Leon in the Paramount production of "The General." You remember Ponce and his search, of course. At the right you see Jim Kirkwood, as he appears in Paramount's new sound production of Rex Beach's "The Spoilers."

## Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 126)

### Against Canned Music

St. Louis, Mo.—

Why, oh why, don't we get back real orchestra music in our theatres? I like the talkies, and all that, but they brought an awful thing with them—canned music. I have seen and heard several splendid talkies yet there is something missing—the human touch in the music.

A. Gannon,  
2301 S. Jefferson Avenue.

### That Chevalier Charm

Pittsburgh, Pa.—

May I use your columns as a means of explaining Chevalier, or rather, attempting to, to one co-reader who hasn't succumbed to his charms. To be sure, he is not handsome, and he has no voice to speak of. But his smile is his fortune and, in that smile, he is blessed and so are his audiences. In recent times very few actors of stage or screen have, without the aid of the handsome physiognomy of a typical movie hero or the crooning voice of a Vallee, taken a nation so by storm as to be hailed "idol" by jaded critics and

enthusiastic movie-goers alike. Yet Chevalier has accomplished this difficult trick through sheer personality, which, in his case expresses itself in a geniality that closely resembles the friendliness of our own Will Rogers.

Lida Littman,  
The Arlington, Apt. 215,  
Center and Aiken Avenues.

### Defends Musical Films

Indianapolis, Ind.—

Recently there was printed in *Dollar Thoughts* the criticism that the screen musical comedies are not up to crack—that they are nerve-racking and have weak plots. Perhaps some of the current musical comedies of the screen do fall in this classification, but certainly not all of them. Any music would be nerve-racking to anyone who is not a music lover, and, as to the plots, they must be weak, since in a musical play the emphasis is placed upon the melodies and not primarily upon the characters. I believe that a great deal may be said in favor of the new musical films.

Don Hart,  
1059 Elm Street.

## More Sparkling Fiction Coming

Stewart Robertson, the humorist, will be represented by several striking short stories in coming issues of NEW MOVIE. Read his entertaining and amusing yarn about Hollywood in this number and watch for future stories in early issues of NEW MOVIE.



# First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

up with them from year to year.

If you live in a warm climate, you will find a combination of cloth and fur most satisfactory. This year, the fur coats and the suits are most elaborately trimmed with fur. All the new coats and ensembles are showing wide collars and cuffs of fox or some other long haired fur, with fur trimmings even on the edges of the coats and sometimes on the skirts. It is always well to buy coats with fur trimmings at reliable stores and make sure that the fur is the type that you are paying for and not one of the synthetic variations. Rabbit as rabbit (sold as lapin) is perfectly all right, but rabbit masquerading as something else is not so good.

As for the all-fur coat, the expensive ones are the cheapest in the end, provided that they have good care and provided, too, that they are not one of the luxury furs such as chinchilla or mole. However, many women who can afford, say, real mink, hesitate to buy it because they prefer variety to enduring qualities.

**Y**OUNG girls should remember, too, that the richer furs are not becoming to them. Beaver is ideal for the young girl and so is squirrel, although these coats are not always suitable for formal occasions. As a matter of good taste, it is better not to wear your daytime fur coat at evening affairs. It is

best to get a special coat of velvet or metal cloth for evening wear. This formal coat need not be expensive because it is better economy to put the money in the coat that will have the hardest wear.

As for daytime dresses, dark blues and blacks are in great favor just now. Blue, which has been a secondary color for several seasons, is returning and Paris reports a great many successful dresses in blue or black. When in doubt, you know, a Frenchwoman wears black in the daytime and white at night. It is an economical and sensible arrangement, if you haven't a very extensive wardrobe. Your hat, your handbag and your accessories can give the color to your costume. I, for one, welcome the return of the separate blouse, because it gives a chance for color and variety and because it also makes for a neat appearance.

If you have been going corsetless this summer, now is the time to buy yourself a girdle. Remarkably few women look their best without corsets and they are really indispensable if you want a well-fitted coat or dress. Sport clothes may be able to stand a corsetless figure, but the trimmer clothes of autumn and winter look best with a girdle. The corset may not be a thing of steel or torment; in fact, a well-made, lightweight corset is invariably more comfortable than no girdle at all.

## How to Have Your Photograph Made

(Continued from page 71)

The accompanying photograph of Phyllis Haver is proof of this. She has changed her hair in it from the usual flip flapper bob. How it has softened and feminized her, given her features delicacy.

While you are being photographed, try always to illustrate arrested motion. Never let yourself get set and stiff. Keep fluid.

**I**F you have light blue or gray or hazel eyes, do not look directly into the light. It will wash all the color from your eyes. Really dark eyes, like Valentino's or Warner Baxter's, can be hit full with light and it will give a gleam and much life to the picture.

That's all you should do.

**T**HERE are certain tricks about features which all photographers know and which you should study before you keep this all-important appointment.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred women photograph better with their mouths very slightly open. Not necessarily a smile, but a relaxing of the lips which shows the teeth. This gives a soft, feminine look.

Evelyn Brent is the one woman I have photographed recently who looks better when her mouth is firmly closed.

If your eyes are too wide apart, don't allow yourself to be photographed directly full face. Shift just a fraction of an inch. The same is true if your eyes are too close together.

Always stretch your neck a number of times before you sit down. If you have a slightly heavy chin—or a

slightly double chin, throw your head back just a little. If your neck is too heavy, drop the chin, or turn it toward the shoulder.

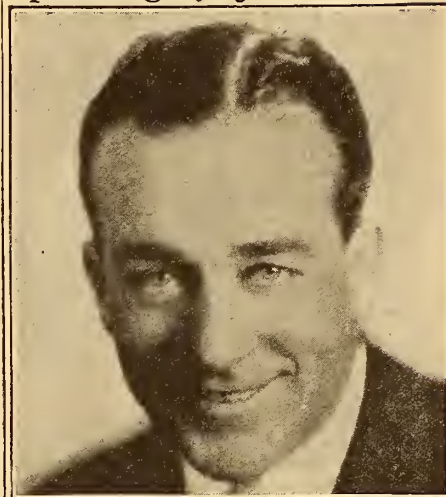
If you have a bad nose, don't be photographed profile. A retousse nose is best shot straight on, a big nose at a slight angle. With this article are two pictures. One of Irene Delroy, the musical comedy star—a very pretty girl. She has a retousse nose, which is delightful but not classical. The picture of her shot full on looks best.

**M**EN, as a whole, have little self-consciousness, and strive always for likeness. A photographer always strives for masculinity in a man's picture. That is why a slight frown, or a severe expression, often bring excellent results. It takes long practice before a camera to smile with real naturalness. Simplicity is the proper background for men, unless they are actors in costume. They also can stand more severe lighting.

If you have a lovely figure, fine arms and hands, or pretty feet, don't hesitate to insist upon a full length picture. If you will think you will remember how seldom you see merely a head of Lilyan Tashman. On the other hand, the exquisitely lovely Vilma Banky was seldom photographed full length. Both these ladies were wise. Miss Tashman's figure and her way of wearing clothes are her best features.

That's all there is to being well photographed. Think before you go.

## Speaking of Girls—



Jack Mulhall

Famous "First National" motion picture star says:

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## Me-Doug. Jr.

(Continued from page 39)

be bad business, that the only way I could get jobs in the beginning was by using my name and allowing myself to be exploited as Doug Fairbanks' son.

"And there right at the start I was running into the thing I wanted to get away from, and even being forced to help it along. Somehow, I am not sure why I felt as if I was stealing every time I took a job which I knew had been given to me only because I was Dad's son and was using his name."

Doug looked out of the window and I could see that he was reliving many unpleasant moments.

"Even had you changed it," I sought to assuage his feelings, "it would have become known and you would have been referred to as his son anyway."

"I guess you're right," he said, "but it was tough. It hurt. It wasn't that I did not want to be connected with Dad. I'm proud of having him for a father. He is one of the greatest scouts and smartest men I know. But I wanted to be something by myself. I wanted that shotputter friend of yours to say I was in the seat because I rated it myself, not because I happened to be born a Fairbanks. Is that unreasonable?"

"I wouldn't think so," I said. "Every one of us has a certain amount of pride and ambition which makes us want to shine in our own right and not through glory reflected from someone else. No matter how dear that someone else."

**I**T is part of the tragedy that has been young Doug's that, had he not been conscious of the things which were given him because his name was Fairbanks, he would have been content. But being smart enough to know what was going on carried with it the penalty of unhappiness, because he did want to do things for himself, he did want to further the Fairbanks name in a way which would bring additional credit to it.

All of which only made things worse as time went on and he battled all over Hollywood for recognition as something besides being his father's son.

A year ago he was given a contract by First National. It was just after

his creditable performance in George Fitzmaurice's picture, "The Barker," which, incidentally, was also the comeback picture of Betty Compson's.

Doug was elated. He thought that at last the time had come. But it was merely a step up, which lifted him to a greater height from which to fall. He was given mediocre parts, not one of which, to use a good old actor's expression, could he get his teeth into. They were slim, supporting parts, which required, and allowed, little more than being on the set within camera range.

He became discouraged, and only the fact that he had his wife, Joan Crawford, to talk to and give him consolation kept him from throwing up the sponge. Then came the final blow.

He heard by the grapevine route, which in Hollywood is so popular and generally so right, that his contract would not be renewed when it ran out.

Almost six years of fighting and no further along than he was at the start. He was still Doug's son. And he felt he seldom had a chance to be otherwise.

He made one last great effort to prove that he himself could do things.

**D**ICK BARTHELMESS, then on vacation in the East, was going to do a picture called "The Dawn Patrol" when he returned. In it was an important part Doug knew he could play, even if it was far better than anything he had ever been given a chance to do. He felt as sure as the sun would rise on the morrow that he could keep "pepped up" over that part and give a good performance. He went to the producer and asked for the part.

"I don't think so, Doug," he was told. "Barthelmess might not want you."

Stopped for the moment, he waited until Dick returned, to be told, when he asked the star, that it would be all right with him. Doug hurried to the producer with the news that Barthelmess said young Mister Fairbanks could play the part.

In the meantime he had been cast to play the part of John Barrymore's brother in "Moby Dick." He was told

(Continued on page 132)



Otis Skinner's superb performance in "Kismet" is being recorded in celluloid and sound for future generations at the First National Studios. At left, Mr. Skinner himself and, right, as the famous Oriental beggar of this drama of Eastern cunning.



# The Stars Go Into Business

(Continued from page 93)

**L**UISE FAZENDA is also accounted a wealthy woman. She buys and sells real estate regularly, and designs many of the homes which she has built upon her property. Zazu Pitts is said to have accumulated a fortune in the real estate field also.

Dorothy Mackaill not only deals in real estate, but is a director in a local bank, an oil-well operator, owns an orange grove and a shipbuilding plant in San Francisco. Billie Dove until just recently owned the largest cactus nursery in the West, but disposed of it to devote more time to her picture work. Hedda Hopper, during a slack season in pictures, started to sell real estate and consummated the sale of the Francis Marion-Fred Thompson home, a \$750,000 deal.

Kathleen Clifford's flower shops on Hollywood Boulevard, Wilshire and in the lobbies of the leading hotels have proven to be tremendously successful. Miss Clifford is now opening a chain of cosmetic shops to sell beauty prod-

ucts throughout the state of California.

Marion Davies owns the largest orchid nursery in the world and from it come practically all the orchids sold in Hollywood and Los Angeles flower shops.

**L**ITTLE Bessie Love is the owner of a dairy farm near Ventura. Clara Bow recently sold a chop house which was under her father's management.

Esther Ralston owns a gold mine in Arizona and Corinne Griffith an art importing shop. Pert Kelton, star of the stage and screen, is half owner of the Warner-Kelton Hotel, a magnificent Norman structure just off Vine Street. This hotel is operated for the profession, and many of the stage stars make it their home while in Hollywood.

Of course, the business interests of such outstanding and wealthy players as Doug and Mary, Harold Lloyd, Will Rogers and Charlie Chaplin are many, but lie principally in real estate holdings, stocks and bonds.

## How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 75)

very fine; two teaspoons of the tops of green onions, finely chopped; one-half teaspoon taragon vinegar.

"The secret of it is to be sure everything is chopped very finely," said Mrs. LeRoy. "You can make as much of it as you think necessary for the number of fish you have."

**T**HERE was one big platter of cold roast beef, with mustard and meat sauces set handy. And one of fried squab. And two huge molds of tomato aspic, for which Mrs. LeRoy also gave us the recipe.

To make for twelve people:

One can tomato juice, one package Knox gelatine, two cups of mixed vegetables (Lima beans, peas, carrots, celery, are particularly nice), one large onion, one-half teaspoon mixed spices, one clove of garlic, two teaspoons parsley.

Heat the tomato stock, add onion, garlic, spice. Boil for twenty minutes and strain. Add gelatine which has been dissolved in just enough cold water to melt it. Line the mold with slices of hard-boiled egg. Add vege-

tables by placing in the mold. Then pour the liquid over it and set in ice-box for three to six hours. You can also make these in small individual molds. Serve on lettuce leaves, and garnish with mayonnaise.

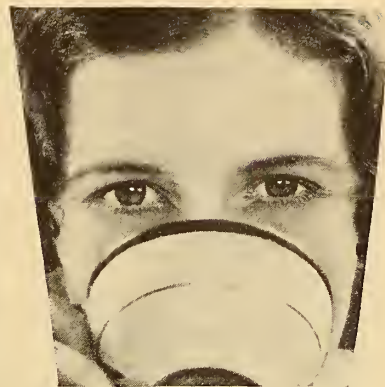
For dessert, something light and cold is usually satisfactory for outdoor parties. Mrs. LeRoy served a home-made lemon sherbet. She says there is a real secret to making successful sherbets and gives this method:

Two-thirds cup of sugar, one-third cup of lemon juice, one and one-half cups of milk, one half cup of cream, few grains of salt. Add gradually to two tablespoons of gelatine which has been dissolved in two tablespoons of cold water. Chill in a large refrigerator pan. Then beat hard for ten minutes until very light. Return to ice-box until frozen. Beat again if it is icy instead of foamy and soft.

There really isn't any more attractive way to vary entertaining than to ask a group of friends to eat under the trees or outdoors on the porch when the weather is nice. Certainly it is one of Hollywood's most popular ways of entertaining these days.

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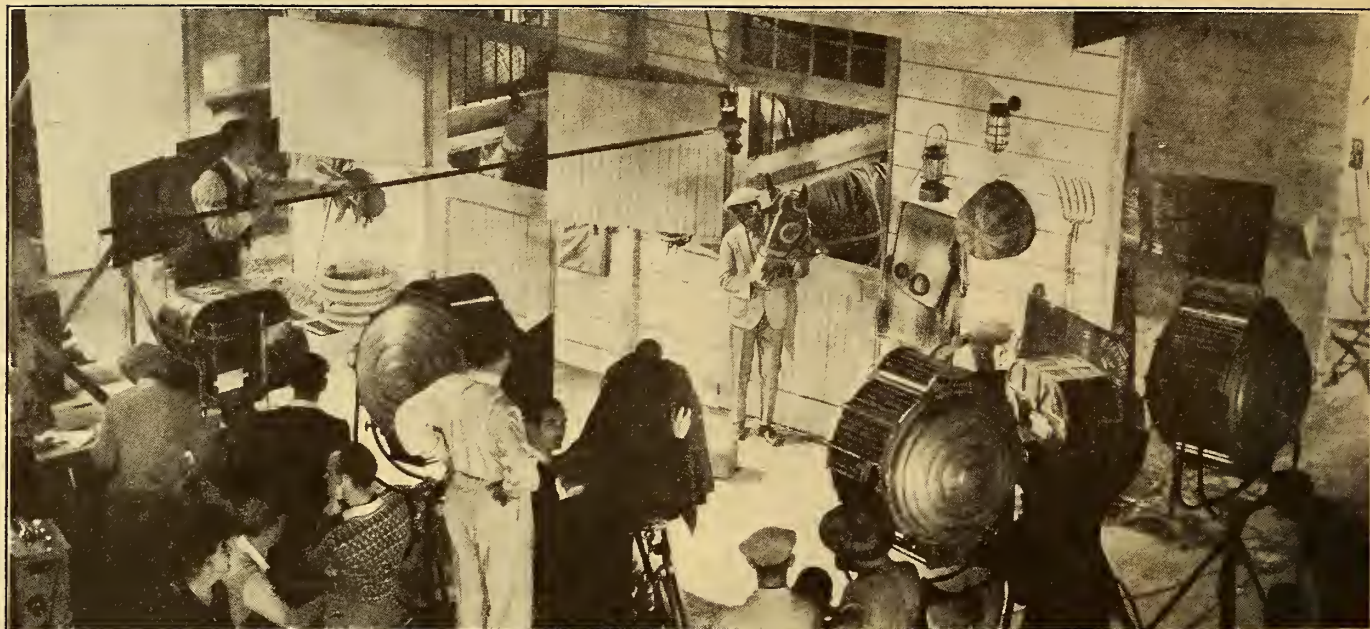
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## Me-Doug. Jr.

(Continued from page 130)

so, and also told that the two pictures would be shot at the same time, so that cut him out of the Barthelmess picture, even if Dick did okay him.

Doug walked out of the office feeling about as low as he ever had. Thinking over the part in Barrymore's picture, he knew that it meant nothing, would allow him to do nothing, and would not help lift him out of the rut.

Suddenly his head went up. He made for John Barrymore's home, high on the hills overlooking Beverly. For the first time in days he gave not a thought to the long string of young leading men who had been going in and out of the First National lot—being tested for that part he wanted so much.

HE knew that it would mean a great deal of additional trouble to Barrymore to recast his picture at that late date, but he also thought he knew that same Jack Barrymore.

"Do you really want me in this picture of yours?" he asked Jack.

"Surely do, Doug," said Jack, "and we'll have some fun on it, too."

"But I don't want to do it," Doug took the bit in his teeth. "I wish you would tell the studio that you don't want me."

It is not many times that Jack Barrymore is told someone does not want to be in his picture. He raised his eyebrows a little now.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I want to play a part in Dick's picture, and they say I can't do both. Schedules conflict. Jack, it's important to me. I think it would help me hold my job. They are going to let me go, as things are now: I can't help myself in your picture, but if I click in 'The Dawn Patrol' I may get a new contract."

Barrymore did not hesitate a second.

"I never did like you, wouldn't have you in my picture on a bet. Go tell the

studio that." Then he smiled. "And Doug, if I can do anything else to help you let me know."

But Doug was half way out of the house on his way down the hill to Dick's home.

"Dick," he cried, "I'm out of Jack's picture. I can do yours if the studio will let me. Can I tell them you want me?"

"Say," Barthelmess was puzzled. "What's all the shooting about? You're running around like this was the part of Hamlet."

"I need this part," said Doug, Jr. "It will help me more than you know."

"Yes?"

"Double yes."

"Well," said Dick Barthelmess, "I can't ask you too much, but if that is right you can go tell the studio I will not shoot the picture unless you are in it. My contract allows me to approve of all casts, and no cast gets approved unless you're in it. How's that?"

SO did Jack Barrymore and Dick Barthelmess, two important stars, go out of their way to help young Doug Fairbanks get the part he wanted. Several of us around Hollywood will not forget either of them for that.

The rest is almost an anti-climax.

"The Dawn Patrol" was half finished when the studio officially informed Doug that his contract would not be renewed. But when the picture was cut and run in the projection room for the first time after it was finished, the studio reconsidered in a hurry.

They asked the very fine young actor who had played Barthelmess' pal so splendidly to sign a new and better contract. It was not the son of his father they wanted. It was "me, Doug." His name might have been anything.

Warner Brothers and First National consider him one of their best bets now. He is being given parts he wants. He has earned himself a real place in mo-

tion pictures, and seems destined to keep it.

One such part was at Universal Studio in "The Little Accident." I walked out on the set one day between shots and stood talking with Doug. He had told me a few minutes before that they had given him a bungalow dressing room; before he had dressed in little cubby-holes necessitating going outside to change his mind. "And they gave it to me, Doug Junior, not to Dad's son."

"You know," I said, as we stood talking, "it used to be nice in the old days before the talkies when they had music on the set between scenes."

"Sure was," said Doug. "I wish we had music now."

Fifteen minutes later a large victrola was wheeled upon the set and a man designated to do nothing but keep it going and change records.

I looked at Doug. He looked at me. "What's that for?" he asked.

"For you," said the assistant director. "I overheard you say you'd like to have some music. There it is."

Doug's eyes widened. "That was put here for me, Doug Junior?"

"Sure was. Old Hollywood custom of making an important guy happy."

Doug grinned. As soon as the assistant had left he laughed right out loud.

"For me, Doug," he said. "After six years. Who am I to rate victrola? But I know one thing. When you getting by on someone else's drag name, they give you just as little they can get away with. If you rate it yourself, you get it and they're glad to give it to you. After six years. Well, I guess it's all right, but it seems kinda funny now that it's really happened."

But I was wondering where that shot-putter was at the moment, remembering that Los Angeles newspapers are now putting "Senior" after the name of young Doug's father.



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OCTOBER  
1930

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*Frederick S. Stouffer*

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# The New Movie Magazine

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Vol. II, No. 4

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October, 1930

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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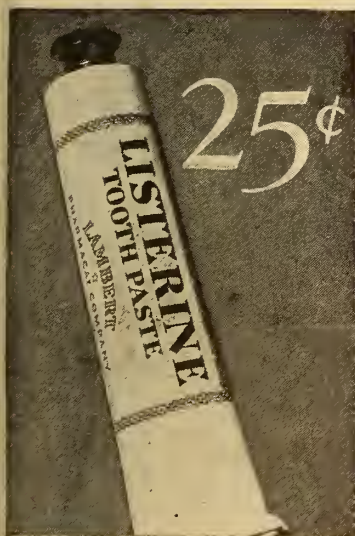
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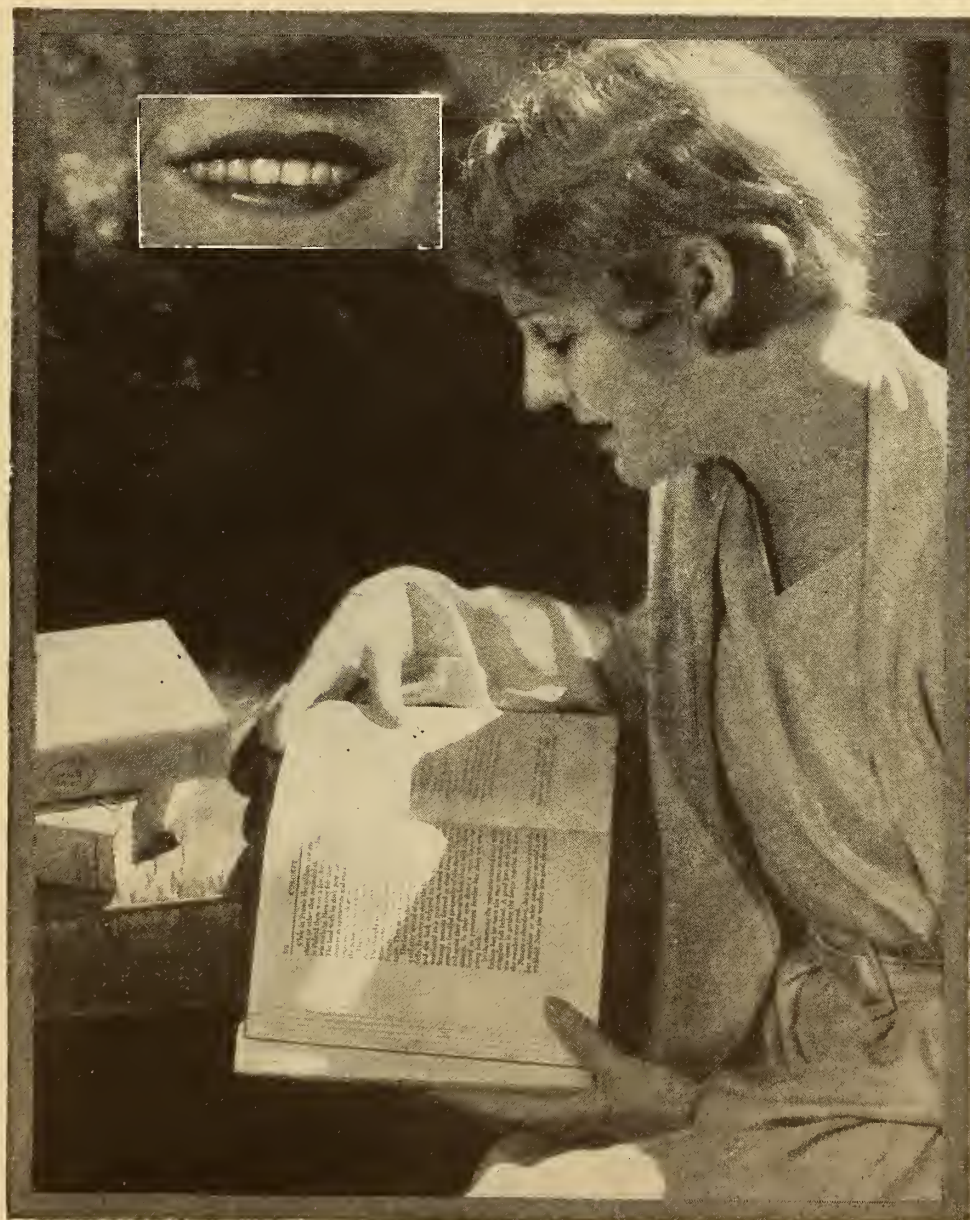
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# MUSIC of the Sound Screen

## The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

AS this issue of NEW MOVIE goes to press, the usual Summer lull in production is on. The big new films are awaiting Autumn release. Hence the month in the world of film musical hits is, perhaps, a little less interesting than usual.

The new RKO production, "The Cuckoos," is getting a heavy play from the record makers. One of the best of the new Victor records was made by Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra, and offers fox-trot adaptations of "Mr. and Mrs. Sippi" and "Dixiana," from this new picture. For both these renditions Frank Luther furnishes the vocal refrain. We especially recommend "Dixiana," which seems headed for unusual popularity.

For Columbia Eddie Walters sings "I Love You So Much," also from "The Cuckoos." On the reverse of this appealing record is "It Must Be Love," from Tiffany's "Sunny Skies." The California Ramblers also offer "I Love You So Much" in fox-trot form on a new Columbia record. This record also carries the current fox-trot, "F'r Instance."

Aileen Stanley, the comedienne, has a new Victor record, also presenting "I Love You So Much." The reverse of this record carries "Swingin' in a Hammock," a topical hit of the day.

FOLLOWERS of Rudy Vallee—and they are legion, judging from the hundreds of letters received by NEW MOVIE as a result of Rudy's recent home town story—will be interested to know he is represented by a new Victor record. This is a corking disc and carries Rudy's own new song hit, "Betty Co-Ed." On the opposite side of this record are two Sigma Alpha Epsilon songs.

Helen Kane, the boop-a-doop girl, has a new Victor record, too, carrying "I've Got IT But It Don't Do Me No Good," which Ginger Rogers sang in "Young Man of Manhattan," and "My Man Is on the Make," from Paramount's new film, "Heads Up." You may have liked Miss Rogers' rendition of "I've Got IT," but you will be captivated by Miss Kane's version, too.

Ukulele Ike contributes two new numbers to his latest Co-

### RECOMMENDED RECORDS

"The Kiss Waltz"

George Olsen Orchestra (Victor)

"Dixiana"

Nat Shilkret Orchestra (Victor)

"Singing a Song to the Stars"

Ukulele Ike (Columbia)

lumbia record. One is a delightful rendition of "Singing a Song to the Stars," from Metro-Goldwyn's "Way Out West," and the other is "Sing," from "Forward March," also a Metro-Goldwyn talkie-singie. Probably you are an admirer of Ukulele Ike; so further comment is unnecessary.

The Green Brothers' Marimba Orchestra plays "Lo Lo," the song hit of Metro-Goldwyn's "The Sea Bat," for Victor. The reverse of this disc presents the currently popular waltz, "Somewhere in Old Wyoming."

If you like "Lo Lo" you will want the Ben Selvin Orchestra version. This is a splendid record for dancing, also carrying "Lonely," in fox-trot form, from Metro-Goldwyn's "The Singer of Seville."

FOR Columbia the Knickerbockers play "Where Can You Be?" from the Fox film, "Cheer Up and Smile." "Wonder" is on the opposite side of this disc.

Another pleasant rendition of "Where Can You Be?" comes to Victor via Leonard Joy and his All String Orchestra. This record also offers the fox-trot, "I'm Needin' You."

One of the best Victor records of the month carries "The Kiss Waltz," the hit of First National's "Dancing Sweeties," played in waltz tempo by George Olsen and his Music Makers. This has a vocal refrain by Bob Borger. The reverse of this record presents "Nobody Cares If I'm Blue," from the Warner Brothers' "Show of Shows," played by Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Serenaders. The vocal refrain of this number is by Frank Luther.

Another swell Victor record offers "It Must Be Spring," from Paramount's "Let's Go Native," played by Waring's Pennsylvanians. This disc also carries "I've Gotta Yen For You," from the same Paramount film. This is played by Gus Arnheim and his Orchestra.

Ukulele Ike (Cliff Edwards) is making quite a name for himself in the talkies at Metro-Goldwyn. This is aside from his success as a maker of records, via Columbia. One of his newest records is recommended this month.





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# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Ann Harding gives a superb performance in Philip Barry's "Holiday." In the scene above Monroe Owsley appears with Miss Harding, playing her disolute brother. "Holiday" is one of the best acted films of the year

## Group A

**Holiday.** The screen version of Philip Barry's stage success. A great story, an able cast, including Ann Harding and Mary Astor. Admirable direction by Edward Griffith puts this picture in the "first-rate" class. *Pathe.*

**Journey's End.** One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

**All Quiet on the Western Front.** Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

**Sarah and Son.** Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

**Song O' My Heart.** John McCormack makes his debut in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

**The Vagabond King.** Based on "If I Were King," this is a picturesque musical set telling of François Villon's career in the days of Louis XI. Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald sing the principal rôles, but O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI. *Paramount.*

**Street of Chance.** The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

**The Rogue Song.** A great

Wallace Beery runs away with a big performance as Butch, in the prison thriller, "The Big House." Right Chester Morris appears with him.

## Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**The Green Goddess.** Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners.*

**Anna Christie.** This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. 'Nough said. It's great. We mean Greta's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**Devil May Care.** A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance.

Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Lummox. Herbert Brenon's (Continued on page 94)







# TODAY'S ... HOUSEKEEPER KNOWS HOW TO SAVE TIME AND EFFORT-SHE BAKES WITH CRINKLE CUPS

Crinkle Cups do away with the tiresome part of baking—the greasing and washing of pans. Use them just as they come from the dust-proof package—without greasing. Your cakes will keep perfectly in the Crinkle Cups until you are ready to serve them—and then they will slip out, dainty, fresh and whole. Crinkle Cups take up very little room on the pantry shelf—keep a good supply always on hand.

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5 AND 10 CENT STORE



Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth store, send us 10¢ for a package of 75 cups.

## WHIPPED CREAM CAKE

- |                              |                        |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 cupful sweet cream         | 1½ cupfuls sugar       |
| 3 egg-whites                 | 2 cupfuls pastry flour |
| ½ teaspoonful salt           | ½ cupful water         |
| 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder | 1 teaspoon vanilla     |

Whip the cupful of cream until stiff; beat the egg-whites stiff and mix them together lightly. Add the water and vanilla. Then add a little at a time the dry ingredients which have been sifted together twice. Bake in Crinkle Cups at 375° F. for thirty minutes.





# THE FALL SEASON STARTS WITH 3 OUTSTANDING FOX TALKING PICTURES

**JACK LONDON'S** greatest story given life and voice. Human passions in the raw battling to a stupendous climax as a brave boy, a wayward girl and a demon sea-captain meet their destiny on a sealing ship where man-made laws are laughed to scorn! An outstanding cast including **MILTON SILLS**, Jane Keith and Raymond Hackett. Directed by **ALFRED SANTELL**.

## THE SEA WOLF



## ON YOUR BACK



**FROM** a shabby shop on the East Side she fought her way to power and luxury as the greatest modiste on Fifth Avenue. Calculating and crafty, she was never beaten till she opposed her son's love for a penniless girl. **IRENE RICH** in the great role of her career; **H. B. WARNER** magnificent as the suave financier who tries to buy the son's sweetheart; **RAYMOND HACKETT** as the boy. Directed by **Guthrie McClintic**.

**RUBE GOLDBERG**—you know Rube—comedy cartoonist specializing in nutty inventions—has turned his talents to the talking screen with riotous results. Stay away from *Soup to Nuts* if you can't stand mirthquakes. Here's a new kind of flesh and blood comedy—seven reels of goofy entertainment with a dash of song. Introducing to the screen **Ted Healey** and his racketeers. Also **Frances McCoy**, **Lucile Brown**, **Stanley Smith** and **Charles Winninger**. Story, dialog and gags by **Rube Goldberg**. Directed by **Benjamin Stoloff**.

## SOUP TO NUTS



Your favorite entertainment

# FOX

MOVIETONE PICTURES





CLIVE BROOK

Photograph by Richee





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOROTHY MACKAILL





Photograph by Richee

GEORGE BANCROFT





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

BEN LYON





BERNICE CLAIRE

Photograph by Elmer Fryer





Photograph by Otto Dyar

KAY FRANCIS



# The New Movie Magazine

VOL. II

OCTOBER, 1930

No. 4



## Gossip of the Studios

**T**O William Haines must go the prize for giving the most beautiful dinner party ever seen in Hollywood. In fact it seems hardly possible that anyone has ever given a more exquisitely well arranged dinner anywhere.



**Lila Lee:** Happy and cheerful, resting in an Arizona sanitarium and fast recovering from a breakdown.

The affair was in honor of Mrs. Ben Lyon, Jr. (Bebe Daniels) and Lady Peel (Beatrice Lillie.) Mrs. Lyon is a bride, as you know, and Lady Peel was saying farewell to her many friends before leaving for a vacation in London.

At the back of Bill's beautiful home in Hollywood is a terraced garden surrounded by a high, white brick wall. Olive and magnolia trees grow through the brick flooring and there is a decorative fountain with water lilies

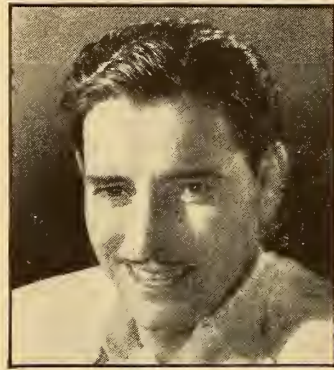
floating in the basin. This terrace back of the house was covered with a big canvas top, from which were suspended fairy-like lanterns in all delicate colors.

Long narrow tables to seat seventy-five guests were laid about the garden, lighted with candles glowing in enormous Georgian silver candlesticks. On each table were big silver bowls of orchids and ropes of gardenias were laid along the center of the tables. Over a thousand orchids and two thousand gardenias were used to make beautiful the tables.

In a bower of trees and flowers a stringed orchestra played soft music throughout the dinner.

Bebe Daniels wore a frock of champagne colored lace and Beatrice Lillie was in emerald green charmeuse. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), who was out for the first time since the arrival of her baby daughter. She wore black chiffon. Aileen Pringle was in ivory satin. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe were present, Miss Tashman wearing a frock of black chiffon with a print pattern in old rose and blue. Mrs. Hugh Murray and Miss Anita Murray (in ruffled white satin). Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson (Sally Eilers in a trousseau frock of

pale green print), Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Colleen Moore (in beige lace), Mr. Carey Wilson and Carmelita Geraghty. Buster Collier and Marie Prevost (Miss Prevost was in pale green chiffon with a silver girdle), Mr. and Mrs. Barney Glazer, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie McArthur (Helen Hayes), with their house guest, Ruth Gordon, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Mrs. Ben Lyon, Sr., Mrs. Peg Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Wallace Davis, Mrs. Mae Sunday (in a gorgeous gown of all-over black lace), Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mrs. Lloyd exquisitely gowned in shell pink satin), Geneva Mitchell (in powder blue taffeta), Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, John Gilbert, Lloyd Pantages and Carmen Pantages (in brilliant green chiffon with a gold girdle).



**Ronald Colman:** Back in Hollywood for new talkies after a vacation with Bill Powell in England, France and Holland.

\* \* \*

**I**N Bakersfield, a hundred miles north of Hollywood, a woman celebrated her ninety-fifth birthday anniversary during July. She was Lawrence Tibbett's grandmother, Rebecca Tibbett, and she came to California across the plains in 1853. She is the lone surviving member of the party which originally settled in Bakersfield, now one of the richest oil towns in the world.

\* \* \*

**T**HE talkies sent Emil Jannings back to Europe. They almost sent him into retirement. But he has studied up on his English and now is on his way back to Hollywood to make two talking pictures for Warner Brothers. Which is great news for the many fans Jannings had in America in the days of the silent pictures.

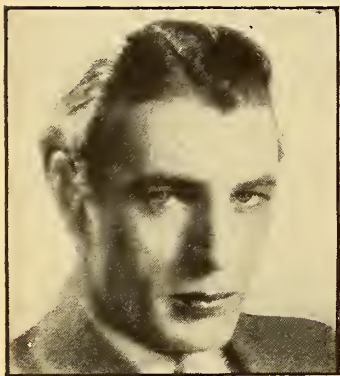
\* \* \*

*There is a rumor around Hollywood that Purdue University, football champions of the Big Ten in the Middle West, is going to sue Helen Kane.*





# All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



**Gary Cooper:** Annoyed by reports that he isn't as devoted to Lupe Velez as he was.

*Purdue claims she has been going around for a couple of years saying, "Poopoo Purdue."*

**T**HE Los Angeles opening of "Dixiana," Bebe Daniels' new picture, was a big success. The Orpheum Theater, in which it was held, is right in the heart of Los Angeles and the street crowds blocked traffic for a long time. The biggest hand went to Amos 'n' Andy, both outside and when they made their

bow later on the stage. Nils Asther got a rousing welcome from the feminine fans present. Miss Daniels herself wore a gown of pink Alencon lace and had in her party her grandmother, Mrs. George Butler Griffen, her mother, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, and her husband, Ben Lyon. Dorothy Lee, the ingenue of the picture, arrived with a party of friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Nick Stuart (Sue Carol). Everett Marshall was also present and we saw Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor.

\* \* \*

**R**ONALD COLMAN is back in Hollywood after a vacation in England, France and Holland. He says it was a lot of fun in London but he is glad to be home again. Bill Powell was over with him and remained when Ronney returned. Ernest Torrence and his wife returned with Colman.

\* \* \*

*Norma Shearer says she isn't going to retire after the birth of her baby. That's good news.*

\* \* \*

**T**HE John Barrymores have been on a yachting and fishing trip in Alaska, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne.

\* \* \*

**R**ICHARD BARTHELMESS and his wife and their two children have gone to the Canadian woods for several months. Later in the Fall they will make a tour of the Orient.

\* \* \*

**ERIC VON STROHEIM**, Hollywood's bad boy director, has gone to Europe. His mother is ill and he hasn't seen her in twenty years, since he first came to America. A few days before he left he spent a week-end at Malibu and was occupied all one day building sand castles and forts for

his small son, both being equally well amused. His wife and boy accompanied him to Austria.

\* \* \*

*Ruth Chatterton's great ambition is to do George Bernard Shaw's, "Saint Joan" on the screen.*

\* \* \*

**P**REVIEW of Ernst Lubitsch's new picture, "Monte Carlo," have been received with much enthusiasm both in and out of the "profession." And those who have seen this declare that Jack Buchanan, playing opposite Jeanette MacDonald, is going to be a sensation. He is an English stage and musical comedy star—best remembered here perhaps for his work in the Charlot Revues—and report has it that he may be another Chevalier.

\* \* \*

**E**VELYN LAYE, famous English musical comedy star, who made a hit in New York last season in "Bitter Sweet," is in Hollywood preparing to start a picture for Sam Goldwyn. Nacio Herb Brown has written her some lovely songs for her first screen appearance. Miss Laye is blonde and beautiful and can sing.

Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick (Irene Mayer) entertained in her honor with a dinner party soon after her arrival in the West and invited six or seven of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors to meet her. Miss Laye got a divorce from her English husband just before coming to this country.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn also gave a lovely party at their home to present their Hollywood friends to the new English star.

\* \* \*

**D**IRECTOR DAVE BUTLER has a sign outside his Malibu Beach home which says, "Butler's Pantry." And an arrow points to the house.

\* \* \*

**A**NNA Q. NILSSON is getting better and better. Now they let her go out in a chair every day and even recently have allowed her to go into the swimming pool at the hospital. It will be a great day when Anna Q. gets on a studio lot once more.

\* \* \*

**L**ETTERS from Lila Lee, who is in an Arizona sanitarium resting and recuperating from overwork, are cheerful and full of laughs. She says she's doing a lot of heavy thinking and enjoying it hugely. "I'll be back at work before long and this rest will do me a lot of good," she says in one letter.

\* \* \*

**R**ENEE ADOREE is home from the hillside sanitarium where she spent several months recently, but she isn't yet well enough to go to work. Doctors' orders are that she keep quiet for several months' yet. However, she's on the





# Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

road to recovery, which is indeed splendid news.

\* \* \*

**MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**, the nineteen-year-old Irish girl whom Frank Borzage discovered in Dublin and brought back for John McCormack's picture, is probably the most carefully chaperoned girl anywhere in the United States. Maureen is under contract to Fox, and Winnie Sheehan hired a chaperon to take entire charge of her in Hollywood.

\* \* \*

*Milton Sills is an accomplished pianist, besides being director of two Los Angeles Banks.*

\* \* \*

**KAY FRANCIS** took over the charming Castelletmare Beach Club on the Roosevelt Highway for a dinner dance. The balconies of the clubhouse are right over the ocean and, on a warm night, it made a delightful place in which to entertain. She had about seventy-five guests.

\* \* \*

**A LOVELY** background for a party is the Harold Lloyd estate in Beverly Hills. There is a swimming pool, with terraces around it where the guests who don't care for the water may sit and watch the aquatic feats of the athletic. Two beautiful tennis courts set in a wilderness of lovely trees. A nine-hole golf course where Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen have matched their prowess. A delightful little stream running by an old mill, with canoes available. And wonderful walks through the beautiful grounds.

One Sunday recently Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd entertained with a Sunday afternoon and dinner party for Mrs. Ben Lyon, Jr., (Miss Bebe Daniels). Everyone came early and enjoyed the beauty of the afternoon in this perfect setting. Buster Keaton spent most of his time attempting to master the golf course and declares he holds the record now—twenty-two balls lost. Colleen Moore was being paddled up the beautiful stream in a canoe by Willis Goldbeck, who is one of her devoted suitors. She looked lovely in a soft pink dress with a big pink picture hat to match. Jack Gilbert and Bill Haines and Jimmy Shields had a great time in the swimming pool, with a deep sea-diver's helmet which Harold has attached to a regular air line. Sally Blane was swimming, too. Eileen Percy and Carmelita Geraghty, with Carey Wilson and Billy Emmerick had some hot sets of tennis. Supper was served outdoors at a little Mexican house arranged for barbecues and overlooking the old mill and miles of lawn and gardens.

The guest of honor wore a sport dress of pale yellow, with a yellow felt hat. Mrs. Lloyd was in white silk, a very simple little dress which made her look

younger than ever. Among the other guests were Blanche Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge), Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Mr. and Mrs. Maury Cleary (May McAvoy), Anne Pennington, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Wallace Davis, Mrs. Mae Sunday, and Carmen Pantages.

\* \* \*



**THE** marriage of Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, the distinguished art director of Metro-Goldwyn, took place at the historic old Santa Barbara Mission on Aug. 6. Cedric was born in Dublin and is famous as an artist.

**Kay Francis:** Took over a California beach club to entertain at a dinner dance.

\* \* \*

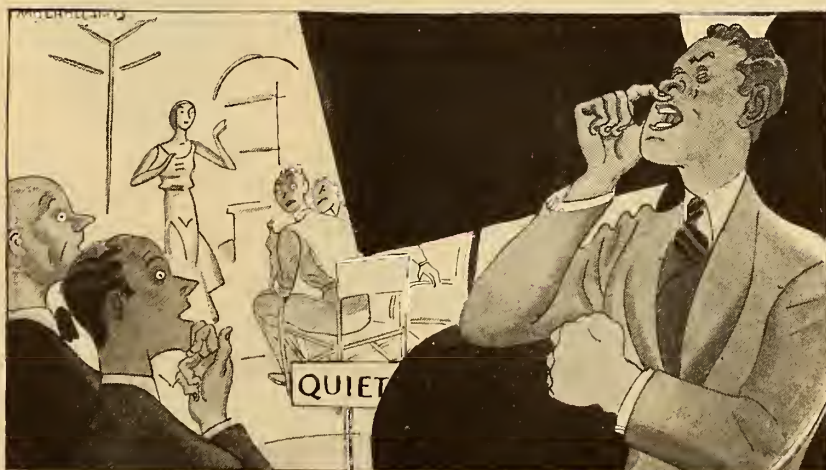
**Warner Brothers** are paying **Barbara Stanwyck** \$25,000 for one picture.

\* \* \*

**HONORING** some friends from the city of Mexico who were visitors in Hollywood, Dolores Del Rio entertained with a charming dinner party recently. Dolores lives in the hills back of Hollywood and has a delightful Spanish house which is perfect for entertaining. In her front yard is a giant sycamore tree, which was used in the early days as a place to hang bandits. This lends a picturesque background to a Hollywood party. Supper was served in the house and garden and the Spanish food was marvelous.

The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford wore the prettiest frock of pure white chiffon, with a little winged cape), William Haines, Colleen Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Constance Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Don Alvarado, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. Barney Glazer, Ernst Lubitsch, Leatrice Joy (looking lovelier than ever in a Chanel frock of powder blue), Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, James Shields, Lloyd Pantages and Carmen Pantages, Cedric Gibbons, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli.

Right here we must pause to tell one on Charlie Farrell. Living at Malibu, he decided to stop at the Fox-hill Studio to put on his dinner clothes, rather than go all the way to his house at Toluca Lake. He thought he had all the necessary habiliments in his dressing room. Arriving there at seven he found he lacked a dress shirt, dress socks and a dress tie. So he came to the





# The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



**Helen Kane:** Still boop-a-dooping with success in the talkies and out of them.

party, much embarrassed, in dinner clothes with a white every-day shirt, an ordinary black tie, and red and black socks.

**MARIE DRESSLER** cut short her stay in New York and Europe because of the weather. Too hot. On the day she arrived home in Hollywood the thermometer read 97 in the shade.

**LUPE VELEZ** was getting \$2,500 a week from Universal. She got

them to change that and give her \$20,000 a picture. Under this arrangement she can make pictures for other producers—and get extra pin money—when she is not working at U.

*Will Rogers's parents wanted him to be a Methodist minister.*

**GEORGE BANCROFT** travels everywhere with a bodyguard, which seems paradoxical, George Bancroft being the great big he-man of the films and the last gent you would think needed a bodyguard.

**BUSTER KEATON** and his wife, *nee* Natalie Tamadge, are in Europe on a three months' tour and vacation. They are going to buy a small auto and go to all the places Buster saw when he was in the army during the war.

**THE** stars at Malibu were thrown into a bit of excitement during the latter part of July. Reason the grunion were running. These are little fish about the size of sardines which travel in great schools, have no bones, swim right out of the water onto the beach by the thousands, and make delicious eating when fried in bread crumbs. They come out of the water at night and you look for them with the aid of a flashlight, scooping them off the beach in buckets or any other handy receptacle.

*John Gilbert is one of the fastest walkers in Hollywood. Most people have to dog-trot to keep up with him on a stroll over the hills in back of Jack's home.*

**JEAN HARLOW**, vamp de luxe of "Hell's Angels," has

secured a divorce from a hubby few people in Hollywood knew she had. He lives in Chicago.

**A** WOMAN died in Hollywood who had five pets; three beautiful dogs and two prize cats. And she left orders that they be killed as soon as she was dead. Said she, "they have souls maybe and I want them with me. So kill 'em the day I die." Dog lovers stepped in, cables came from all over the world, a court order was demanded restraining the execution of the pets, and lawyers are still fighting it out.

**GARY** Cooper was socked \$5 for speeding on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood; James Kirkwood had to pay \$5 for traveling 40 miles an hour on the same street. Stars get no privileges in Hollywood.

**GLORIA SWANSON** cannot swim. But she shows her gameness by going into the surf daily at Malibu—and getting knocked feet over ears by the hard rolling surf. She came up the other day after being under longer than was comfortable. Her bathing cap had been lost, her long hair (it is almost to her waist) was full of sand and sopping wet with the salt water.

*Louis Wolheim was mayor of Ketchikan, Alaska, for one day. During the time the "Silver Horde" troupe were filming their story the mayor turned over his job to Louis for one day as a token of honor. Louis did not get paid for it and the mayor got a day's fishing in, so everyone was happy.*

**PRODUCERS** are not always so smart, as Hollywood well knows; lamp this list they turned loose:

Bebe Daniels; when talkies came to Paramount did not bother to give her a test. Allowed *EKO* to take her and make one of talkies' best bets out of her.

Fox had George Bancroft working as a heavy in Tom Mix pictures. Saw nothing in him, let him go. Paramount made millions with him.

Lew Ayres was at Pathe but got nowhere. Universal made him the hero of the year in "All Quiet on the Western Front," in a big part.

But Pathe took Helen Twelvetrees after Fox cast her aside.

Pathe let Jeanette Loff go, to be picked up, as was Ayres, by Universal.

Fox let go or refused to take, Nancy Carroll, Jack Oakie, Joe E. Brown, Stuart Erwin. Paramount took 'em all except Brown, who is a star for Warner Brothers.

And Warner Brothers let Charlie Farrell go when they had him under contract for \$100 a week.





# film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

**CHARLIE FARRELL** is the best sailing-boat yachtsman in Hollywood. His racing sailboat under full sail can be seen tacking all over the Pacific Ocean any day Charlie is not in the studio—and he carries no crew, does the work himself. Which, if you have ever done any sailing, you know to be quite a trick.

\* \* \*

**ALLAN DWAN** issued programs for his Fourth of July party. One of the events was a fireworks display which Allan had listed as "The Wheel of Life: From the cradle to the grave. Spinning to eternity amidst a swirl of fire. This amazing reproduction required the human sacrifice of four beautiful Follies girls, six song writers and three supervisors."

"After this event there will be a tennis exhibition by the world's foremost rank players," the program announced.

\* \* \*

*Beverly Hills—often called the home of the stars—is going to get a new post office costing Uncle Sam \$250,000.*

\* \* \*

**HAROLD LLOYD** is quite a miniature golf fan. So is Bill Haines. You are apt to see them put-putting on one of the small courses near Bel Air or Beverly Hills of an evening.

\* \* \*

**COLLEEN MOORE** and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg were hostesses at a very entertaining tea sponsored by the Progressive School, on North Highland Avenue in Hollywood. The tea was held at Miss Moore's home in Bel Air and during the early afternoon speeches on education and educational methods were made by some of the distinguished guests of honor. The Progressive School is an advanced method of education and one which Miss Moore and Mrs. Schulberg have been interested in.

The honored guests for the afternoon were Robert G. Sproul, president of the University of California; Dr. James Huntley Sinclair, head of the education department at Occidental College; Dr. William B. Munroe, professor of history and government, California Institute of Technology; Dr. Frederic Woellner, professor of education, University of California; Dr. Benjamin Lehman, Professor of English literature, University of California; Miss Barbara Greenwood, supervisor of nursery school training, University of California; Dr. Mirian Van Waters, consultant to Mr. Wickersham, Hoover Crime Commission; Hugh Lofting, writer of children's stories; Senator Charles W. Lyon, Judge Ben Lindsey, and Alfred Hertz, famous conductor.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM HAINES** is to do a gangster picture with lots of guns and gore,

according to the latest announcement. It has been written for him by Charlie McArthur, the author of "The Front Page." Bill has wanted to do something besides straight comedy for a long time and this is his chance.

\* \* \*

*Maureen O'Sullivan has light blue Irish eyes that always seem to have a laugh in them.*

\* \* \*

**ELSIE FERGUSON**

has temporarily gone back to the stage. With Tom Douglas, an English actor, she is playing Ernest Vadja's "Fata Morgana" at the Hollywood Playhouse.

\* \* \*

**BUCK JONES**, who makes Western films, went into bankruptcy last month. He said his liabilities were \$135,852.90, while his assets were \$500 worth of household furniture and two horses worth \$75 per each. Some of the people he said he owed money to were, Joe Bear Robe, Alex Long Punkin, Jake Black Crow, Afraid Eagle, Walking Crow, Joe Standing Crow, Jim Shot At, and Lucel Shot At. They had worked for him in a picture and he had been unable to pay them.

\* \* \*

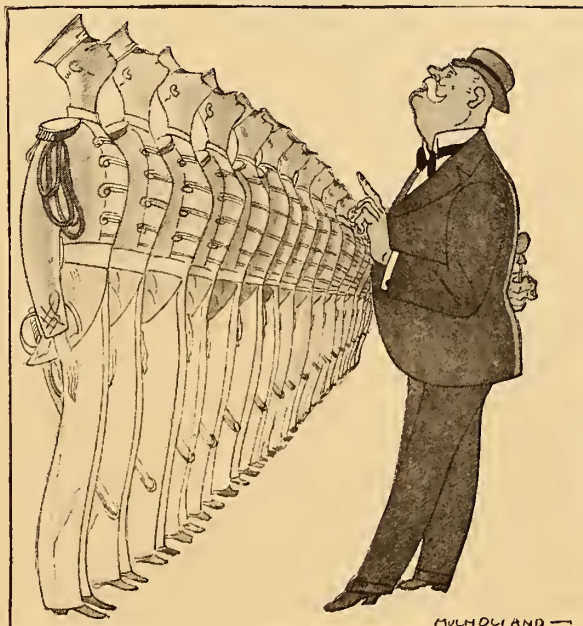
**I**N honor of Mr. Lowe's aunt, Mrs. Kate Murphy, who was their house guest, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), gave a moonlight supper party in the gardens of their Beverly Hills home. Lilyan is one of those hostesses whose parties are always a great success. She has a gaiety herself which seems to spread to her guests and she always has such an interesting group of people at her home. Tables were set for this occasion in the gardens, around the pool and in the

patio. Afterwards there was dancing and bridge. Among the guests were Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), Mr. and Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld (Billie Burke), Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Buddy de Sylva, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Aileen Pringle, Mary Duncan, Colleen Moore, Ilka Chase, Mrs. Hugh Murray, Miss Anita Murray, Kay Francis, Carmelita Geraghty, Ernst Lubitsch, Charles Farrell, Carey Wilson, William Haines, James Shields, Wallace Davis, Mrs. Mae Sunday, Sidney Howard, Willis Goldbeck, Kenneth McKenna, Mr. and Mrs.

(Continued on page 104)

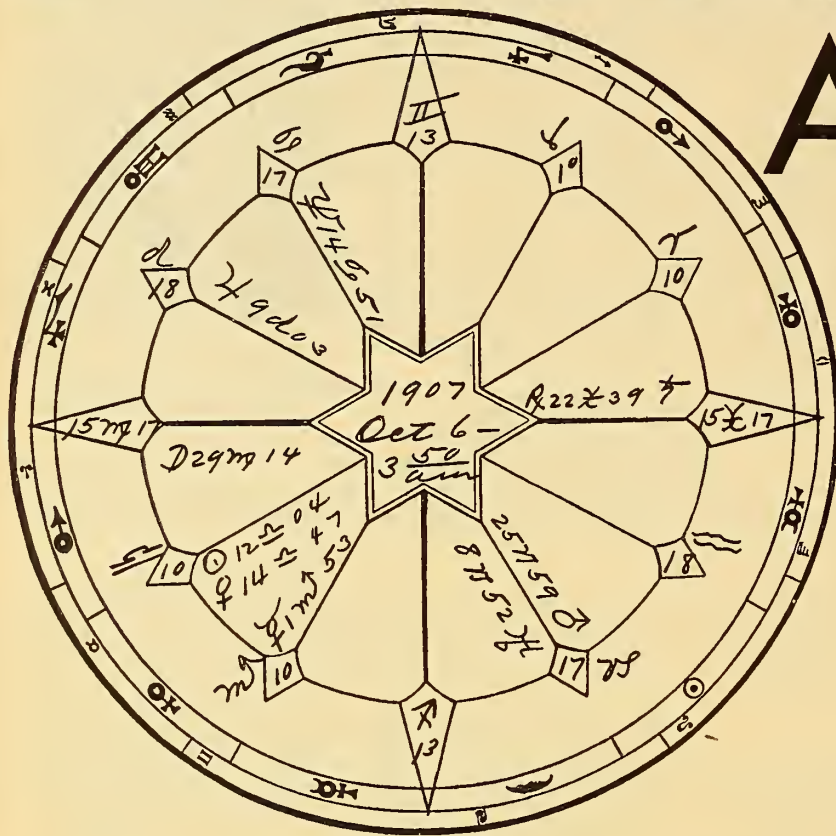


**Jean Harlow: Vamp of "Hell's Angels" getting a divorce from a Chicago husband.**





# EVANGELINE ADAMS



Evangeline Adams' horoscope of Janet Gaynor, discussed in detail this month. Miss Gaynor was born in Philadelphia on Oct. 6, 1907, at 3:50 A. M.

**T**HE other night, when I was broadcasting, I happened to speak of Buddy Rogers. I didn't know Mr. Rogers personally any more than I know Miss Gaynor. But I did know his horoscope. And—such is the power of astrology—I was able to tell several things about him that were not known to his closest friends, and a few that weren't even suspected by Buddy, himself. I had hardly finished my talk when the studio telephone rang. It was Buddy.

I did not know what he might say. So I said it first. "Was what I said true?" "True?" he laughed. "It was as true as it was embarrassing."

Well, Miss Gaynor, I hope what I am going to say about you won't be embarrassing. And I don't see why it should be. I told Mr. Rogers that he might be pursued by married women—and I certainly won't tell that to you! Instead, I will say that you were born under Venus, and for that fact you should be profoundly grateful. I don't mean what you mean! You, with your romantic soul, are thinking of Venus as the Goddess

of Love. And although it is true that no young girl with Venus so prominent in her horoscope could help being attractive to men, Venus in your case has a more individual and significant meaning.

**V**ENUS rules many things besides love. It rules cooks, confectioners, maid-servants and butlers. It rules silk mercers, embroiderers, clothiers, and makers of hats and gloves. It rules those who deal in scents, flowers, ornaments and toilet accessories. It rules musicians, painters, singers, poets and actors. And it is in the latter capacity, as Goddess of Entertainment, that Venus entered your destiny, rescued you from the six-day grind of a commercial office, and bore you in her loving arms to Fame.

It could not be otherwise. You were born in the sensitive sign, Libra. And the natives of this sign are almost always beautiful. Libra stands for balance, symmetry, beauty; and it imparts these qualities to its children. Venus is the ruling planet of this sign. It also happened to be in the sign Libra when you were born. The combination was bound to take your beauty and convert it to esthetic and artistic ends. Venus also was friendly to the powerful planet Jupiter in your astrological heavens. Both planets govern success and wealth; Jupiter governs position and honor. Venus is called the Lesser Fortune. Jupiter is called the Greater Fortune. Both were smiling on you, Janet Gaynor,

## SAYS EVANGELINE ADAMS

If you were born under the sign Libra, between Sept. 24 and Oct. 24, the chances are that:

You are artistic by nature. You have a fine sense of harmony and proportion. You have fine sensibilities. You are affable, agreeable and very good company. You see both sides of a question. That is your strength and your weakness.

Your powers of endurance and recuperation are great. Your planetary colors are indigo, light blue and white; yellow and dove grey. Your flowers are violets, foxgloves, daisies and lilies of the valley. Your stones are pearl, opal, sapphire, beryl, green jasper, lapis-lazuli, coral and carnelian.

**E**VANGELINE ADAMS will be a regular monthly contributor to **NEW MOVIE**. Next month she will discuss November—and the motion picture favorites born during that month. She will tell you exactly what it means to be born under the sign of Scorpio, that is, in the period between October 22nd and November 21st.

**NEW MOVIE** readers will find the radio broadcasts of Miss Adams to be of great interest. Miss Adams' radio appearances are given over a national Columbia tie-up from Station WABC in New York and forty-three associated stations in Baltimore, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Detroit, Syracuse, Washington, Pittsburgh and other cities. Watch your local radio programs for this striking feature.

Letters may be addressed to Miss Evangeline Adams, in care of **NEW MOVIE**, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.



# READS THE STARS

## The World's Most Famous Astrologer Interprets the Stars and Their Influences

By EVANGELINE ADAMS

with your Libra beauty and your Venus gift for the stage. And the inevitable result, in this age when Hollywood is the theatrical capital of the world, was California and fortune.

But your Success was not destined to be an easy one. Saturn, the Celestial Schoolmaster, was prominent in the heavens during that part of the sign Libra in which you were born. Saturn sometimes means trial and tribulation. It almost always means delay. This may account for the failure of your early efforts to succeed in a strictly commercial career. The erratic planet Uranus was in that part of the heavens which rules the early part of your life: a condition which indicates that you will be more successful the farther you get from your home and early environment. Well, you were born in Philadelphia; and you didn't succeed in a big way until you got to California—so through trial and tribulation, over long journeys and in a far country, you fulfilled your horoscope.

ONCE started on your career, however, in the right line and in the right place, another invaluable factor in your astrological chart helped you toward success. The critical, mental sign Virgo was rising in the heavens at the time you were born; and Virgo is ruled by Mercury, the God of the Intellect. This was the last straw that broke the Hollywood back. The town is full of Venus girls, of Libra beauties. But most of them have no brains. But you, you fortunate Janet Gaynor, you could look like Venus and think like Mercury—so what could the poor men do? Well, it is obvious what they did do: they made you a star!

So much for the chief factors which have been at work in shaping your remarkable career. I am not going too far into what the stars tell me of your private life, especially your life of the heart. That is your secret—and, now that I have read your horoscope, mine. But I will say that you have the power to stir men greatly, and that you are yourself seldom stirred. Venus in Libra develops the esthetic rather than the amatory side of your nature. The Sun being in unfriendly aspect to Uranus indicates that you may have many strange and seemingly unaccountable attachments, but that they will end capriciously and unexpectedly. I don't believe that the conventional, ceremonious side of your marriage appeals to you very strongly. You have it in you to be a devoted, loyal wife—but even before you were a wife you were an artist. Your art is your love. Your public is your lover.

Personally, you have two distinct sides to your nature; and it depends on the people with whom you are thrown as to which is dominant at any one time. When your affable, sympathetic, cheerful side is brought to the front, you may then find it difficult to say "No." When your aggressive and independent side is stirred, you can say it with capital letters, and do. You have



This is a crisis year for Janet Gaynor, says Evangeline Adams. She is under disorganizing conditions of a kind that frequently cause people to make changes. Miss Gaynor possesses an elusive magnetism and peculiar influence over people. She will experience the unexpected all through her life. Her mistakes, says Miss Adams, will be those of temperament.

a highly strung nervous system, which causes you to see, hear and feel things which do not register with the less sensitively organized. This gives you an elusive magnetism and peculiar influence over people which is at times disorganizing. You will experience the unexpected all through your life. You should cultivate an intelligent non-resistance to the inevitable. The mistakes you make will be due to temperament. Your Jupiter assures you that you will make money. Assure yourself that you save it. Don't be too exacting; don't carry a chip on your shoulder; don't waste time, money and your great gifts on empty pleasure.

This is a crisis year for you, Miss Gaynor. Right now, as I write, I should be very much surprised if you weren't undergoing some sort of revolution in either your personal or professional life, possibly both.



# ADVICE FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST ASTROLOGER

Anyhow, you are under hectic, disorganizing conditions of a kind that frequently cause people to make a change of some sort. I believe that you should pursue a course of intelligent non-resistance, not trying to force matters, and taking plenty of time to investigate every proposition that is made to you.

Just as these words reach the public you may be feeling discouraged and depressed; and beginning with September 28th and extending to October 6th, conditions will be very disorganizing. Avoid extravagance and taking undue chances, especially with money, during October. Beginning with November, you will be under more beneficent influences. In fact, during the final months of 1930 and the early months of 1931, you will be under so many conflicting planets that almost anything could happen. It is up to you, with your Libra gifts of balance, to weigh conditions carefully, think well before you act, and accept only such opportunities as come to you naturally. Under no conditions force matters. Your happiness does not lie that way.

A good many of the things I have said about Miss Gaynor apply with varying force to all of us who were born in her sign, Libra—between September 24th and October 24th. If you were born at this time, the chances are that you are artistic by nature; that you have a fine sense of harmony and proportion; that you have fine sensibilities which are easily shocked by crudity and vulgarity; that you are affable and agreeable and very good company. You see both sides of every question. This is your strength and your weakness. Don't spend your life weighing this and that fine point with that excellent critical faculty of yours. Don't cogitate and wobble. Decide and act.

Though not necessarily robust in appearance—Miss Gaynor, for example, is only five feet tall and weighs scarcely a hundred pounds—yet you are by nature of an extremely sound constitution. Your powers of endurance and recuperation are great. Should ill health come upon you, guard against diseases of the kidneys and the lumbar region. Avoid violent exercises and straining the back. Not all Libra people can be picture stars, though a good many are: Alice Joyce, Joseph Schildkraut, Constance Bennett, Jack Mulhall, Jeanette Loff, Ina Claire, Lilyan Tashman, Jackie Coogan, Jean Arthur, Lloyd Hughes and John Boles. Those who do not follow an artistic career usually do well as bankers, brokers, judges, architects, diplomats or engineers. If you are a girl, you should try to follow some professional career. And as for marriage—al-



Evangeline Adams is the world's most famous astrologer. She has been in active practice for more than thirty-five years and has been consulted in person in her New York studio by approximately a hundred thousand people and by mail from every corner of the earth.

Miss Adams is a descendant of John Adams and of John Quincy Adams. She first became interested in the occult through her early association with Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and the latter's father, Professor Phelps. She later studied the science under Dr. J. Heber Smith, professor of materia medica at Boston University and one of the greatest physicians of his time. Her investigations have been profound, including thorough consideration of Eastern lore.

Miss Adams foretold the deaths of King Edward, Caruso, and Valentino, and prophesied the World War.

though a good deal depends on the position of the various planets in your individual horoscope—you are most likely to find congenial life partners among people born under Aquarius (January 21st to February 20th) and Gemini (May 22d to June 22d).

**Y**OUR planetary colors are indigo, light blue and white; yellow and dove gray. Your flowers are violets, foxgloves, daisies and lilies of the valley. Your stones are the pearl, the opal, the sapphire, the beryl, the green jasper, the lapis lazuli, the coral and the carnelian. And some of the most famous people born under your sign, in addition to Miss Gaynor and other heroes and heroines of the screen, are—and were—Isadora Duncan, Ramsay MacDonald, Von Hindenburg, Beau Brummell, Annie Besant, Carmen Sylva, Pasteur, Oscar Wilde, Lily Langtry, Edward Bok, Jenny Lind, Sarah Bernhardt, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and Aimee Semple McPherson!

There is room, as you see, for considerable variety within the one sign Libra. But it is interesting to note that all of the men and women, separated as they are by time and space and race and calling, were born with more than ordinary good looks and exercised at one time or another during their lives a strong influence on the public imagination. Even among people born under Libra and engaged in the same calling—for example, that list of talkie celebrities—there will be found these contrasting characteristics of variety and sameness.

Take Janet Gaynor and Alice Joyce. Could any two girls be more unlike in appearance, manner, method and appeal? And there are excellent astrological reasons for these differences. Although Miss Joyce, like Miss Gaynor, was born in Libra and under Venus as the ruler of that sign, Venus was not in the sign

**Among the famous people born under the October sign of Libra, between Sept. 24 and Oct. 24, are Isadora Duncan, Ramsay MacDonald, Von Hindenburg, Jenny Lind, Sarah Bernhardt, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and Aimee Semple McPherson.**

Libra at the moment of her birth, and therefore does not exercise the same dominant influence in her life; and Jupiter, ruling success, position, honor and wealth, instead of being placed as it was in Miss Gaynor's chart, so that it would just naturally attract people of wealth and influence who would benefit her, was in the impersonal sign Aquarius which was rising when Miss Joyce was born: indicating that whereas she might have plenty of money, it would mean little to her, and that in a business way she might prove more fortunate to others than to herself. On the strictly personal side, the differences in the girls' horoscopes are just as marked, with the (Continued on page 129)





Photograph by Richee

Miss Roth, ex-blues singer of Broadway, has established herself as a definite talking screen personality. Her work in "The Love Parade" revealed her promise. Miss Roth is now appearing opposite Jack Oakie in his new comedy of the French navy.

**LILLIAN  
ROTH**





Photograph by John Miehle

Dolores Del Rio is different from any other girl in Hollywood. Her background, her experience, her education, her philosophy are all different. When she was five, she was placed in a strict Mexican convent. For ten years she lived and moved in the rigid paths laid down by the nuns. At fifteen she left the convent to marry a man older than herself whom she scarcely knew. Finally, when her marriage became unendurable to her she broke away.



# "I WANT to be HAPPY"

"For the first time in my life, I am myself," says Dolores Del Rio. "I intend to seek out all the laughter, all the joy, all the amusement."

BY ADELA ROGERS  
ST. JOHNS



Photograph by John Miehle

The contrast between Dolores Del Rio's physical appearance and her actual character is surprising. She looks orchidaceous. One imagines her in stately ballrooms, exquisite boudoirs, softly lighted drawing rooms. But that is only one side of Miss Del Rio, the most exploited side, and it is relatively unimportant to her.

**A**NNE ALVARADO, who knows her better than anyone else, says that Dolores Del Rio is the most misunderstood woman in Hollywood.

I rather think she is right.

The hot but heartless Mexican siren suggested by Del Rio's dark beauty vanishes into thin air upon close acquaintance. The luxurious orchid, a lady who loves diamonds and sables and exotic perfumes, presents only one side—and a rather unimportant side—of this lady of quality.

Dolores is different from any other girl now in electric lights. Her background, her experience, her education, her philosophy are all different. Her viewpoint cannot be the same as theirs for these reasons.

When she was five, she was placed in a strict Mexican convent. For ten years she lived and moved in the rigid paths laid down by the most aristocratic nuns.

At fifteen she left the convent to marry a man much older than herself whom she scarcely knew.

Until she was five, Dolores did as her mother said. Until she was fifteen, she obeyed the sisters. After her marriage, she obeyed her husband. She knows what discipline means.

Finally, when her marriage of convenience became unendurable to her, when residence in the United States had convinced her that unhappy marriages need not be borne forever, she broke away, determined to have and do the things she valued and which she had missed.

"**A**ND now, for the first time in my life," she said, "I am myself. I do what I want to do. I get the joy from life. I have the fun I never had when I was a young girl, because so soon I was married—two weeks out of the convent. I have romance, I go to parties, I laugh and talk. All these things most girls have done when they are not yet twenty. Me—I am then the wife to a man much too old, who allows not these things for his wife. Now—I make up for lost time, no? Every person who is human will do so. It is a law of nature. If not one time, then another time."

"But I have been trained, always, to control myself. It is good. Then one does not—run wild, eh? It is possible to stand back and judge of what things are worth, of what is their value to us. It is better."

"For myself, I will be happy all the time, because the world is so full of so many beautiful things. And I make my life, I carve it, with care. Is that

not wisdom? I am ambitious for my work. I will do nothing to injure it. But—from life now I get everything I can, every joy, every sensation, all the laughter, all the amusement. Else I starve to death and become an old woman before it is time."

Of Del Rio I would say that she is a woman of charm.

The woman of charm must above all things be many-sided in character.

Next, she must be interested in many things and in all people.

There is one thing about Del Rio that is absolutely different from any other motion picture star I have ever

**"Marriage is not for the woman who makes her own living. It is too great a demand." —DOLORES DEL RIO**



# The Story of Hollywood's Most Misunderstood Woman

met—with the exception of Marion Davies. Self seems missing from Del Rio's actions and her vocabulary.

**I**N a land where personality is the chief commodity and where the battle for success is violent and continuous, it is but natural that the majority of people should be self-centered. To some extent they must be. Many are quite frank about it, not a few are actually so interesting that nobody minds, some take it out in an inferiority complex, which is more self-centered than most things. But almost all of them concentrate upon self.

Dolores Del Rio is different. Not from any great unselfishness of character, such as controls Miss Davies, but simply from sureness, from confidence. She knows what she wants. She knows exactly how to get it. She knows what she can do. Therefore, she can afford to ignore it all. She need not be either on the offensive or the defensive. She can be herself—and be charming. Her mind and her time are free for other and broader views.

Altogether she is the most satisfying person I have met in the newer generations of Hollywood.

Her sophistication isn't superficial. It is a civilized understanding of the world, its ideals and its faults, its vice and its virtue. She can discuss such things in all their phases without prudery but also without vulgarity.

Del Rio is Mexican and fiery—when she wants to be. But it never runs away with her. The cross current of aristocratic Indian blood—she and Ramon Novarro are distant cousins and claim proudly a heritage from the great and wise Aztec chieftains—tempers the Mexican.

It gives her a cold, strong streak that is fascinating and creates the slightly haughty poise which makes her stand out.

Perhaps the misunderstanding—or rather the lack of understanding—comes from the contrast between her physical appearance and her actual character. I've never known anyone whose appearance was so deceptive.

**D**EL RIO looks orchidaceous. One imagines her in stately ballrooms, exquisite boudoirs, softly lighted drawing rooms. And in ballrooms and boudoirs she does very well. The way she wears her clothes, her many beautiful jewels, suggest that her being is centered in these feminine idols. You think of perfumes, bath salts, filmy negligées, French maids. True, she has all those things and loves them.

They are part of her charm, they are so feminine.

But they are only one side of Del Rio. And though the best known side, the most exploited, relatively unimportant to her and to any true understanding of her.



Dolores Del Rio in the Louis XV room of her beautiful Hollywood residence. Standing on the chinoiserie dresser beside her is a portrait of her mother.

The things she loves best are all outdoors.

I have seen her lie for hours on the beach at Malibu, with nothing on but an old, faded bathing suit. The sun and the sand she revels in, doesn't care in the least how she looks. Dripping with sea water, she comes out of the ocean, her hair plastered like black patent leather, and races up and down the beach, as un-self-conscious as a child. Often she comes to her beach house alone and spends three or four days in the sun, reading, resting, thinking.

Last year she and her dear friend, Mrs. Don Alvarado, camped for weeks alone in the high Sierras. They did their own cooking, made their own beds, tramped the trails all day and at night sat silent and happy beside their little campfire.

Few women care for the high Sierras, even with plenty of company. They are beautiful, the most

beautiful places in the world are in the Sierras near Yosemite, but they are big and lonely. Beneath the purple grandeur of those sky-reaching peaks, among the majestic, wise old trees, beside the murmured, ageless poetry of the winds and the splendid waterfalls, the human soul faces something of eternity and all there is of immensity.

I have known many, many people to run away from those mountains. They become depressed, unhappy. They feel small and insignificant.

But the strong, free soul expands and thrills before this testimony of God's artistry. On wings, it goes to meet a new beauty.

**T**OM MIX once said to me: "It takes a big man to live in big places. Little men can't stand the contrast. They are afraid."

In my opinion it is a rare woman who, with only one woman companion, seeks the lofty loneliness of the Sierras for weeks at a time.

Hiking those mountain trails is no easy thing for any woman. It takes wind and muscles in perfect condition. It takes heart and stamina.

Del Rio has that sort of hardness, mentally and physically.

Thus you have two sides—the orchid, and the woman who loves big and strong things of the outdoors.

But there are other sides.

Not so long ago Colleen Moore and Leatrice Joy and Dolores Del Rio and I occupied a table for four at Diana Fitzmaurice's shower for Bebe Daniels.

We got so uproarious that it was disgraceful. I never saw anyone laugh with such gusto as Dolores. There was the warm, emotional Latin, taking her merriment like a child.

(Continued on page 122)





Four of the closest friends in Hollywood: Doug and Mary, Yvonne and Maurice Chevalier.

# A Matinee Idol's Wife

An Actress Herself, Madame Chevalier Is Both an Old-Fashioned Wife and a Philosopher

By JACK BEVERLY

EVERYONE always wants to know about the wife of a great matinee idol. They go to see Maurice Chevalier on the screen, they find him irresistibly charming, a polished lover, a delightful personality. The embodiment of their own romantic dreams.

They are filled with a mixture of curiosity and envy concerning the woman who is fortunate enough to have so glamorous a person for a husband.

The first question is, "Is he married?" Yes, Monsieur Chevalier is married.

Then, "What's his wife like? Are they happy?" So—enter madame.

A FRENCHWOMAN. A philosopher (are the two perhaps synonymous?). Herself an artist. But above all, a really old-fashioned wife, who believes in the sanctity of marriage, the obligations of wifehood, and the need of intelligence to carry out both.

From the mere viewpoint of the average man this Frenchman Chevalier is a very, very lucky man. I agree with those who consider Chevalier a boon and a blessing to the American screen. Long

Madame Chevalier is appearing opposite her husband, the famous Maurice, in the French version of "The Little Café." She is well known on the Parisian stage.

before he ever came to America I used to haunt the Palace in Paris to be cheered by that unequaled smile. I can understand why women think Chevalier fascinating.

I still say he's lucky.

Madame Chevalier is a person herself and a very distinctive one. If you met the two of them at a party anywhere, as we sometimes do, you'd notice Yvonne Chevalier and remember her much more distinctly than you would Maurice.

In fact, the first time I ever saw her was at a party. Across the crowded drawing-room where Anita Murray, one of our younger beauties, had gathered half the celebrities in Hollywood, I noticed a little woman who stood out from all the rest, for two things. The amazing vivacity of her manner and the—how shall I say?—the un-Hollywood look of her face. It is sad, but true, that many of the beautiful girls of Hollywood have a peculiar sameness about them that occasionally palls.

The woman, gowned very simply in a soft blue, without any jewels, wore her black hair smooth over the brow and fluffed charmingly over her ears. Her black eyes were sparkling with life and laughter, her red mouth was smiling, pouting, talking, her gestures were swift and varied. (Continued on page 111)







Photograph by Otto Dyar

Besides being a charming singer, Jeanette MacDonald is a ballet dancer of considerable ability. She has never danced on the screen but she did in several Broadway musical shows. You next will see Miss MacDonald in Ernst Lubitsch's newest effort, "Monte Carlo."





Swanky Palm Drive, Beverly Hills. Spiralling up into the hills, each drive is gemmed with a distinct tree species: the palm, the jacaranda, the eucalyptus, the magnolia, the pepper, the elm and the acacia.

# There's Gold in Them Thar BEVERLY HILLS

By  
HERBERT HOWE

Once a Cow Pasture, Beverly Is Now the  
Fastidious Home Town of the Stars

Special Photographs for NEW MOVIE by Stagg

**R**ELAX your hold on drab life for a moment. Place yourself in the hypnotist's power. You are about to realize the Olympian ecstasy of taking a census of Beverly Hills. . . .

There now: You are knocking at the palaces of the stars, pronouncing *sesame* before the gates of Spanish castles, French chateaux and Aztec wigwams, swooning mid seraglios and swimming pools. Giddily you make your rounds counting stars and delving into their fair bosoms (with authority of Uncle Sam) to unlock such heart secrets as true age and actual marital condition.

Now ope the orbs and try to walk across the floor in a straight line. Doesn't the bean swim a little?

**H**E who has the imagination to endure this cruel ecstasy will feel only tolerance for the census-taker who this year became so

Pickfair, the home of Doug and Mary. Pickfair, says Herb Howe, is regarded abroad as the most important American residence, next to the White House.

intoxicated in a purely rhapsodical way that he quite forgot to count the mayor and his family.

The first count revealed Beverly to be the speediest town in the United States with a gain of 2500 per cent. in ten years and a population of 17,500. After repeated whoops from Mayor Will Rogers, the star enumerator pulled himself together sufficiently to go forth and inventory the Rogers' tribe. On his return he reported the population well over the 18,000 mark. Apart from Will's personal contribution, much of the growth should be credited to him, for it was made under his administration. This combined with the fact that there is

not a poor man in the town makes Will the logical presidential candidate for prosperity in 1932.

**First Cows, Then Stars**—Beverly Hills was originally a cow pasture. That's why Will Rogers was attracted to it some ten years ago. He's an old cow hand whose pastime still is ropin'. When it was decided to turn the pasture into a town Will







Golden Beverly Hills with some of  
Its Stars:

↑ Harold Lloyd  
Estate

↑ Home of  
John Gilbert

↑ Home of  
John Barrymore

was elected mayor by unanimous vote of the cattle. His success later on in roping in the movie stars only goes to prove that they too are human and want to be contented.

Beverly originally was a Mexican land grant, the Rancho de las Aguas, which in Spanish means "the Ranch of Water." This name was used to attract the cattle. You'll note the realtors changed it when they set out to attract the movie stars. "Beverly" suggests a contraction of the old English "beverage," which now flows more freely than the agua.

The deed which Harold Lloyd received to his baronial estate shows the original Mexican grant in operation. Only one owner intervenes between Harold and the first don. Water still trickles through Harold's estate but Harold doesn't keep cows and so it is used for land-scaping and to make the golf course a little more intricate.

**Beverly vs. Hollywood**—A city by herself Beverly lies a gem on the panting bosom of Los Angeles. Time after time she has tilted her chin at an invitation to join the civic circus surrounding her. Hollywood, on the other hand, is merely a suburb studding the Los Angeles diadem. Hollywood is Broadway. Beverly is Fifth

Avenue. People work in Hollywood; they live in Beverly. No overalled laborer is ever seen beneath the trees of Beverly's perfumed boulevards, no extras flashily attired in imitation of the stars, no tourist Fords with flying buttresses of beds and camping outfits. Beverly is fastidious. Beverly is elegant. Beverly has the languor and the luxury of Miss Corinne Griffith, who owns large hunks of it.

Even the air differs from that of Hollywood. There isn't the gas. The aristocratic monogrammed motors with chauffeurs liveried are too polite to belch carbon monoxide. Then, too, the sea air comes to Beverly, but refuses to proceed the few miles further to plebeian Hollywood. This wine in the atmosphere, combined with the genteel quietude, the scented shade and the recurrent melody of church bells, makes you think of Cannes and other sybaritic spots of the French Riviera. All Beverly needs is a few sidewalk cafés and she can compete with any European resort, wine included.

**Why Birds Like Beverly**—C. A. Canfield, father of Daisy (Mrs. Tony) Moreno, created Beverly Hills in collaboration with H. E. Huntington. Being very rich these gentlemen were able to be gay about it, which,

of course, is the only way to be in creating anything. Most towns just grow, but Beverly was a favored child.

Disregarding the mathematical pattern of other cities, Papas Canfield and Huntington twined their streets together like strands of a woman's hair. Spiralling up into the hills each drive is gemmed with a distinct tree species—the jacaranda that is a delicate violet cloud in spring-time, the eucalyptus that grows a ruby fire a little later, the magnolia pearled with blossoms of heady perfume,

**The Church of the Good Shepherd**, at Bedford and Santa Monica Boulevards. Here took place the royal wedding of Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, a social triumph that changed the style to court trains, starry retinues and batteries of movie cameras.







The Sweep of Beverly Hills with some of the Stellar Homes:

Home of ↑  
Tom Mix

Home of ↑  
Buster Keaton

Home of ↑  
Marion Davies

the swooning pepper with pungent clusters, the aloof majestic palm, the dignified elm, the sweetly seducing acacia, all two by two in a rhythmic weaving go marching up to the undulant hills.

Even the business streets are gendarmed with poplars and camphor trees. This makes shopping pleasant. But merchants protest that the birds who nest in the trees are not desirable citizens for exclusive Beverly. Lady shoppers complain, they say. It is about their hats. Nevertheless I am sure that if it were put to a popular vote the roguish birds would win over the ladies' hats.

**Heart of Movie World**—Beverly Hills is nine miles from the business center of Los Angeles, fifteen minutes by car from Santa Monica and the ocean. An imaginary line divides her from Hollywood. Toward the ocean on the West is Westwood, with the great Fox Movietone studios. To the South a few miles lies Culver City with the Metro-Goldwyn studios, Pathé and Hal Roach. Over the range of hills that forms the Beverly background is San Fernando valley where Mack Sennett, the Christies, Universal and First National have their haciendas. Beverly, rather than Hollywood, is the geographic heart of the movie world. Yet she is isolated from the honky-tonk spirit of moviedom.

Hollywood Boulevard already has begun to fray a little with blowsy lunch-rooms and clothing stores that bid for the Filipino servant boy trade. Beverly offers no such haunts. Her shops deal in diamonds and tweeds. They are gleaming new in modern and period designs. A vegetable and fruit market is done in black and silver in the latest mode. A few doors away there is an arcade with dreamy palm-centered patio that has the illusion of antiquity.

**Home of Hymen** — The hotels are the finest. The old

Photograph by Gene Kornman

Harold Lloyd in front of his baronial estate. Harold's deed shows the original Mexican grant in operation. Only one owner intervenes between the comedian and the first don.

Beverly Hills—old and yet in its 'teens—is of Mission architecture set in a park of voluptuous gardens with bungalows scattered carelessly about. The new Beverly-Wilshire on Wilshire Boulevard is as magnificent as any hotel of Paris. Of French and Italian renaissance its apartments are individually decorated and furnished with hand-carved French furniture. Its crystal dining-room is a particularly fascinating rendezvous for the movie four hundred, its walls being made of mirror. The gold ballroom has become the parade ground for the local Hymen. Here several orchestras and spotlights played for the nuptial pageant of Ben Bard and Ruth Roland. Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello likewise received their conjugal blessing here.

Stars party in Hollywood and marry in Beverly. Elopement used to be the fashion in the early days of Hollywood romance. However, the royal wedding of Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky in the Church of the Good Shepherd was a social triumph that changed the style. Now stars are wedded like other folk, only more so, with organ music, court trains, starry retinues and many cameras.

**Industry of Beverly**—Beverly Hills is surrounded by nine golf courses. This gives you some idea of its







The Moreno home on Moreno Heights, with its beautiful vista. Mrs. Moreno's father, C. A. Canfield, created Beverly Hills in collaboration with H. E. Huntington. Being exceedingly rich these gentlemen were able to be very gay about their plans, says Herb Howe. Most towns just grow, but Beverly was a favored child.

leading industry. There are several polo fields near by, including Mayor Will Rogers', but I'm told Lil Tashman's drawing-room is the polo boys' favorite field.

The horse show is the annual event. There is a bridle path serpentine for two miles through the heart of Beverly. Here you may always see a star or two performing on horseback without aid of double.

Then, of course, there are the private swimming pools, and tennis courts. A house in Beverly without is rated a hovel.

The new University of California spreads its campus over the hills just west of Beverly. There are also military academies and girls' schools to which the kiddies may be sent while mammas and papas are golfing, swimming, racketing and high-balling.

**Architectural Variety** — A steamship pamphlet advertising a round-the-world tour features among the promised sights a picture of the "Witch's House" in Beverly Hills. A strange Mother Goose creation of broken roof lines and eerie windows, this house was the studio of Irwin Willat. When he abandoned picture production, the structure was moved to Beverly Hills where it is now the residence of Ward Lascelles, another picture executive.

Everyone planning a home should visit Beverly Hills for it offers every conceivable style of residence. The Spanish type with stucco walls, red-tile roof and patio steeped in flowers is the favorite. But there are also colonial mansions with pillars and balconies, square Italian villas, English cottages, Tudor castles, low, thick-walled Mexican ranch

houses, California bungalows, chateaux that have been copied from those of Touraine, and casas more Moorish than the Baron D'Erlanger's in Tunis.

If I were being paid by the word I would list the stars who live in Beverly and then retire to a life of luxury in one of the castles. But all the residents are not movie-famous. E. L. Doheny, the oil magnate, has a million-dollar estate which is perhaps the most palatial of all, though personally I prefer Harold Lloyd's.

**"For hundreds of years, the most homeless and irresponsible gypsy in the world was the actor. Perhaps he has been waiting for just such a community as this."**—Conrad Nagel.

**Why Stars Live in Beverly**—"Nowhere in America can the man or woman desirous of the best and finest in life find more than Beverly Hills has to offer," declares Conrad Nagel, a leading citizen.

"For hundreds of years the most homeless and irresponsible gypsy in the world has been the professional actor. Perhaps for hundreds of years he has been waiting for just such a community as this in which to settle down and prove he can be a good citizen."

Mary Pickford, always practical, says, "In the first place, of course, we live in Beverly Hills because it is near our studio. Of all the garden spots within motoring distance of our work Beverly is the most beautiful. It is concentrated California offering everything for which our

(Continued on page 97)

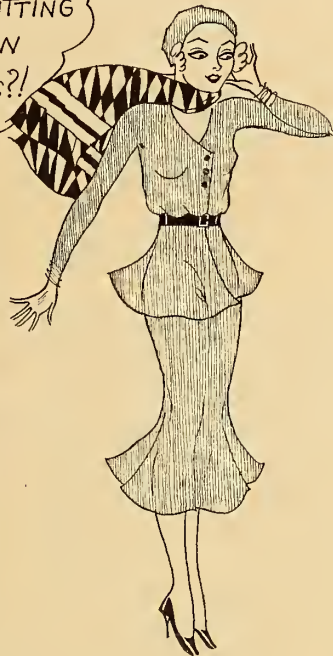
**Irwin Willat's famous Witch's House in Beverly Hills.** A strange Mother Goose creation of broken roof lines and eerie windows, this house was Willat's studio. It was moved to Beverly Hills and is now an everyday private residence.





# LAUGHS OF THE FILMS

WHY  
ARE YOU PUTTING  
ROSIN ON  
YOUR PANTS?!



I CAN'T AFFORD  
TO FALL OFF THE BENCH  
IN AN IMPORTANT  
GAME LIKE THIS!!



"GOOD  
NEWS"

DID ANY OF  
YOUR ANCESTORS  
EVER HAVE ANY  
SERIOUS THROAT  
TROUBLE?



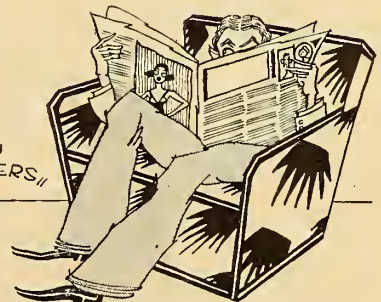
YEAH! MY  
GRANDFATHER.  
THEY HUNG  
HIM!

EDDIE  
CANTOR IN  
"INSURANCE"

DARLING, WILL  
YOU LOVE ME  
WHEN I'M  
OLD?



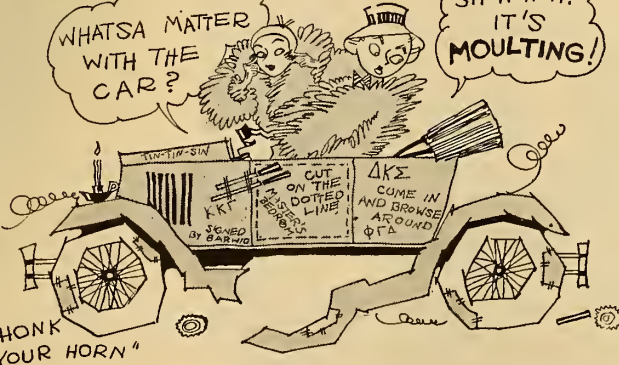
I DON'T SEE  
WHY A FEW  
YEARS SHOULD  
MAKE ANY  
DIFFERENCE!!



"SING,  
YOU  
DANCERS"

WHATSA MATTER  
WITH THE  
CAR?

SH-H-H-H!  
IT'S  
MOULTING!



WHAT DO TH'ENEMY  
DO T'US IF WE  
GITS CAUGHT?

OH, SOME THEY  
EXECUTES, 'N SOME  
THEY EXTERMINATES,  
'N SOME THEY JES'  
KILLS!



"MORAN AND  
MACK IN "ANYBODY'S  
WAR"

HighTower \*



# ADVENTURES in



Monte Blue was discovered by D. W. Griffith while making a socialistic oration from a soap box. Up to that time Blue, who is part Cherokee Indian, had been a day laborer, cowboy, locomotive fireman and lumberjack.

**J**OSEF VON STERNBERG, now a world famous director, was first interviewed by me when he was completely unknown. An artist with a camera, a showman by instinct, he is a sensitive, intelligent and often belligerent fellow.

One of the most gifted directors who ever came to Hollywood, he was the joke of many inferior people for some time. It was B. P. Schulberg, one of the most understanding executives in the film industry, who made of von Sternberg a highly successful director.

Within a year after he had arrived in Hollywood, von Sternberg was a sensation. He wrote and directed "The Salvation Hunters" and produced it for five thousand dollars. It received much acclaim. Mary Pickford engaged him to direct her in a film. Later he went to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

Most of "The Salvation Hunters" was filmed in a mud flat at San Pedro Harbor. George K. Arthur, Andreas Randolph, Otto Matieson, Stuart Holmes and Georgia Hale were in the cast.

The picture completed, Arthur prevailed on Alfred Reeves, Chaplin's production manager, to show it to the great comedian. Chaplin interested Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in the film. Nazimova, Elinor Glyn,

## Further Stories About Hollywood and its Famous Folk—Mack Sennett, Monte Blue, Von Sternberg and Others

By JIM TULLY

William de Mille, Marion Davies, Frank Keenan, Tom Geraghty, and Thomas H. Ince also praised the picture highly. The accepted formulae and traditions of screen action were disregarded.

I said at the time, "Salvation Finder for pictures." In *Wid's Weekly*, Wid Gunning said, "If this shows great direction, I'm a prima donna." Most of the exhibitors agreed with Wid.

Shortly after the picture was previewed, von Sternberg said: "I have the European idea of serving an apprenticeship. I have served in every capacity in the technical production of pictures. I have worked and I have studied, and did what I set out to do when I made the picture."

His position was apparently propitious. However, he disagreed with Miss Pickford, and he was replaced by another director, after he had written her a story using the industrial background of Pittsburgh as the setting for the film.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he directed first "The Exquisite Sinner," and followed with "The Masked Bride," in which Mae Murray was starred. In the midst of the second picture, his contract was broken by mutual consent. He left for Europe.

On his return he was signed by Charlie Chaplin to direct a picture starring Edna Purviance. The film was called "A Woman of the Sea." Chaplin took a reported loss of ninety thousand dollars, rather than release the picture. Preview critics said the picture was beautiful, not human. Rumor said von Sternberg's treatment had given the supporting players too much importance.

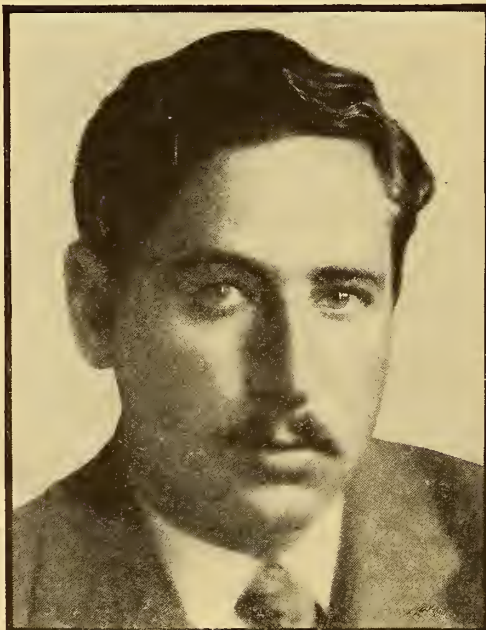
Although von Sternberg had been working almost continually, little of his work had been seen by the public.

**H**E was next signed by B. P. Schulberg. He was to have charge of the photographic effects in the production of Ben Hecht's story, "Underworld."

Before the picture started, he was assigned to direct added scenes of Frank Lloyd's picture, "Children of Divorce." The retakes were so good that von Sternberg was given "Underworld" to direct.

"Underworld" was a sensation.

Josef von Sternberg, says Mr. Tully, is an artist with the camera, a showman by instinct. He is a sensitive, intelligent and often belligerent fellow. Von Sternberg had a tough time getting a foothold in Hollywood.





# INTERVIEWING

The director received the major share of credit for the production, although performances of the players were noteworthy. His next picture, "The Last Command," in which Emil Jannings was starred, was also a sensational box-office success.

The rest of his career is interesting film history. His latest assignment at Paramount is "Morocco," in which the famous German stage and screen beauty, Marlene Dietrich, is to be starred. Miss Dietrich speaks English fluently. Her training as an actress was received under Max Reinhardt. Remembering von Sternberg's success in directing Jannings, this next film should arouse great interest.

**M**ONTE BLUE is one of the few who can say that interest in social uplift headed him on the path to success. Monte literally shouted his way to fame from a soap box.

One-time day laborer, locomotive fireman and lumberjack, he drifted to Los Angeles with the many attracted by the new Golconda—the promise of ready work in pictures. His vision of extra work at high wages vanished more slowly than his small capital. Faced with actual hunger, he sought work as a day laborer on the film lot. His wages were twenty cents an hour. He worked ten hours a day.

An amateur Socialist, he had been exiled from a Northern city for preaching to his fellow workers such fallacies as equality and universal brotherhood.

Forgetting this hard-learned lesson, he undertook to address other shovel-wielders during their lunch hours. Mounting a convenient soap-box, he launched upon his customary harangue. The future directors listened patiently, probably welcoming the novelty more than the wisdom of the speech.

As the oration reached its vehement climax, the speaker suddenly stopped, chagrin and amazement flooding his face. For at the edge of the little gathering stood the great man of the lot, slouch hat pulled low over a rough hewn face. The would-be Socialist gazed with awe at David Wark Griffith.

Aimee Semple McPherson, meeting God, could have been no more chagrined.

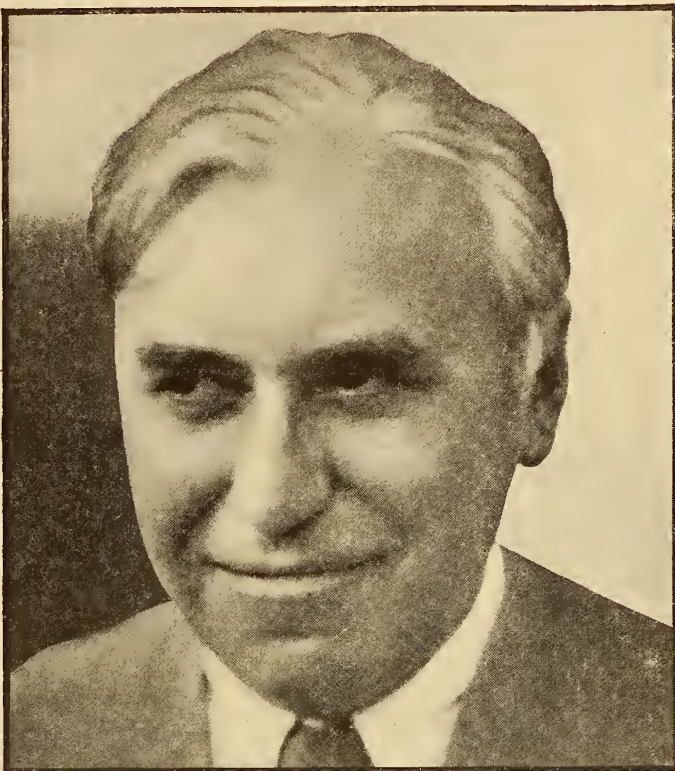
**T**HE great director was in a benevolent mood. "Go on," he said to Monte, "I like to hear you talk."

At the end, Griffith said, "Do you want to be an actor?"

Embarrassed, the day laborer replied, "No—I don't know anything about acting."

Griffith's answer has eluded posterity, or myself. He had undoubtedly seen other film play-

"Underworld" was a sensational hit—and made Director Von Sternberg famous. In it George Bancroft rose to fine histrionic heights and Evelyn Brent gave a really corking performance.



Mack Sennett is one of the great among film pioneers. His comedies were landmarks of screen progress and his discoveries have helped fill the celluloid heavens. His greatest finds were Mabel Normand and Gloria Swanson.

ers and concluded that the day laborer was too modest.

Some days later a scene was filmed in which a speaker was required to incite a mob of extras. Griffith remembered Monte Blue.

After playing the part, he was placed on the studio pay-roll at a weekly guarantee of ten dollars. If he worked before the camera he received five dollars for that day. However, there seemed to be very few rôles which required a blustering digger of postholes.

Monte Blue was an expert rider. He had a strain of

Cherokee Indian blood and had been a cowboy on a Montana ranch. He became official "stunt" man of the studio. He was called upon to risk his life repeatedly, in order that mediocre actors might acquire reputations as dare-devils. When not doubling, Monte Blue helped care for the horses.

Griffith decided to film "Intolerance," (Continued on page 118)





# HOME TOWN STORIES



Mary Brian always will be Louise Dantzler to her schoolmates in Dallas, Texas. Mary was born in Corsicana but, after her father's death, her mother moved to Dallas. Mary never took part in school entertainments. She was too shy.

**A** TIMID little girl with shoulder-length curls and a shy smile.

That's how Dallas remembers Mary Brian, who left Texas six years ago and who has since become one of the screen's prettiest and most promising young actresses. In Hollywood Mary is known now as something of a heartbreaker. She is one of the most popular young girls in the colony and numbers among her admirers such idols as Buddy Rogers and Rudy Vallee.

It was not so a few years ago. Mary, who used to be Louise Dantzler, was so shy she almost never had a date, and on the rare occasions when she did go out, it was generally a "double-date" with another couple.

**D**'ALLAS remembers Mary Brian well. The girls and boys she went to school with are now in college or among the newly married.

Grace recalls. "She always dreamed of being an actress, and we encouraged her because we realized she was beautiful and talented. She and I used to rush downtown after school to see a movie before going home. She talked, dreamed, studied and thought moving pictures. To be an actress was her one ambition. Louise wasn't a good mixer but, once acquainted, she was full of pep. Besides the movies, she loved swimming, dancing and football."



BY  
MABEL  
DUKE

of The Dallas  
Dispatch  
of Dallas, Texas

Several of her former classmates correspond with her regularly and some of them have visited in her home in California.

To her Dallas friends, Mary remains Louise. They recall how she used to roll her hair up in paper curlers and how shy she used to be. Her teachers tell of how she made high grades on examinations but seldom would recite in class.

Her closest friend was Grace Erwin, now Mrs. Robert Hunsaker. They were the same height, the same age, Grace was as blond as Mary was dark, and they were continually together.

"Louise was always mad about the movies,"

**G**RACE and Mary became close friends when they lived in the same house on Ross Avenue. Mary, with her mother and brother, Torrence, lived upstairs and the Erwins lived downstairs.

Mary was born in

Louise Dantzler (now Mary Brian) lived for years in this house in Ross Avenue, Dallas, which is now vacant.



# OF THE STARS

## Dallas, Texas, Knew Mary Brian as a Shy Little Girl Who Always Longed to be a Motion Picture Actress

Corsicana, Texas, a small town about sixty-five miles from Dallas. When she was very young, her father died, leaving Mrs. Dantzler to support Mary and Torrence.

Mrs. Dantzler moved to Dallas, where there was greater opportunity for work, and here she found employment in one of the large jewelry stores. Mary kept house and went to school while her mother worked. When she grew older Mary managed the housekeeping very well, but her culinary talents were nothing to brag of. After a few attempts to eat charred steaks and biscuits as hard as marbles, Torrence and Mrs. Dantzler rebelled and arranged to eat their meals next door.

"I guess I'll have to be an actress or a stenographer or something," Mary used to say, "for I'll certainly never succeed as a housewife and cook."

UNLIKE most girls who later grow up to be actresses, Mary did not study dancing or expression and she did not appear on home talent programs. Finances did not permit expensive lessons and Mary was too shy to go in for the Little Theatre movements. Her latent talent, however, is apparent in some old snapshots. Grace and Mary would dress up in all sorts of costumes and play theater.

One tribute to her beauty was accorded to her in Dallas, however. A contest was held to select the ten most beautiful girls in the city. Mary, then a junior in Bryan High School, sent in her photograph and she was selected one of the winners. That was a flattering taste of success and Mary was anxious for more. So, to please her daughter, Mrs. Dantzler resigned her job and took her two children to California to live with Mary's uncle and aunt.



Soon after they reached Los Angeles Mary entered another beauty contest and won the personality prize. Part of the award was a week's engagement in a motion picture prologue at a Los Angeles theater. Herbert Brenon saw her there and engaged her for the rôle of Wendy in "Peter Pan." Everyone knows her progress since.

Mary Brian, as Louise Dantzler, snapped in the yard of the house on Ross Avenue. Note the styles of the day. The snapshots on this page were loaned to NEW MOVIE by Mrs. Hunsaker.

Mary Brian (right) and her chum, Grace Erwin Hunsaker, dressed up for an apron and overall party given by their school. Even at fourteen, Mary's histrionic talent was beginning to assert itself.



Her Dallas friends have watched every step of Mary's career with tremendous interest and seen the promise of her early youth fulfilled.

"YOU can't imagine how thrilled Louise was when she was given the rôle of Wendy," relates Grace. "She wrote us immediately and she was so happy that all her dreams were coming true. And we were glad for her."

When Mary's pictures are shown at the local theaters her name is always featured above that of the star, and the newspapers carry stories of the home-town girl who made good.

Mary has changed little since she left here except to become more poised and even more beautiful, her friends declare. The only time she has returned for a visit since her departure was about four years ago when, en route from New York to Los Angeles, she stopped over for thirty minutes. She telegraphed a few friends of her impending arrival and they were at the station to see her when the train pulled in.

After she made such a splendid success and became a full-fledged movie actress, some wondered if she had become "high-hat."

Last summer a boy who knew Mary in high school visited in California. He was boasting of his old acquaintance with a screen star and his friends dared him to call on her.

"I'll bet she's forgotten you," they laughed. "She's a big screen star now and, you know, stars have short memories for the folks who 'knew them when.'"

Just for a lark the boy called and not only did she remember him, but she invited him to her home for a visit.

Another Dallas boy who went to school with her and who is now a newspaper reporter in Dallas, wrote a story about her last winter and mailed her a clipping. Back came a friendly letter thanking him for the article and recalling memories of their school days together.

Which goes to show how "upstage" she is!

## More Home Town Stories of Your Favorites Coming in Future Issues of NEW MOVIE



# Big MOMENTS of SCREEN HISTORY

BY DICK HYLAND



The waltz scene from "The Merry Widow," with John Gilbert and Mae Murray. A perfect example of the synchronization of suggested music and motion. This scene was selected by many stars.

The banquet which nobody attended in "The Gold Rush" and possibly the greatest moment in Chaplin's career. Maurice Chevalier named this as one of the five great moments of film history.



**W**HAT are the five "Big Moments" of motion picture history?

What five scenes from the thousands shot still are remembered?

Over and over again this subject makes fascinating controversy and dinner table conversation in the film colony of Hollywood. Everyone likes to discuss it, to recall vivid dramatic or brilliant comedy situations from pictures which have been loved in the past.

So often has it come up that NEW MOVIE decided to make an investigation and to ask the big stars of the screen to give their own favorites.

The question was to be asked and answered immediately, on the theory that those which had really made the deepest impression would come spontaneously. The results, given below, are amazingly interesting, cover a wide range of time and type. And they should provide the readers of NEW MOVIE with a new topic when talking about pictures.

Every star answered quickly and honestly, gave reasons, and allowed no personal favoritism to enter into the Big Moments they mentioned.

Try this with a group of your own friends some evening, see how nearly they approach the star's reactions, and, if you like, send your results to us.

Here are stars' own favorite scenes from the entire history of the motion picture.



# The Famous Stars Select Their Favorite Motion Picture Scenes



The famous chariot race of "Ben Hur." Marie Dressler and several notable screen favorites gained their biggest screen thrills from this scene.

## Janet Gaynor

1. The never-to-be-forgotten scene from "The Ten Commandments" which showed the crossing of the Red Sea by Moses and the Children of Israel. It was a great spiritual experience to behold actually before your eyes such a moment from Biblical history.

2. The pathetic plight of Lillian Gish when she was trapped on the ice in "Way Down East." This stirred the greatest feeling of pathos and was, in Miss Gaynor's opinion, the highest point of acting ever reached by a screen actress.

3. The realism of Mary Pickford's emotional outburst in the cabin during John Mack Brown's death scene from "Coquette."

4. In "The Merry Widow," John Gilbert and Mae Murray doing the "Merry Widow Waltz." The synchronization of suggested music and motion remains a highlight in her screen memory.

5. From "What Price Glory?" Miss Gaynor said: "As long as I live and memory lasts I will never forget the utter pathos and the sublime artistry of Victor McLaglen's performance in the dugout during the fighting when he 'mothered' the young soldier, Barry Norton, at his death."

## Maurice Chevalier

1. "The Gold Rush." The scene where Charlie Chaplin has prepared dinner for the girls and waits for them to come. They do not come and he looks toward their dance

hall with a mixture of terrible hurt, bravado and bewilderment. His effort to be gallant in his disappointment.

2. "The Son of Zorro." Where Douglas Fairbanks as the father comes to the aid of his son, also played by Fairbanks, and the two fight against the intruders.

3. Mary Pickford's expressions when she fights with Douglas Fairbanks in the bedroom in "The Taming of the Shrew." Her smile when she thinks she has beaten him is the most charming smile M. Chevalier has ever seen on the screen.

4. "Variety." Emil Jannings cooking while Lya de Putti is sleeping.

5. Ramon Novarro's early love scenes in the first part of "Devil-May-Care."

## Joan Crawford

1. The scene from "Flesh and the Devil," in which Gilbert lights the cigarette for Garbo. The subtlety of this scene is unsurpassed. It conveyed more with less material than any screen moment.

2. The scene from "Coquette," in the cabin, just following the death of her lover, when Mary Pickford reaches the greatest heights of emotion and grief and finally sinks to the floor exhausted.

3. "The Way of All Flesh." Emil Jannings, as the old bum, sitting in the gallery of the theater, listening to his son's great concert.

4. The farewell scene between John Gilbert and Renée Adorée, as she chases after the truck which is bearing him away to the front.

5. In "The Trespasser," where Gloria Swanson straightens the collar of her small son's coat before sending him away.



Emil Jannings as the doorman of "The Last Laugh," one of the great characterizations of all motion picture history.



# What Film Scenes Are Most Vivid in Your Memory?



Remember Rudolph Valentino and his tango in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."  
This scene lifted Rudie to film greatness and started him upon his meteoric career.  
This also was the big moment of Rex Ingram's directorial career.

## Charles Farrell

1. The courtroom scene from "Big Brother," in which the boy tells the judge how wonderful his big brother, Tom Moore, really is.

2. John Gilbert, Karl Dane and Tom O'Brien, as the three soldiers, coming through the woods together in the battle scenes of "The Big Parade."

3. "The Street of Chance." William Powell, as Natural Davis, coming down the hotel stairs after he has been shot. This is great acting. By his movement and expression, Powell instantly told the audience what had happened and that he was dying. A fine example of restrained emotion that is still powerful enough to "get over."

4. The death scene in "Wings," with Dick Arlen and Buddy Rogers. Its absolute sincerity stands out for all time.

5. The comedy scene in "Two Arabian Nights," when Louis Wolheim looks back at the attendant of the harem.

## Clara Bow

1. Richard Arlen's death scene from "Wings," with Buddy Rogers. Because it expressed the real and beautiful love two men may have for each other and was so real and sincere.

2. The parting of the Red Sea in "The Ten Commandments." It was tremendous and impressive, because you had read it and saw it happen.

3. "The Kid." Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan being chased by the cop. This

The touching scene between Richard Arlen and Buddy Rogers in "Wings." Arlen played the ill-fated airman.



is a mixture of pathos and comedy and was so beautifully done.

4. Lawrence Tibbett singing while being lashed in "The Rogue Song." The best use of the voice to express drama and emotion yet seen in the talkies.

5. Gloria Swanson in the pickpocket scene in the park, from "The Humming Bird." Complete characterization.

## John Gilbert

1. Henry Walthall's home-coming in "The Clansman," where he finds Mae Marsh standing in the doorway trying to make the cotton on her dress look like ermine. The height of emotional beauty, naturalness and moving sentiment.

2. Richard Barthelmess finding Lillian Gish dead in "Broken Blossoms." The finest single piece of acting any man has done on the screen.

3. Constance Talmadge in the chariot ride from "Intolerance." Mr. Gilbert says: "I saw this again recently, when it was run in Hollywood by Marion Davies for charity. It still is outstanding for its vivid life and picturesque quality."

4. The Viking's funeral in "Beau Geste," where Ralph Forbes set fire to the body of his brother, Ronald Colman.

5. Norma Talmadge in the garden scene from "Smilin' Through."

## Marie Dressler

1. The chariot race scenes from "Ben Hur." A per-



# Here the Stars of Hollywood Make Their Selection

fect production of a scene which is classic in literature. The biggest thrill in any picture.

2. The dinner party scene in "The Gold Rush" in which Chaplin waited for the guests who never came. Pantomime at its height.

3. "The Way of All Flesh." Emil Jannings in the gallery, seeing his son a success and listening to his wonderful work as an artist.

4. The revival scenes from "Hallelujah." The best mob scene ever filmed.

5. "He Who Gets Slapped." The killing of Lon Chaney. It took you out of your seat with sheer emotional intensity.

## Al Jolson

1. The birthday party in "Stella Dallas," where Belle Bennett and Lois Moran make all preparations for the little girl's guests who do not arrive.

2. The return of the lover, Charles Farrell, to Janet Gaynor, in "Seventh Heaven." The most exquisite love scene yet produced.

3. The first view showing the boy, Richard Barthelmess, and the girl, May McAvoy, seeing each other as really beautiful in "The Enchanted Cottage." A spiritual uplift never to be forgotten.

4. Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder



Probably you remember the famous scene where Lillian Gish visited the hospital in "The Birth of a Nation." Remember the famous bit contributed by the sentry who sighed as Lillian passed. The bit was so striking that D. W. Griffith spent a year trying to locate the unknown actor who played this part. But he failed.

Arms." The scene where he was the only one in the trench who didn't get a letter.

5. "All Quiet on the Western Front." The return of Paul—Lew Ayres—to his home after his long stay at the front.

## Bebe Daniels

1. Pola Negri in "Passion." The scene where she hides her lover from the king. Because it is the most intense and convincing emotion any woman has given the screen.

2. The Viking's funeral from "Beau Geste." Ralph Forbes burns his brother's body. Real drama and sentiment, played with sincerity. Also because in itself it is a tremendous situation. The author deserves most credit for this one.

3. George Arliss in "Disraeli," waiting for word from his wife's sick bed. The height of finesse.

4. Norma Talmadge. "The garden scene from "Smilin' Through," where she reappears to her lover.

5. Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms." Where he doesn't get a letter. The perfect combination of pathos and comedy.

(Continued on page 116)

The scenes between Jack Gilbert and Renée Adorée in "The Big Parade" were favorite big moments.





Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

## NANCY CARROLL

Miss Carroll, who was dancing in the chorus of Broadway musical comedies not so long ago, has been stepping right along cinematically. If you saw her in "The Devil's Holiday" you will agree that Miss Carroll has been graduated from mere cutie roles. NEW MOVIE, by the way, is going to tell you a lot about Miss Carroll in a special story next month. Watch for it.



# I REPAY a DEBT

How the Great and the Unknown of Hollywood came to Ma Janis for her unfailing advice and comfort.



International News Photos

"There was between Ma Janis and her daughter Elsie a love which, as Mary Pickford says, should be recorded with the great love stories of the ages."

Elsie Janis and her mother.

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

**H**OLLYWOOD didn't go to Elsie Janis' house just to see and hear the brilliant Elsie.

Hollywood went to see Elsie's mother.

Mary Pickford spent many a quiet afternoon with Mrs. Janis, and in some small measure eased her loneliness for her own mother.

Ruth Chatterton, whom Mrs. Janis called her "blonde daughter," talked out her problems there many a time.

Ramon Novarro sang his best songs for "Jenny" alone.

The great and the unknown passed through that door seeking advice and comfort and the blunt, unvarnished truth for which she was famous.

Among many others, I owed Elsie's mother a great debt, though perhaps she never knew it. This little story is just an effort to repay that debt by reminding the world that in her passing one of the great ones of earth has gone from our midst.

**T**HE fire burned low in the big, old-fashioned grate. Outside, the wind whistled across fields white with drifted snow. The curtains were drawn against the winter night.

I sat on one side of the fireplace in a big, comfortable chair. I was very unhappy. In the fashion of today's woman, I had just succeeded in making rather an elegant mess of a number of things and I couldn't see my way out of the tangle. By trying to be smart, I had given the man I loved a pretty bad impression of me and of how I felt about him. And I had been stuck for two months on the end of a novel which was already in publication. Ray Long, the editor of *Cosmopolitan*, was making life exceedingly

unpleasant for me and I was only surprised that he didn't order me shot at sunrise. But I couldn't seem to write. Every last installment I turned out was worse than the one before.

I was alone in New York and I had had no one to go to, to talk the thing out with. My mind was in a hopeless confusion and my heart was very, very heavy.

On the other side of the fireplace sat a small, elderly woman, with a deeply lined face and keen black eyes. I didn't know her very well—just to meet socially. I had seen her the day before in the lobby of a theater and after a good look at me she had invited me to come out in the country and spend a couple of days. The invitation surprised me, but I went.

Then somehow, as the fire glowed and the wind whistled and her keen black eyes softened, I found myself doing what I had believed impossible—talking my head off, telling my troubles, explaining what a fool I'd been and how impossible and desperate everything looked to me. Everyone, I suppose, has those moments. That was perhaps the blackest one I'd known since my father died.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF MA JANIS:

"There's only one thing you can do when you've made a mistake. Try to rectify it and then forget it. Only weaklings cling to mistakes."

"Remorse is nearly always a deadening and useless emotion. It satisfies your conscience and prevents action."

**W**HEN I had told my story, the woman began to talk. Quietly, strongly, not too sympathetically. I knew where I could get plenty of sympathy. That wasn't what I needed and she knew it.

She said, "You've made some mistakes. That's not unusual. When you're my age you'll find that mistakes are relatively unimportant. It isn't the mistakes you make that count in the long run, it's what you do immediately following them that is important to you."



# HOLLYWOOD Loses Its Counselor, MA JANIS

Her voice was a little harsh but it carried conviction.

"There's only one thing you can do when you've made a mistake. Try to rectify it and then forget it. Only weaklings cling to mistakes. Remorse is nearly always a deadening and useless emotion. It satisfies your conscience and prevents action. You haven't anything to worry about. Honesty will see you through almost any impasse. You've just got to be honest, even if you hate it and it crucifies your pride. It isn't only in business that honesty triumphs. Take your medicine. Admit your mistake and lay it out on the table. Then — it will all come right or you'll just have to have the consequences. You can do that.

"As for your work, my child, don't you know that all fields have to lie fallow sometimes? No one can work all the time. Only don't disturb the getting-ready season by burning up your energy worrying about it. Relax. Take a lot of long breaths. Let go of everything. Wait. And the tide of creative impulse will flow back. I've seen it so many times."

**W**E talked on and on until at last dawn came up over the snow.

I cannot tell you all the things she said to me that night. Many I have forgotten. Many are too intimate to bear repetition. Many were wonderful only because they served my need at that moment.

But I know that I crept into bed that night with peace in my heart and a clear vision of what I had to do on the morrow. I felt as though someone had turned on a light to show me a path ahead, a rough path but one by no means impassable.

My debt to that woman is beyond repayment. A crossroads faced me that night and I was led into the right path. I followed what she had told me and won back the happiness I thought I'd lost. Two days later when I got back to my New York hotel I sat down at my typewriter and three days of solid work turned out a final installment which the best editor I know told me was my finest work.

That woman was Elsie Janis' mother.

I thought perhaps my experience was unique. But in the days that followed Mrs. Janis' passing, I found that everyone who knew her at all had somewhere along the line had a similar one. She seemed to have a hidden instinct for trouble and sorrow. She wasn't what I'd call a sympathetic person, in the generally accepted sense of the word. She thought sympathy weak.



There was a great love bond between Elsie Janis and her mother. The two were sufficient unto themselves. They had a robust, complete companionship rarely equaled. No joy or sorrow, no defeat or fight or victory, they couldn't share. Elsie was used to a diet of blunt wisdom, keen analysis, amazing humor. The rugged knowledge of life which Mrs. Janis had acquired spoiled her for lesser things.

ness done, some help rendered, some word spoken. Her charity of mind and of purse poured back upon her and amazed even Elsie in its scope.

She was what you'd call a character. A blunt woman. Often she was misunderstood. Her tongue was a direct servant of her brain and life was too vital and too important for her to waste time in meaningless words. What she thought, she said. There was nothing nambly-pambly about her. She gave and took the truth. Swept aside small conventions. Had, when necessary, the healing brutality of the surgeon. A roaring sense of humor that spared nothing artificial or pretentious.

There was between Mrs. Janis and her daughter Elsie a love which, as Mary Pickford says, should be recorded with the great love stories of the ages. That it should have been twisted and satirized in fiction and drama is one of the bitter prices of great success. It didn't bother Jenny Janis. She scolded Elsie for noticing what she called "extraneous matter." She said, "Stick to your own life, my girl, and let other people say what they like. What they say and think about you isn't worth the breath it takes. You handle your own thoughts, that's all."

To believe that Elsie's mother coerced her into remaining unmarried is ridiculous to anyone who knew either Elsie or her mother. In the first place I have met few characters as definite, as strong as Elsie Janis. And I have known no woman more self-sacrificing, more wholly wrapt up in another's happiness than Mrs. Janis in Elsie's.

The truth was that the two were (Continued on page 95)

"But she understood everything and she knew so much she could always help you," Colleen Moore said when we were speaking of her.

She was a wonderful woman. I have seen Hollywood grieve sincerely for many. But I never saw more honest grief, more poignant grief, than touched us all when the news came that Mrs. Janis had slipped away on Sunday morning at dawn.

**M**ARY and Doug spent the days between that dawn hour and the simple private services at Forrest Lawn Park in Elsie's home, caring for her, consoling her, talking with her of the mother whose place was empty. Ruth Chatterton carried out all the details of the farewell services. Ramon Novarro sang her last song. Hundreds upon hundreds of telegrams poured in from all over the world, each telling of some kind-





Here is an interesting off-stage shot of Ruth Chatterton in her newest film, "Anybody's Woman." Miss Chatterton has been growing steadily in popularity since her talkie début with Emil Jannings two years ago. Now she is right at the forefront of sound screen favorites. She touched a real histrionic height in "Sarah and Son."



# The HIGH HAT GIRL

BY ADELA ROGERS  
ST. JOHNS

**I**T is a long time since anyone dared to wear a high hat in Hollywood.

The wits and the wisecrackers have practically eliminated that particular piece of headgear. They laugh. And they begin pertinent remarks with "Why, I remember when—" A high hat is the favorite target for verbal bullets laden with ridicule and sarcasm.

A few stage importations have attempted it and taken it off in a hurry.

Constance Bennett wears one and gets away with it. In fact, Hollywood rather seems to like it. The blond and haughty Constance has intrigued Hollywood as nobody has done for years.

There are two reasons for that. First, she does it so darn well, and the picture colony generously concedes admiration to anyone who makes a bluff stick. Second, she has provided a new topic of conversation. Any dinner party can be saved by hurling forth this one remark: "How does Constance Bennett get that way?"

**I**DON'T like unanswered questions floating about. One has been trained by modern literature to believe all mysteries solvable. So I started a small private investigation regarding Constance Bennett, the high hat girl of Hollywood.

And uncovered some amazing things.

"How does Constance Bennett get that way?"

There is about her an air of arrogance, almost an air of tragedy. For months I have watched the beauty from a safe distance. Never did I see her smile. Sitting amid the friendly, noisy throng at lunch in the Brown Derby, her eyes are the eyes of a disdainful goddess forced to watch mere mortals at play.

Constance Bennett asks nothing of anybody, she feels free to live according to her own lights. Much of her manner is defensive, protective. This girl has the honest lack of enthusiasm of her generation.

Riding through the streets of Beverly Hills in her car, she suggests a duchess of Marie Antoinette's reign on her way to be presented to that plebeian upstart, Napoleon.

At a dinner party





# It's a Long Time Since Anyone in Hollywood Dared to Wear One—but Constance Bennett Is a Modern Young Woman Who Cares Nothing About the Opinion of the Multitude

the other evening, I sat directly across from her. It was a very gay dinner party. The Ambassador's famous Cocoanut Grove was bright with many colored lights. Melody filled the air. Around the table, massed with gorgeous flowers, wit and laughter flowed.

Dolores Del Rio sparkled with jewels and with merriment. Bebe Daniels, with Ben Lyon beside her, was radiant with that sheer joy of living which makes her irresistible. Constance Talmadge, whom one sees so seldom since her happy marriage to Townsend Netcher, was keeping everyone within earshot stimulated and gay.

Constance Bennett was different. She seemed wrapt in veils of delicate mystery. Aloof, gorgeous, a little bored perhaps. Even when she danced, no single ripple touched the hauteur of her face. Over the black shoulder of her partner she stared into space, the same weary disdain touching her lovely mouth.

Beside me was a young man who for reasons of gallantry must be nameless. Suffice it to say that on two continents he is famous for his wit. And his understanding of human nature.

"What," I said to him at last, "is the burden that rests upon Miss Bennett's beautiful back? I am at heart a Pollyanna. I like to see everyone happy. Isn't it considered the thing these days to be gay and gallant, no matter how disillusioned one may be?"

"I think," he said, "that the tragic expression comes from the strain of trying to balance a high hat. Jugglers are ever of solemn countenance. And compared to wearing a high hat in this town keeping nineteen saucers in the air is mere child's play."

But I had determined to see Miss Bennett, in my professional capacity, and try to find out about all this.

**B**Y the time the head studio press agent had told the personal press agent, who told the secretary, who consulted the business manager, who advised the personal maid, who informed somebody else that I wished an appointment with Miss Constance Bennett herself, the whole thing began to pall upon me a trifle.

The truth is that one has been spoiled, said I to myself.

One has been spoiled by the exquisite graciousness and the all-embracing kindness of a Marion Davies, who entertains Lindbergh, the Baron de Rothschild, Lady Mountbatten and Mayor James J. Walker. By the simplicity and gentle dignity of a Mary Pickford, who

Constance Bennett's success was made in arrogant, vivid, high hat sort of parts, suited perfectly to her appearance and manner. The public loved them. Miss Bennett is a type we understand today, sensational, intriguing, fascinating.





# The Girl Who Cares Nothing for Personal Popularity

is the honored guest of kings. By the warmth and shyness of a Colleen Moore, the hail-fellow-well-met good nature of a Clara Bow, even by the slightly awkward and reserved courtesy of Garbo.

Why, said I again to myself, should Constance Bennett be high hat?

I thought of a number of reasons and eliminated them.

It couldn't be just because she was so startlingly attractive to look at. After all, Corinne Griffith still moves her charming and natural way among us. Billie Dove is still unassuming and rather wistfully envious of girls with no beauty who are given credit for brains.

It couldn't be because she had achieved a tremendous success so suddenly in pictures. That happened to little Janet Gaynor without affecting her girlish sweetness and simplicity in the least.

Surely not the fact that she wears her marvelous clothes with a dash and style that is perfect. There is Gloria Swanson, who is still without equal when it comes to clothes. And Lilyan Tashman. And Ruth Chatterton. And the elegantly gowned and meticulously groomed Norma Shearer.

OF course, she can act. "Son of the Gods" will not soon be forgotten. But then, there is Garbo, there is Gaynor, there is Bebe Daniels. No performance in a long time equaled Swanson's in "The Trespasser."

It may be true, she has a million dollars in the bank. But millions are not unknown among our picture stars. Colleen Moore has *earned* much more than that. Mary Pickford and Betty Compson are both millionaires. So are the Talmadges. Money hasn't overpowered any of them.

Can't be social standing, because of the Plants. Bebe Daniels owns a family tree which would admit her to any social register. Dolores Del Rio held a high position both in Mexico and Europe. June Collyer was a New York debutante and Junior Leaguer.

Not a high hat in the bunch.

I was baffled.

And while I still pondered, the groceryman—we haven't yet a postman at Malibu Beach—brought me a large, gray envelope addressed in a fashionable distinguished hand.

It has been my privilege to receive a number of charming notes. But I never received one more charming than this one signed Constance Bennett. Simple, gracious, courteous. An apology for a seeming rudeness. Would I come for luncheon any day? She had dismissed the servants whose carelessness had resulted in a misunderstanding so unnecessary.

Frankly, I was amazed. But it led to enlightenment in many directions upon Connie Bennett.

She is a modern of moderns. Her moods are her



Constance is Richard Bennett's own daughter. The American stage has seen few better actors than Richard Bennett. No one knew that better than Richard Bennett himself—self-confidence was almost a religion with him. Constance is amazingly like her father.

manners, and she has many moods. Her behavior, after the modern fashion, comes entirely from within.

And it happens that she doesn't care for people nor for the opinion of the multitude—also a distinctly modern trait. Since she asks nothing of anybody, she feels free to live according to her own lights. The world as a whole she disdains somewhat, not from any sense of superiority, but from that too-mature knowledge of the world which gives so many young women of our day the feeling that life is rather a mess anyhow.

MUCH of her grand manner is defensive, protective. The problem which nearly every woman with a career faces—the problem of waste, in time, personal strength, money, energy—is most easily met for her by wearing an armor of indifference. The indifference isn't feigned. She isn't particularly

excited about anything, sees nothing in life to be excited about. There is a hard, philosophical calm about her generation, an honest lack of enthusiasm. This girl possesses it to the nth degree.

Also, she is Richard Bennett's own daughter. The American stage has seen few better actors than Richard Bennett. No one knew that better than Richard Bennett himself. Self-confidence was almost a religion with him. In looks, temperament and ability, Constance is amazingly like her father. She has always been his favorite.

I remember when Constance was a youngster and Dick Bennett was starring in stock in Los Angeles. She was his constant companion. He preached to her the gospel of survival—that the world will lick you unless you lick it first. He told her that success can be satisfactory only if built entirely upon ability. Be so good they *have* to recognize you. Then demand your share of the rewards.

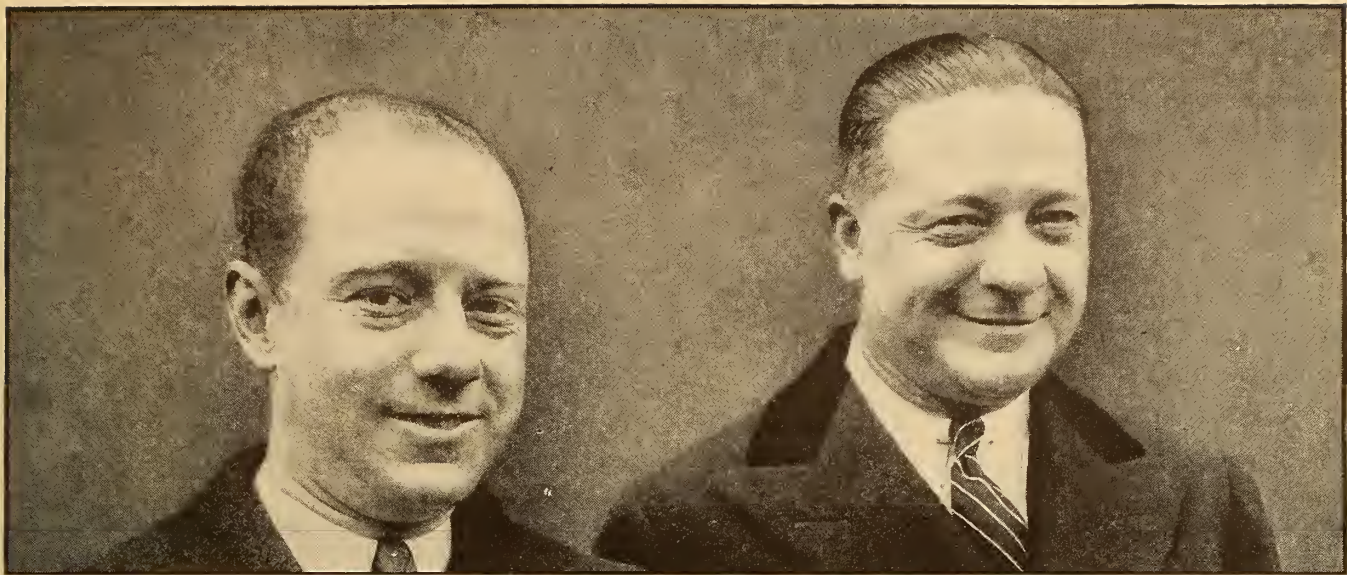
I think there is in Constance Bennett much of the idea that life will hurt you badly if you get too friendly with it.

Being a modern, she knows instinctively and consciously the value of type. There is a principle which everyone in pictures must grasp or fail. There is no error like stepping out of character.

THE IT girl, Clara Bow, can do many things which would ruin Janet Gaynor over night. That's what people expect of the great exponent of sex appeal. Scandals which only augmented the fascination of Barbara La Marr would be completely fatal to Mary Brian.

Constance Bennett came from Paris to Hollywood to go back into pictures. No one paid much attention. Her success was rapid and rather astounding. The parts she played were far from sympathetic—acting parts, full of character and (Continued on page 109)





Amos (Freeman F. Gosden) and Andy (Charles J. Correll) arrive in Hollywood.

# What Will HOLLYWOOD do to Amos 'n' Andy?

By  
CHARLES  
LAND

**A**MOS 'N' ANDY are in Hollywood!

Leaving radioland, where they reign supreme, Amos 'n' Andy have come adventuring into movieland, where they are a couple of novices, and where, as everyone knows, all sorts of dangers, pitfalls and dragons lurk for the unwary.

Not so very long ago they were preceded into the Hollywood fastnesses by the Two Black Crows, Moran and Mack. But the Black Crows got separated somehow in the land of easy gold.

Last December the original Moran (George Searcy)

of Moran and Mack broke up the team. He alleged that Mack had been paying him only \$200 a week with a \$50 bonus, and \$150 for each phonograph record, although the team was said to be averaging \$5,000 a week. The Los Angeles courts ruled that Mack, as originator and owner of the team, had complete right to adjust Moran's salary and to continue to use the team name. As a result Bert Swor succeeded George Searcy as Moran. Moran's real name, by the way, is Charles E. Sellers.

Is there any chance that anything similar will happen to Amos 'n' Andy? *(Continued on page 98)*

Below, the revised team of Moran and Mack, with the new Moran, otherwise Bert Swor. This is a scene from Moran and Mack's new film, "Anybody's War."





# The HOLLYWOOD

## Mr. Howe Promenades the Champs Elysees This Month Instead of the Boul' Hollywood — He Finds Montmartre Like Hollywood and Meets Pola Negri

*Paris, France—*

To see Hollywood in Summer you should come to Paris; everyone is passing through—and out. That's not the reason I came but I'm not complaining.

What if I do get to partying with the stars and forget to go on to The Passion Play . . . there'll be another one in ten years. Of course, you don't have to recognize movie stars abroad if you don't want to because all our best Hollywood people now travel incognito. No one is supposed to know who they are and no one does, not even they themselves after a couple of nights in Montmartre. So what's the use? . . . the dark glasses are tossed out the taxi window and interviews are granted to the

papers along with photographs if space permits.

One might as well be agreeable in a city where no one cares what you do or whether you be the Prince of Wales or Sir Stepin Fetchit. Everyone is incognito in Paris by dawn. One of our movie celebrities was so incog at 4 a. m. he thought he was the unknown soldier

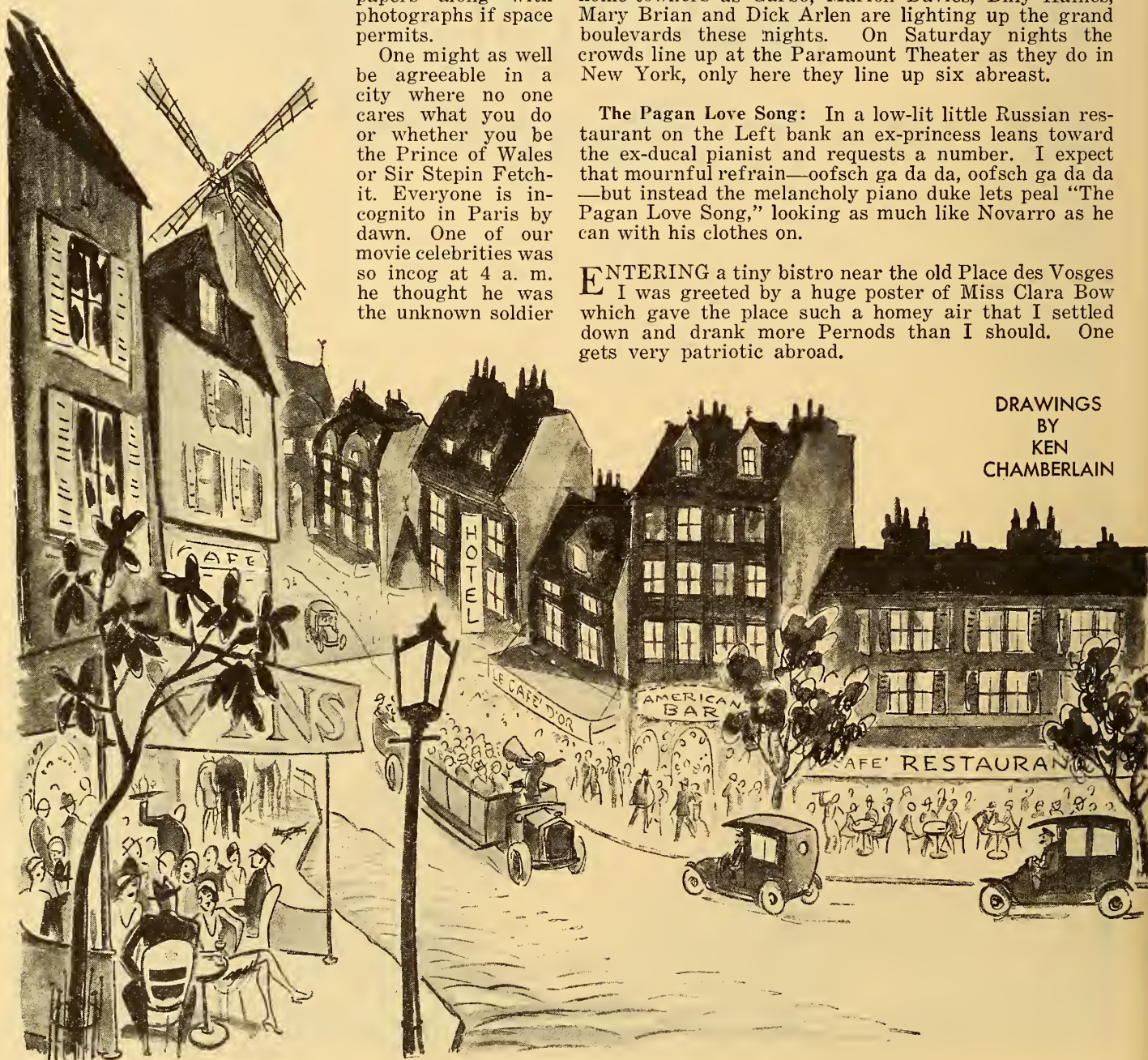
stantly juggled but here they just poured him off in all directions.

**Paris Goes Hollywood:** I wouldn't go so far as to say Paris has gone Hollywood but certainly she's a bit touched. Nearly every apartment has its own little bar. Cocktail parties are in vogue. There's a Hollywood night club in the Rue Daunou which claims to be headquarters for cinema stars. The names of such home-townners as Garbo, Marion Davies, Billy Haines, Mary Brian and Dick Arlen are lighting up the grand boulevards these nights. On Saturday nights the crowds line up at the Paramount Theater as they do in New York, only here they line up six abreast.

**The Pagan Love Song:** In a low-lit little Russian restaurant on the Left bank an ex-princess leans toward the ex-ducal pianist and requests a number. I expect that mournful refrain—oofsch ga da da, oofsch ga da da—but instead the melancholy piano duke lets peal "The Pagan Love Song," looking as much like Novarro as he can with his clothes on.

**ENTERING** a tiny bistro near the old Place des Vosges I was greeted by a huge poster of Miss Clara Bow which gave the place such a homey air that I settled down and drank more Pernods than I should. One gets very patriotic abroad.

DRAWINGS  
BY  
KEN  
CHAMBERLAIN





# BOULEVARDIER

By  
HERB HOWE

**Susceptible Montmartre:** Montmartre is most susceptible to cinema influence. Having seen herself reproduced on the screen many times she has become as self-conscious as an old actor and now makes up to look like her screen likeness. Not content to be her own age she has gone in for false fronts to look older. Cafés and shops are antiqued with the paint brush. Some of the places look so much like sets you have the homey feeling of being back on the studio lot. Even old Ninny has touched up the facade of her Vieux Chalet to represent rustic beams and broken plaster. Once inside, however, and Hollywood is forgotten. You enter through the kitchen with its big range and copper pots and proceed to the salle à manger which opens on to an aged and ivied court. Presently Ninny appears at the window and tells you that the dinner you ordered an hour before is ready. Press-agented by Alexander Woolcott and other visiting writers, Ninny now wears pearls in her ears and charges Hollywood prices. But all is forgiven once you have cracked the lobster and imbibed the roast chicken as tender as dew. A bottle of Cautenac, suggested by Ninny, and full absolution is granted. After all, five dollars and a half for two dinners and wine is not exorbitant, considering the poulet and Ninny's pearls.

**Montmartre like Hollywood:** Over café and cognac in the Place du Tertre I observe an old girl reeling about in a perfect impersonation of Marie Dressler in "Anna Christie"—the same gestures to the throat and the black hair. I decide that either she's a great actress or Marie is. It turns out that Marie is, for this old rascal I learn is the village drunk.

Montmartre considers herself a village though she's a part of Paris just as Hollywood is a part of Los Angeles. The two villages have a great deal in common. Both are tricky. After a night in Montmartre paying

cabaret checks you understand why it is called the Mount of Martyrs. But it is not all moviesque by any means. The Place du Tertre is charming at sunset. Under ancient trees there are many tables with checkered cloths shaded by bright parasols. As night floats down there is the twinkling of many lamps in floral patterns. Above the square the white marble domes of Sacré Coeur in bas relief against the gentian sky recall the work of Della Robbia. All Paris shines through a veil below and the Eiffel Tower becomes a fountain of light at the instigation of M. Citroen, the Ford of France. Then the final touch of divinity—the voice of Jeanette MacDonald singing "Dream Lover." That woman haunts me everywhere, but do I care? I paraphrase Elsie Janis' song: "Jeanette, Your Spell Is Everywhere." Again it's a Victor record being broadcast from the café Au Cadet de Gascoigne in opposition to an accordion at the Chope du Tertre and a bellowing tenor in a cocked hat. All Paris is whistling the airs of "The Love Parade." Even the birds chirp them under my windows in the trees of the Avenue Montaigne. Thus you are reminded that this is Chevalier's home town.

**Montmartre Types:** The illusion of a Hollywood lot is maintained by the variety of types you see in Montmartre. There are Apaches with rags wrapped around their throats; piquant girls who smile cheerily

Herb Howe finds that the names of such home-townners as Garbo, Marion Davies, Billy Haines, Mary Brian and Dick Arlen are lighting up the boulevards of Paris.





# HERB HOWE SEES PARIS AND VISITS POLA NEGRI

as they pass you; gigolos with sleek hair and suave attire; soldiers with red balloon pants and feathered hats; a young artist furiously painting a picture of the scene in hope of selling it hot from his easel to a meandering tourist.

There's the possibility of drama, too. A gigolo whom I have invited to join me for a drink says, "Don't look—those three fellows over there are watching you."

"Why?"

"They see you with me. They know I am gigolo. They think you must be easy fool."

And all the time I thought I was incognito.

**ANITA LOOS**, authoress of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and a veteran Hollywood scenarist, was in Paris. She is doing a Child's Life of Oscar Wilde, she says. Anita was on her way to Vienna to purchase a tomb for herself.

**Pola Becomes a Mystery:** My fascinating friend, Pola Negri, continues a turbulent mystery. Endeavoring to locate her I was given the following reports: Pola has lost all her money and is living in obscure poverty. . . . Pola has retired to her chateau in the country in grief over the final break with her prince. . . . Pola has gone to Hollywood to make pictures. . . . Pola has been forced to retire to the Riviera because of ill health. . . . Pola has suddenly turned on the world and gone to Warsaw, her birthplace, to dedicate herself to works of charity.

Hence the apparition of Pola, Princess Midivani, in the center of the vast crimson rug at the garden party of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, gave me a sensation akin to that which the Parisians must have felt when Lindbergh alighted at Le Bourget.

Attired in bouffant pink organdie with large pink picture hat and long black gloves (trust your reporter to get live news) Pola made her way regally alone over the carpet that spread itself beneath towering oaks.

It was the most glamorous and luxurious fete of the Parisian summer, this garden party in the Maharajah's estate in the Bois flanking Bagatelle. Nobility and society two thousand strong observed the Princess Pola. Society reporters said next day she was the cynosure, and Pola herself agreed she was "IT."

**I** WAS commanded to attend the Princess the following Sunday at her 16th century chateau in Seiraincourt. Her Isotta Fraschini of solid aluminum that called for me, with Albert in livery at the wheel, rather upset the romance of obscure poverty. But it is true



Pola Negri was the center of interest at the garden party of the Maharajah of Kapurthala the other day. Pola made her way regally along a vast crimson carpet that stretched between towering oaks.

you more of her later. She is an inexhaustible subject.

**Pola Describes Hollywood:** Of Hollywood Pola says: "There is no mental stimulus. The climate enervates you. People live for society. They try to outdo one another. That is a hell of a thing for an artist. It should be cosmopolitan, a Latin Quarter. I am not democratic and they do not tolerate one who is not. You cannot be an individual in Hollywood. You must become standardized to survive. They delight in ridicule. The criticism of my grief hurt me. They are so intolerant in Hollywood. You must act as they think you should act. They do not understand anyone except the American. My emotion seemed exaggerated. I haven't the restraint of the Anglo-Saxon and therefore to them I am always a poseur. I haven't tact, diplomacy. I despise it.

"Paris I love because it is tolerant and the most cosmopolitan city on earth. You may dine with aristocracy and go to supper with bohemians. No one judges you. The French are liberal people. You cannot impose your views on them, but they are tolerant toward yours.

"Nothing can defeat me. I am Pola Negri, a person. I have been in the gutter and I have been in luxury, but always myself. I fear nothing because I have endured everything."

**Cocktail Hour at the Ritz:** At cocktail hour in the Ritz bar I meet Irene Bordoni. (Continued on page 126)

she is divorcing the prince who henceforth will be her friend instead of fellow warrior. It is true she plans to devote much of her future and money to charity work in Warsaw, her birthplace, where she has contributed to an orphanage since the war. It is true that she is in ill health and must spend most of her time in the mild climate of the Riviera where she is purchasing a villa.

But Pola is far from defeat. She intends to make one talking picture, "to show the world I can talk." But her ambition is no longer exclusively cinematic. "There is so much more to do in the world." During the Sunday romp through the avenues of her hundred-acre estate I learned the plans and philosophy of gypsy-princess-actress Pola, who for me is the most romantic, amusing and absorbing character in all the Hollywood processionals I have viewed. As interesting, in fact, as the greatest fictional characters, of which she is one. I shall tell



# Parlez- Vous FRANCAIS?

NEW MOVIE'S Humorist Inter-  
views Lily Damita in French—  
with Astonishing Results

BY RUSSEL CROUSE

*(Remember Russel Crouse's hilarious interview with Winnie Lightner in a recent issue of NEW MOVIE? The popular humorist of The New York Evening Post has tried his hand at another chat, this time with Lily Damita. The result is a tremendous triumph for Mr. Crouse. In one interview he meets—and overcomes—the French language.)*

"ALLO," I said in perfect French. And Lily Damita knew at once that she was dealing with someone who was familiar with her native tongue.

As a matter of fact I was selected to interview Miss Damita because of my mastery of *Française*, as the French language is called in the French language. It came about this way:

Several of us, including "Brass Knuckles" McGinnis, "Second Story" Baker and "Kid Slasher," were lined up, and a number of ladies and gentlemen brought in to look at us. Suddenly one of the ladies pointed at me and started yelling:

"That's the man! That's the man! He's the one who grabbed my purse and ran. I'll never forget his ugly face as long as I live. Take him away! Take him——"

No, that wasn't the time. That was something else. But, anyway, I was selected to interview Miss Damita, and all those who don't like it can go take a running jump into the lake. We haven't any place for trouble-makers among the readers of this magazine.

INTERVIEWING Miss Damita wasn't so easy as it sounds. As practically everybody knows, Miss Damita is nearly always being pursued by royalty. If a king isn't making violent love to her a prince is. She has appealed to the League of Nations several times with regard to this situation but with scant relief. The League did rule on August 27, 1926, that dukes, counts and barons were not even to be permitted to speak to Miss Damita, but that wasn't much of a help.

As a matter of fact it was only by means of a ruse that I was able to get to see Miss Damita

*(Cont'd on page 106)*

After her hit in "The Cock-eyed World," Lily Damita left the screen to appear in the musical comedy, "Sons o' Guns." Now she is back in Hollywood.





Please Speak,  
Charlie

Berkeley, Calif.

Determination is a sterling quality and few will deny it. That Charles Spencer Chaplin is one of the greatest actors the motion pictures have produced no one may contradict. We realize, however, that determination, when carried to an extreme in defiance of the wishes of the majority, may become a menacing characteristic. This is so in the case of our beloved "Charlie." The world wants—and needs—the versatile Chaplin in talking pictures. Which will prove the stronger: his personal aversion to the talkies or the pleasure of millions?

William E. Price,  
2804 Woolsey Street.

### Word for Kay Francis

Hartford, Conn.

May I express my very great admiration for one of Hollywood's successful newcomers, "the elegant Kay Francis," who arrived without trumpet blare of advance publicity and quietly and steadily has come into her own? Through sincere and skillful interpretation of every rôle, however small, she has established herself as an actress of unquestionable talent and ability. Witness her splendid performance in "Raffles."

N. Louise Graham,  
125 Washington Street, Apt. C-5.

### Don't Maul Buddy

Hammond, Louisiana.

Say, why can't Paramount give Buddy Rogers something else to do besides being mauled over by a girl? People get tired of seeing him play in pictures where he takes the part of God's gift to women. Let him do a Fairbanks or a Dennis King for a change. There's too much sameness in his pictures.

Katherine Carroll,  
309 So. Magnolia Street.

### Liked Rudy's Home Town Story

Harrisburg, Pa.

I am not a godly-pedestal-worshiper of Rudy Vallee. However, it certainly is gratifying to read Perdita Houston's account of him in NEW MOVIE. She has truly and effectively expressed in words what I have always wanted to believe, what other true broad-minded Americans want to believe about Rudy; and not the bosh some flimsy flapper colony has tried to impose upon our most popular songster of today.

W. M. Fritz,  
600 State Theater Bldg.,  
211 Locust Street.

### Cheers for Adela

New York, N. Y.

Adela Rogers St. Johns! NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE! What a wonderful combination! One is not restrained from writing the truth and the other from publishing it. Never before has the motion picture fan been given such a perfect analysis of the

# DOLLAR THOUGHTS

## The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

actresses. How about Constance and Joan Bennett for dramatic art?

Al Rockman,  
5300 Hutchison Street.

### Wants Meighan Back

San Francisco, Calif.

What has happened to Tommy Meighan? His wonderful work in "The Argyle Case" makes us look for more. His voice, personality and looks ought to get him into countless pictures.

Marie Palmer,  
1241 Fulton Street.

### A Herb Howe Admirer

Minneapolis, Minn.

Although I've been withdrawn from circulation, thank heavens, NEW MOVIE has not! A visitor brought me my first copy the other day. On the cover I read "The Greatest Screen Magazine." "Says you," so I thought, but the minute I opened to "The Hollywood Boulevardier" I said so—for Herb Howe is the greatest all-talking feature any movie magazine could have! He knows his boulevards, whether they are in Hollywood or Paris, and when a fellow has tramped on those in one city and tripped on those of the other he reads Herb's inimitable column like a letter from home.

Ben Thare,  
611 5th Street, S. E.

### Broadway Prep School

Onset, Mass.

Who says that ex-stage stars will not make their careers in Hollywood a success? What product of the silent days can surpass Ruth Chatterton, who was such a tremendous success in "Madame X"? Claudette Colbert could be easily called the most promising screen actress that Broadway gave to Hollywood. Broadway seems a fitting "prep school for the Hollywood aspirants."

Robert O'Brien,  
Box 395.

### Attractive Fashions

Valley Stream, L. I., N. Y.

To a young girl who admires good taste in clothes, NEW MOVIE is indeed a consolation. As the title implies, the styles are the newest, and who is capable of showing these clothes to a better advantage than the charming and graceful stars?

Helen Belknap,  
224 East Mineola Avenue.  
(Continued on page 120)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.





Photograph by Hurrell

JOAN CRAWFORD





Photograph by Preston Duncan

SUE CAROL





Photograph by Preston Duncan

DOROTHY LEE





Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

STANLEY SMITH





Photograph by Don English

ROSITA MORENO





Photograph by William E. Thomas

HELEN TWELVETREES





Photograph by William E. Thomas

SALLY STARR



# Hazards of the Talkies

BY JACK BEVERLY



"Manslaughter," one of those Cecil De Mille hits of a few years ago, has been refilmed as a talkie. Here you see the same court room scene as it is played (above) by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March and (below) by Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan.

GARY COOPER seems to be the prize repeater of Hollywood. It's a good thing that right now Gary can do no wrong in the eyes of picture audiences. For to follow William Farnum in "The Spoilers" is a big assignment. And Betty Compson, playing the fascinating Cherry Malotte, will have to measure up to the fan's memory of that idol of a decade ago, Kathryn Williams.

A great many people must remember the thrilling fight between Bill Farnum and Tom Santschi in the old Fox production. Gary Cooper and William Boyd, the creator of Sergeant Quirk in the stage production of "What Price Glory?" in New York, are up against the proposition of topping that fight, which is still quoted as the best ever seen on the screen. Meantime William Farnum is playing the King in Norma Talmadge's "Du Barry."

Gary, in "The Texan," was re-doing

**R**IGHT now Hollywood is as full of hazards as a championship golf course. Actors and actresses are being put to the most difficult tests that have ever been faced in the motion-picture industry.

It is a tradition in theatrical history that there is nothing more hazardous than playing a rôle made famous by some favorite, while the public still remembers that performance lovingly.

**LOOK** these over:

There is Norma Talmadge, essaying the rôle of Madame Du Barry. Not so many years ago Pola Negri did Du Barry in a picture called "Passion." That one picture made Pola Negri a great star, aside from establishing Emil Jannings as an actor.

Perhaps the girl who is facing the most hazardous hazard of all is Rose Hobart, a New York stage actress. Rose was selected to play the girl's part in "Liliom," opposite Charles Farrell. It was the part originally selected for Janet Gaynor, and the picture was supposed to be another "Seventh Heaven." With the fans clamoring wildly for more Farrell-Gaynor pictures and with everyone, including the people working on the picture, thinking of the beloved Janet Gaynor in that part, this girl from New York is certainly in what sporting editors refer to as a "tough spot."

No young Hollywood actress ever faced a tougher assignment than Rose Hobart as the little heroine of "Liliom" opposite Charles Farrell. The part had been selected for Janet Gaynor.





# They are Casting New Favorities in the Pet Roles of Old Silent Hits—and Peril Hovers Around the Corner

a part made famous by Jack Pickford when they called the story by the original O. Henry title, "The Double-Dyed Deceiver."

**A**NOTHER stage actress following a performance that made a star is Claudette Colbert, who has just appeared in the rôle of the society girl in "Manslaughter." When Cecil De Mille made that picture—and it was one of the great box-office sensations of its day—Leatrice Joy had the rôle and was hailed by critics and public alike as one of the screen's foremost dramatic actresses. And Fredric March will play the district attorney, one of the parts in which Thomas Meighan is best remembered.

In the new talkie version of "The Sea Beast," Joan Bennett is playing the sweetheart, the part that made Dolores Costello. Of course, the new production stars John Barrymore in his original rôle. But Miss Bennett will have a difficult task in approximating the beauty and simplicity that Dolores Costello registered.

And Miss Bennett will be up against an even tougher one if she does "Smilin' Through." That was Norma Talmadge's greatest success. No one who saw her will



"The City of Silent Men," which Tommy Meighan played so well a few years ago, has been redone by William Powell as "The Shadow of the Law." At the top you see Mr. Powell in the same incident that is shown in the earlier silent film by Mr. Meighan.



ever forget her as the beautiful Irish girl. When Joe Schenck suggested to Norma last year that she make a new talkie picture of it, Norma refused. "I don't want to do anything I can't better," she said, "and I did my best in that." It is not settled yet that Miss Bennett is to do it. The hazard has the producers a little worried. Miss Bennett is making a great name for herself, and no one denies her talent and beauty. But to follow Norma Talmadge in her greatest picture is a hazard anyone might hesitate about attempting.

**W**ILLIAM POWELL has done an old Tommy Meighan picture. It was called "The City of Silent Men" when Tommy made it. With the talkies it has been retitled "Shadow of the Law." Bill Powell can act with anyone who has ever been on the screen, but there never was a more popular male star than Thomas Meighan.

Cyril Maude, famous on the stage in New York and London, makes his picture début in "Grumpy," which was one of the greatest favorites made by the beloved veteran of the screen, the late Theodore Roberts.

And you'll see Dick Arlen and Fay Wray as the boy and girl in "The Border Legion" in the parts that were played a few years ago by Tony Moreno and Helene Chadwick.

Gary Cooper and William Boyd in the new talkie version of Rex Beach's "The Spoilers," are going to have a hard time topping this fight, as once done by William Farnum and Tom Santschi, the mimic combat of its era.

**T**HERE is some talk of Buddy Rogers doing "The Charm School," perhaps the most popular story Wallace Reid ever made. But there, as in the

(Continued on page 111)





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Marilyn Miller, who next will be seen in a picture version of "Sunny," is caught in the act of plunging into the bathing pool of her Beverly Hills home. Miss Miller is wearing a bathing suit of flat crepe with top of light blue and trunks of dark blue. The result is decidedly fetching.





Photograph by Milton Brown

Grace Moore makes her singing screen debut in a motion picture based upon the life of Jenny Lind.

# Almost a Missionary

BY  
GRACE MOORE

Grace Moore Almost Went to China but She  
Turned to Music Instead

*EVER* since Lawrence Tibbett took off enough time between grand opera and concert engagements to make a hit in "The Rogue Song," there has been a deal of speculation as to the identity of the actress who would play with him in his second film venture.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer settled the problem by persuading Grace Moore, soprano of the Metropolitan, to sign a contract. Under its terms, Miss Moore will make a film with Tibbett, and then will be starred in a film of her own. Their joint picture will be "New Moon," from the operetta of the same name.

While Miss Moore is a sparkling figure in the world of music, both here and abroad, where her triumphs have occupied much newspaper space, she comes as a brand-new personality to the tremendous audience of the screen. In all the mass of stories that have been written about Miss Moore, the records reveal no story of herself by herself. NEW MOVIE herewith presents to its readers Miss Moore's own story of how she fought her way to the top in grand opera, and of how she regards her approaching debut as a star of the silver sheet.

**I** WAS on the verge of becoming a missionary to China when my family sent me to a musical finishing school in Washington.

At that time all my thoughts were centered in a life of church service in foreign fields. Since childhood the desire to help the less fortunate had been one of the ruling passions of my life.

I loved to sing. I had sung before I could talk. But a musical career seemed of far less importance to me than a life devoted to missionary work.

In my home town, Jellico, Tennessee, I taught a Sunday School class of thirty-nine boys, all in the tempestuous neighborhood of fourteen years. I sang in the church choir at noon and in the evenings and had charge of the Baptist Young People's Meeting in the evenings before the regular services.

This work led gradually to an interest in foreign missions. I undertook a course of study in this field of service.

Then the family sent me to the school in Washington to give me the opportunity to (Continued on page 126)



# MOTHER of MINE

Here are the Mothers Who Stand Behind the Stars—the Women Whose Love and Understanding Guided Them to Success



If you have read the past few issues of **NEW MOVIE**, you now know a lot about Mrs. Bert Rogers, mother of Buddy. Her name was Maude Moll and she was born in Olathe, Kansas, just as was her now famous son. Her father was a blacksmith, treasurer of the county and hotel owner. She has one sister and two brothers. After graduation from High School, she was employed in the town postoffice. Later she was deputy county treasurer. She was organist in one of the Olathe churches, too. Her marriage to Bert Rogers, editor of the town paper, took place on Christmas Day in 1900. Until five months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers made their home in Olathe. Now they dwell in Hollywood with their celebrated son.

Right, Jean Arthur and her mother. Johana Nelson, Jean's mother, was born in Dakota Territory before it became South Dakota. She spent all her early days in the midst of the adventures of the early West. Her father was a pioneer. Miss Nelson always wanted to be a singer but the opportunity never came along. She lived on her father's farm and married H. S. Greene, a photographer. His business took him to New York and various parts of the East. They now live in Hollywood.





Right, Gary Cooper and his mother, who was Alice Brazier before her marriage. She was born in Kent, England, and went to a church school. With her three brothers and one sister, she spent much of her earlier childhood on or near the sea. After graduation from school, Miss Brazier went to Helena, Montana, on a visit. She had planned to make a tour of the world but she met Judge Cooper and married him. She now lives in Hollywood with her husband and her son. Below, Ramon Navarro and his mother, Leonor Gavilan Samaniego. Leonor Gavilan was born in the town of Leon, in Mexico. The family home was in Durango, Mexico. There Ramon's mother was educated and there she spent her childhood. When she was twenty-two years old, she married Mariano N. Samaniego. She became the mother of fourteen boys and girls, ten of whom are living.



Below, Leila Hyams and her mother. Mrs. Leila Mc Intyre Hyams was long known to vaudeville as a member of the famous team of John Hyams and Leila Mc Intyre. Mrs. Hyams was born in Ausable Forks, N. Y. She made her first stage appearance at an amateur performance in Bennington, Vt. Leila, who is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Hyams, grew up in the atmosphere backstage.





## Hollywood Believes Lincoln When He Said, "All



William Haines and his mother are shown at the left. Mrs. Laura Matthews Haines was born in Staunton, Virginia. When she was seventeen, Laura Matthews married George A. Haines. It was a runaway marriage. The newlyweds made their home in Staunton, where they remained until twelve years ago, when they moved to Richmond. A year ago Mr. and Mrs. Haines joined their son in Hollywood, where they are now living.

Catherine Dale Owen and her mother, below. Like Miss Owen, her mother was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and she was a famous belle of the day. Even now Mrs. Owen is quite as beautiful as her talented daughter.



Above, June Collyer and her mother. Mrs. Corrie Heermance is the daughter of the famous stage actor, Don Collyer. She was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and came to New York with her family when she was three years old. She was graduated from Hunter College and the National Art Academy. She appeared with her father in "Jimmy Fadden" and was seen in "Florida Enchantment" and "Lost in New York." She is married to Cloyton Heermance, a New York attorney. Mrs. Heermance spends half of each year with her daughter in her California home.



# I Am, All I Ever Will Be, I Owe to My Mother"

At the right, Richard Arlen and his mother. She was Mary Clark before her marriage to James Van Mattemore, attorney of St. Paul, Minn. She was born on a farm near St. Paul, the daughter of a road builder. In the family were two brothers and two sisters. Her marriage took place shortly after her graduation. Mrs. Van Mattemore resides in St. Paul with her husband. Below, Claudette Colbert and her mother, Mrs. Jeanne Colbert. Mrs. Colbert was born in Paris, France, and was an artist before her marriage. Several years after Claudette was born, the family came to America. The Colberts have lived in New York ever since.



Joan Crawford, below, and her mother, Anna Johnson Le Sueur. Mrs. Le Sueur was born in Medora, Ill. After her marriage she made her home in Kansas City. She is the mother of two children, Lucille (now Joan) and a son, Hal.







Photograph by Fred R. Archer

**DOROTHY  
MATHEWS**

Dorothy Mathews is one of the newest of Hollywood's "new faces." She has been selected for prominence in First National Vitaphone films and you shortly will see her in "A Handful of Clouds."





Constance Bennett's home in Beverly Hills

# HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY

EVELYN GRAY

Photographs by Stagg

ONCE in a while everyone gets tired of big parties. And girls who really like to play bridge and play a good game like nothing better than an intimate foursome. A light, early lunch and a long quiet afternoon for their rubbers appeals to many of the bridge-players in Hollywood.

Constance Bennett, who as Mrs. Phillip Plant was well known as a hostess both in New York and Paris, gives one of these small bridge luncheons about once a week. She prefers it to any other method of daytime entertaining and does it perfectly. Her charming new home in Beverly Hills is admirably suited to any at home hospitality.

THE other afternoon she had a bridge luncheon just for four.

Luncheon was served promptly at twelve

Miss Bennett's bridge foursome: left, to right Mrs. Barney Glazer, Mrs. Jules Glaenger, Mrs. Adela Rogers Hyland (back to camera), and Miss Bennett.

o'clock. The dining room table, however, was formally prepared and gave the occasion quite a "party" atmosphere. There were vases of brilliant zinnias, exquisite little French embroidered doilies at each place and Wedgwood serving

(Continued on page 113)







CLAIRE LUCE





Photograph by Don English

MAURICE CHEVALIER





Billie Dove's boudoir is a room of great charm. Green, of the softest shade, is the dominant note in the color scheme, though all of the pastel shades are used. The panels of the walls are done in satin brocade in green, while the walls themselves are of ivory. The window drapes are of cream georgette with the over-drapes of changeable taffeta in shades of rose and green.

The furnishings, combining both beauty of line and comfort, are of the Louis Quatorze period and are painted in shades of green with delicate flower motifs.

The masterpiece of Miss Dove's boudoir is the dressing table. It is of great effect with a graceful antique mirror of gilt hung above the arched top. Miss Dove's toilet accessories of French clausonne rest upon the top.

When Miss Dove wears a negligee, it is of the flowing simple type shown above. This is of chiffon in a pale blue with the long flowing sleeves reaching the hem. The only trimming is of hand made French flowers in pastel shades.

# MOVIE BOUDOIRS

VI. BILLIE DOVE





Miss Dove's bed, raised above the level of the floor on a platform about six inches high, has a satin spread and a simple cover over the pillows. The night table beside the bed boasts an exquisitely delicate lamp of crystal with the thinnest of parchment shades.

In her own boudoir Miss Dove does not wear the type of negligee that she affects on the screen. She is partial to tailored lounging pajamas, such as she is wearing at the right. These pajamas are in three shades of blue and are fashioned of very heavy crêpe, the jacket being of transparent velvet in still another shade of Miss Dove's favorite color—blue.







Photograph by Richee

Dick Arlen is one of the Three Musketeers who came to fame with "Wings." The other two were Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper. Dick was easy-going, taking the path of least resistance—until he married Jobyna Ralston. Over and over she has been the motivating power that has made Dick stick to his guns. And the two are happy. "Getting fun out of what you have is what counts," says Arlen. "Joby knew that when she was born. Some women are like that."



# The Third Musketeer

Dick Arlen is Unchanged—but he has Licked his Inferiority Complex, Thanks to his Wife, Jobyna Ralston

BY DICK HYLAND

**D**ICK ARLEN is still the same boy. Which, as you may know, is not always the case, although it generally is with those who are real.

In the days before success is gained we can come to know a person as he really is. If we are at all close to him we know his good points and his bad ones, we know his shortcomings and his characteristics. Because it is the nature of man to be himself when no one is looking at him.

Later when success comes and people point him out on the street, it seems to be the further nature of a weak man to feel the necessity of being other than himself. He acquires airs, he does things beyond the normal and natural ambitions of his less successful days. He becomes, in the parlance of the athletic fields, "fatheaded," with an overdeveloped sense of his own importance. I know some men who have done this. One in particular is on Dick Arlen's own lot, Paramount. And he has queered himself right and left by so doing.

Dick Arlen has not done this.

**I** KNEW him before he ever attained anything approximating star ranking. I knew him before the days of "Wings," when the Three Musketeers of Hollywood, Dick Arlen, Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper, were just three young fellows on the Paramount lot.

In those days Dick Arlen was just a grown-up American boy who took his fun where he found it—even as you and I. He was clean and he thought clean. He was the kind of a young fellow other men liked to have around. He fitted into any kind of a group without being conspicuous, and if the conversation went over his depth he merely sat still and listened. He was as ready for a physical argument as he was a laugh, never priding himself on his looks or thinking that he held his job because of the shape of his nose. Which shape might be changed at any time he forgot to duck in said physical argument.

Dick Arlen, in those days, had a fault which he has since corrected. He was not at all sure of himself. It never occurred to him that he might be right and someone else wrong. One case proves that.

Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, on their new yacht. The craft is 51 feet long, 12 1-2 feet wide, and has two 100 horsepower motors. Arlen used the craft as his home recently while he was on location filming "The Sea God."

**M**ICHAEL ARLEN, of "Green Hat" fame, came to Hollywood the first year Dick Arlen was on the Paramount lot. On a tour of the studio he was introduced to young Dick. "Arlen," said the author, "Arlen, may I ask where you got that name?"

"It was the name of my mother's mother," replied Dick. He smiled, pleased to have even this remote relationship of names with the famous author.

"Then it is not yours?" said Michael Arlen.

"No. Van Mattemore is my real name but that sounds too actory to be a real name so I took my grandmother's."

"Well," said Michael Arlen, giving Dick a severe look, "I will have to ask you to change it. Arlen is my name, well publicized by me."

Dick was flabbergasted. He stuttered around a moment while the famous author's party moved on. It never entered Dick Arlen's mind that he could refuse to do what the great Michael (Continued on page 123)







*Greta Garbo*



# REVIEWS: By Frederick James Smith

## ROMANCE—M-G-M

Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Rita Cavallini*, Greta Garbo; *Cornelius Van Tuyl*, Lewis Stone; *Tom Armstrong*, Gavin Gordon; *Harry*, Elliott Nugent; *Susan Van Tuyl*, Florence Lake; *Miss Armstrong*, Clara Blandick; *Beppo*, Henry Armetta; *Vannucci*, Mathilde Comont; *Nina*, Countess De Liguoro.

**The Picture of the Month.** Edward Sheldon's widely popular drama of New York in the '60's, of an Italian nightingale, a young rector madly in love with her, and her wealthy middle-aged patron. Doris Keane played *Rita Cavallini* for some four seasons in New York and London alone. This highly flavored drama of a grand passion and its renunciation stands up well in the talkies. The atmosphere of early New York is carefully created; the acting of Gavin Gordon and particularly of Lewis Stone—as the pastor and the patron—is excellent, but it is the vibrant Greta Garbo as *Cavallini* who sweeps the film to fine heights. Cheers for La Garbo!

Best—Greta Garbo



## FOR THE DEFENSE

Paramount

Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *William Foster*, William Powell; *Irene Mannere*, Kay Francis; *Defoe*, Scott Kolk; *District Attorney Stone*, William B. Davidson; *Miller*, Harry Walker; *McGann*, John Elliott; *Daly*, Thomas E. Jackson; *Parrott*, James Finlayson; *Joe*, Charles West; *Charlie*, Charles Sullivan; *Eddie Withers*, Ernest S. Adams; *Judge Evans*, Bertram Marburgh; *Judge*, Edward LeSaint.

When ex-Newspaper Reporter Oliver Garrett turned out a winner for Mr. Powell in "The Street of Chance," based on the demise of Gambler Rothstein, it was inevitable that this star would be provided with another topical Manhattan rôle. Here Mr. Garrett has equipped the suave Mr. Powell with the part of a fascinating Broadway criminal lawyer whose methods are devious. In the end he goes to prison for jury bribery. New York newspapers say that the part is suggested by the life of the late William Fallon. Anyway, the result is a consistently interesting melodrama of the underworld. Powell gives one of his characteristic portraits, while Kay Francis scores as his love.

Best—William Powell



## MANSLAUGHTER

Paramount

Directed by George Abbott. The cast: *Lydia Thorne*, Claudette Colbert; *Dan O'Bannon*, Fredric March; *Miss Bennett*, Emma Dunn; *Eleanor*, Natalie Moorhead; *Albee*, Richard Tucker; *Evans*, Hilda Vaughn; *Drummond*, G. Pat Collins; *Bobby*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Peters*, Stanley Fields; *Piers*, Arnold Lucy; *Morson*, Ivan Simpson; *Foster*, Irving Mitchell.

Back in 1922 Cecil De Mille thrilled the good old silent picture public with "Manslaughter." Remember? It had a pampered daughter of the rich who was forced to serve a prison sentence because, while speeding, she caused a motorcycle officer's death. She nursed a hatred for the district attorney who prosecuted the case and then, when she could wreck him, she found she had lost her heart to him. Leatrice Joy played the wilful Lydia Thorne and Thomas Meighan acted the district attorney. It seemed to be worthy melodrama then. Now, acted as a talkie by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, it isn't so compelling. It may even seem a little old-fashioned.

Best—Claudette Colbert



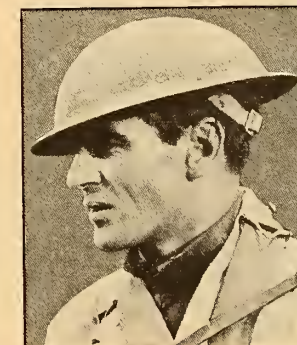
## A MAN FROM WYOMING

Paramount

Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Jim Baker*, Gary Cooper; *Patricia Hunter*, June Collyer; *Jersey*, Regis Toomey; *Lt. Lee*, Morgan Farley; *General Hunter*, E. H. Calvert; *Inspector*, Mary Foy; *Sergeant*, Ed. Deering; *Major*, William B. Davidson; *Orderly*, Ben Hall.

Gary Cooper as a big, sturdy builder of bridges from Wyoming—but a poor film, for all that. Big Jim enlists in the World War, becomes a captain of engineers and meets a spoiled daughter of the rich who is doing something or other for the Red Cross. The hurried romance ends in marriage. Jim goes back to the front. He is reported dead and the girl tries to drown her memories in mad gayety. But Jim isn't dead—and he misunderstands. This is dull, wandering and not very well done, either in acting or direction. The gaunt Mr. Cooper is pretty good and pretty June Collyer is fair in the part of the girl.

Best—Gary Cooper



## ON THE LEVEL—Fox

Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Biff Williams*, Victor McLaglen; *Mimi*, Fifi Dorsay; *Danny Madden*, William Harrigan; *Lynn Crawford*, Lilyan Tashman; *Don Bradley*, Arthur Stone; *Mom Whalen*, Leila McIntyre; *Mary Whalen*, Mary McAlister; *Buck*, Ben Hulette; *Dawson*, Harry Tenbrook; *Professor*, R. O. Pennell.

Victor McLaglen and lively Fifi Dorsay play opposite each other in another of those comedies. McLaglen is a tough, rough oyeah ironworker from New Orleans; Fifi is the girl who loves him regardless. Then Biff (that's McLaglen) falls into the wiles of a blonde adventuress, none other than Lilyan Tashman. But eventually little Mimi gets her man. McLaglen contributes one of his usual hard-boiled rôles. He's a two-fisted hombre who lights his cigarette from red-hot rivets. Miss Dorsay is her usual vivacious self. This follows in the path of "The Cock-Eyed World," being broad, raucous, and not a little lusty. But it lands several miles short, however.

Best—Fifi Dorsay





# ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW



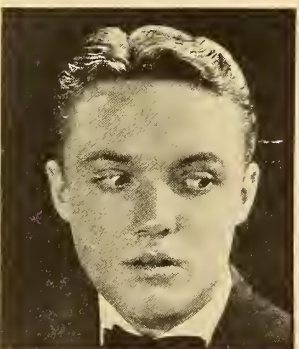
The futility of war—a popular theme right now—gets a thorough overhauling in Richard Barthelmess' "The Dawn Patrol." The result is a finely exciting and completely masculine drama of the air forces in the World War. (There isn't a girl in the cast.) The story is an absorbing one of the gallant youngsters who fought it out in the clouds. Like "Journey's End," this is a series of events; as, one by one, the boys go out and fail to return. All this is superbly pictured, with whole squadrons of planes sweeping the sky. Barthelmess is admirable. So, too, are Neil Hamilton and young Doug, Jr. The star is generous in giving them such opportunities.

Best—Richard Barthelmess



It isn't easy to swallow the plot of an operetta. The story of "Golden Dawn" taxes the probabilities just like the others. The yarn here concerns the German occupation of British East Africa during the World War—and specifically the love of a young Englishman for a native girl, who turns out to be really white. There's a big tough black after the girl, too. Dawn is almost sacrificed to the native gods before the British recapture the territory and take possession of the theme songs. Vivienne Segal lends charm and personal attractiveness to the rôle of Dawn and Walter Woolf sings well enough as the Englishman. Noah Beery is the big black whipman who tries to trap our Dawn.

Best—Vivienne Segal



Flaming youth again—and enough of it for some months. Young Larry Grayson quarrels with his sweetheart and turns his attentions to a cutie in a night club. The bad girl sings blue songs and gets Larry to rob his father's store. She's the mistress of a gang leader. In no time at all Larry is mixed in one of the gangster's murders. The judge lets him off with a lecture, which he also parcels out to the boy's over-indulgent father. It seems that Dad hasn't met his responsibilities. That's the moral lesson. Frank Albertson is fairly good as Larry, H. B. Warner is the suffering father and the torrid Sharon Lynn is the cabaret temptress.

Best—Frank Albertson



Jack Holt and Ralph Graves are pals again. They're soldier buddies who curse each other in moments of peace but who, when stress comes, would go through fire for each other. You recognize the idea. Here the pals are in the French Foreign Legion and they're in love with the same girl again. When Ralph disobeys orders, to save Jack, shot in a battle with Riffs, he is sent to the penal colony, Hell's Island. Later Jack is killed aiding his buddy's escape. The plot resembles the previous Holt-Graves efforts, "Flight" and "Submarine." It's unbelievable melodrama. Dorothy Sebastian does very well as the rough dance-hall girl loved by the pals.

Best—Dorothy Sebastian



What a lot of war comes out of Hollywood these days. Here the revised team of Moran and Mack—burnt cork idols before the coming of Amos 'n' Andy—plays two lazy dark boys from Buford, Tenn., who are persuaded to enlist. They are immediately transported to France, along with their dog, and they win glory and medals in a series of comic events. There's an underlying plot of white romance and spy unmasking, but the dark boys are the whole show. Moran and Mack wear burnt cork throughout. Since you saw this team before, it has acquired a new Moran. This comedy is fairly amusing.

Best—Mack

## THE DAWN PATROL

First National

Directed by Howard Hawks.  
The cast: *Dick Courtney*, Richard Barthelmess; *Douglas Scott*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Major Brand*, Neil Hamilton; *Gordon Scott*, William Janney; *Field Sergeant*, James Finlayson; *Bott*, Clyde Cook; *Ralph Hollister*, Gardner James; *Lieut. Bathurst*, Edmund Breon; *Flaherty*, Frank McHugh; *Mechanics*, Jack Ackroyd and Harry Allen.

## GOLDEN DAWN—Warners

Directed by Ray Enright.  
The cast: *Tom Allen*, Walter Woolf; *Dawn*, Vivienne Segal; *Shep Keyes*, Noah Beery; *Blink*, Lee Moran; *Joanna*, Marion Bryon; *Sister Hedwig*, Julianne Johnston; *Mooda*, Alice Gentle; *Napoli*, Nick de Ruiz; *Captain Eric*, Otto Matiesen; *African Piper*, Sojin; *Fan Boy*, Harold Clarke; *Anzac*, Frank Dunn; *Hasmali*, Nigel de Brulier.

## WILD COMPANY—Fox

Directed by Leo McCarey.  
The cast: *Larry Grayson*, Frank Albertson; *Henry Grayson*, H. B. Warner; *Sally*, Sharon Lynn; *Mrs. Grayson*, Claire McDowell; *Joe Hardy*, Kenneth Thomson; *Anita*, Joyce Compton; *Cora*, Frances McCoy; *Dick*, Richard Keene; *Natalie*, Mildred Vandorn; *Felix Brown*, Bela Lugosi; *Eddie*, Bobby Callahan; *Judge*, George Fawcett.

## HELL'S ISLAND—Columbia

Directed by Edward Sloman.  
The cast: *Mac*, Jack Holt; *Griff*, Ralph Graves; *Marie*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Sergeant Klotz*, Richard Cramer; *Bert*, the Cockney, Harry Allen; *Monsieur Dupont*, Lionel Belmore; *German Legionnaire*, Otto Lang; *Colonel*, Carl Stockdale.

## ANYBODY'S WAR

Paramount

Directed by Richard Wallace.  
The cast: *Amos Crow* and *Willie Crow*, Moran and Mack; *Mary Jane Robinson*, Joan Peers; *Ted Reinhardt*, Neil Hamilton; *Captain Davis*, Walter McGrail; *Sergeant Skip*, Walter Weems; *Camilla*, Betty Farrington.



# ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

## LET US BE GAY—M-G-M

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Kitty Brown*, Norma Shearer; *Bob Brown*, Rod La Rocque; *Mrs. Bouccicault*, Marie Dressler; *Townley*, Gilbert Emery; *Madge Livingston*, Hedda Hopper; *Bruce*, Raymond Hackett; *Diane*, Sally Eilers; *Wallace*, Tyrrell Davis; *Whitman*, Wilfred Noy; *Struthers*, William O'Brien; *Perkins*, Sybil Grove.

Smart life on the North Shore of Long Island. This was a stage play by Rachel Crothers. A fine old dowager calls upon the fascinating divorcee, Mrs. Kitty Brown, to save her granddaughter from a dangerous male. The male turns out to be the divorced Mr. Brown. A week-end of dialogue and mix-ups—and a reconciliation. Norma Shearer gives a charming comedy performance as the dangerous grass widow, but it is Marie Dressler, the thunder thief, who steals the film as an old dowager who flounces about her mansion, arguing with her butler and rearranging people's lives. This is pleasant society drama, brightly performed.

Best—Marie Dressler



## LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES—Paramount

Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Pepper*, Clara Bow; *Jerry Hamilton*, Stanley Smith; *Clicker*, Stuart Erwin; *Boots*, Skeets Gallagher; *Penelope*, Mitzi Green; *Pop*, Charles Sellon; *Jordan*, Theodor Von Eltz; *Mr. Hamilton*, Claude King; *Virginia*, Barbara Bennett.

Clara Bow is once more the working girl who gets her millionaire. She is a railway station lunch-room belle, he is the son of the road president, working his way up from the post of brakeman. When she learns his identity, Clara attempts to cure the boy of his love by pretending she is intoxicated. It's the old dramatic theme of the heroine who sacrifices her love because she feels she will ruin her sweetheart's career. Clara sings considerably. Stanley Smith is the boy. Vehicles such as this are pulling Miss Bow from her niche of popularity. This one is hard for even the most faithful Bow fan.

Best—Clara Bow



## THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE—Paramount

Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Littleton Looney*, Jack Oakie; *Ellen Saunders*, Ginger Rogers; *Hy-cross*, Granville Bates; *Senator Powell*, George Barbier; *Nick Pangolas*, Sidney Riggs; *Flo Goodrich*, Betty Starbuck; *Dolly Clark*, Veeve Teasdale; *Captain Barker*, J. Malcom Dunn; *Bells*, Bernard Jukes; *Henderson*, Walter Fenner; *Hopkins*, Jack Daley.

Like Jack Oakie? Then you'll probably like this lightly entertaining comedy on board an ocean liner. The brash Littleton Looney is mistaken for a celebrated mining engineer. On the same steamer is the pretty heiress to mines in Macedonia in the hands, alas, of two dangerous crooks. Does the sap from Syracuse foil the scoundrels and win the beautiful and wealthy Ellen Saunders? He does, although the difficulties carry him through some six or so reels. Oakie steadily improves and he gives an ingratiating performance as the boy who makes good, while vivacious Ginger Rogers advances to heroine rôles as the heiress. Oakie is gaining bit by bit in favor.

Best—Jack Oakie



## SHOOTING STRAIGHT R-K-O

Directed by George Archinbaud. The cast: *Larry Sheldon*, Richard Dix; *Doris Powell*, Mary Lawlor; *Rev. Powell*, James Neill; *Martin*, Matthew Betz; *Chick*, George Cooper; *Tommy Powell*, William Janney; *Hagen*, Robert E. O'Connor; *Stevens*, Clarence Wurtz; *Spike*, Eddie Sturgis; *Butch*, Richard Curtis.

One of those slick city gamblers beats up a gangster and, thinking he has killed him, slips out of town. The train is wrecked—and the gambler (the best crap shooter in the country) awakens to find himself in a small town. Due to papers in his pocket, his beautiful young nurse thinks he is a reformer. The girl's weakling brother is involved with a local gambler—and our reformed hero must take the problem in hand, whip the local bad man and win the girl. Not very believable is this yarn, but Richard Dix, the star, as Lucky Larry Sheldon, puts up a great scrap with Matthew Betz as Bad Man Martin. Mary Lawlor is the nurse. This sort of film isn't going to greatly help Mr. Dix.

Best—Richard Dix



## ONE MAD KISS—Fox

Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Jose Savedra*, Don Jose Mojica; *Rosario*, Mona Maris; *Don Estrada*, Antonio Moreno; *Paco*, Tom Patricola.

This is another of those musical romances. You know what kind of a plot comes in that package. The hero is a dashing, singing bandit with a price upon his head. He loves a comely señorita dancing in the Café del Fandango. So does the local dictator, who also longs to capture the Mexican Robin Hood. The fearless Don José kidnaps the girl, is captured and marched before a firing squad. Is he saved? You didn't have any doubts, did you? Don José Mojica, a Mexican importation, is the hero and sings considerably. Antonio Moreno is far better as the tyrant and Mona Maris does very well with the rôle of the dancer.

Best—Mona Maris





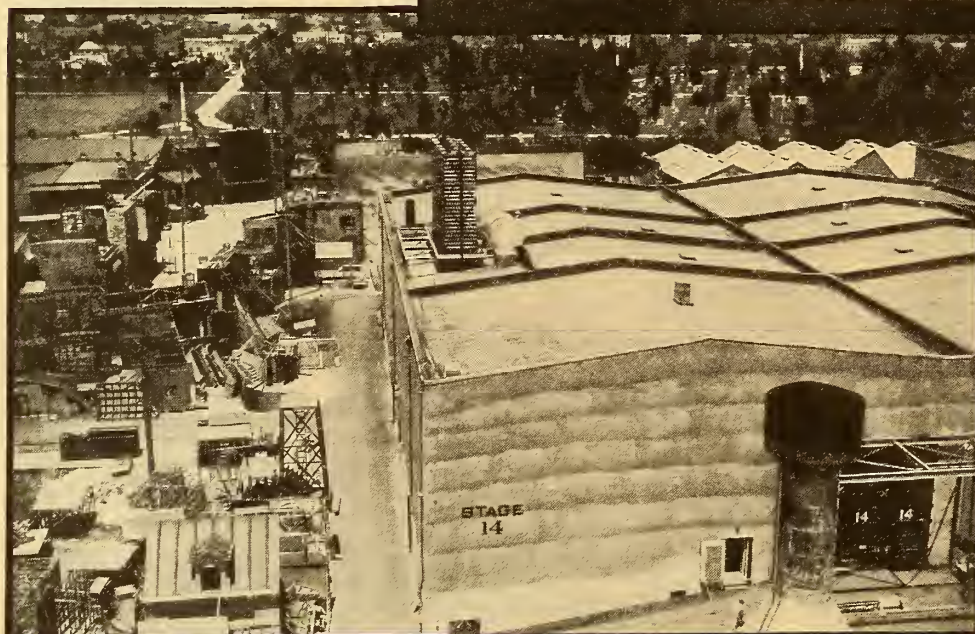
# VISITS to the GREAT STUDIOS

## A Personally Conducted Tour of Paramount Lot

**T**HE Paramount Publix studio in Hollywood is doubly interesting. Because of one man and because, while walking in between its giant stages, one fairly stumbles over the ghosts of past glories.

It was here that Rudie Valentino and Barbara La Marr enjoyed their greatest days, it saw the Hollywood début of Ollie Thomas, the little sweetheart of New York, who died such a tragic death in Paris; it was here that Mary Pickford, Constance and Norma Talmadge, Pola Negri and Ronny Colman cast off their swaddling clothes and stepped full into the limelight of stardom.

And, at the head of the Paramount Publix Corporation is a man just fifty years old—Adolph Zukor—who perhaps



Top, the studio gate of the Paramount Hollywood lot. The minor studio players and workers are paid at the little awning-covered window at the left of the gate. Center, B. P. Schulberg, general manager of West Coast production for Paramount. Left, a view of Paramount's newly constructed sound-proof studio. In this building are housed four large stages with monitor rooms. Paramount has fourteen stages for the making of talkies.





Top, a view of the Administration Building, housing the main offices of Paramount-Famous-Lasky organization. Nearby is the main entrance to the studio. Left, the famous Lasky barn. Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil De Mille started the Famous Players Studios in this barn, which then stood on the corner of Selma and Vine streets in Hollywood. Four years ago the barn was moved to its present site on the Paramount lot. It is used as a gym by the studio workers.

Jesse L. Lasky in his offices in the Hollywood studio. Mr. Lasky is one of the distinguished pioneers of the picture business. With Mr. De Mille, he adventured in the very first film days. In 1916 the Lasky Company joined with Famous Players, linking the careers of Mr. Lasky and Adolph Zukor, distinguished founder of Famous Players.







Top, the dressing room building at Paramount. Stars occupy two room apartments on the first floor, feature players have single room apartments on the second, while the extras dress on the third floor. Left, Clara Bow, in front of her dressing room apartment, talking to Director Frank Tuttle. Below, the red and white studio school house, where all the children who work in Paramount pictures attend classes. This bungalow used to be Mary Pickford's dressing room.



more than any other man is responsible for the motion picture being the great industry it is today.

**M**OTION pictures in the beginning, you know, were not taken seriously. No one saw in them the greatest of all entertainment forces. Few, that is, except Adolph Zukor.

He had come to America when he was sixteen, from his native Hungary. He took a two-dollar-a-week job in a fur store while he went to night school and perfected himself in his new country's language. It was but an incredibly short time, four years, until he had his own store and was making money.

Then came the forerunner of the motion pictures, the penny-in-the-slot machine. It swept New York in its day just as the radio and put-put courses have swept across the country today. And it was cheap, it was entertaining.

Adolph Zukor did some thinking. He decided that more people wanted and needed entertainment than they did furs. *Voilà!* He'd got into the entertainment business.

Zukor and Marcus Loew soon became partners in a penny arcade. From that, still keeping in the field of entertainment, they branched out and bought small theaters about the country.

So the stage was set for the entrance of motion pictures.

Zukor saw one picture and was entranced. Here was entertainment. Here was something which, for a nickel, would provide romance and education in addition to amusement. Here was something *great*.

**F**OR some time Adolph Zukor tried to influence those who produced motion pictures to make bigger and better ones. Five-reel affairs, with prominent actors and actresses in them. But they said he was a lunatic visionary who might just as well advocate jumping to the moon.

Knowing him, it is easy to see a small, very quiet, easy-going person saying: "Well, if no one else will do it, I'll do it myself."

And he did.

In 1912 Zukor, Daniel Frohman and a few others formed the Famous Players Film Company. The first picture was "Queen Elizabeth," with no one less than Sarah Bernhardt playing the lead. Then followed James K. Hackett, Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore — it was, indeed, a famous players company, and the correctness of it was proven in the box-office. People flocked to their pictures and the movies took their first big jump in that tremendous climb to their present position.



There have been many changes in the Famous Players company since 1912. The Jesse Lasky Features Play Company was combined with it in 1916 and it became the Paramount Famous Players-Lasky Company. Benefited by the addition of a great producer, Lasky, the new combine bought or absorbed half a dozen smaller companies, and just this year further expansion has changed its name to the Paramount Publix Corporation. But at the head of it always is quiet little Adolph Zukor, guiding it, nursing it through the shoals of bad times and powerful competitors. Zukor's great plan, to own the theaters as well as the pictures, is now the ideal of all motion picture companies.

That is one reason the Paramount studios are interesting. They are the headquarters of the man who gave pictures their greatest push, who had more faith in them than any other business man of his time.

But that is not the only reason.

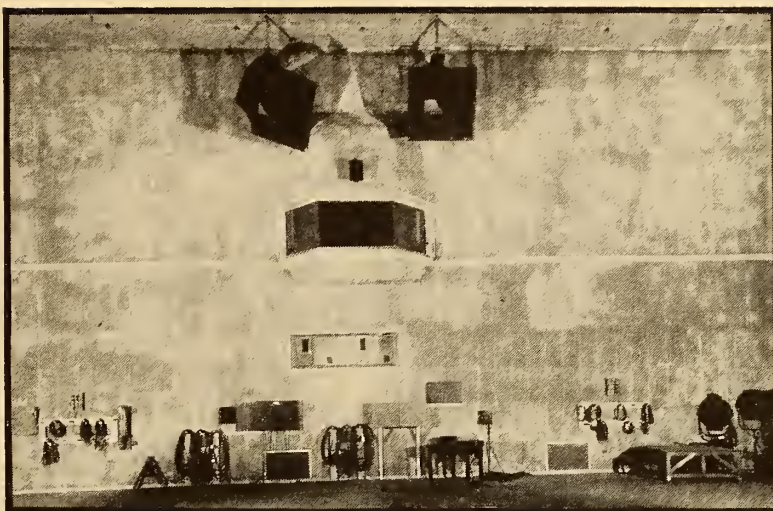
**P**ARAMOUNT studio has been in its present location but a short time. Originally the studio was built by a man named Robert Brunton for speculation. Many people were coming to produce pictures and a place to make them was needed. So Brunton built a big studio and rented out space in it to whoever wanted to make pictures.

One day four people met—D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks. All were making their own pictures, and decided not only to pool the releasing of them, but to make others besides those which they were in or directed. So was United Artists formed.

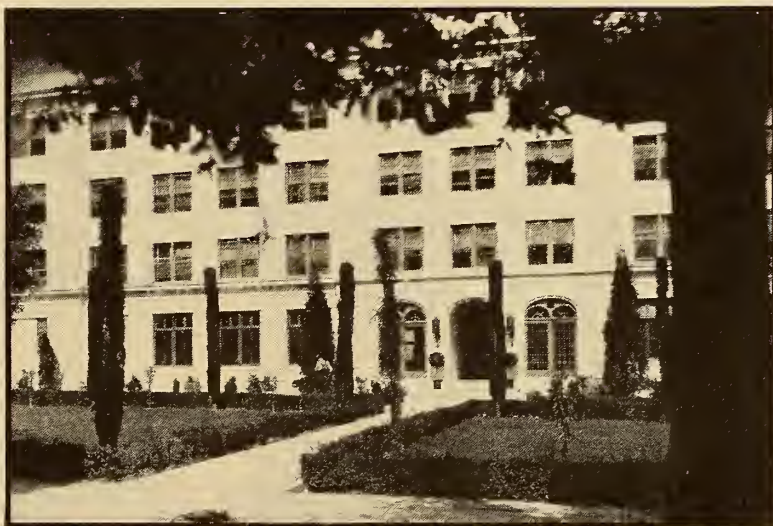
They bought Brunton's studio, which in reality was much too large for their needs.

Paramount at this time was over on Vine Street, near the present site of the Brown Derby Café—one of (Continued on page 97)

Below, Harry Green, the comedian, about to enter one of the sound stages. You can not enter while the red light is burning or the tiny bell is ringing its warning.



Above, a typical Paramount sound stage. Back of the balcony is the mixing room, where an expert regulates the volume of sound as it comes to him over wires during the making of scenes. Three thicknesses of 1-2 inch glass separate him from the studio.



Above, the writers' and directors' building at Paramount. This also houses the studio library. Below, Eugene Robert Richee, whose pictures appear frequently in NEW MOVIE, caught in the act of photographing Nancy Dover. Mr. Richee has photographed every star of the last eight years.







"A bunch of the boys were boop-a-dooping"--- Robert Service never wrote quite that in his "Dangerous Dan McGrew" but that's the way Helen Kane's version of "Dangerous NAN McGrew" goes. The gent aiding Miss Kane in her hot foot efforts is Victor Moore.





Sally Eilers, now Mrs. Edmund Pearson Gibson, stands in the center. At the extreme left is Marian Nixon, bridesmaid. Next is Carmen Pantages, the maid of honor. At the right are Marie Prevost and Mae Sunday, the other two bridesmaids.

# Sally Gets Married

The Bridegroom is Edmund Pearson Gibson, well known rancher known to movie fans as Hoot

## *Darling:*

Another perfectly beautiful wedding to tell you about. I wonder if they have such beautiful weddings anywhere else as they do in Hollywood. I've been to lots of weddings, but I don't think I ever saw one as romantic and altogether thrilling as Sally's and Hoot's. You know, Sally Eilers, whom Florenz Ziegfeld says is the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, and Hoot Gibson, the great Western star.

Of course, we were all on tiptoe for the great event, because for weeks before everyone had been entertaining for them. The final big event being Hoot's bachelor dinner, given by his best man, Buster Collier, at the Roosevelt Hotel, and Sally's last "cat party," at which Mae Sunday was hostess in her own home. They were such fun, those parties. The men had a very gay time, with Buster's father, the famous William Collier of the stage, acting as master of ceremonies.

You know, he is one of the really famous wits of this age. Mae's party was beautiful, and all Sally's girl friends gathered around her to wish her all the happiness in the world.

**T**HERE was a little cloud over the wedding preparations, you know, and Sally began to be just a little sad. First of all, Jeanette Loff—she is the pretty blonde you will remember seeing, dear, in "The King of Jazz"—was to be one of the four bridesmaids. But a week before, she was taken ill and rushed to the hospital to be operated on for appendicitis. So Sally asked Bubbles Denny—the wife of Reginald Denny, who is one of Hoot's closest friends—to act in her place. And then, just imagine, two days before the ceremony, Bubbles' appendix went wrong, and *she* had to have an operation.

Sally, who is such a darling, (Continued on page 110)





© By Evans Studio, Los Angeles

# 'Twas Not so Long AGO

It is now a matter of history that Gloria Swanson, before her discovery by Cecil De Mille, was a bathing girl in the famous seagoing bevy of beauties appearing in the old Mack Sennett comedies. The scene above, from a comedy of 1918, shows Marie Prevost and Miss Swanson in those gay, careless days before the screen went both noisy and swanky.

At the right, Constance Talmadge in the old Fine Arts days. The exact date of this camera study isn't known, but it was made after Connie scored her first big hit as the Mountain Girl of "Intolerance." Miss Talmadge was then just developing into a highly effective comedienne.

Pictures from the  
Albert Davis Collection





## Yet Film Styles and Faces Change with the Years

An unusual photographic study of Theda Bara, at the right. Miss Bara was the chief attraction on the William Fox program for some years and the first of the famous screen vamps. Indeed, no successor to sinister, slinky roles ever equalled her vogue. Recently Miss Bara has been trying her luck in vaudeville.



Albert Davis Collection



At the left is the oldest motion picture scene ever published by NEW MOVIE. It shows the then-famous John Bunny and Flora Finch in one of those forgotten pioneer domestic farces, "Bunny's Birthday Surprise." These comedies were the initial stepping stones by which the movie passed from its first crude slapstick films to the present day comedy. Mr. Bunny died a number of years ago but Miss Finch still plays in pictures. A considerable part of this historic comedy, by the way, is revived in "Evolution," an interesting picture being offered in Vitaphone Varieties. This film briefly traces the history of motion pictures.



# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 8)

superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

**The Love Parade.** The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

**The Show of Shows.** The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

**Welcome Danger.** Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. *Paramount.*

**They Had to See Paris.** A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. *Fox.*



**The Trespasser.** A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. *United Artists.*

**Sunny Side Up.** Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

**The Lady Lies.** In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. *Paramount.*

## Group B

**Safety in Numbers.** A snappy comedy in which Buddy Rogers plays a handsome heir to a fortune and has for his guardians three beautiful Follies girls. Easily the best Rogers film in some time. Has plenty of charm. *Paramount-Publix.*

**Raffles.** Another mystery thriller, somewhat along the lines of "Bulldog Drummond." Ronald Colman is delightful as Raffles—so, too, is Kay Francis who supplies the heart interest. *United Artists.*

**The Big House.** This is a melodrama tending to expose our penal system of piling convicts into prisons and then forgetting about them. You'll love Wallace Beery as the big playful killer. This has real thrills. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**Caught Short.** Marie Dressler and Polly Moran team up as two rival boarding-house keepers who quarrel their way hilariously through this story. Parts border on slapstick. A safe comedy for the whole family. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**The Unholy Three.** The first Lon Chaney talkie. Undoubtedly you remember the silent version of these three sideshow scoundrels. Somehow this lacks the suspense offered in the old silent film, though Chaney is matchless. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**Our Blushing Brides.** Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian are three department store girls in this one. Joan Crawford is at her best. The picture as a whole is lively and quite entertaining. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**The Devil's Holiday.** In which Nancy Carroll gives us a real surprise with her fine characterization of a gold-digging Chicago manicurist. Phillips Holmes' performance is worthy of commendation. *Paramount.*

**Bride of the Regiment.** This was once the stage operetta, "The Lady in Ermine." Vivienne Segal, Broadway luminary, does well with her rôle as the countess bride. Walter Pidgeon and Myrna Loy are also members of the cast. *First National.*

**So This Is London.** Undoubtedly you saw Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris." Here's a sequel comedy which shows what went on when the Draper family visited London. Not as good as its predecessor, but amusing. *Fox.*

**Paramount on Parade.** A series of specialties contributed by the company's various stars. Pretty dull entertainment. Kept alive by M. Chevalier who, with Evelyn Brent, furnishes one of the best bits in "The Birth of the Apache." *Paramount.*

**Show Girl in Hollywood.** Remember Alice White as Dixie Dugan in "Show Girl"? Well, this is her further adventures, showing the trials and tribulations of a new-comer seeking a break in pictures. *First National.*

One of the big hits of the screen year, Lewis Ayres in Remarque's devastating study of the Great War, "All Quiet on the Western Front."



# I Repay a Debt

(Continued from page 48)

sufficient unto themselves. They had a robust, complete companionship rarely equaled. No joy or sorrow, no defeat or fight or victory, they couldn't share. Elsie was used to the diet of blunt wisdom, keen analysis, amazing humor, of her mother's mind. The unvarnished truth and rugged knowledge of life which Mrs. Janis had acquired spoiled her for lesser things. Love never offered her anything as good.

IT has been quoted often that General Pershing once said that in any war Elsie Janis was equal to a battalion of men. It is in some measure the fashion nowadays to speak lightly or to speak not at all, of the late unpleasantness in France. Nevertheless, none of us in our hearts, and particularly the 3,000,000 boys who went to France, have forgotten how Elsie Janis carried laughter and comfort into the very trenches, under the heaviest bombardment of German guns.

Always, behind Elsie, was Ma Janis. There were times when Elsie faltered before the anguish and the horror, when her nerves failed her. Times when it was hard to sing and dance in the face of death.

But Elsie's mother never faltered. She was always there, sturdy, strong, to encourage. Never too tired, never frightened, never undone.

In her day she drove many a hard bargain with theatrical managers to make Elsie Janis the great star of musical comedy. But when Elsie came back from France and theatrical managers on Broadway offered her enormous sums to go into revues, it was Elsie's mother who alone encouraged her in her mad scheme of producing her own revue with only boys in uniform as supporting actors, a venture which everyone told her was doomed to failure. Elsie Janis' mother saw more clearly into the heart of the American people. She said "Elsie Janis and Her Gang" would be a success—and if they weren't it was worth doing. They did it and succeeded.

LOVE is often blind. But not nearly so often as is sometimes believed. Love which lasts through many years, through thick and thin, in the face of every human experience, isn't blind. A girl like Elsie Janis couldn't have given her devotion and adoration to anyone who was unworthy.

Mrs. Janis was only sixty when she left Hollywood sad and bereft by her sudden passing.

Yet, as so often she knew hidden things about life, she knew this thing about death. She knew she was going.

She died on July 13, 1930. On January 1st of that same year she wrote Elsie a letter of farewell to be given her after she had gone. In that letter she gave Elsie counsel and comfort for the rest of her life.

I am hoping that Elsie will publish that letter, will give it to the world. Nothing so beautiful, so strong, so helpful, should be kept from the struggling mass of humanity. For that letter is a human document worthy to rank with the great utterances of the ages. As a memorial to Elsie Janis' mother,

it is something far more wonderful than any monument of marble could ever be.

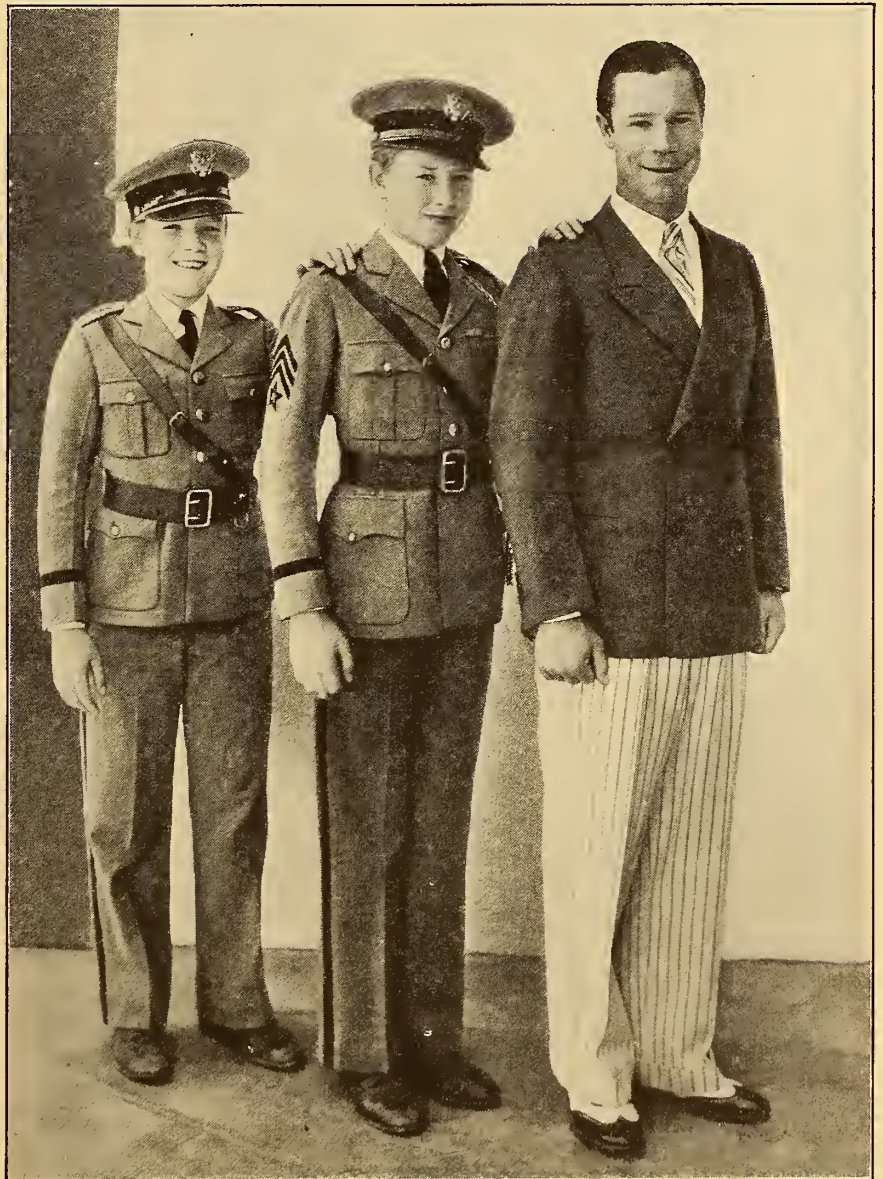
It belongs to Elsie Janis. In her first grief for her mother it may seem too sacred for other eyes. But in the end, I think Elsie will come to see that it should be shared with others who didn't have such a mother to speak directly to them.

AMONG the thousands of telegrams that flooded the Janis home when the word of her passing reached the world, so many were from boys in France. Among the flowers that filled the church, so many bore a message from someone who had known her then. Because of that and because they would understand that we must not grieve for her, but carry on her work of giving and allow her to carry on where-

ever she is, I cannot help but think of that poem written for those same boys in the days when patriotism flamed high.

*"Take up our quarrel with the foe  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch. Be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies  
grow  
In Flanders Fields."*

All of us who knew her and owed her so much must try not to break faith, to take up the quarrel against the evil and sorrow and ignorance of the world. But to Elsie belongs the priceless heritage. To carry on where her mother, from failing hands, gave her the torch of wisdom and generosity and strength to light many to better things.



Joe Brown is mighty proud of his two sons, Joe, Jr., and Don, aged 11 and 13 respectively. And you may be sure that the boys, who are students at the Urban Military Academy, are mighty proud of Papa Brown.





# The Dynamite LADY

How Kay Johnson was discovered by Cecil DeMille and How Chance Guided Her Screen Career

By MARGUERITE TAZELAAR

**K**AY JOHNSON received the shock of her young life when the fastidious Cecil B. De Mille offered her the lead in his first talkie, "Dynamite," for she had never even taken a screen test. He offered it to her after having interviewed dozens of applicants for the part, and with his characteristic impulsiveness.

It was on the opening night of "The Silver Cord," which was then being produced by a theatrical company in Los Angeles. In this play Miss Johnson was making her initial bow to a Western audience. Breathing none too easily in her dressing-room between the second and third acts, she heard a knock on the door. Mr. De Mille's card was handed to her. A scribbled note on the back said: "Come to see me tomorrow."

Nervous as she was, she could not know that for two acts his attention had been riveted upon her, and that he had just murmured to his companion with a sigh of contentment, "I have found my leading lady." Two days later she walked out of his office still in a state of bewilderment with a contract in her hand for one of the juiciest screen rôles of the year.

"I can't explain it, but things always happen to me that way," she was saying, looking trim and blond and fitting perfectly into the smart luncheon crowd at Pierre's on Park Avenue. "It must be fate for I've never consciously tried to plan my life. It's constantly being shaped for me by circumstances entirely outside myself. Going on the stage in the first place, getting into the movies this way, and my marriage—it all just happened."

Kay Johnson's father, the late Thomas Robert Johnson, was the architect who designed the Woolworth Tower. Miss Johnson herself was born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and drifted to the stage.

(Continued on page 115)



# There's Gold in Them Thar Beverly Hills

(Continued from page 36)



Wilshire Boulevard, with a view of the Beverly-Wilshire. This is as magnificent as any hotel in Paris. Its apartments are individually decorated and furnished with hand-carved French furniture. Its crystal dining room is a particularly fascinating rendezvous for the movie four hundred.

golden state is famed. We love its sloping hills, the green lawns and blooming flowers. We revel in its space and quiet, while the lights of a great city twinkle near yet far enough away. It seems so natural a thing to live in Beverly Hills that we rarely stop to search for reasons. I can't imagine our living anywhere other than in Pickfair! And Pickfair is in Beverly Hills."

To which the gallant Doug adds: "It is such a pleasant place to live there is no use of considering any other—and I can think of no place I should

like better. Perhaps the real reason that I live in Beverly Hills is because Mary lives there—"

And that, in a nutshell, is probably the real reason most people want to visit Beverly and live there if they can.

**Lady Among Gold-Diggers**—Publicity makes a town as it makes everything else, and Beverly has plenty to talk about. Mayor Will Rogers' by-line has carried the name around the world, and Pickfair is regarded abroad as the most important American resi-

dence, next to the White House, of course.

Already Beverly has supplanted Hollywood as a home of the stars. It is my feeling that it will supplant Hollywood also as the aesthetic heart of the sprawling movie capital. Very quiet, very courteous, Beverly among California towns is as a lady among gold-diggers. To complete your education you should see her. I suggest that since Will Rogers has made "They Had to See Paris" and "So This Is London," he now should do a picture entitled "You Must Come to Beverly."

## Visits to the Great Studios

(Continued from page 89)

the most valuable blocks on all Hollywood. As the demand for their pictures grew, expansion became necessary, but the land next to their studio was too expensive. It would be a better business move to buy all that was needed in some less valuable location.

Paramount looked around—and bought the Brunton-United Artists studio. Doug, Mary, Charlie and company moved to a small place more suited to their combined needs.

But not before movie history and romance was made there under their guidance. Not before the place was filled with memories of the picture great which will never be forced from the minds of those fortunate enough to be on their lot at that time.

Mary Pickford's dressing-room, the place where those golden curls of yore

were brushed and smoothed for the camera, became the studio school.

Rudie—Rudie Valentino had his hey-day there. In his dressing-room now is handled the fan mail addressed to Clara Bow, Dick Arlen, Gary Cooper, June Collyer, Mary Brian, Buddy Rogers and their cohorts.

And other stars live on in this lot in the heart of Hollywood. Barbara, who has passed away; Connie Talmadge, who has retired; Norma, who is still beautiful; Pola Negri, the exotic passion flower.

They would hardly recognize the scenes of their triumphs. It has grown and is growing. Thirty-seven buildings are on its twenty-six acres at present and more are being built. Two thousand employees, exclusive of players under contract.

Paramount is a big, first-class studio. Everything done in any other studio in the little matter of making motion pictures is done here. Wardrobes, machine shops, power plants, dressing rooms, a hospital, a vault capable of storing 13,000,000 feet of film, restaurant, greenhouse—all these and more. And Paramount's KNX, one of the largest radio stations in the West.

But Paramount, somehow, has never been as interesting as a studio as it has as a location of stars, of personalities. It seems they have always been there and always will be. They are now, surely, with Buddy, Gary, Dick, Clara, Jean Arthur, Bill Powell, Ruth Chatterton and others.

Besides, Adolph Zukor himself and what he has achieved proves its importance.

WHAT DOES POLA NEGRI THINK OF HOLLYWOOD NOW? Herb Howe interviewed the famous motion picture actress in Paris for NEW MOVIE—and his story is destined to be the talk of Hollywood when it appears in this magazine next month. Watch for it!





Hawaiian News Bureau

Harold Lloyd, caught in an off moment near the beach at Waikiki. Mr. Lloyd took his company to Hawaii to make scenes of his new comedy, "Feet First," and paused a bit between scenes to enjoy the surf.

## What Will Hollywood Do To Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 53)

Will they get lost, strayed, or stolen, in movieland?

Let's see. Let's spend a little time with Amos 'n' Andy on the *RKO* lot where they are making their first picture.

I arrived to see them on their third day in residence. It was a very hot day about noon. Twelve-fifteen, to be exact, because my appointment was for twelve-twenty.

Had the heat not made me a trifle more slow-witted than usual, I would have been put on my guard by that number, delivered to me over the phone by a press agent. Because one doesn't say that sort of thing in Hollywood. Things are altogether too tropical hereabouts to get on your ear over ten minutes. Generally the date is made, "I'll be over about noon." And if you show up by one o'clock it's still noon and everything is okay.

"So twelve-twenty and that doesn't mean twelve-thirty," as the press agent put it, should have been downright ominous.

But it wasn't and I walked in thrilled by no other emotion than anticipation of meeting my radio favorites.

A VOICE yelled, "Come in" and I opened the door to be greeted by a clatter of typewriter keys. The noise persisted until I was well into the room.

A dressing table, sans make-up. Several chairs. A settee. A glass-topped table. The inevitable flower basket, full. Only a litter of papers on the floor, and a spindle-legged typewriter table serving the purpose for which it was made, kept this room from being exactly like a hundred other

dressing rooms in Hollywood studios.

Before the typewriter sat a man. On the settee sat another man.

"Gosden is my name," said the latter, rising and holding out his hand. "Might as well tell you now I'm Amos. This is my partner, James Correll, better known as Andy. Sit down."

I did.

I lit a cigarette and started to look around, meantime following the time-honored method of casual comment about the weather and their work. Correll, the deep-voiced Andy who had been typewriting, seemed a bit older than I had expected. Thin haired, stout, but not fat looking, a full, round face, I guessed him to be in his early forties. I found out later he was fifty years old. Freeman Gosden, the Amos of this duo, was younger. But his light hair, flashing smile and slender build fooled me again. I picked him to be thirty-two or three and he turns out to be forty-one. Maybe talking negro dialect is one way of staying young.

I had just knocked the first ash off my cigarette. Amos told me that they wrote all their own acts and had been in the middle of writing that day's broadcast when I walked in (as I could see for myself by looking at the stuff in the typewriter), when a page boy yelled in the door that Mr. Le Baron had just asked where Amos 'n' Andy were.

HERE again I must take you into a bit of Hollywood's inside affairs. William Le Baron is THE big shot at *RKO*. In most studios, when the big boss coughs, the noise causes an earthquake right down the line. Bill Le

Baron must want to see Amos 'n' Andy. And they knew it.

Amos looked at Andy, they both looked at me (the person that was keeping them from dashing off to find Mr. Le Baron) and then all three of us looked at the door. Mr. Le Baron in person stood on the threshold. Now if you know Hollywood you know how unusual it is for the boss to come traipsing around actors' dressing rooms. Usually, the actors do the walking.

I looked at Amos 'n' Andy to see if they realized just what this meant. If it conveyed to them as it did to me how high they rated in that studio. But they didn't seem to notice anything. They were cordial and apologetic.

"Why, hello, Mr. Le Baron," said Amos. "Why didn't you let us know you wanted to see us? We'd have come to your office."

"That's all right," said Mr. Le Baron. "I needed the exercise."

Next Bebe Daniels appeared. Mr. Le Baron stopped her and introduced the queen of *RKO* to Amos 'n' Andy. They looked as pleased and thrilled as a couple of sophomores. She vanished and the boys returned to me.

I WAS beginning to be more and more dubious about an uninterrupted interview. Just then four men walked in, the director of the picture they are doing for *RKO*, Mel Brown, and three scenario writers. Amos' face fell as he saw them and Andy's jaw stuck out a half inch or so, though he said nothing.

"How about that script, Gos?" said Brown. (Continued on page 102)

Are you reading THE HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER? Herb Howe is visiting Pola Negri, Emil Jannings and all the celebrities known to American film fans on his tour of Europe. Watch for his comments every month.



# What the Stars Are Doing

| STAR                              | TITLE                 | DIRECTOR            | KIND OF STORY         | LEADING PLAYER      |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| <b>FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO</b>      |                       |                     |                       |                     |
| Dorothy Peterson                  | Mother's Cry          | Hobart Henly        | Gangster Drama        | David Manners       |
| Walter Pidgeon                    | College Lovers        | John Adolphi        | College Romance       | Ona Munson          |
| Irene Rich                        | Father's Son          | William Beaudine    | Drama                 | Lewis Stone         |
|                                   |                       |                     |                       | Leon Janney         |
| Edward Robinson                   | Little Caesar         | Mervyn LeRoy        | Gangster              | Doug Fairbanks, Jr. |
| <b>FOX STUDIO</b>                 |                       |                     |                       |                     |
| Edmund Lowe                       | Scotland Yard         | W. K. Howard        | Detective             | Joan Bennett        |
| John Wayne                        | The Big Trail         | Raoul Walsh         | Pioneer               | Margaret Churchill  |
| Maureen O'Sullivan                | Just Imagine          | David Butler        | Musical Comedy        | El Brendel          |
| Warner Baxter                     | Renegades             | Victor Fleming      | Foreign Legion        | Noah Beery          |
| George O'Brien                    | Fair Warning          | Al Werker           | Western               | Louise Huntington   |
| Lois Moran                        | The Dancers           | Chan Sprague        | Youth                 | Walter Byron        |
| <b>HAROLD LLOYD STUDIO</b>        |                       |                     |                       |                     |
| Harold Lloyd                      | Feet First            | Clyde Bruckman      | Comedy                | Barbara Kent        |
| <b>METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO</b> |                       |                     |                       |                     |
| Lawrence Tibbett                  |                       |                     |                       |                     |
| Grace Moore                       | The New Moon          | Jack Conway         | Musical Romance       |                     |
| Robert Montgomery                 | War Nurse             | Edgar Selwyn        | Drama                 | Anita Page          |
| John Mack Brown                   | Billy the Kid         | King Vidor          | Western               | Kay Johnson         |
| Harry Carey                       | Trader Horn           | William Van Dyke    | African Romance       | Edwina Booth        |
| <b>PARAMOUNT PUBLIX STUDIO</b>    |                       |                     |                       |                     |
| Kay Francis                       | The General           | Cukor-Gasnier       | Drama                 | Walter Huston       |
| George Bancroft                   | Untitled              | Roward Lee          | Drama                 | Helen Davis         |
| Jack Oakie                        | Untitled              | Victor Heerman      | Comedy                | Lillian Roth        |
| Clara Bow                         | Untitled              | Frank Tuttle        | Farce Comedy          | Ralph Forbes        |
|                                   |                       |                     |                       | Charles Ruggles     |
| Gary Cooper                       | Morocco               | Josef von Sternberg | Drama                 | Marlene Dietrich    |
|                                   |                       |                     |                       | Adolphe Menjou      |
| Richard Arlen                     | Social Errors         | Cyril Gardener      | Comedy                | Mary Brian          |
|                                   |                       |                     |                       | Leon Errol          |
| Jackie Coogan                     | Tom Sawyer            | John Cromwell       | Comedy                | Mitzi Green         |
| <b>R K O STUDIO</b>               |                       |                     |                       |                     |
| Wheeler and Woolsey               | Half Shot at Sunrise  | Paul Sloan          | Comedy                | Louis Wolheim       |
| Evelyn Brent                      | The Silver Horde      | George Archainbaud  | Alaskan Fishing Story | Jean Arthur         |
| <b>UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO</b>      |                       |                     |                       |                     |
| Chester Morris                    | The Bat Whispers      | Roland West         | Mystery Comedy        | Una Merkel          |
| <b>UNIVERSAL STUDIO</b>           |                       |                     |                       |                     |
| Lupe Velez                        | East Is West          | Monta Bell          | Oriental Love         | Lew Ayres           |
| Harry Langdon                     | See America Thirst    | W. J. Craft         | Comedy                | Bessie Love         |
| Lilyan Tashman                    | The Cat Creeps        | Rupert Julian       | Mystery Thriller      | Ray Hackett         |
|                                   |                       |                     |                       | Neil Hamilton       |
| Conrad Nagel                      | The Lady Surrenders   | John Stahl          | Drama                 | Rose Hobart         |
| <b>WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO</b>     |                       |                     |                       |                     |
| Joe E. Brown                      | Sit Tight             | Lloyd Bacon         | Comedy                | Winnie Lightner     |
| Barbara Stanwyck                  | Illicit               | Archie Mayo         | Drama                 | James Rennie        |
| Lucille Powers                    | Barber John's Boy     | Allan Dwan          | Drama                 | Phillips Holmes     |
| Mary Astor                        | The Steel Highway     | William Wellman     | Railroad Drama        | Grant Withers       |
| Lew Cody                          | Divorce Among Friends | H. Del Ruth         | Farce Drama           | Irene Delroy        |
|                                   |                       |                     |                       | James Hall          |



# FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

This Month the NEW MOVIE Expert Answers Interesting Queries from Our Readers — How to Gain Charm and Attractiveness

By ANN BOYD

I HAVE so many letters to answer this month that I shall devote my entire department to your queries, because most of the problems they present are applicable to a large number of girls. For instance, "Just Babs"—and hundreds of other girls—want to know what to do for blackheads and enlarged pores. These small skin defects are a constant source of annoyance to many women.

In the first place, blackheads are caused by dirt. That doesn't mean that Babs and the others do not wash their faces often enough, but it does mean that they do not wash their faces correctly. So here is the treatment—and may you follow it carefully:

The face should be washed thoroughly with very warm water and a fine, mild toilet soap. The wash cloth should be a soft one—and please do not scrub too hard. Then rinse off all the soap. Please be careful about this, because most girls aren't conscientious about removing all the soap. Then steam the face—particularly the spots where the blackheads are thickest—with hot water. Using a piece of cotton or sterile gauze, gently squeeze the blackheads and immediately dab the spot with a little alcohol. Then use a good astringent—your druggist or beauty shop expert will be glad to recommend a good one. After which you may rub the nose, the chin and other afflicted spots with ice.

And, Babs, do you always rinse your face with very cold water, after removing the soap with hot water? Do you give your face a good cleansing with cold cream? Do you remove your make-up, completely and thoroughly, before you go to bed at night?

FOR girls who work in offices I suggest that they keep a jar of cleansing cream in their desks and some cleansing tissues. Office work is particularly hard on the skin, and just a morning and evening washing up isn't enough to ward off blackheads.

Sally R., of San Antonio, Texas, has a different sort of problem. Sally tells me that her eyes are light brown, but that at night, under artificial lights, they have a



The motion picture favorites are beautiful because they take infinite pains with themselves. No element of charm or attractiveness is left to chance. The movie folk know the value of a beautiful skin. Above, Jeanette MacDonald touching up her make-up between scenes.

way of turning green. This is quite a common trick of light eyes of rather indefinite color. But Sally, unconsciously, tells the whole secret of this phenomenon. She says that she wears dark clothes during the day and Nile green dresses at night.

Naturally the dark clothes have a tendency to make her eyes look dark while the green in the evening brings out the green shades in her eyes. As a general rule, women dress for their eyes during the day and for their hair at night. But in Sally's case the rule won't work because Sally doesn't like green eyes.

If you are really worried about it, Sally, why don't you wear sapphire blue evening dresses in the evening, or warm, golden browns, or luscious blacks? Eye-shading on the lids isn't always to be recommended, but you might, Sally, shade your eyelids—very delicately and discreetly—with a dark brown shade.

MISS T. M., of Detroit, Mich., is worried because her hair is oily. And she cannot keep a

wave in her hair. Miss M. shampoos her hair twice a week. That, my dear girl, is too often. Every two weeks is often enough, if you keep your hair in good condition by brushing it. I like a lemon rinse for oily hair. After rinsing your hair thoroughly, squeeze the juice of two lemons (strained) in a washbowl of warm water—not too hot. Immerse your hair and allow this hot lemonade to penetrate the scalp. Then rinse the hair again in lukewarm water. Simple, isn't it? And most effective. There are also good remedies advertised for oily hair. Ask your druggist or beauty shop about them.

C. M., Racine, Wis.—Send me a self-addressed stamped envelope and I shall be delighted to send you a remedy for graying hair.

Lucille S., Fort Wayne, Ind.—I think that your friends are being just a bit too critical. It is difficult to reduce a plump face—if you try you are courting wrinkles. By wearing your hair over your cheeks, you can make your face seem more slender. You do not tell me your weight, so I cannot know whether a general reduction routine would help. Try (Continued on page 117)

Write to Ann Boyd about your beauty problems and read her advice every month.



# MY HUSBAND'S CALL-DOWN

*made me*

# CRY

*like a  
baby*

*... but how glad  
I am now, that I took  
his advice!*

"Look at that  
dingy shirt!"  
he exclaimed.  
"I'm almost  
ashamed to  
wear it."



"DORA, I hate to complain," my husband said one morning, "but look at how dingy and gray my shirts are. I feel almost ashamed to wear them."

"I can't help it," I sobbed back. "Goodness knows I always try hard enough. But my washes just won't come nice and clean and I don't know what's wrong."

"Well, why don't you use a different soap," Fred replied. "Try this Fels-Naptha I heard the grocer recommending to some customers last night. He said something about its giving *extra* help that gets clothes cleaner."

#### Dora's discovery

"And what a lucky thing for me that I followed my husband's suggestion. Why, I never saw any soap get rid of dirt as fast as Fels-Naptha does. I don't have to rub hard either—yet even greasy smudges from cuffs and the children's things come right out. I feel so proud of my lovely, white

washes now. You bet I'm a Fels-Naptha fan for life!"

#### *Extra help—that's the secret*

It isn't any wonder at all that Fels-Naptha washes are so bright! So sweetly fresh and spotless!

For every big Fels-Naptha bar brings *extra* help that gets clothes really clean. Not "just soap" but good golden soap and plenty of naptha—the safe dirt-dissolver used in dry cleaning. You get *two* cleaners instead of one. And working together, they loosen stubborn dirt—quicker, easier. *Without hard rubbing!*

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help in tub or machine; for soaking or boiling; in hot, lukewarm or even cool water. It's great for household cleaning, too. And it helps keep your hands nice. For Fels-Naptha works quickly and gets them out of water sooner.

#### The wisest washday economy!

You can buy Fels-Naptha in single bars or in handy 10-bar cartons. Get

some to-day. Then use this soap and discover for yourself why Fels-Naptha is the best kind of washday bargain. It brings you not more bars, but more help. *Extra* help that saves *YOU*.

**SPECIAL OFFER**—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. TNM-10-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

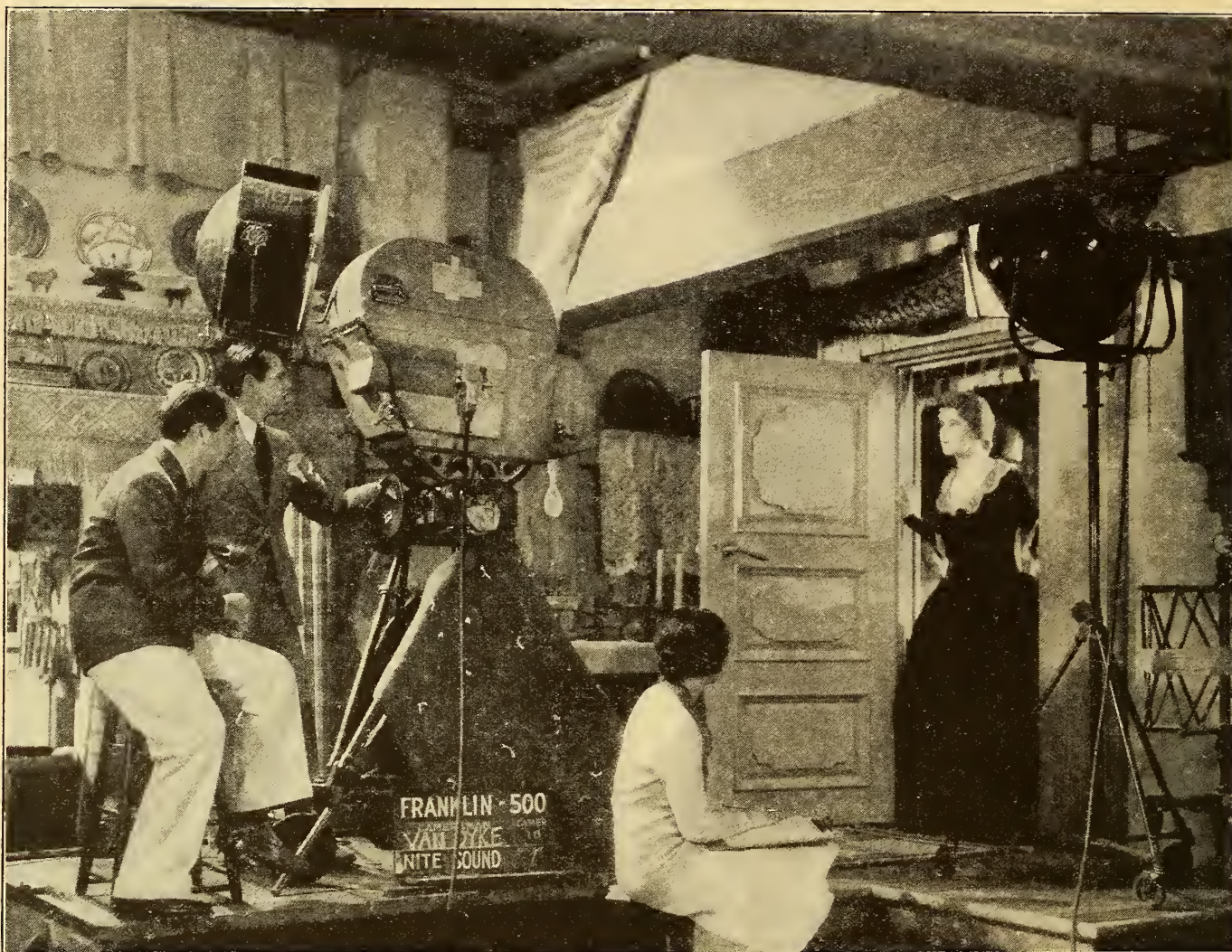
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Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Fill in completely—print name and address





Sidney Franklin directs Grace Moore in a scene of her new picture, based upon the life of Jenny Lind. Note all the paraphernalia of the newer talkies.

# What Will Hollywood Do To Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 98)

"Huh?"

"Did you get the dialect finished on that dialogue yet?" asked the head of the scenario group.

Amos turned to Andy.

"The man respects that us has got all owah writin' done," he said.

"I've regusted with him," said Andy. "Does he respect us ain't got nothin' else to do?"

"From which," said Brown, "I take it the dialogue isn't finished."

"Not on paper it isn't," said Andy. "We have it all worked out in our mind though."

"I can't mimeograph your minds," wailed the scenario gent. "When will it be done? Why don't you put it on paper if you have it worked out?"

"Say, listen," Mister Andy Correll demanded attention, "do you see this typewriter? In it is the dialogue for our radio performance at 3.30 this afternoon. *That* has got to be finished. But it isn't. Which should tell you we been plenty busy one way and another, because, with us that radio comes FIRST."

"Well," the vehemence of this outburst had taken the wind out of the scenario gent's sails. "Will you do it tonight?"

"THAT was our intention," spoke up Amos, "but seems like in Hollywood folks thinks you are twins. Mr. Le Baron just asked us to put on our dress suits and go to the opening of Bebe Daniels' new picture, 'Dixiana,' which is tonight. So that ruins tonight. We will do it in the morning if we have to get up at six o'clock, which we probably will."

"O—o—oh," a groan from Amos.

"Well," said Director Brown, "you gotta do it."

"Yeh," said Andy, "and as rule, before we came to Hollywood, we gotta eat, too, but when do we do it? It's almost one o'clock now."

"I'll have some sandwiches sent over here," said Brown.

Amos looked wistfully after the departing four. "I had my mind fixed on some pork chops," he said.

I hurried into the interview.

"You told Brown the radio comes first," I said to Correll.

"It certainly does. We are not movie actors—yet. Maybe we never will be. Chances are we won't. The radio gave us our start, radio fans are our public, we have a very long contract for our stuff on the radio. We do it even if we are in Hollywood, twice a day. They fixed up a broadcasting room on one of the stages here on the lot. It costs \$2,000 a day more to broadcast to the United States from here than it did from the East. Which is one reason we're in a hurry to get this picture finished."

"Are you only going to do one picture?" I asked.

Amos Gosden answered. They have an odd trick of answering alternately.

"THAT'S all so far," he said. "We could have blackjacked them into giving us a three-picture contract, but what for? Neither of us knows one thing about pictures. We don't know if we will like them or not. We didn't want ourselves to be tied up for more



than one picture, and we didn't want the studio to be tied up either. If we flop as actors, gosh, they oughtn't to have to put more dough out on us. And—we're funny. If we aren't happy here, we'll go back. You know. You gotta love your work. If we like it and they like it—maybe we'll stay. But radio is our game."

"Do you—" A knock at the door interrupted me. Brown was in again.

"There are five guys in make-up down on the stage to be tested for the part of the Kingfish," he announced. "Can you come down now and see what you think of them? I've got to leave at three o'clock and it will take at least that long to look 'em over?"

"How about this interview?" said Amos.

"How about lunch?" said Andy.

"How about this radio dialogue?" they demanded in unison.

"I don't know the answer to any of those," said Brown, "but we got to get those guys tested."

"Don't mind me," I said. I felt sorry for 'em, even when I thought of the money they were getting.

"Well," Amos gave up the ghost, "have someone bring this typewriter down on the stage and we'll try to finish our work between tests."

We walked on the stage. On the way the boy with the sandwiches and milk came out of a passageway. He looked at Amos 'n' Andy and fell right in behind us.

Arriving on the stage we gulped the food. In the meantime, Brown had disappeared. Finished with lunch—two minutes and forty seconds by my watch—Andy Correll wanted to go to work.

"Where's Brown?" he demanded. He was told Brown would be there in a minute.

"Where's the typewriter?" moaned Amos.

No one knew. We looked out the entrance of the stage and saw, far up the studio street, the boy carrying it in his arms. He was showing somebody's chauffeur the dialogue of Amos 'n' Andy's skit for that afternoon. That boy stopped every person he saw to show them the lines until he got within sound of Andy's voice—then he did a hundred yards in nothing flat.

"AMOS, are you goin' to get that seventy-five dollars back?" asked a stage hand who is evidently one of the boys and girls of radioland.

"Tune in, big boy, and find out," said Amos, with his pleasant grin.

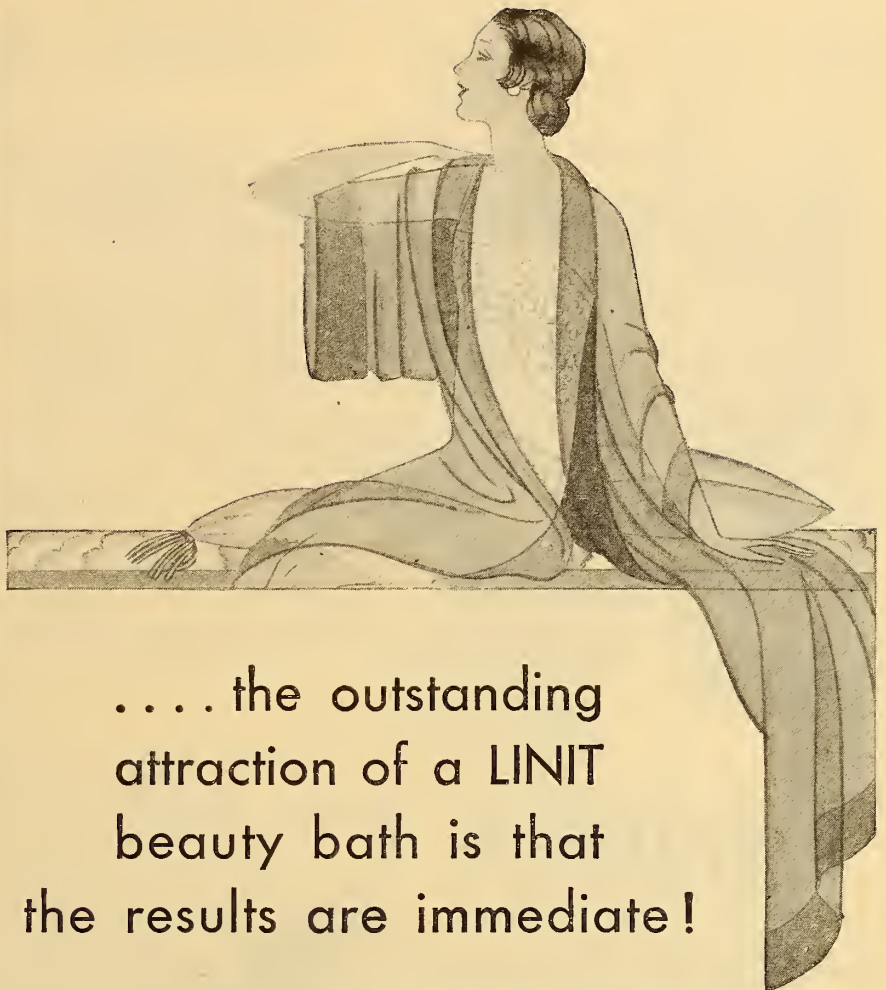
Brown appeared. A press agent appeared. Cameras started. Amos could not be held down. He had to help the man being tested. He read his lines for him, using just the voice desired. Gave his cues. Leaped back to make a suggestion to Andy, laboring at the typewriter.

"If it's like this now," said Andy, suddenly, in his deepest voice, "How'll it be when we're acting, too?"

"Thing beats me," said Amos, "is how anybody in Hollywood ever gets time to go wrong? I ain't had time yet to go right."

There's your answer. Amos 'n' Andy won't go Hollywood. They'll survive their adventure into movieland without any of the disasters that befell Moran and Mack. In the first place, they're too busy and they like being busy. Neither one of them wants to retire no matter how much money they make.

In the second place, they're true to the radio. It's their first and their real love.



.... the outstanding attraction of a LINIT beauty bath is that the results are immediate!

You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement in your skin. The Linit Beauty Bath is an outstanding beauty secret—not only is it amazingly economical, but the soothing, luxurious results are IMMEDIATE.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin—soft and satiny smooth!

This soft, velvety "finish" comes from a thin coating of Linit left on the skin which is invisible to the naked eye. This coating of Linit adheres well, never comes off on the clothing, eliminates "shine" and harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit—and being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most sensitive skin. In fact, doctors recommend starch from corn to soothe the tender skin of young babies.

THIS is the test that proves it!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

LINIT is sold by your GROCER



the pathway to a soft, smooth skin



Do men admire  
natural color?  
**JUST ASK ONE!**



**TANGEE**

### Like Nature's Own Glow

Men admire youthful, healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look Natural . . . not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips. It is like a glow from within . . . a blush so natural that it seems a part of the lips. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your individual complexion!

Tangee Lipstick, \$1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75¢ . . . Crème Rouge, \$1. Face Powder, blended to match the natural skin tones, \$1. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, \$1. Day Cream, protects the skin, \$1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, \$1.



**SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET**  
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

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## Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 23)

Charles McArthur (Helen Hayes), Mr. and Mrs. Fred Worlock (Elsie Ferguson), Andrew Lawlor, Mr. and Mrs. David Butler.

\* \* \*

**FRANCES DEE**, the extra girl who was picked out of the mob to play opposite Maurice Chevalier, is a graduate of the University of Chicago.

\* \* \*

**MOVIE** stars as a rule do not keep the clothes and shoes they wear in pictures. These are furnished by the studio and are returned to the wardrobe when the star is finished with them. They are then given to extras and bit players for mob scenes, and so worn out. Paramount, for instance, has 700 pairs of shoes on racks—waiting to be fitted to extras who need them for night club, big dance and other scenes where they will not be noticed so much.

\* \* \*

**TALKING** pictures are becoming less so. When they first came in everything was words, words, words—far more than in a stage play. But now they have cut down the number of

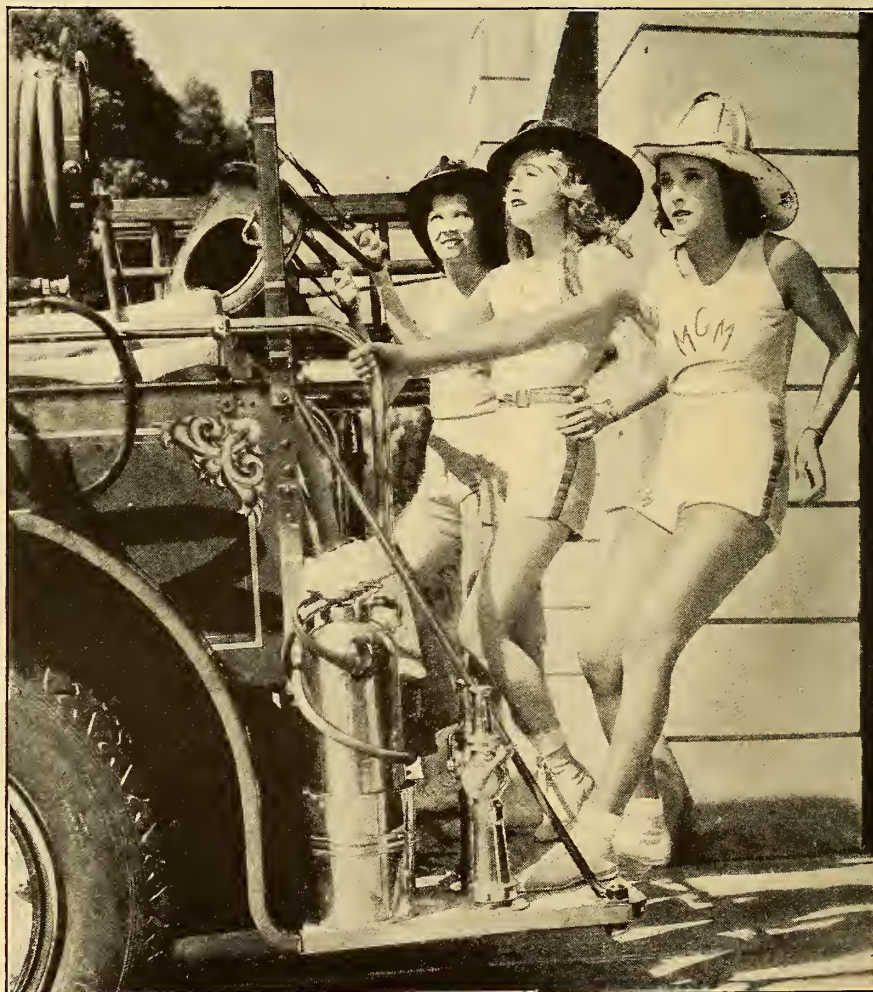
words used in a regulation six reeler about forty percent of what was used. Soon it will be cut still more. The ideal picture, they say, will be twenty-five percent talk and seventy-five percent action. And then perhaps the children will regain their taste for pictures. Exhibitors say that the attendance of children has dropped off since the advent of the talkie. Not enough action and too much talk is the complaint.

\* \* \*

**MRS. JACK GILBERT** (Ina Claire), has been knocking Hollywood cold with the performance she is giving in "Rebound," a stage play put on in Los Angeles. "Rebound" had the biggest opening any play has ever had in the history of Los Angeles. All thanks to Ina, it looked like a movie premiere.

\* \* \*

**AN** aviator who was feeling a little too gay visited Malibu Beach on a Sunday noon, when film stars and their guests were basking by the dozen in the sun. Mister Aviator swooped down out of the skies and skimmed the beach not two feet over the heads of the bathers. His number was taken



Our favorite fire department, the private organization of the Metro-Goldwyn-Studios. The fire lassies, from left to right, are Dorothy McNulty, Catherine Moylan and Raquel Torres. Boy, page a conflagration!



and now Mister Aviator does no more smart tricks—in the air. United States regulations forbid such stunts and the punishment is sitting on the ground for a while, with your license to fly taken away. Maurice Chevalier, Gloria Swanson, Dolores Del Rio, Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan, Ralph Forbes, Ruth Chatterton and a flock of others were on the beach at the time.

\* \* \*

**C**OLLEEN MOORE gave a dinner party the other evening in the exquisite terraced gardens of her Bel Air home. Colleen is a lively conversationalist and always has a very interesting group around her. A horse-shoe table was laid on the upper terrace and afterwards the guests wandered about the grounds in the moonlight; listened to a Hawaiian orchestra or played bridge. Miss Moore was in pure white taffeta.

Among the guests were Kay Francis, Constance Bennett, William Haines, James Shields, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McArthur (Helen Hayes), John Gilbert, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Marshall Neilan, Ernst Lubitsch, Harold Grieve, Julianne Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Willis Goldbeck, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Glazer.

\* \* \*

*Edmund Lowe is one of the few actors who doesn't want to direct. He likes to act and says he intends to stick to it.*

\* \* \*

**E**VELYN BRENT is on her way back from Alaska. She stopped off for three hours in Seattle and telephoned her husband, Harry Edwards, the producer, to tell him she'd soon be home. Splendid reports of "The Silver Horde," which she went to the far North to make, are drifting through.

\* \* \*

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., and his wife, Joan Crawford, lunched at The Embassy the other day with a group of friends including Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard and Kay Hammond.

\* \* \*

**E**RNST LUBITSCH, the director whose latest picture, "The Love Parade," continues to be a sensational success, has taken a house at Malibu and is to be seen sunning himself daily and working on his next story with Hans Kraly. Mrs. Lubitsch just got a divorce.

\* \* \*

**W**HEN Lawrence Tibbett walked on the set at Metro-Goldwyn to shoot the first scenes of his new picture he was cheered to the echo by the cast, the extras and the technicians. It was his first appearance on the set since the release of "The Rogue Song," and showed plainly how Hollywood regards this popular singer.

\* \* \*

**M**ANY affairs have been given in honor of Mrs. Patrick Campbell since she arrived in Hollywood. Among them a charming little dinner party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brabin (Theda Bara). Besides the host and hostess and Mrs. Campbell, the table was place-carded for Zoe Akin, famous New York playwright, Mr. and

(Continued on page 107)



I'VE HAD THESE SHEETS FOR EIGHT YEARS. THEY'VE NEVER BEEN SCRUBBED..... JUST SOAKED IN RINSO SUDS

SCRUBBING AND BOILING EVERY WEEK RUINS MY LINENS. I MUST TRY RINSO



NEXT WASHDAY

LOOK, MOTHER... DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH SUDS? HOW GLAD I AM I CHANGED TO RINSO AT LAST

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? I NEVER SAW WHITER CLOTHES

## New kind of washday gets clothes whiter safely . . . without scrubbing

**W**HEN a laundry soap saves work and gets clothes whiter, too—you can be pretty sure women everywhere are going to talk about it.

And they do! Millions of women all over the country are singing the praises of Rinso. "For safety, for economy, for snowy washes—give me Rinso!" writes Mrs. W. D. Villars of St. Paul, Minn. That's what thousands tell us!

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cup, as the lightweight, puffed-up kinds.

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The makers of 38 famous washing machines recommend Rinso. All that's needed in tub or washer, even in hardest water—no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Get the BIG package. Mavelous for dishes, too . . . loosens grease in a flash.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—  
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

Millions use Rinso  
in tub, washer and dishpan





# Parlez-Vous Francais ?

(Continued from page 57)



*What!*  
you haven't  
heard?... Why

**Ash's & Deere,  
of course!**

**M**Y DEAR, you don't know what you've missed. You simply must learn this money-saving habit. I did, and I can't tell you how wonderful it's been.

Here's the secret. Ash's lipsticks and eyebrow pencils, together with Deere powder, rouge and lip salve compacts, are on sale at almost all chain stores. They are noted, you know, for their guarantee of purity and listen to this—there's a choice of plain or swivel lipsticks—loose, cake or sifter compacts and ever so many kinds of smart, colorful cases. Best of all—most of them only cost ten cents.

Let's stop in now. I need a new compact and you—well you just wait and find out what a thrill you're going to get.

At all Chain Stores

**The REICH-ASH CORP**  
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at all. After trying in vain for several weeks I finally got myself a horse and rode past her apartment house on Park Avenue. Just as I was opposite her number I contrived to fall off.

"It must be the Prince of Wales," said the traffic policeman on the corner. "Send him up to Miss Damita's apartment."

Miss Damita saw through the trick at once and only my quick wit saved me.

"You're no prince, you big bum," she said.

"I'm a prince of good fellows!" I said, quick as a flash.

**T**HIS, of course, appealed to the mother-instinct in her. I followed up at once with "Allo" and, seeing that I spoke her mother tongue fluently, she softened.

"*Conducteur, quelle est cette station,*" I said, as politely as I could. I guess that for the benefit of those who do not speak the French language I had better translate as I go along. It means: "I have risked my life to interview you for THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, you little vixen, and if you've got any kings or princes around here, tell them to go play in the park for a while."

I could see she was perplexed. It developed that, having been a movie star for only six or seven years, she didn't know what an interview was.

"*N'oubliez pas,*" I told her, "*de me prevenir quand nous serons arrivés de Nice.*" ("It means that we'll just tell each other our right names and sit around and talk for a while.")

"Well," she said, "my right name is Liliane Carre."

I was a bit put out, I don't mind saying. I thought I'd got the wrong girl. A fellow doesn't go around falling off horses to interview girls named Carre. Still I thought I might as well go on. I hadn't anything else to do that afternoon.

"*Ou est le compartiment des voyageurs avec chiens?*" I asked. ("Are you related to Carrie Nation?")

"No," she said, in a word.

"*Voilà longtemps que je vous ai commandé un biftek,*" I came back, a little irritably. ("Well, this is a bust. I think I'll get out of here.")

She rose.

**"YOU** would walk out on Damita!" she said, indignantly.

"*Je n'ai pas de couteau!*" I came back. ("Oh, so you are Damita. I thought you said your name was Carre.")

"It is," she cooed.

I was getting pretty tired of that sort of thing and told her so, in no uncertain French.

"Well, it's this way," she said. "My right name is Carre. But I am also Damita. I got that name from the King of Spain. A fellow named Alfonso. It means 'little lady' in Spanish. It was this way: I had been studying dancing in Paris and was very tired. I went for a rest to a seaside resort in southern France. The King of Spain was there.

"I had a red bathing suit that was very fancy."

"*Comment allez vous,*" I interrupted to remark. ("I hope you didn't wear

it to any bull fights.")

"No, but I wore it bathing. The King used to watch me every day. And then one day I stayed home. And the King asked one of his friends: 'Where is the little lady in red?' 'Little lady' is Damita. The friend told me. I thought nothing of it. I went back to Paris. There I had an offer to become a member of the ballet at the opera. I didn't like my own name for stage purposes, so I chose 'Damita' and added the Lily—a contraction of Liliane, my own first name."

"*Y a-t-il des lettres pour moi?*" I asked, trying to get somewhere. ("How did you happen to go into the movies?")

"Well," she said, "I danced in the opera ballets. But I saw that the road to stardom in opera was a long one. And I was impatient. I decided to try revue. I joined Mistinguett's company at the Casino de Paris. And I was doing very well. But again my impatience got the better of me. I decided I wanted a company of my own. So I formed it and took it to Vienna. We were very successful."

**"A** MOTION picture magnate saw me there and wanted me to take a film test. I did not want to do it. I was having a good time and did not believe that the motion picture was my field. But he persuaded me.

"After that I made a number of other pictures—in Austria, in France, in Germany and in England. And then I came to America. My first picture here was 'The Rescue' with Ronald Colman. The rest, of course, you know. There was 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey' and then 'The Cock-Eyed World.'"

There was a knock on the door. Miss Damita started. I was determined not to be interrupted. I knew it was probably some count, or even, perhaps, a low-grade baron.

"*Donnez moi deux oeufs,*" I said authoritatively. ("Let me take care of this.")

I strode to the door.

"Miss Damita is busy," I yelled through the keyhole.

"Who are you?" came the query back through the keyhole. It was one of those new keyholes—wired for sound.

"I, sir," I replied, "am His Royal Highness, Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, K.G., K. T., K. P., P. C., G.C.S.I., Prince of Wales, Earl of Chester, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Garrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland, High Steward of Windsor—"

"Let me know when the convention is over," said the varlet, whoever he was, and left.

"*Je voudrais faire reparer ces chaussures,*" I said, laughing up my sleeve at my strategy. ("All right, kid, tell me more about yourself.")

"Well, I guess you know that I went into the musical comedy, 'Sons o' Guns,' with Jack Donahue. It was great experience for me. You see, the actress

(Continued on page 108)



## Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 105)

Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. Anthony, and John Colton.

The Basil Rathbones also entertained with a dinner for Mrs. Campbell. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, Constance Collier, Aileen Pringle, Mary Lewis, P. G. Wodehouse, Richard Halliburton and Leonore Wodehouse.

\* \* \*

*Jeanette MacDonald's hair isn't as blond as it looks on the screen. It's a coppery red.*

\* \* \*

NOW that Wilson Mizner is back again at his old stand, The Brown Derby in Hollywood, business has picked up and the place is always packed with a group of picture stars. Charlie Chaplin was at one table the other night, and Maurice Chevalier at another.

\* \* \*

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford have been spending the Summer in a house they rented at Santa Monica. Mary is still waiting for the revised treatment on "Secrets" and Douglas is waiting to be called for "Reaching for the Moon," the Irving Berlin story in which he is to co-star with Bebe Daniels. They have been enjoying their vacation since Doug returned from England.

\* \* \*

GARY COOPER and Lupe Velez spent a recent week-end at Malibu as the guests of Vivienne Segal. Anyone seeing those two together can't be long in doubt that they are madly in love. Gary was much more annoyed than Lupe when someone printed a rumor that he wasn't quite as devoted as he used to be. He says he is.

\* \* \*

MAE SUNDAY, who is Hollywood's favorite guest and one of its favorite hostesses, will be married this month to Wallace Davis, well-known Los Angeles lawyer. Her only attendant will be Bebe Daniels, whom she served recently as a bridesmaid. The romance between Mr. Davis and Mrs. Sunday began when he acted as her attorney about a year ago.

\* \* \*

VIVIAN DUNCAN, the prettiest of the famous Duncan sisters, has made the front page again. This time it happened not in Cicero, Ill., but right on Malibu Beach. Miss Duncan claims that Rex Lease, a coming Western star, struck her while she was in the home of John Farrow, the scenario writer. Being used to newspaper publicity of that kind, Miss Duncan's reaction was to have Mr. Lease arrested immediately. She herself went to the Hollywood Hospital. All of which made no hit with stellar residents of Malibu Beach. A few days later Miss Duncan was married to Nils Asther.

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POLISH FOR EVERY SHOE



CHIEFTAIN MFG. CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

# Parlez-Vous Francais ?

(Continued from page 106)

needs audience reaction. I mean it is highly important for a person on the stage to know what things interest her audience. In motion pictures this is difficult to get because you are not present when your audience sees the picture.

"On the stage, however, you learn what things people will laugh at and what things will bring tears from them. It was important that I learn these American reactions, and my experience in 'Sons o' Guns' gave me the chance. It was very valuable. That is, for a time. Afterward it became monotonous. That is the danger with the stage—monotony. In pictures you are always doing a new show, and that keeps you fresh."

I kept wishing Miss Damita would get fresh with me, but I didn't say anything.

"However, the stage and the films are two different media. The motion picture actor must have something within him. I believe it is something he learned in silent pictures—a way of expressing things without speaking. It is important. That is why so many of the early talking pictures have been bad. They have been played by actors from the stage who have had no screen experience."

"Un, deux, quatre, cinq, six, sept," I said, leading her on. ("And what are you going to do now?")

"I'M going back to Hollywood to make 'Sons o' Guns' as a picture with Al Jolson. I'll be glad to get back to

Hollywood. New York is the place if you want to play. But Hollywood is the place if you want to work.

"Huit, neuf, dix?" I asked. ("But what about all these princes and what-not? Aren't you going to get married?")

"I am not in love," she answered, turning her head. I could see that she had fallen for me but did not want to admit it. "I have never really been in love. When Damita falls in love you may be sure of one thing. She will no longer appear on the stage or on the screen."

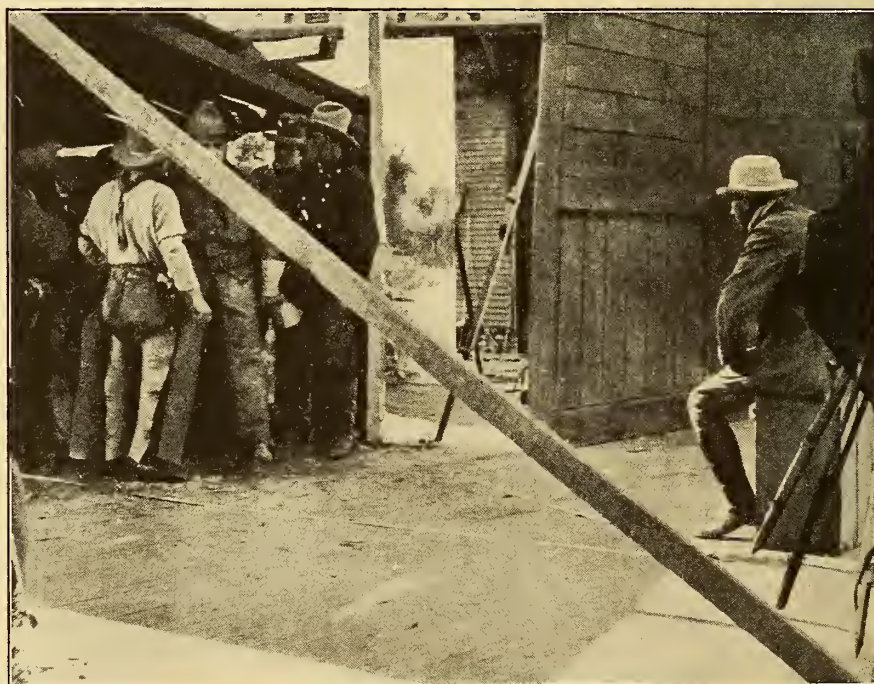
"MARRIAGE is a career in itself. It requires full time. I have been in the theater long enough to know that. I have seen many stage marriages go on the rocks because they were not given a chance. I have not yet let myself fall in love because I have been bent on a career."

"When I do fall in love the career must go. When that will be I cannot tell. But I know I cannot avoid it. It will come some time. I am sure of that, for my ambition is not to become the greatest actress in the world but to—"

"Janvier, Fevrier, Mars," I said. ("Go on, kid, this suspense is terrible.")

"—to have the handsomest son in the world."

I could see that it was high time that I left. She was thinking of adopting me.



Cecil De Mille directing "The Squaw Man" at the now-famous barn where Jesse Lasky and Mr. De Mille started making motion pictures, back in the pioneer days of Hollywood. Mr. De Mille can be observed seated on a soap box. Those were the simple days!



## The High Hat Girl

(Continued from page 52)

color. Arrogant, vivid, high hat sort of parts they were. Suited perfectly to Constance Bennett's appearance and manner.

Well, they were successful. The public loved them. Why be something different off the screen? Great screen figures rise and gain popularity for many reasons. Constance Bennett's fan mail is enormous, her name means coin of the realm at the box-office. Why? Because she is a type we completely understand today, because she is sensational, intriguing, fascinating.

In many ways, she is more like the modern young woman than many, many other stars. I don't think she cares whether she is popular or not. With the complete cynicism of the modern, she shrugs at the favor of the majority. "Today you're a hero and tomorrow you're a bum," she quotes, smiling.

**S**HE amuses herself when she can. She works because frankly she loves acting, and she loves fame, and the things money buys. Her illusions have long since vanished and she refuses to pretend to any. Freedom to do as she pleases is important to her. She hasn't the natural instinct to please, and she refuses to waste time trying to please people who don't mean anything to her.

I am sure Constance Bennett isn't a very happy person. The capacity for happiness isn't hers to any great extent. Some people are made like that. Constance Bennett doesn't spend much time chasing the bluebird. If you told her that she would probably say, "What would I do with a bluebird if I got it?" But she accepts life without bitterness. There it is. What can you do about it?

Her charm lies, when you know her, largely in this complete indifference, this effective honesty. There is something soothing in its lack of restlessness.

Whatever you do is all right with her. You've got your life to live. She's got hers. If you choose to do it in different ways, why bother each other?

The high hat she wears is partly armor from the annoyances of the world, partly the natural manner of the Bennetts, partly indifference. She doesn't worry about personal popularity because she doesn't particularly want it. She knows, what all very attractive women know, that she will never lack companionship, amusement, entertainment, while there are men in the world.

And that, as the English say, is that.

## The Famous Columnist O. O. McIntyre,

known to newspaper readers from one end of America to the other, joins THE NEW MOVIE staff of contributors next month. Watch for his first analysis of Hollywood and its Famous Folk.

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\$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women

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### RULES OF THE CONTEST

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

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These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial. ALICE WHITE, First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions. CHARLES B. ROSS, famous painter of lovely women. HAZEL KOZLAY, Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.

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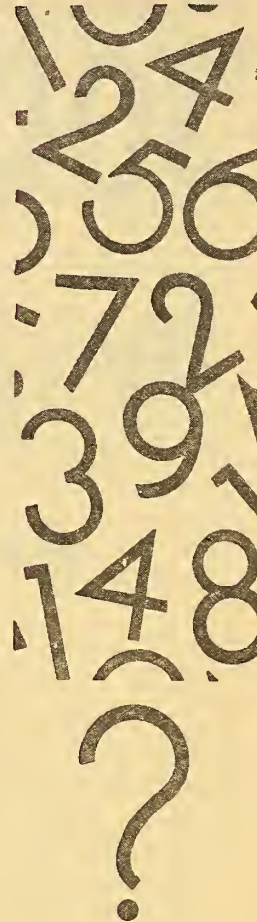
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Remember the contest closes at midnight, September 30, 1930. Don't fail to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

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## Sally Gets Married

(Continued from page 91)

was quite upset, and I don't know what she would have done if it hadn't been for Mae Sunday. Mae is her closest friend, and you know what a rock in a storm Mae always is. She's a wonderful friend when everything is sunny, but when things begin to go wrong she is a tower of strength. She consoled Sally and rearranged the plans and advised her not to try to fill the vacant place. This was all the day before the ceremony, and Mae finally had Sally laughing and happy as every bride should be.

After all, there is something very sweet about a home wedding, isn't there?

**H**OOT and Sally chose to be married in the splendid ranch house on Hoot's big ranch about twenty or thirty miles north of Hollywood. The house lies in the midst of lovely trees, with a wooded hill rising just behind it, and it gives the impression of the early Spanish homes of bygone days. On the night of the wedding the grounds were softly lighted and a gorgeous full moon came up behind the hills and flooded everything with romance.

The big open porches all around the house were filled with soft hammocks and wicker chairs, and the guests gathered slowly, feeling very much at home and greeted by the ushers, who were Buster Collier, Wallace Davis, Art Rawson, the director, and Dr. Harry Martin. No one went into the enormous living-room, which you could just glimpse through the big windows, and which gave you quite a thrill, shimmering in the low candle light, with masses of flowers everywhere.

We waited outside, talking, and everyone growing more and more excited. William Haines and Jimmy Shields looked perfectly stunning. I do like a man in full dress and gardenias if he knows how to wear them—and they do. Ben and Bebe were rather quiet, as though they were remembering their own wedding only a few nights before. Bebe looked too perfectly sweet in a trailing lace frock.

Then we heard soft notes of the organ and all began slowly to enter the big room. It was perfect! At one end an altar all of white flowers had been arranged, gardenias and blossoms of all kinds, and silvery bells and ribbons. An aisle was roped off with white satin and silver ribbons, tied to huge silver candlesticks, in which burned those enormous candles that you see in churches. Everyone stood just outside the ribbons and faced the big doors at the end.

**I**NTO the stillness suddenly came a song that always thrills me, and sung in the most divine tenor voice. It was Morton Downey, singing "Oh, Promise Me." I can't tell you how lovely it was and everyone grew hushed and misty-eyed. When he had finished, the organ continued softly, playing "Lohengrin."

Then Hoot came from somewhere, and stood waiting at the flower altar, with Buster Collier beside him. He didn't look at all nervous, and so handsome and distinguished in his perfectly cut clothes, with his silver hair. I do think a young man with

(Continued on page 121)

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# Hazards of The Talkies

(Continued from page 67)

case of "Smilin' Through," the producers are hesitating. That hazard seems a little too much even for the young star who has something of Wally's charm and personality. They've talked about it at Paramount but as yet they haven't scheduled it.

Mary Pickford has been shooting "Secrets," one of the things Norma Talmadge made famous. That's a hazard, too, but of course it's impossible to think of Mary failing in any part.

But it will probably be a long, long time before anyone attempts to make a talkie of "The Four Horsemen." Even Rose Hobart, attempting to take

Janet Gaynor's place in the team of Farrell and Gaynor, even Joan Bennett attempting "Smilin' Through," would be sitting pretty compared to the young man who tried to follow Rudolph Valentino as Julio.

Perhaps the greatest success registered in these hazards was by Ruth Chatterton in "Madam X." Pauline Frederick played the part and it was one of the greatest. The brilliant Miss Chatterton realized what she was up against, and gave it all a lot of careful study. She didn't make people forget Miss Frederick, but she did give a great—although an entirely different—performance.

## A Matinee Idol's Wife

(Continued from page 31)

When she talked, her whole body became animated and moved in time to those flying little hands, those expressive shoulders.

I ASKED who she was. "That's Madame Chevalier."

I wouldn't say that she was the life of the party. That phrase has become pretty trite and besides I know a lot of people who are called the life of the party who could stay at home and not be missed. But she did have about the best time of anyone present. That's what you'd call an achievement nowadays when people speak so frequently of boredom.

Madame enjoyed herself. She turned jokes back on people. Anita had hired a famous comedian to act as butler and startle the guests by his antics. It's an old Hollywood custom. The man was very funny and he got several people in quite an uproar by nearly spilling cocktails down their necks and telling them which fork to use. Not Madame. She didn't know who he was, but she gave him back as good as he sent each time, in her delightful accent, which is very like the one the microphone sends out for her husband.

I thought she was such a gay little person it must be nice to have her around all the time. That bored air of there not being anything in the world capable either of amusing or astonishing her, which lots of girls assume today, gets tiresome. Madame Chevalier gets through about 1000 expressions from her toes to her head in the course of an evening.

Yet, when I sat opposite her at her own table alone some days later, I discovered that her eyes have in their depths some softness, some expression, that almost suggests sadness. I asked her if her childhood had been unhappy because I have noticed that look in the eyes of girls who I know have been unhappy when they were young.

"NO," she said. "I was very happy. Very simple. We were poor people. Much hard work. But in

France we have much love of family and we were all together. I was always dancing. That is how, in the beginning, I go on the stage."

"Tell me," I said.

She laughed. "It is funny. My sister, she played the piano. All the time she practiced. And I—very little, you understand, I danced. I just danced to match the music. Then, somebody saw me and told my mamma I should go to the school of the dance. Still I danced because I loved the music. When I am thirteen, the dancing teacher says I should go on the stage, because now I am good enough. So—he got for me—in Bordeaux, where I was born and lived—a position. After while—I go to Paris. Very simple, eh?"

"Then I don't understand why your eyes are sad, way down deep."

"Maybe to be sorry for all the unfortunate ones in the world who have not been so fortunate as me."

"When I was fifteen, I wished to leave the stage. For I believed much in goodness and—I saw many things on the stage, in the theater, that made me unhappy. There was very much evil. I said I would not dance any more, but would go home and stay and maybe some day a good man would come along and I would get married and have a home. That, of course, was what I wanted so much and—in the theater—I was afraid it would not come for me. You understand? I see many that are unhappy. I know, as we know in France, that the world has much sorrow. Even if you are happy for yourself, as I am so happy now, you feel—what is your word, pity?—for all the others."

"Did you leave the stage?"

Again the expressive little shrug. "No. There was no one then wanting to marry with me, no one I loved. And my mamma says what would I do? And she says I can be good on the stage just as well as in a convent. Maybe—she knew best. So, I stayed and danced and waited."

(Continued on page 112)



## BATHASWEET



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# Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

## A Matinee Idol's Wife

(Continued from page 111)

"**T**HEN Maurice came. So in the  
end I had what I had waited and  
wish for always, only much—much—  
much more. Only you see, I do not  
forget that everyone is not so lucky.  
Many wait—and love does not ever  
come."

Nobody I have ever talked to has  
such a fund of tolerance as Madame  
Chevalier. It happened naturally a few  
times and then I set out to try it. She  
could find an excuse for everyone, for  
everything. Not justification, but  
understanding. Her tolerance is truly  
world-wide.

In marriage, she believes in much  
freedom, much mutual trust.

"When people are free, they are  
good," she said. "When they are tied  
up, they are bad."

She believes that a man is the head  
of the household. "There must be a—  
a center for everything, no?" she said.  
"It is but natural and ordained by  
heaven that in marriage it is the man  
who is that center. If you change  
around the center, everything is upset."

But I saw a twinkle in her eye. I  
have lived in Paris and I think I know  
how Frenchwomen, without moving the  
center, yet manage by loving kindness  
and adroit flattery and sweetness to let  
the man be boss and still get everything  
they want.

**L**IKE all Frenchwomen, Madame is  
very practical. Her house is simple,  
comfortable, home-like and run like  
clockwork with a minimum of effort.

She has that deep French practicality  
which realizes that life runs most  
smoothly when the prosaic details of  
mere routine existence are taken care  
of. Frenchwomen always remind me of  
those busy, pretty little gray squirrels  
I used to see up in Yosemite. They  
frisk and chatter and amuse them-  
selves, but all the time they're thinking  
about next winter and taking darn good  
care of everything.

Madame conserves her husband's re-  
sources in everything. Home early,  
when they do go out, which is seldom.  
A quiet home. Putting away money so  
that leisure and peace may be theirs  
when they are ready for it.

I don't know how good a dancer and  
actress the Parisian theater lost when  
Yvonne Vallee married the leading man  
of the show in which she was dancing.  
But I'm sure Maurice Chevalier gained  
a mighty fine wife. She is working  
now in the French version of his latest  
picture, "The Little Café." She has the  
rôle played by Frances Dee in the  
American version.

"It is well for the woman to keep  
active and somewhat independent," she  
said. "It makes her better company,  
maybe. If she has time for both. But  
the home and the man, they come first.  
Isn't that right?"

I agreed most heartily that it was.

Yes, Maurice Chevalier is married.

His wife is pretty, fascinating, philo-  
sophical and devoted.

They are—contrary to the usual  
tradition concerning matinee idols—  
very happy.



Renee Adoree is convalescing at her home in Hollywood after her recent severe breakdown. Miss Adoree had been resting at a sanitarium in the hills but her rapid recovery permitted her to come home. During her illness she received thousands of letters from fans.



# How Hollywood Entertains

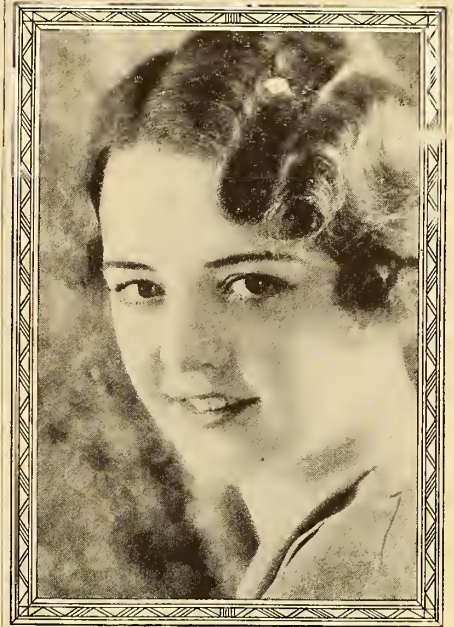
(Continued from page 75)

plates. The guests were Mrs. Barney Glazer, herself one of Hollywood's most renowned hostesses and an intimate friend of half the great picture stars. Alice Glazer, whose husband is one of the most famous scenario writers in the motion picture industry, is one of Greta Garbo's few intimates. At her home you meet all the writers and many of the famous stage stars. Mrs. Jules Glaenger—who was the beautiful Kendall Lee—was the second guest. She is also a Hollywood social favorite. The third was Adela Rogers St. Johns.

Luncheon began with a fruit cocktail, composed of fresh grapefruit, pineapple, maraschino cherries, oranges and marshmallows. Over these was poured a sauce made of the fruit

juices with just a touch of grenadine syrup added. Following this a delightful cheese soufflé, the recipe for which is given at the end of the article. With it were served tiny hot corn muffins, and iced tea in big glasses, with sprigs of fresh mint. The dessert was raspberry ice and French vanilla ice cream, half and half, and tiny iced cakes.

The hostess wore a simple little frock of white crêpe silk made in a sport model. Mrs. Glazer wore bright yellow linen pajamas, which, by the way, are becoming the favorite afternoon wear of many of the girls in Hollywood. They are so comfortable and always look so fresh and pretty. Mrs. Glaenger was in white crêpe de chine with a very smart panama hat with a blue band.



What kind of a frame do you give your eyes?

Because you ALWAYS want to look your best, you're mighty particular about your complexion, aren't you? Just the right cream, the most perfect shade of rouge and powder, flattering lipstick—WHAT ABOUT YOUR EYES?

To make your eyes attractive you want long thick lashes and smooth brows. To have them, try this simple addition to your regular beauty program:

At bedtime, apply a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly to the eyelids, close to the lashes. Leave it on. It encourages them to grow thick and long. Apply a little to the eyebrows, too, and train them in a graceful arch with a small brush. "Vaseline" Jelly is perfectly harmless to the eyes, even if it gets on the eyeball.

You can get "Vaseline" Jelly in jars or tubes everywhere. And remember when you buy that the trade mark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 17 State Street, New York. © Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930.

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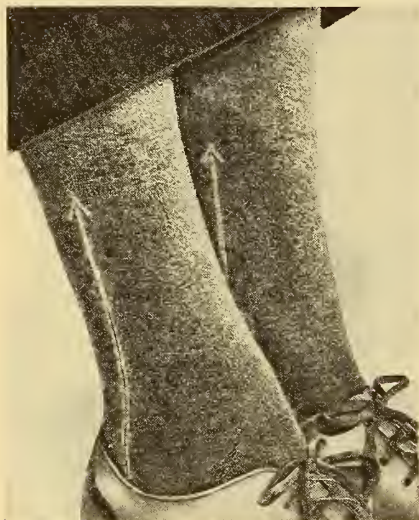


Photograph by Manatt

Film work isn't all drudgery. Here are Dorothy Jordan and Robert Montgomery, between scenes on location at Lake Norconian. They're both expert aquaplaners.



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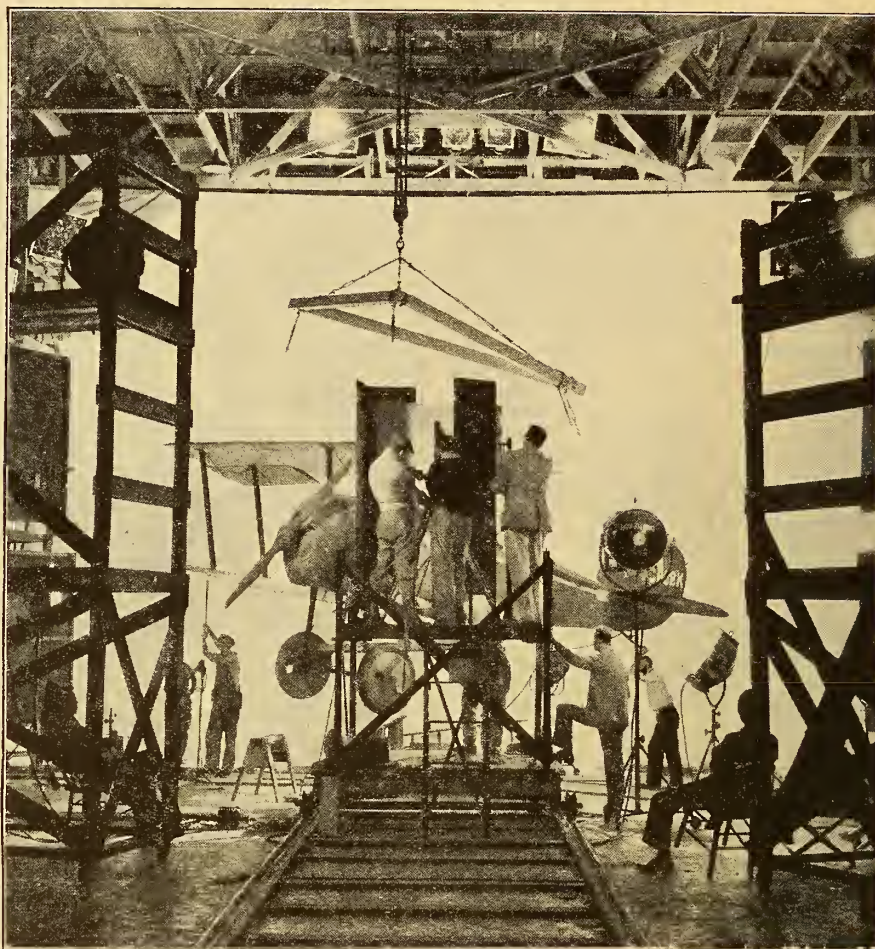
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How they make those exciting airplane shots. Director William A. Seiter is directing Laura Lee and Joe E. Brown in a scene of First National's "Going Wild". Miss Lee and Mr. Brown are out of sight in the plane. When you see this wild sky ride, you will get all the thrills of a flight a mile up in the clouds.

AFTER luncheon, bridge followed immediately. There was no one and nothing to interfere, and with only one table no one interrupted the game. Nowadays any bridge game always begins with the question, "Do you play Vanderbilt?" and "How do you pass a goulash?" The game at Miss Bennett's started just that way and Miss Bennett, who plays a remarkably sound game, gave a perfect answer on the question as to the Vanderbilt club. "I like to play it," she said, "if it's played soundly. But I only bid it when I have three sure tricks and no other bid. I like my partner to do the same." Mrs. Glazer, also noted for her bridge game, agreed.

Goulash passing was discussed at some length. It is understood now that the New York Whist Club is soon to issue a standardization of this important feature which will solve all difficulties. The majority prefer the method which Louis Wolheim introduced to Hollywood—six to the ten on the first pass to show the ace and a strong suit. Under the six, a suit of not less than seven without the ace. The highest face card to show a bust.

Starting so early it was possible to play a lot of rubbers before, at about four thirty, the butler served delicious fruit lemonades and some small plain sandwiches, which don't interfere with dinner. The lemonade takes the place of tea in hot weather.

EVERYONE had such a good time and enjoyed the luncheon and the game so much that they decided to play a "return engagement" the following week at Mrs. Glazer's. It usually happens that way and often such entertaining starts a regular weekly foursome, so it must be a popular method of entertaining and one which is relatively inexpensive and which anyone can do. Cards were played in a small sun room off the dining room.

The recipe for cheese soufflé, which is a delightful dish for a simple luncheon when one doesn't wish to eat too heavily, is as follows:

2 tablespoons of butter, 3 tablespoons of flour, ½ cup of scalded milk, ½ teaspoon salt, few grains of cayenne, ¼ cup grated American cheese, yolks of three eggs, whites of three eggs.

Melt butter, add flour and when well mixed add the milk gradually. Then add salt, cayenne and cheese. Remove from fire. Add yolks of eggs, which have been beaten until light yellow. Let mixture cool and cut and fold in whites of eggs, which have been beaten until very stiff. Pour into a baking dish, which has been buttered and bake twenty minutes in a very slow oven.

The soufflé should be served immediately. If a cocktail or salad is served first, the soufflé can be placed in the oven as the guests sit down to the first course and will be exactly ready to serve when that is finished.



## The Dynamite Lady

(Continued from page 96)

Her story actually begins many years ago before there was a Kay Johnson at all. It begins in Toronto, Canada, where a young fellow called Tom Johnson decided one day that he'd never make the business man his father wanted him to become, and that the only thing of importance to him in the whole world was to be an architect. He knew he could not make his father understand this longing. He scarcely understood it himself, for he had no training, not even the tools of a craftsman. But he had a burning vision at the back of his mind to create beautiful, splendid buildings that would reach up into the clouds, and would, by their majesty, somehow, dignify the little, crawling men at their feet. So he packed an old band-box with his few belongings, took the cherished \$40 he had saved, and told his father that if he did not make good within a certain period he would come back to Toronto and settle down to business for better or for worse. His father agreed to the experiment and young Thomas hied himself to New York City.

HE had a tough time, of course. But he found all kinds of odd jobs so that he needn't write home for money, and, incidentally, so that he could eat while he studied evenings. For nightly he fled to the refuge of his dreams at Cooper Union and watched them slowly turn into reality on blueprints. Years later Thomas Robert Johnson designed the Woolworth Tower. He did the plans for the St. Louis Library, and his design for the Lincoln Memorial at Washington was one of the finals selected by the judges. And so today, the daughter of the architect whose Woolworth Building is a model of beauty to artists throughout the world, has become consciously or unconsciously a seeker, too, after dreams. Dreams not of significant lines on blue sheets, but of expressing an imagined character by her person and individuality.

Born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., where she had always lived until a few years ago when she left home to attend the Sargent Dramatic School in Boston, she laughed as she said that her visit home this time was in the nature of "Home-town girl makes good," now that her mother's neighbors went to the local movie house to see her act.

MISS JOHNSON met and married John Cumberland, now a prominent director, then an actor and stage producer.

They have a home in Beverly Hills, and they like living in California immensely. Miss Johnson loves dogs and has two, a Schnauser, and a Scottie—a terrier. She is fond of all outdoor sports, tennis, riding and swimming, loves parties and chocolate ice-cream. Her pet aversion is a bad actor. She regrets that she didn't go through college, wishing she were a Wellesley graduate.

The pictures she has made so far, have been: "Dynamite," "This Mad World," "Ship From Shanghai" and "Madame Satan."

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*Smart women are bubbling with the news!... A unique OLIVE OIL powder which clings smoothly through hours of outdoor activity.*



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OUTDOOR GIRL is as subtly flattering under ball-room lights as it is under a mid-day sun. In fact, many women who don't go in for outdoor sports at all, are enthusiastic users of this utterly different powder. They like the way its velvety olive oil base improves the texture of the skin and keeps it fresh, smooth and young. They praise its satiny-smoothness—its rich, luxurious "feel," its delicate fragrance.

If you have not already tried OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder, do so at once! Your dealer will be glad to show you its seven enchanting shades including *Lido*, a romantic gypsy tint and *Boulevard*, a flattering "natural" tone. Generous week-end packages of this unusual powder are available at the 10c counters of F. W. Woolworth and other leading chain stores. Larger boxes at 35c and \$1.00 may be had at leading drug and department stores. Z. B. T. Products Co., 130 Willis Avenue, New York City.

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for Normal Skins  
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for Oily Skins  
In the Red Box



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Nail Preparations.

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THE  
NEW MOVIE  
ALBUM



Pheasant-raising is a side-line with Cecil De Mille, the maker of ornate film dramas. Above, Mr. De Mille is shown on his big California ranch, holding a silver pheasant. This is one of the most beautiful of ornamental pheasants.

## Big Moments of Screen History

(Continued from page 45)

### Dolores del Rio

1. Pola Negri in the scene from "Passion," where she hid her lover from the king.
2. The scene from "The Big Parade," where Renée Adorée followed the truck which was bearing John Gilbert to the front.
3. Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush," watching for the dinner party guests who never came.
4. Mary Pickford's scene in the cabin room following the death of Johnny Mack Brown in "Coquette."
5. The Viking's Funeral scene from "Beau Geste."

### Ramon Novarro

1. "The Iron Mask." Douglas Fairbanks as D'Artagnan bids farewell to the three musketeers.
2. "Disraeli." George Arliss outlining his vision of England's future to Anthony Bushell.
3. "Anna Christie." Marie Dressler at the table in back of the saloon with Greta Garbo and George Marion.
4. "The Patriot." Emil Jannings sipping the wine from the goblet before giving it to Florence Vidor.
5. John Gilbert and the other two soldiers coming through the woods in "The Big Parade."

### Adolphe Menjou

1. "Tol'able David." The scene where Richard Barthelmess sits on the fence and watches the coach go by,

wishing he could drive it.

2. "Seventh Heaven." Janet Gaynor coming in through the window in her wedding dress.
3. "The Gold Rush." The scene where Charlie Chaplin waits for the girls to come to his dinner party—and they don't come.
4. "Robin Hood." Wallace Beery eating a leg of lamb.
5. "The Florodora Girl." Where Larry Gray as the lover goes on the stage with Marion Davies in the Florodora sextette.

### Richard Arlen

1. "The Texan." Gary Cooper discovers he has shot the son of his adopted mother.
2. "The Big Parade." The three modern musketeers. John Gilbert, Karl Dane and Tom O'Brien, coming through the woods.
3. "The Gold Rush." Charlie Chaplin expects the girls to come for the dinner party he has arranged and they don't show up.
4. "Beau Geste." The Viking's funeral, where Forbes covers Colman's body and burns the fort.
5. The return of Walthall in "The Clansman" where Mae Marsh waits for him.

### Victor McLaglen

1. The scene from "Foolish Wives" where Von Stroheim climbs into the room of the mentally deficient girl. The most repulsive but the most vital mo-



ment I have ever seen in a picture.

2. "Way Down East." Richard Bar-  
thelmess trying to reach Lillian Gish  
on the ice floe.

3. "The Birth of a Nation." The battle  
scenes, which for dramatic value and  
intensity have never been equaled, for  
all the growth of photography and the  
new technique of direction and the  
camera.

4. "The White Sister." Ronald Col-  
man in the flood scenes.

5. The dinner party in "The Gold  
Rush," where the girls didn't arrive  
and Charlie Chaplin waited all alone.

**C**HECKING these impressions, it  
would seem that the dinner party  
from "The Gold Rush" stands in the  
minds of most screen folk as the most  
outstanding and memorable scene.  
Next, apparently, is the return of  
Henry Walthall to his old home in "The  
Birth of a Nation." The three soldiers,  
John Gilbert and his pals, coming  
through the woods in "The Big Parade,"  
and "The Viking's Funeral" from  
"Beau Geste" are also mentioned with  
great frequency.

John Gilbert is mentioned most fre-  
quently among actors, next to Chaplin  
in "The Gold Rush."

Mary Pickford's scene in "Coquette"  
seems to be the favorite for her work.

It is also noticeable that, despite all  
the new pictures that appeared, and  
the coming of the talkies, the old pic-  
tures hold the high place in memory.  
Lawrence Tibbett's flogging scene in  
"The Rogue Song," and William Powell  
in "Street of Chance" have clicked  
oftenest in the new talkies.

### William Haines

1. Ruth Chatterton in "Madame X."  
the scene where she lies to the  
blackmailers about her past life.

2. "The Big Parade." John Gilbert  
teaching Renee Adoree to chew gum.

3. Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette  
MacDonald in the opera box, from  
"The Love Parade."

4. Greta Garbo, in "Anna Christie,"  
telling her story to her father and her  
lover, George Marion and Charles  
Bickford.

5. Lawrence Tibbett singing as he is  
being flogged in "The Rogue Song."

### Ruth Chatterton

1. The return of Henry Walthall in  
"The Birth of a Nation." No screen  
actress has yet surpassed Mae Marsh  
in the scene where she stood in the  
doorway awaiting him, trying to make  
herself look as she did before he went  
away.

2. Emil Jannings in the mad scene  
from "The Patriot," where he domi-  
nated the courtiers from his throne.

3. Greta Garbo telling her story to  
George Marion and Charles Bickford  
in "Anna Christie."

4. The death scene from "Wings"—  
Dick Arlen and Buddy Rogers, where  
Rogers tries to comfort Arlen as he is  
dying.

5. Pola Negri in the banquet scene  
from "The Czarina."

### Lon Chaney

1. "The Last Command." Where  
Emil Jannings stood in the extra's  
dressing room pinning on his medals  
while the other actors laughed at him.

2. Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents  
of Paris." His singing to the little boy  
until the child's tears changed to  
laughter.

3. "Anna Christie." The scene where  
Marie Dressler and George Marion had  
their farewell drinks in the room be-  
hind the saloon.

4. The third degree scene from  
"Alibi."

5. "Hallelujah." Where the old col-  
ored mammy sang the children to sleep.

## First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 100)

holding your head high and your chin  
up.

**MISS ANNA B.**, Cleveland, O.—  
Your problem can only be solved  
by a beauty-shop expert. Since you  
live in a large city, I would advise you  
to go to the best beauty *salon* and ex-  
plain your trouble to a competent hair-  
dresser.

**D. V.**, Fond du Lac, Wis.—I suspect  
that your wash cloth is too rough, that  
you scrub your face too energetically  
and that you don't rinse the soap off  
your face. The soap you are using is  
one of my particular favorites.

**Miss M. D.**, Hamilton, O.—There is  
a new system by which a permanent  
may be put into the hair near the roots,  
without affecting the wave at the ends.  
Ask the operator who gave you your  
original wave about it. Or ask him if he  
can remove the permanent at the ends.

He is the one to deal with your problem.

**Berta**, Canton, O.—Use witch hazel,  
ice or an astringent with an alcohol  
basis, if you do not want to bleach your  
tan.

**B. S. T.**, Huntington, W. Va.—Cir-  
cles under the eyes are usually caused  
by fatigue. But since you say you get  
enough sleep, obviously you must look  
for another cause. Some eyes are natu-  
rally deep set, you know. Why don't  
you massage your eyes gently at night  
with a fattening cold cream and allow  
the cream to remain on all night?

**M. A. L.**, Torrington, Conn.—Why  
use vaseline on your face at night? To  
be on the safe side, I would change to  
some reliable cold cream.

**Elizabeth R.**, Cortland, N. Y.—Warm  
browns, beige, orange, rose, dark reds  
and lustrous blacks should be becoming  
to you. Capes are not so good for you  
—go in for long, simple lines.

Read Ann Boyd's Advice on Beauty and Attractiveness in  
THE NEW MOVIE each month.



### What makes china glisten?

This important truth is worth repeating: for  
easy and effective dishwashing, (1) scrape  
dishes well; (2) have *generous* suds; (3) rinse  
with boiling water. (And see our booklet).



### When is a stocking dirty?

Summer and winter we perspire. And per-  
spiration *attacks* silk underthings, frocks,  
stockings. Wash out all these promptly  
after wearing, whenever possible.



### How best to wash woodwork?

Suds get tired. To clean easiest, best,  
change suds often. For spots, apply soap  
directly to wood.



### Is your cleaning done by noon?

To have more time to do as you please,  
use cleaning short cuts, and have a clean-  
ing schedule or plan.



### This valuable book is free!

We offer you an unusual kind of booklet...  
full of short cuts, and with instructions  
for making a cleaning plan to fit your par-  
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# LE PAGE'S

## GRIP SPREADER MUCILAGE

# Adventures in Interviewing

(Continued from page 39)

the pseudo-historical debacle. Blue was given a position with the high-sounding title of "field secretary." He served in this capacity, probably as an all-around handy-man, for over a year.

Small parts led to opportunities to play with several stars. Monte Blue's doubling days were over.

WHEN Griffith decided to make "Orphans of the Storm," he chose Monte Blue to play the rôle of Danton, the magnificent revolutionist. After years of keeping him from the screen, it is difficult to understand why Griffith cast him for a part that he was emotionally and physically unsuited to do. Perhaps the memory of the noontime speech had typed Blue as a "revolutionary character" in the director's mind. However, the part made Monte Blue. His place in pictures was assured after the release of the film.

He is amazingly honest. He speaks of the rough years of his life with no bitterness and none of the usual dramatization of his sufferings. His sympathy, colored by intense hard years, is always with the underdog. His mentality is far above the average, he is a natural and keen student of life, and a genuine lover of books.

Lubitsch has directed him in some of his best work. It is strange that after thus proving his place in sophisticated drama he should be constantly cast as fireman, engineer, and such lowly heroes.

I wrote of him some years ago, and some words, though strewn with more flowers than I use at present, are still accurate:

"In the heart of this tall emotional actor is room for all the world. He is one of the few men in Hollywood that I have met whom life hurts. More could be said of no man.

Blue spent better than nine years in an Indian orphanage, the mother always close by, ever guiding and helping him in every way possible.

"When he returned recently to Indianapolis the city was decorated in his honor. His brother, a factory worker, 'laid off a half day to meet you, Kid.' A brother came from Detroit, another brother from somewhere else, and the four sons of the Cherokee Indian rail-

roader, who never returned from his last long run, now vied with one another in making their mother happy during the week that Monte was at home.

"They quarreled at the table the same as in the old days. They did everything to make the mother recall their boyhood between smiles and tears. If there is a finer picture of American life than this, I have never seen it. It is enough to make the tired cynic believe in the homely virtues. If simple people were only tolerant, what a happy world we would have. . . .

"Blue seems to me all that is typical of the best American manhood. The suffering of years has given him the capacity to understand. He has tolerance and sympathy for the defeated and the bigoted. For well he knows by what a narrow thread his own success or failure hung.

"There are still laurels to be won in Hollywood. I venture the prediction that many of them will be gathered by boys like Blue—from the humble homes of the nation—with mothers sitting on the front porch—hands folded on their laps—ready to say in a moment to the long wandering gatherer—Tired, dear?"

Since these lines were written—Buddy Rogers has drifted in from a small Kansas town, and Gary Cooper has registered from the wilds of Montana.

It has long been my observation that the Irish are the most sensitive of peoples. As a rule, the Irish relish a joke immensely—when it is on the other fellow.

I HAVE interviewed three famous Irishmen in Hollywood. Sadly must I relate that I have not attended church with any of them since.

One of these men I have always liked. Since writing the following some years ago, we, when meeting, hum the old song, "We never speak as we pass by."

"Many film critics have coupled the names of our leading cinema clowns with those of Molière and Aristophanes. One of the clowns recently asked me in a moment when he was seemingly puzzled, 'Who's Aristophanes?'

Next Month Jim Tully will start telling NEW MOVIE readers about his adventures as an actor. Mr. Tully calls the series—

## ALMOST AN ACTOR

Mr. Tully has been playing a role with John Gilbert in "Way for a Sailor." You will be fascinated by his graphic account of his studio adventures—and his reactions to grease paint and directorial orders. Watch for this feature.

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"Even Mr. Gilbert Seldes called Mr. Mack Sennett 'the Keystone the builders reject.' He also made the unwise statement that Mr. Sennett needed encouragement. Court jesters were born through the tyranny of kings. Too much encouragement made them lazy, wealthy and indifferent. They began talking of philosophy and art. The kings were forced to behead them. When clowns become serious, wise men weep. . . . Mack Sennett comes of Irish stock. His real name is Michael Sinnot. He was born in the Province of Quebec. He is a big man. His face is red, puffy and sagged. He has shrewd glints in his eyes. They are those of an Irish general who has won a great victory in Jerusalem. . . .

"Many people ridicule the idea that Sennett helped Chaplin on to fame and fortune. I do not. Sennett is elemental—of the earth. He swaggers with impudence and thumbs his nose at the stars. Born among lumber-jacks, he would have been the Paul Bunyan of the tribe. . . .

"It was Mack Sennett who first engaged Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Mae Busch, Mabel Normand, Phyllis Haver, Alice Lake, Mary Thurman, and divers other beautiful girls. . . ."

**MISS SWANSON** has had perhaps the most diverse of screen rôles. She played in the Sennett bathing beauty brigade for several years. Cecil B. De Mille saw her in one of them. He recognized her talent. He starred her in a number of pictures. More famous as a clothes-horse than as an actress of great merit, she later discarded the elaborate hair dressing and exotic gowns and took her rightful place among the great emotional actresses. She has also succeeded as a comedienne of the first rank.

Mae Busch, who is seen too infrequently on the screen, is one of the most talented women in Hollywood. Charlie Chaplin has called her "a great actress". Her poems have considerable merit. She was a contemporary of Gloria in the bathing beauty days.

When I wrote before of Sennett, little Mabel Normand was still living. I said: "Strange and wayward, cynical with the laughter of life and the pity, missing nothing on the journey and forgiving all, happy indeed will ever be the nation that can produce two such people as Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett.

"May their gorgeous spirits never be submerged by the waves of fanaticism that ever and anon sweep over this world of ours. For they and their like are the troubadours whose life's work it is to keep its heart from breaking."

Mabel Normand once said of Sennett: "He's a fine fellow Jim—as gentle as the dew in Killarney—when you get to know him."

A few weeks ago I sat near him at the ringside of a famous fight. A Negro pugilist had won nine of ten rounds. He was knocked out in the tenth round by his white opponent.

A broken piece of bronze, the game Negro was dragged to his corner. The crowd went mad over the victory of the white conqueror. The applause lasted for some minutes.

I watched Mack Sennett as he gazed across the ring at the prostrated colored fighter. There was pity in the eyes of the Irish maker of comedies.

When the Negro was carried from the ring, Sennett was the only man who applauded. Remembering Mabel's words, I wondered at the complexities of humans, while Sennett's gaze followed the broken bruiser as he was carried from the ring.



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**BONCILLA CLASMIC PACK**

# Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 58)

## Don't Go, Vilma

Minneapolis, Minn.

What's this about Vilma Banky being through? How any intellectual critic, after seeing "A Lady to Love," and the excellent performance of Miss Banky in this picture, could hold this viewpoint is beyond me. Not only was her accent perfectly audible, but it had a distinct quality and charm. I am no movie fan, but I hate to see such fine talent discarded, especially since there is not such an abundance of it in the studios.

W. T. C.,  
3029 Knox Avenue, So.

## Save Our Clara!

Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.

Clara Bow has had a great deal of hard luck these last few months, but will come out of it unharmed if Paramount will take NEW MOVIE's suggestion and star her in William J. Locke's "The Morals of Marcus."

Marguerite Wood,  
118-08 Atlantic Avenue.

## From a Lila Lee Fan

Syracuse, N. Y.

I want to thank you especially for publishing "The Drama of Lila Lee." She is my favorite of favorites and I love to read things about her. I was so glad when I read in NEW MOVIE that she has been made a star, for she certainly deserves it. Lately I have been reading that she has been forced to take a vacation and a rest. I really do not know what I am going to do without her pictures. I hope your magazine will keep us, who are interested in her, posted as to how she gets on.

Margery Pickard,  
451 Midland Avenue.

## Why Not an Accent?

Orlando, Fla.

It is a shame the way players are being eliminated from the talkies on account of broken English. Why should talent be sacrificed for so trivial a thing as an accent? For my part, I enjoy listening to a foreigner speak, as do many fans.

F. H.

## Talkies in a Rut?

Chicago, Ill.

Experts attribute the decrease in attendance at talkie theaters to various reasons. Among others they cite the miniature golf courses and hot weather. It may be presumptuous on my part to dare to give an opinion after the experts have spoken, nevertheless I shall cross my fingers and speak my piece. I believe the decline is due to the constant repetition of the same type of pictures. We have been deluged with back-stage stories, gangster stories, sumptuous reviews, et cetera. Give us variety. If more pic-

tures like "A Devil's Holiday" and "Young Man of Manhattan" were produced there would be no decline, but rather an increase in attendance.

Henry Goraber,  
2447 Sunnyside Avenue.

## Where, Oh, Where Is Nils?

Mankato, Minn.

Why do we not hear more of that Swedish actor, Nils Asther? I am a devoted admirer of his and would like to see him in more pictures. In my opinion, and several others agree with me, he and Greta Garbo are the most marvelous couple in pictures. So let's hear more of you, Nils!

Dorothy Humn,  
323 East Vine Street.

## Silence, Please

Brookville, Ohio

Can't something be done to kill or cure the noisy theater fans who insist on chewing gum, eating candy, rattling paper bags and whispering through a very interesting picture? It is astonishing the number of people who take a picnic lunch with them to a show, intending to eat it. Another disturbing thing is the fellow who tries to help the star by accompanying him in the theme song.

Dorothy Wise,  
R. R. 3.

## Likes Our Record Department

Putnam, Conn.

I think the "Music of the Sound Screen" department of NEW MOVIE is worth the price of the magazine. I am a phonograph record fan and have saved several dollars by having the best records of the movies picked out for me. Many of those who admired John Barrymore's recitation of Gloucester's Soliloquy from Henry VI in the "Show of Shows" will be glad to know that this has been recorded on Victor Record 6827.

Arthur P. Bove,  
189 Main Street.

## Admires Greta's Kindness

Hammond, La.

I am writing this "charm" letter immediately after reading the "Heart of Greta Garbo," trusting to reach the Heart of NEW MOVIE. If this letter is printed I will know that the heart of NEW MOVIE is as considerate as the Heart of Great Garbo. From the beginning I have admired Greta. Often I thought that her heart was cold and unsympathetic. Her kind consideration for Gavin Gordon reveals something more than mere sympathetic understanding. Of course, Gordon is an exception—so is Greta Garbo. Had she condescended to an ordinary extra it would have smacked of a publicity stunt. Gordon deserves respect and esteem for his perseverance and indefatigability.

Robert E. Starnes,  
Route No. 3, Box 123.



# Sally Gets Married

(Continued from page 110)

silver-gray hair is the most distinguished thing I know. The ushers lined up behind the altar, and there was a little pause, so that we all turned back to the big doors.

First came little Marian Nixon, in the softest pale yellow chiffon. The frocks were cut with winged capes and long, flowing skirts with softly twined ruffles. She wore a hat to match in maline, turned back from her face.

Then Marie Prevost, in a deep powder blue that was just the perfect shade for her. She has the loveliest figure, anyway, and it never looked prettier. Her arms were full of blushing pink roses.

Third was Mae Sunday, in a very delicate pink that set off her dark eyes and hair. I don't know that you'd call Mae really beautiful, but her coloring is so wonderful and her face is so full of charm and feeling that she seems beautiful to everyone out here and they do all love her so dearly.

Then—the maid of honor, dear little Carmen Pantages. There are lots of people who think Carmen the prettiest girl in Hollywood, and I think they are right. She always reminds me of Byron's "Maid of Athens." She was in green, her favorite color. And she was so nervous that you could see her tremble and her hands shook under the big bouquet of roses. Somehow it just struck the right note. Everything shouldn't be just perfect at a wedding, because you feel too emotional.

They all ranged themselves before the altar and made a lovely picture, but

really I didn't have time to look at them, because I wanted to get the very first glimpse of Sally.

**W**ELL, darling, brides will come and brides will go, but I doubt if anyone will ever be prettier than Sally was. She wore a tight gown of white satin, with the longest, laciest veil you ever saw, in a tight little cap over her brown hair. And carried a mass of gardenias. She came down the aisle on the arm of her father, and you could see the happy tears in her eyes, but she was smiling right at Hoot, just as though there wasn't anyone else in the room. And Hoot was looking at her with such love in his eyes that really, I'm not ashamed either, I had to get out my handkerchief.

Afterwards we all had supper and danced, and everyone surrounded Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Pearson Gibson—one forgets Hoot has a real name, he's been so popular as Hoot—and wished them joy and many years of happiness.

No one knew just when they slipped away, but suddenly they were gone and so—we all went home, too.

Wasn't it a lovely evening, darling? I knew you'd want to hear all about it, because I've told you so much about Sally. And Sally's mother was there, very stunning in black and white chiffon, and Hoot's mother, in black and silver lace, and Ben's mother, in pale lavender. I wish you'd been there, too.

*Your most loving daughter.*



Ford Sterling, the veteran screen comedian, talks things over with Otis Skinner the veteran stage star, between scenes of First National's talkie version of the Oriental spectacle, "Kismet." Mr. Skinner is over seventy, but you never would guess it by watching him at work at the studio.



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## "I Want to Be Happy"

(Continued from page 30)

We had started out with a very serious discussion about life. About love. About marriage.

By the time you read this issue of NEW MOVIE Miss Del Rio may be married to Cedric Gibbons. Miss Del Rio had often said that she would never marry again. She qualified that to me. "I have always said to myself that I would marry again only in case I found a man who agrees with my ideas of freedom and progress," she said, moving her small dark hands so that the enormous emeralds glittered. "I have felt that marriage is not for the woman who makes her own living. It is too great a demand. I have believed that marriage of its very self does something to people. Once in love, I realized that I would be like every other woman and expect my marriage to be the one shining exception." Then she met Mr. Gibbons.

Miss Del Rio went on:

"I will show you how marriage affects people. I was married to Jamie Del Rio when I am—just fifteen. Pretty young. I did not know him. I did not love him. I was very, very unhappy. We came to Hollywood, just to travel and make a visit. And for fun, to tell my friends in the City of Mexico, I make a scene. It happened that I looked very nice. So—I make up my mind I would stay and have a career.

"I wanted to do something. Perhaps if my marriage had been happy I would not have wanted it. But I was so miserable. Nobody knew it, for I do not think it is—well bred, so long as you live with a man, to speak ill of him or to discuss your personal affairs. In the end, after much unhappiness, we separate.

"Later, when we are divorced, we met in Paris. And we had a wonderful time. We enjoyed each other every day. We laughed. We were good friends. But when you are married, that seems difficult.

"Do you not think from this—progress we have made, something must be evolved that will solve marriage? This present state is very bad. I, for myself, have been afraid of marriage. More and more women are like that and it is bad. But I believe in progress. We have cast off many things that barred us from full living, from injustice. Now we must learn to adjust freedom to the higher ideals of life. We have overcome fear and stupidity. Now we must build up new and more splendid ideals on that advanced plane we now occupy.

"The mistake is in disregarding all standards, all ideals. That is not only

immoral. It is stupid. It leads to boredom—to slovenliness. Bad manners, for instance, merely remove the beauty and delicacy from life. They are senseless.

"I love nice manners. I think I even love a little formality—in its place. Freedom is giving too much of a sameness to life. One loses all the kick. If one behaves the same at an evening party as at a beach picnic, the color and drama are soon gone from both kinds of festivity.

"Yes, I think we are being very stupid. It would be more fun if we were not so loose and so careless."

THEN we got to talking about what a funny party you could give in Hollywood—an "Ex" party. Everyone is writing books about Ex something or other. So we thought an Ex party would be grand. We didn't spare anyone there. We thought it would be in keeping to invite Leatrice and Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire and Gene Markey and Greta Garbo. And we kidded Colleen to death about the party to which she invited Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels and Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller.

"That was quite all right," said Dolores. "They are all ladies and gentlemen. I am sure they had fun."

"You see," she said, "the law of life is movement. Life moves. Every seven years our whole body is renewed. Why not the mind? How can one tell what one will be like seven years from now? It may be that certain things are immortal. They will remain seven times seventy. But they will take care of themselves. We must not worry because we change. That is wonderful. Only the dull and the stolid are changeless. Consistency is not always admirable. I do not worry that I change. I am happy. That is life. Now I have a good time. Later, maybe I will not. But—I live."

As we left the table Colleen said: "That is a swell person."

Yes. A woman of charm. A lady of quality. Unconfused, poised, sophisticated, warm toward life but regarding it with steady eyes. Unafraid, but wisely cautious. Well educated, well read, widely traveled, adaptable to any situation. Perfectly at ease always, perfectly natural, disdaining affectation as she disdains dishonesty, but not throwing her knowledge in your face.

The more I think of her, the more I am inclined to heave a long sigh of relief. We can use a lot like her in Hollywood.

### J. P. McEVROY IS BACK AGAIN!

The famous humorist, author of "Show Girl" and other popular bits of fun, returns to NEW MOVIE'S galaxy of brilliant writers next month. He is going to tell you how to sell a scenario—and his conclusions will be found to be hilarious. Watch for this feature!



# The Third Musketeer

(Continued from page 81)

Arlen had commanded. He sought Charlie Eyton, then one of the heads of Paramount. He told Eyton what had happened. Eyton laughed.

"Go back," said Eyton, "and ask him how it is that an Armenian, which Mike Arlen is, happens to have a name like Arlen."

Dick did not take Charlie Eyton's advice but he did keep his name. I asked him not long ago what he would do if Author Arlen appeared and said the same thing to him now. I'm afraid I'd tell him what Charlie advised," he said and laughed.

FOR that confidence in himself I think that Dick Arlen can thank Joby Ralston as much as he can the experience of advanced years. He and Joby married just after both had finished "Wings." And Joby is one of those girls who fool you, like Mary Pickford and Colleen Moore. Looks soft and delicate and very young and you would think she was the last person in the world to be tough. You probably remember Jobyna Ralston best when she was with Harold Lloyd in comedies and when she played the good little sweetheart in "Wings."

But no matter how she looks, Joby is tough—the right kind of tough to cope with life. Behind that pretty face is a brain clicking twenty-four hours a day and encased in her slim body is a stiff backbone. Where Dick Arlen would say, "Oh, if he wants it that bad, let him have it," Joby will think a moment and say, "Nix! We worked for it, we're entitled to it, and I'll give you the reasons."

Over and over she was the motivating power that made Dick Arlen stick when he was a little too easy going. She bolstered up his too slight sense of himself and made him see his own worth—a thing every man must know if he expects to keep his chin up and well protected. When he depreciated himself or his work she scolded him, when he didn't get what

was coming to him the first time she made him go back.

In the end she overcame for him what was his worst fault, his idea that it was silly to demand his rights and immodest to have a true estimate of his ability. Now, Dick Arlen is regular, quiet, but with a clean sense of his rights and his abilities. No man can succeed in this present-day world without those things. You hear much of Hollywood's superiority complexes but very little of their inferiority ones. Arlen had a good case of the latter. It's just as bad as the former. He's licked it, thanks to Joby.

I SAID in a story on Dick Arlen some time ago that he was what the average American boy wants to be. I can now go further.

Coming out of a star's dressing-room the other day I ran into Dick Arlen, who had just turned the corner. For one hour I'd been listening to a series of squawks—or one long one—on everything from the director who made the star's last picture to the writer who wrote his next one. In between yelping at his valet and crabbing about the food and service of his lunch, he registered kicks about the way his wife treated him, the income tax experts, and the carburetor on his new \$15,000 auto.

LIFE, he declared was hardly worth living. In that hour he almost convinced me. I was looking through dark-blue glasses when I left.

Said I to Arlen, "Well, and what have you got to kick about?"

"Who, me?" he grinned. "Not a thing. Come on over while I change my clothes."

As I sat down and watched him pull a shirt over his head which he could have slipped off by unbuttoning one button, I said, "Why do it that way? All you had to do—"

"Say," he interrupted, "what are you

(Continued on page 124)

... no more  
"brittle lashes"



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## Have Movie Stars a Right to a Private Life?

Adela Rogers St. Johns discusses this question most entertainingly in next month's NEW MOVIE.

Are Nancy Carroll and Gloria Swanson right in shielding their children from publicity? Read Mrs. St. Johns in the next NEW MOVIE.



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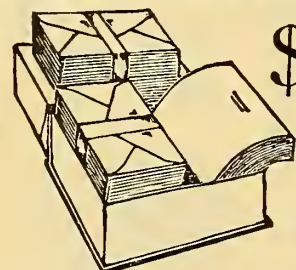


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# The Third Musketeer

(Continued from page 123)



Dick Arlen's yacht, where Dick and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, love to spend their spare time away from the studios.

kicking about? You didn't have to do the work. I like getting my shirt off that way. If I like it and it don't hurt anybody else, why—that's that."

"All right, then you do the kicking. I've heard nothing else all day."

"But I've got nothing to kick about. Told you that already. I meant it."

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Right."

I thought that one out. It didn't seem possible after all I'd heard that anyone could be in that frame of mind.

"What have you got that's so wonderful?" I asked.

He looked to see if I was kidding him, decided I wasn't and played me straight.

"I've still got Joby," he said, "and

that isn't all, though it would be enough. I've got a good job, a fine new boat—I'll park it in your front yard at Malibu some one of these week ends soon—I feel pretty healthy and can still play golf. Say, do you remember one day about three years ago when we lay flat on our backs on the beach and—hoped?"

"Yes. We hoped plenty."

"Sure. We talked about what we'd do if we could just pick and choose, how we'd live if we had all the money in the world. Well, I've found out a lot since then, boy. I've found out plenty."

"I haven't got all the money in the world by a darn sight. I can't pick and choose. But all my hopes have

## Miss Tower Wins National Beauty Contest of the Columbia Pictures

The New Movie Magazine is pleased to announce that Miss Lesley Beth Storey of Brooklyn—its entry in the National Beauty Contest of the Columbia Pictures—was awarded first prize among thousands of contestants. Watch for the detailed story in the November Issue of The New Movie Magazine, on sale in Woolworth Stores, October 15th.



come true just the same. I'm doing all those things without money. It's an art but you can do 'em."

I remembered how we had planned to buy an old schooner we'd heard of and travel around the world and see-sigh.

"Your greatest ambition was to join a good golf club and have a yacht," I said.

"Yeah," said Dick. "Well, it's not what you'd call a yacht; but it's a boat. Joby and I have more fun on it than a cageful of monkeys. Trying to cook in that dinky little galley, studying the stars so that we know whether we are going North or West without looking at the compass. We went away for a week just before this picture. It's a dinky little boat I guess, but we've learned the art of being alone, and we've learned what companions two folks can be, and we've found out how much fun you can have without all the entertainment devices."

"It must be admitted," I said, "that you live a fairly nice life."

"IT'S perfect," said Arlen with conviction. "But don't forget I've made seven pictures in seven months. That's no picnic. It's hard work. I'm a punk study. But pictures are all right. Any man's work is all right, if it's decent and honest and gives him a living. Say, I work day and night for a month, don't get any sleep, hardly see Joby—but then I get two weeks off, maybe. I can play a little bum golf or go out on the dinky little boat or drive around and pester my friends. I find you can do all those things on very little money and very little wasted time. I know there are better cars and better boats than ours. It don't worry me. Getting fun out of what you have is what counts."

"You're pretty young to have learned that, my boy," said I. "I'm approaching it slowly and thirty is upon me."

"Say," said Arlen, "Joby knew it when she was born. Some women are like that. Joby knows what's real and what isn't and she steers me around. I hear people crabbing, too, just like you do. Nobody is any good. Nothing is any fun. They just want to earn enough to retire to some place where there are interesting people and good conversation. You heard that?"

"Nothing else but," said I.

"LET me tell you," said Arlen, "they're cuckoo. They don't find that place nor those people nor them conversations! What's wrong with them is themselves and they'll take that right along when they go. Gee, I don't care if I never retire. I like working. Joby approves of working. I'll probably be like Sarah Bernhardt with only one leg when I quit. I can have fun and work, too. Better fun."

"Which do you get the most fun out of?" I asked.

"Mrs. Dick Arlen," said Mrs. Arlen's husband.

So you see I can say now that Dick Arlen lives the normal, healthy, happy life which every American boy would like to live, without fancies, foibles or temperaments.

Popularity and success have merely opened for him the doors to development. At heart he's the same kid who knocked at the door of the world with "Wings."

They say that that kind of fellow makes rotten "copy." Maybe. But they make great pals.

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## How My Wife Learned to Play the Piano In 90 Days

A husband's story of the fulfillment of a life-long wish.

By James W. Taylor

"BETH," I said to my wife, "I'd give anything if you could play something—piano violin, banjo, ukulele—anything." Beth looked so hurt I was ashamed of myself, so I said no more.

But about three months later I got home early one night, and heard the old piano come to life—first a little jazzy piece, then a sweet plantation melody. And there at the piano was Beth, playing, and the two kiddies beating time! She saw me and stopped. "Oh," she cried, "I'm so sorry!" "Believe me, I'm not," I shouted, and I grabbed the whole family up in my arms.

"But, Jim, I wanted to wait and surprise you when I could really play. I'm learning fast, but it's only three months since I found this wonderful easy way to learn music."

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# The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 56)

Some of Irene's sadness may have been due to the races. She had lost. "I bet on three horses and zay all fall down in ze water," she said sadly. "I know I know nossings about horses so I look at ze jockeys. One he has the name Gin. Good, I bet on ze Gin, and then Gin he too falls in ze water." Just a Hollywood boy, someone said, watered Gin. But Irene ignored the remark, her thoughts being on swimming pools and flowers.

MARIE DRESSLER also proclaimed to Paris her love for Hollywood. In Paris stars love Hollywood; back in Hollywood they announce they have purchased chateaux in France to which they expect to retire. Perversity, thy name is human nature.

Meets Mal McGregor: It's surprising how temperate one becomes in Paris. In Hollywood there are people who drink to pass out, but in Paris no

one wants to for fear of missing something. At six o'clock in the morning I met Malcolm McGregor in the U. S. Bar in Montmartre, drinking a lemonade. Mal as leading man in Hollywood earned fifteen hundred a week. He inherited a million dollars from his father and now lives in little hotels over here because he likes them better than the de luxe places. He says he wants only an income of five thousand a year. He is happier with a little money. But he had to inherit a million to find that out. Most people are temperate if given a choice.

I VISITED the Arab Mosque in Paris with Wynn, the caricaturist, who designed numbers for Universal's "The King of Jazz."

Regarding the Mosque, he said, "These things are spoiled for me. They do them so much better in Hollywood."

If you want to see Europe go to the Hollywood studios.

# Almost a Missionary

(Continued from page 69)

make up my mind definitely as to what I really wanted to do with my life. The world was at war. Everything and everyone was in chaos. So was my mind. I wanted to do something big, something really worth while. What it was I did not know.

The studies at the school had awakened in me a new desire for music. The longing for a life of service in far-off China grew weaker and weaker as the months passed.

Finally, a short time after the signing of the Armistice, I ran away from the school to New York. I had one friend there and together we started on the rounds of the booking agents.

We knew nothing whatsoever about the ways of the theatrical world. We went from agency to agency, sometimes bluffing our way in with prima donna airs, sometimes being shoved unceremoniously before managers as the easiest way of getting rid of us.

It was very embarrassing, when we were finally admitted to the inner sanctums, to have to admit that we had had no previous theatrical experience. Nothing daunted our high hopes, however, even when we found the chorus work the only thing offered to us.

Then, one day, I found a manager who sent me to a well-known Broadway producer. I knew that a confession of my utter lack of experience would be fatal to my hopes. So I spoke vaguely of former theatrical engagements on the distant West Coast. I was given my first job, the part of the ingenue lead in a play which was touring the one-night-stand route through the Middle West.

huddled together at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street. We were more than a little sad and discouraged, but we were still able to laugh and to wonder where the next job was coming from.

In the months which followed I laughed my way through many similar experiences, some more interesting and exciting than others. Then I landed a job with Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue of 1923."

The opening night of the Revue was one of the most thrilling hours of my life. The people out in front liked me. They applauded. They called me back again and again. I had crashed the gates of Broadway and was tasting my first real success.

I was happy with the blind joy of youth. I didn't know where it was all leading. I didn't stop to think. I didn't care. The happiness of the present was sufficient. I followed destiny blindly, questioning neither its rhyme nor its reason.

But, little by little, this success in musical comedy awakened the first stirrings of ambition to try the greater field of grand opera. At the end of my third season with the Music Box, I was granted an audition at the Metropolitan Opera House.

That audition was a failure. I was dismissed courteously but firmly and was told that to dream of a debut at the Metropolitan could mean only heart-break and disappointment to me.

I WALKED out through the stage door, blinded with tears. Forgotten were all the thrills and joys of my three seasons in musical comedy. I felt only the grief of the crushing defeat of my cherished hopes.

I realized that the failure of this audition was forcing me to make some sort of a decision as to my future plans. All night long I lay awake, trying to

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find the light which I knew must be shining somewhere in the darkness of my despair. Just before dawn I made up my mind.

The next day at noon I sailed for Paris, leaving behind me the glamour of a musical comedy career to become a student once more. The Metropolitan Opera House became my dream temple. The difficulties of entering its doors merely served to add fire to my ambition. From that moment in the darkness, when I made my decision, until the hour when I stepped upon the stage of the little Teatro Lirico in Milano to sing again at the auditions, I did not waver for one second in my unflinching ambition to reach my goal.

For the second time in my life I stood behind the curtain, awaiting my turn to sing for Mr. Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan. I suffered with the others, who went out there before me, their agonies of fear and trembling. When my turn came, I was more frightened than any of the others.

AS I stepped on the stage Mr. Gatti-Casazza looked at me, remembering perhaps that other audition, wondering probably. "Is there no end to this one?"

But, when I had finished my song, he smiled at me and said, "Bene, cara." Golden words. Words which meant that I had reached the first milestone in my march towards the goal.

The next day I signed my contract. That night, after a gala celebration with friends, a spaghetti dinner in the "galleria" in Milano, we went on and on, singing through the streets until dawn.

For two whole days and nights I could not sleep. Finally I went to Venice for a few days' holiday. It was only then that I was able to realize what the signing of that contract meant to me.

If that second audition had failed, I think that I should have immediately married a young man whom I thought I loved very much and who offered me a beautiful and sincere devotion.

But the audition had not failed. Here was I in Venice, with the most coveted contract in the world, a cause for delirious happiness, something for which I had worked and sacrificed and dreamed.

Yet I was not happy, I couldn't quite "grow up" to it. I knew it meant the sacrifice of love and marriage. Like all other young people I wanted all things—life, gaiety, friends, marriage, children, everything as well as success.

Suddenly I realized that work, and work alone, could pull me out of this confusion and depression.

So, with an almost overwhelming sadness, I said good-bye to the man I loved and to our dreams of a home and happiness together. I went away to Cannes, to a charming little villa in the hills of Mougins, a villa which I have since bought for a home. There I settled down to weeks of serious and all-absorbing study.

ON the night of February seventh, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, when I stepped on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House to make my debut in "La Bohème," I knew that I had been right in following where destiny had led. When I heard the applause which followed my singing in the first aria on that night, not quite two years after my first heartbroken exit from the stage door, I knew that

(Continued on page 128)

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## Almost a Missionary

(Continued from page 127)

my work and sacrifices had not been in vain.

There was no happier girl in all the world during those first triumphant moments. I "grew up," as I realized the nobility of the mission of song, I was inspired just as I think I might have been inspired by the nobility of a career of religion or of home-making. The beauty of song was uplifting me. Was it not, therefore, uplifting others? Was I not, after all, a missionary in another field?

Last spring I went to Paris to sing my second season at the Opera Comique and to prepare for my debut in "Louise," an opera which my very good friend, Mary Garden, had always advised me to study. I spent weeks of hard work with Charpentier, the composer, and with the great Maître de Mise en Scene, Albert Carre, who had launched Mary Garden upon a career. The weeks of careful study and preparation with these two masters opened new channels of expression within me, and developed a deeper maturity.

When I heard the applause and "Bravos" which followed my singing of the aria, "Depuis Le Jour," I knew that nothing could stop me, that nothing could blind me to the complete joy and satisfaction of fulfilling my mission in life, regardless of hard work and sacrifices.

I RETURNED to the Metropolitan for my third season, happier than I had ever been before in my life.

As my opening opera I sang "Manon." Always before I had suffered an agonizing attack of nerves before each performance, a nervous tension which almost stifled me and which prevented the giving of my very best efforts to the role.

But, with the singing of "Manon," something happened. I wasn't scared any more. I felt a new ease and confidence. Perhaps it was the result of my months of study in Paris and of my experience in the Opera Comique.

I sang "Manon" as I have never sung before. I tasted the glories of a new and greater success than I had ever known. My cup of happiness was brimming.

But with each new success comes a clearer realization of the long, hard road which leads to perfection, a goal which can never be completely reached by mere human beings. There is so much hard work before me. There is so little time for the gracious things of life, for a home and friends and play. On every side there is sacrifice. But the mere striving for the goal is worth everything.

And here I am in California, just three years after my Metropolitan debut. I have come to sing in the most spectacular, the most thrilling medium of this awe-inspiring generation, the talking, singing pictures. I am looking forward to this new work with the same enthusiasm and eagerness which I have had for every step of my career.

I HOPE with all my heart that I shall continue to grow and develop to meet its demands, to find success in the limitless field which the pictures hold open to us who have known the boundaries of the four walls of theaters, and audiences which numbered hundreds instead of millions.

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## Evangeline Adams Reads the Stars

(Continued from page 26)

stars indicating that Miss Joyce's emotional life would be more intense and perhaps more thrilling than Miss Gaynor's. Yet, in spite of these many differences, the two young women have many aspects in common, and these are reflected in their lives. Both are beautiful. Both are successful in entertaining the public. Both appeal strongly to men.

JACKIE COOGAN is different, especially as to beauty and sex appeal! But his horoscope is strangely like Miss Gaynor's so far as it goes. I mean just what I say. For Jackie's horoscope is of the juvenile variety. It indicates what we all know to be the truth: that his success would in no way be delayed by the disciplinary Saturn, but that it would come to him in his early life. There is nothing in Jackie's chart to show that he will be destitute in his old age, but, on the other hand, there is little to indicate that he will make money as a picture actor in such large quantities after he is nineteen years old. The aspects which brought him his early success have already waned, but conditions remain good for appearances on the stage; and it is wholly possible that he may develop in later life some latent gift for writing or directing. Jackie has a very good Mercury, ruling the intellect, and he should use it. A good deal depends on what may happen in 1931 and 1932, which are likely to be as significant years in Jackie's life as 1930 is in Miss Gaynor's.

The lesson for all of us in these strangely similar and strangely different charts is that no two people, no matter what sign they are born under, are exactly alike. We are individuals. We were born under individual stars. Unless I know the year and month and day—and preferably the hour and place—that a person was born, I cannot draw a complete horoscope. But if I do know these facts, I can make predictions for you in far greater detail than I have done for Miss Gaynor.

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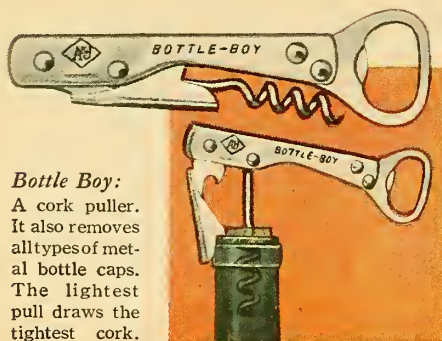
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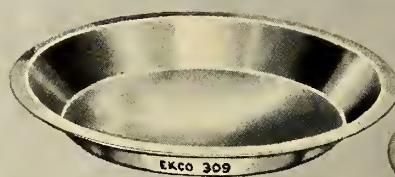
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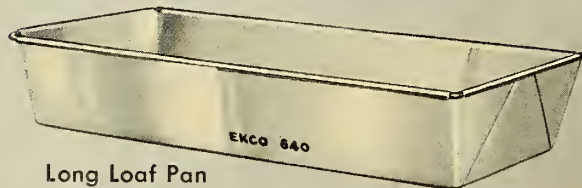
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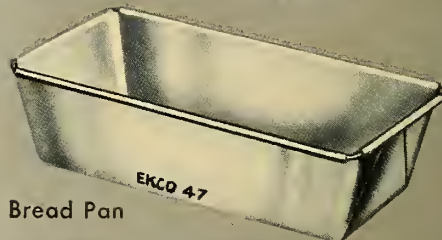
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# The New Movie Magazine

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Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. II, No. 5

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November, 1930

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor  
Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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# MUSIC of the Sound Screen

## The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

**W**HAT would have happened to Rudolph Valentino had he lived to meet the perilous problems of the sound screen? How would his voice have recorded? Would he have been able to sing effectively?

Oddly enough, four years after his death, this question is answered—and answered completely.

Out of the past comes a phonograph record, the only existing recording of the voice of the beloved Rudie. Valentino happened to visit the New York recording laboratory of the Brunswick Company on May 14, 1923. For the recording instruments he sang two songs: the Kashmiri Song, in English, and El Relicario, in Spanish. Little thinking that it would be the one record of him to go down to posterity, he doubtless made the two recordings without particular care. The recording, too, was not any too good. The records were made as a voice test, with no view to their future release.

**N**OW, however, these two recordings have been put upon a single record for public release. The record is made by the Brunswick Company for distribution through the Celebrities Recording Company of Hollywood. You can obtain this record at your local music dealer, if you wish.

To one who knew Rudy, the playing of this record is breathtaking. Here is the voice long stilled by death. The words of the Kashmiri Song become strangely prophetic. The effect is startling.

There are certain conclusions to be drawn from the record. Valentino would have been highly popular on the sound screen. His baritone, not a great voice, could have been developed into an effective one for the talking screen.

If you are one of the millions of Valentino fans, you will want this record.

**J**EANETTE MACDONALD, who has just scored again in "Monte Carlo," has sung two of the numbers from that pleasant film for Victor. Her new record presents "Always in All Ways" and "Beyond the Blue Horizon," the

The most interesting event of the month is the release of a Rudolph Valentino record, offering the only two recordings ever made by the famous star. The recording was made on May 14, 1923.

last with the accompaniment of train effects, a male quartet and an orchestra. Miss MacDonald's voice is a charming one and the record is to be highly commended.

One of the current hits is "The Kiss Waltz," from Warner Brothers' "Dancing Sweeties." The Cavaliers have made an excellent vocal record of this popular number for Coscarries "All Through the

Columbia. This record also

Night," by the Columbians. Another number, "Hallabaloo," from "Dancing Sweeties," is presented by McKinney's Cotton Pickers, via Victor. This is a hot fox-trot number with vocal refrain by Dave Wilborn. On the opposite side of this record is "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?"

**A** PLEASING Victor record made by Waring's Pennsylvanians offers "Gee, But I'd Like to Make You Happy," from Metro-Goldwyn's "Good News." The current hit, "Little White Lies," is also on this record.

Victor has two new records by Ted Weems and his Orchestra. One presents "My Baby Just Cares For Me" and "A Girl Friend of a Boy Friend of Mine," both from "Whoopee," while the other offers "Sing," from Metro-Goldwyn's "The Dough Boy," along with the current song, "I Still Get a Thrill."

An attractive new Columbia record offers the Columbia Photo Players' renditions of "Just a Little Closer," from Metro-Goldwyn's "Remote Control," and "Live and Love Today," from Metro-Goldwyn's "Madam Satan."

"Just a Little Closer" is also played—and very well played—by Rudy Vallee on a new Victor record. This also carries the fox-trot, "Good Evenin'."

A new Paul Whiteman record for Columbia features "Song of the Congo," from First National's "Bright Lights." A novelty number, "The Wedding of the Birds," is also on this record, played by the Whiteman Orchestra.

The charming Jeanette MacDonald is represented this month by a new Victor record, offering two bright numbers from her new hit, "Monte Carlo."







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| Big 3 Speed Queen | Horton         | Triplex        |
| Blackstone        | Laundrette     | Universal      |
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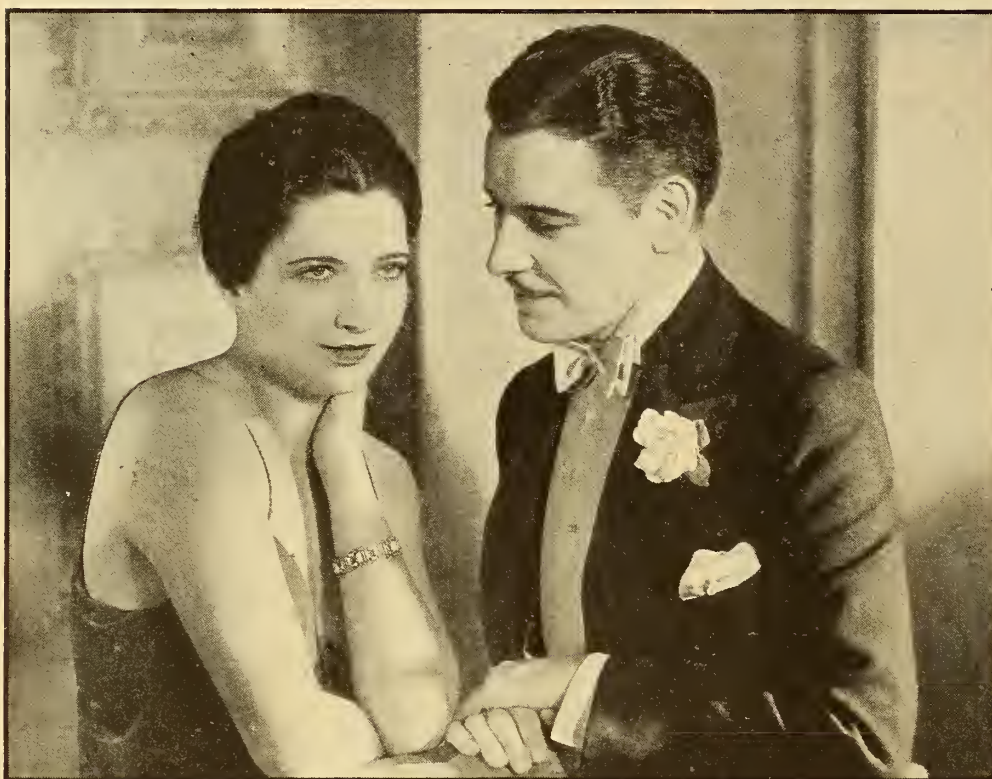
**Rinso**  
The Granulated soap

**2** SIZES most women buy the large package

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# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Ronald Colman's debonair playing of the celebrated amateur cracksman, Raffles, was greatly aided by the charm and beauty of Kay Francis. "Raffles," released by United Artists, was a film of unusual merit, by the way.

## Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

and Mary Astor. Admirable direction by Edward Griffith puts this picture in the "first-rate" class. *Pathe.*

**Journey's End.** One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

**All Quiet on the Western Front.** Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

**Sarah and Son.** Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

**Song O' My Heart.** John McCormack makes his debut in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly (*Continued on page 10*)

## Group A

**The Dawn Patrol.** An absorbing story of the air forces in the World War. Like "Journey's End," it is a series of events showing the gallant youngsters going out one by one and failing to return. Richard Barthelmess does brilliant work. Neil Hamilton and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., too, are to be complimented. *First National.*

**Romance.** Here is Garbo as the heroine of Edward Sheldon's popular drama of New York in the '60's. The cast, especially Lewis Stone, is admirably chosen, but it is the vibrant Greta Garbo to whom the honors go. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**Holiday.** The screen version of Philip Barry's stage success. A great story, an able cast, including Ann Harding

Full of thrills and suspense is "The Dawn Patrol," Richard Barthelmess' newest First National film, a corking story of flying heroes of the World War. At the right are Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., and Mr. Barthelmess.







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with  
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who made "WHITE SHADOWS IN  
THE SOUTH SEAS."

# METRO-GOLDWYN-M

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"





# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 8)

contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox*.

**The Vagabond King.** Based on "If I Were King," this is a picturesque musical set telling of François Villon's career in the days of Louis XI. Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald sing the principal rôles, but O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI. *Paramount*.

**Street of Chance.** The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount*.

**The Rogue Song.** A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn*.

**The Green Goddess.** Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners*.

**Anna Christie.** This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn*.

**Devil May Care.** A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn*.

**Lummox.** Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists*.

**The Love Parade.** The best musical film of the year.

Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount*.

**The Show of Shows.** The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners*.

**Welcome Danger.** Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. *Paramount*.

**They Had to See Paris.** A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. *Fox*.

**The Trespasser.** A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. *United Artists*.

**Sunny Side Up.** Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox*.

**The Lady Lies.** In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the lonely widower. *Paramount*.

## Group B

**Safety in Numbers.** A snappy comedy in which Buddy Rogers plays a handsome heir to a fortune and has for his guardians three beautiful Follies girls. Easily the best Rogers film in some time. Has plenty of charm. *Paramount-Publix*.

**Raffles.** Another mystery thriller, somewhat along the lines of "Bulldog Drummond." Ronald Colman is delightful as Raffles—so, too, is Kay Francis, who supplies the heart interest of the film. *United Artists*.

"Rita, I love you," exclaims the young rector to the famous opera singer in a tense scene of "Romance." Greta Garbo's newest Metro-Goldwyn talking film is highly glamorous and you will be won anew by Miss Garbo. Gavin Gordon is the rector.





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# Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



## The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

This month Nancy Carroll, the popular Paramount star, tells you how to make Eggs Chasseur

Here, for instance, is an egg dish that Nancy Carroll fixes for Sunday night suppers. It is called Eggs Chasseur.

2 shallots  
1 tablespoon butter  
6 large mushroom caps  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chicken stock  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
Few grains pepper  
Few grains cayenne  
8 French poached eggs  
4 tablespoons cream  
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Chop the shallots in fine pieces and cook in butter, stirring constantly three minutes.

**A**DD mushroom caps, peeled and chopped, and cook five minutes. Add stock, salt, pepper and cayenne. Bring to the boiling point and let simmer

ten minutes. Turn into a shallow, buttered baking dish and place on sauce, the French poached eggs. Pour cream over, sprinkle with cheese and let stand in oven until the cheese has melted.

You may buy canned chicken broth for the chicken stock, and nearly all grocery stores and delicatessens have small packages of grated cheese for use in cooking just such delightful dishes as this.

It is a particularly good party dish because, with all the ingredients neatly arranged in the kitchen ahead of time, it may be dished up in next to no time. It is also a good recipe to keep for a hurry-up luncheon.

**A**S you know by reading the "How Hollywood Entertains" series in THE NEW MOVIE, the motion picture hostesses are noted for the excellent food that is a feature of their parties.

Of course, the movie stars do not boast that they do all their own cooking. But they do like to select and supervise their menus, and they have a very feminine fondness for taking over the kitchen to prepare special dishes for an afternoon tea or a midnight supper.

Now that the party season is here, dishes that may be prepared quickly and without much fuss for informal parties are in great demand.

## THIS IS THE NEW MOVIE'S NEWEST SERVICE PAGE





**10¢**  
IN U.S.  
**15 CENTS**  
IN CANADA

# The NEW MOVIE ALBUM

The book of books for motion picture fans—a gallery of sixty-two photographs of the famous stars. With every photograph there is a life story in brief—accurate facts about your favorites, their lives and film careers. You won't want to miss the New Movie Album . . . better buy your copy now at your nearest Woolworth store.

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Tower Studios

Lesley Beth Storey, a Brooklyn, N. Y., girl, was selected by NEW MOVIE and the Tower group of magazines, to represent these publications in the Columbia Pictures contest. In competition with the winners of all other magazines, Miss Storey won—and she is now Miss Columbia. Miss Storey is eighteen and has been on the stage in the chorus of several musical shows.

**L**ESLEY BETH STOREY, the selection of NEW MOVIE and other publications of The Tower Magazine group, won the Columbia Pictures Corporation contest. A brief announcement that Miss Storey won was made in last month's NEW MOVIE, the award coming just as NEW MOVIE went to press.

Readers of NEW MOVIE will recall the Columbia contest, first announced in the April issues. The purpose of the contest was to find a girl to portray the role of Miss Columbia on the opening flash trailer of all future Columbia productions. The winner of this contest was to be given a trip to the Columbia West Coast Studios

# Miss Tower WINS

**Lesley Beth Storey, of Brooklyn, Wins the Columbia Pictures Competition and Becomes Miss Columbia.**

in Hollywood, with all expenses paid for one week's stay in movieland's capital. In addition, she was to be awarded a contract for one week's services at \$250 a week at the studios, where she would pose for the flash trailer.

**A** NUMBER of magazines, aside from the Tower group, carried this announcement. Each publication selected its own individual winner and these winners were then passed upon by a committee representing all the publications and Columbia Pictures. Many hundred entries were received by NEW MOVIE and the Tower magazines. Out of this avalanche of entries, Miss Storey was selected to represent the Tower magazines.

In the first voting of the committee of publications and the Columbia executives, all the winners were eliminated save Miss Storey and the one other lucky girl. Test talking films were then made of these two young women. At a second session of the judges Miss Storey was selected as the final winner—to be Miss Columbia.

**A**S this issue of NEW MOVIE goes to press, Miss Storey is about to go to Hollywood as the guest of Columbia Pictures. NEW MOVIE readers will be interested in some facts about Miss Storey. She was in the chorus of "Flying High," a Broadway musical comedy, at the time her picture was entered in the competition. Miss Storey, who is 18, was born in Brooklyn. She lives at No. 88 Brooklyn Avenue. She attended Public School No. 139 and Girls' Commercial High School in Brooklyn. She has appeared in three musical shows, Flo Ziegfeld's "Rosalie," George White's "Scandals," and "Flying High," as well as in (Continued on page 101)

## BROOKLYN GIRL WINS BEAUTY COMPETITION



# Columbia Has The Best Directors~ Assuring You The Best Pictures!

FRANK CAPRA for

## DIRIGIBLE

With JACK HOLT and RALPH GRAVES

From Lieut. Commander Frank Wead's great story. Mr. Capra directed "Rain or Shine," "Flight," "Submarine," "Ladies of Leisure," etc.

HOWARD HAWKS for

## THE CRIMINAL CODE

From the sensational New York Stage hit by Martin Flavin . . . and winner of the Theatre Club Trophy as the best play of the year. Mr. Hawks directed "The Dawn Patrol," "The Air Circus" and others.

JOHN BLYSTONE for

## TOL'ABLE DAVID

Your demands bring Joseph Hergesheimer's immortal screen classic to the motion picture theatre as a talking picture. Mr. Blystone is the director of "So This is London" and many other hits.

VICTOR FLEMING for

## ARIZONA

Written for the screen by Jules Furthman from Augustus Thomas' greatest outdoor play. To be produced on an epic scale. Mr. Fleming directed "The Virginian," "Common Clay" and others.

JOHN ROBERTSON for

## MADONNA OF THE STREETS

With EVELYN BRENT

An adaptation of W. B. Maxwell's wonderful novel, "The Ragged Messenger." Mr. Robertson directed Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess in many of their outstanding successes.

LIONEL BARRYMORE for

## A GREAT PICTURE

With BARBARA STANWYCK

(Watch for announcement of title.) The greatest star find of years in a smashing drama made from a tremendous story. Mr. Barrymore directed "The Rogue Song," "Madame X" and many others.

## Meet Miss Columbia



LESLEY BETH STOREY of Brooklyn, N. Y., winner in Columbia's great nation-wide search for "Miss Columbia." She has been awarded a week's contract at \$250.00 and a free trip to Hollywood. She was the selection of the New Movie and allied magazines.

Runners up for honors as Miss Columbia, all of whom have been awarded Majestic Radios, were: Dorothy Dawes, Brooklyn, N. Y., nominated by Film Fun; Dorothy Brown, Des Moines, Ia., Screen Romances; Jean Eckler, West Palm Beach, Fla., Motion Picture Magazine; Donna Barton, Tulsa, Okla., Motion Picture Classic; Vera Martin, New York, N. Y., Screen Book; Bernice Maiwald, Laconia, N. H., Motion Picture Stories; Meta Diane Neuburg, Tuckahoe, N. Y., Photoplay; Mercedes Janet Rice, Bonning, Ga., Screenland.

# COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ask your favorite theatre when these pictures will be shown.





## Strong for Sound Film Music

*Mulat, Florida*

There is much being said about canned music. I am a musician and appreciate good music and "peppy" orchestras such as we used to have in our theaters before the Vitaphone became so popular. But, I must admit, I thoroughly appreciate and enjoy the 'talkies' and their form of music. I feel like the producers know best what kind of music we shall have along with the talkies. So, for those who fight the so-called canned music—go to a vaudeville show. The talkies and Vitaphone are among the *nth* wonders of our world.

*Lucille Gatewood.*

## Likes Talkie Revivals

*Everett, Mass.*

Mrs. J. D. wrote in a recent issue of NEW MOVIE that she is not interested in plots she has already seen, even if the star and title have been changed. What about the younger generation who have never seen these magnificent productions of bygone days? I want to see every one of them.

*M. Skybergh,  
1 A Wilbur Street.*

## And Against 'Em

*St. Joseph, Mo.*

Oh, why should they make some of the wonderful old silent pictures into talkies. They have had their days and in their place, why not keep them there. Why spend good earned money in pictures we have already enjoyed? For example, Lon Chaney in "The Unholy Three." I know many who didn't go to see it for the reason they saw it as a silent movie.

*W. Youtsey,  
1316 Main.*

## Against Censors

*Cleveland Ohio.*

I suggest your excellent magazine start a crusade against the nonsensical methods of the movie censors. The Ohio Board in particular.

Since the advent of the talkies we've been dished chopped-up versions of "Madame X," "Applause," "The Cock-Eyed World" (they weren't going to allow this one at all for a time), "Jealousy" (couldn't be exhibited because Jeanne Eagels died 'in a questionable manner'), and now "The Big House" can't be shown because the guardians of the public's morals fear that the inmates at Columbus will take heart and riot again. Beat that, will you? Or, even tie it. . . .

*R. LeRoy,  
1118 Fairfield Avenue.*

## Take Our Word for His Beauty

*Lindsay, Calif.*

First I imagined that the so-called Herb Howe was an old man, but now I have him pictured as a handsome young man. Won't you please publish a picture of him because I'm beginning to lose sleep from wondering.

*Kathryn Marshall,  
365 Lafayette Street.*

# DOLLAR THOUGHTS

## The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

ing the sheriff! When Lila Lee—as a cabaret singer—arrives, the society woman who has engaged her to appear, almost embraces her and acts as if she were royalty.

*Dorothy E. Evans,  
1647 Elm Street.*

## Wants Two Casts Shown

*Baldwin, N. Y.*

I certainly am keen about the talkies in every respect but one—and that is the single showing of the "Cast of Characters"—I think it should be shown twice, again at the end of the picture, as it is difficult usually (if there is a large cast, as in most pictures) to remember all the names. And, if one is particularly interested in one or several of the actors or actresses whom he may not have seen, he has no accurate way to check up.

*D. H. Greenwald,  
39 Wallace Ave.*

## More About Buddy

*Meadville, Pa.*

I just finished reading Dick Hyland's interview with Buddy Rogers' mother concerning her son's ideal girl. I found the story very interesting and agree with Miss Carter that men compare all girls they meet with their mothers. But look how different the home life of the wife of Buddy would be compared to that of Buddy's mother! Buddy's wife would have unlimited money. Buddy's mother did not have very much when she was first married. Therefore, it follows that Buddy's wife wouldn't have to be doing little things for her hubby, although she could. Can you imagine Buddy's wife cooking a picnic dinner and going some place to meet Buddy. I can't and don't think Buddy would expect it—but that's just it. He would probably give his wife everything in the world she wanted. No woman wants that, I don't care who she is.

*Winnie Kightlinger,  
995 Park Avenue.*

## Cheers for Lila Lee

*Bloomington, Wis.*

Upon seeing "The Unholy Three" I was astounded at one character's real artistry. I had hitherto thought little of Lila Lee's screen career; a statement for which, however, I can give no definite reason, except that she

never impressed me in the characterizations of her previous rôles. My interest was first aroused by Miss Lee's fascinating life story published in this magazine. After watching her in "The Unholy Three" I am convinced that with her combination of rare beauty and talent  
(Continued on page 101)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



## Take Sameness Out of Your Dinners



## A New, Inexpensive Book of Appetizing Menus

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ECONOMICAL  
DINNERS



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**TOWER BOOKS**  
INCORPORATED

55 Fifth Avenue

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Who is the most popular man in the world—Lindbergh? Prince of Wales?

*Motion picture fans in America's two largest cities through their ballots cast with those great newspapers, the Chicago Tribune and New York Daily News, voted*

**CHARLES FARRELL**

*the most popular man in the movies*

Even better than in "7th Heaven" with the added realism of sound, you'll thrill to his performance as

# LILIOM

Franz Molnar's  
striking stage success

*with*

**ROSE HOBART**

**H. B. WARNER**

**Estelle Taylor**

**Lee Tracy**

*Directed by*

**FRANK BORZAGE**

only director who has  
twice won the Photo-  
play Medal.

"Liliom",  
strangest,  
strongest,  
saddest of  
love stories.  
Farrell in his  
greatest role as  
a carnival barker,  
darling of the girls.

Ask at your favorite theatre

when they will show this

**FOX**

Dramatic

Triumph





Photograph by Hurrell

ANITA PAGE

Gallery  
of  
Famous  
Film Folk

# The New Movie Magazine





Photograph by Hurrell

EDWINA BOOTH





Photograph by Richee

GARY COOPER





Photograph by Hurrell

ADOLPHE MENJOU





JOHN GILBERT





Photograph by Hurrell

FIFI DORSAY





## MINT LEAVES

### *...that Cooling Taste*

A mortar and pestle...crushing mint leaves...drops of cooling peppermint...purest of sugars...tons of pressure...china hard rings of sweetness...Pep-O-Mint LIFE SAVERS...millions upon millions of them a day.

After eating...after smoking...aid digestion...sweeten breath...fragrant...refreshing...appetizing...Pep-o-mint, Wint-o-green, Cl-o-ve, Lic-o-ri-ce, Cinn-o-mon and Vi-o-let.

Also Orange, Lemon, Lime, Grape Life Savers...just like the fruit itself.

The  
Candy  
Mint  
with  
the  
**HOLE**





Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

GRETA GARBO



# The New Movie Magazine

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No. 5



## Gossip of the Studios

**A**NNA Q. NILSSON is out of the hospital and is back in her own home in Beverly Hills. In a note, she says, "I'm going to be as good as new as soon as these darn muscles of mine get strong. Seven months in bed makes one rather shaky, but I am doing so well. I go in the swimming pool every day and that is strengthening me. Have had such lovely letters from my fans and am so happy about them. I'll be making a picture soon, I know."



**Harold Lloyd:** Adopts a little girl of five to be the playmate of his daughter, Gloria, who is six years old.

Garbo came to Colleen's in the afternoon. When Christmas eggnog was mentioned, Garbo was in her element and insisted that she had a Swedish recipe that was par excellence. So she went out in the kitchen and showed Ben how to make it. He did so well, that when he asked her to sign in his autograph album, she said "Sure."

*Gloria Swanson II made her first stage appearance in a play written and acted by the children of Malibu Beach for charity.*

**MR. AND MRS. B. P. SCHULBERG** had a lovely beach party at Malibu on a recent Sunday. Mrs. Schulberg is famous as a hostess and always has a gathering of interesting people at her home.

A ping-pong tournament had been arranged for the afternoon—one table for the ladies and one for the men. In the evening there was bridge, music, and much conversation.

Eisenstein, the great Russian director, was there and talked

fascinatingly about the artistic movements in Russia. Judge Ben Lindsey and his beautiful wife were among those present. Jeanette MacDonald looked particularly lovely in white, and Elsie Janis had on Chinese pajamas and a big floppy hat. Colleen Moore wore brilliant yellow pajamas. Hedda Hopper was in a white sport dress. The other guests included M. and Madame Chevalier, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Knopf, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn and Billy Emmerick. Oh, yes, and Ralph Forbes and his wife, Ruth Chatterton, who came late. Ruth is wearing the most fascinating velvet pajamas these days, belted in at the waist in Russian style.



**Vilma Banky:** To act with her husband, Rod La Rocque, in a stage comedy by Anita Loos and John Emerson.

**RENEE ADOREE** was out socially the other night for the first time since her long illness. She was dancing at the Roosevelt and looking quite well, although she is not well enough yet to resume work.



**THE** biggest production news of the month is that Paramount is to re-open its New York studios. The announcement came from Jesse Lasky and Ben Schulberg.

Clara Bow, Ruth Chatterton and Claudette Colbert will all work in New York. These stars make pictures which as a rule need no outdoor sets. This will give the Paramount Hollywood studios more room for the outdoor productions.

Ernst Lubitsch, director of "The Love Parade," is to be made directorial chief of the new Eastern organization. He expects to remain back there for a long time.

It is also probable that for the Misses Chatterton, Colbert and Bow, use will be made of stage actors and directors. Hollywood is disconsolate over losing these favorites, but hopes



# All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Richard Cromwell: New film find to play Barthelme's role in the talkie "Tol'able David."

that they'll be back before long.

\* \* \*

**D**ASHIELL HAMMETT, who wrote the detective story, "The Maltese Falcon," has come to Hollywood and is working at Paramount. He has become quite a social lion. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe gave a dinner party in his honor the other evening. Supper was served in the beautiful Lowe garden, with soft lanterns making a fairyland out of the

place. The Louis Bromfields were there. They're both brilliant conversationalists. Colleen Moore was present, in a very tight frock of black lace. Aileen Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, George Cukor and Albert Scott were among those present. Miss Pringle was scintillating as usual. Mrs. Lowe wore Chanel evening pajamas—the very last word—of delicate print chiffon, the trousers plaited and made very full, so that they looked like a skirt.

\* \* \*

*Clara Bow has just signed a new five-year contract with Paramount.*

\* \* \*

**H**AROLD LLOYD, wisest of movie stars, spoke a sapient mouthful the other night. Someone was blaming the bad business in movie houses on putt-putt golf. "Miniature golf doesn't interfere with good pictures," said Harold. "Nothing interferes with good pictures and nothing ever causes a falling off in picture houses except bad pictures. The sooner we face that, the sooner business will be good again."

\* \* \*

**M**ARION DAVIES' favorite parlor game is, "Who Am I?" The person asking the question describes some prominent figure in the daily press or history—using clever twists and statements which are the truth but misleading—and the others try to guess the identity of the person described.

\* \* \*

**E**VERY night, except on the Sabbath, the haunting strains of a melody vibrate the air around many loud-speakers, calling a busy world to pause and listen to the antics of Amos 'n' Andy. The theme song which some have called "America's weakness," is not nameless, however. Yet, how many know its real name and who wrote the music? When this

melody is heard dinners are momentarily forgotten in expectation of the episode or predicament in which "the boys" will be found.

It has been estimated that not one-quarter of one per cent. of the listeners in America, although they faithfully follow the black-face duo day by day, know that the selection which opens and closes the broadcast was written by Joseph Carl Briel, and is called "The Perfect Song." Those who have good memories for music and events, however, will remember that it was played originally as part of the musical score accompanying the motion picture, "The Birth of a Nation."

"The Perfect Song" was not taken haphazard to be the theme song of the Amos 'n' Andy presentations. Much time and discussion was devoted to the choice. Before being finally selected, nineteen other musical compositions of classical, semi-classical and popular type were considered.

\* \* \*

**J**ANET GAYNOR gets \$2,750 per week from Fox. Which she did not get from the time she walked off the lot in April until she walked back a few weeks ago.

\* \* \*

**D**OUGLASS FAIRBANKS, Junior, has written a story which Sam Goldwyn is considering for Ronny Colman. Hollywood is wondering when Doug, Jr. sleeps. He does more than his share of picture work, is getting out a book of poetry, has a room at home filled with paintings he has made, does biographical sketches of Hollywood celebrities for magazines, certainly doesn't neglect his wife, Joan Crawford—and still finds time to do original screen stories.

\* \* \*

**T**HOSE first-nighters who attended the premiere of D. W. Griffith's great picture, "Abraham Lincoln," wondered why a short reel costume picture, built on the overture to "Zampa," started the program. Certainly it had nothing to do with the film that followed. However, those with long musical memories remembered that the climax of the "Zampa" overture was the accompaniment to the stirring ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation," when it was presented years ago.

So, either from sentiment or superstition, Griffith selected "Zampa" as a prelude to the sister film of "The Birth of a Nation."

\* \* \*



**B**ILL HAINES has just signed a new five-year contract with M.-G.-M., so fans can be assured of seeing his pictures for that long, at least. Bill, incidentally, has just opened an antique shop in Hollywood. He has taken a house and outfitted it completely with antique furniture. Everything in the house is for sale. He knows more about early American furniture than any man in Hollywood.

On Page 72 you will find pictures of Bill's new house.



# Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

NEIL HAMILTON is another ardent yachtsman. He has a small sailing yacht, anchored off the pier at Malibu Beach. In the backyard of his beach house he also has a wrestling platform and passers-by often pause in amazement to see Neil and one of his friends apparently trying to murder each other. But it's all by way of exercise.

\* \* \*

GLORIA SWANSON and the Marquis de La Falaise, having agreed to an amicable separation, no divorce proceedings have been discussed as yet.

After much discussion in the newspapers and with all Hollywood agog, "Hank," as he has always been known to the movie colony, arrived from Europe. He had been abroad for many months and had not seen Gloria.

He went to Gloria's house at Malibu Beach and spent a day, walking up and down the sands with Gloria and the children. The outcome of that day's talk was that they would go their separate ways.

The two met in Paris, while Gloria was making "Madame Sans-Gêne." Henri de La Falaise was a war hero, a boulevardier and a very charming man. The great picture star fell in love with him and he with her. They were married in Paris and returned to the United States with Gloria as the first picture star with an ancient and *bona fide* title. Madame la Marquise and her husband went to Hollywood. Henri wasn't happy in Hollywood. He had no work and he didn't care for pictures. Gloria couldn't afford to live in Paris, since it meant giving up her picture career. Eventually, the Marquis went abroad as European representative for a film corporation. The long separation convinced them that they should part.

Henri wants to live abroad. Gloria must live in Hollywood. Gloria's whole life is wrapped up in her career and her children—little Gloria, aged ten, who is the daughter of Herbert Somborn, and John, her adopted son. Naturally, she cannot abandon everything to live in Europe.

\* \* \*

ROD LA ROCQUE and his wife, the beautiful Vilma Banky, are in New York to do a play called "Paprika." Anita Loos and John Emerson adapted it from a Hungarian comedy. Rod was a first-class stage actor before coming to Hollywood for pictures.

\* \* \*

Marie Dressler returned from Europe and rented a house in Beverly Hills. She had a grand time abroad and visited lots of friends both in England and France.

\* \* \*

OLGA BACLANOVA, who has been off the screen for a while, announced the reason on August 26th. A nine-pound baby was born to Olga and her husband, Nicolas Soussanin.

*Do you know that the Fox Company originally bought "Seventh Heaven" at the instigation of and for Jack Gilbert. Then he left Fox and went to M.-G.-M. — and Charlie Farrell did a first-class job with the part of Chico that Jack wanted so much.*

\* \* \*

THE Signal Corps of the United States Army is going to produce talking pictures. They will be for the instruction of the Reserve Corps. France has been using motion pictures to instruct her



Maureen O'Sullivan: Cries in court when judge jails boy who took her automobile.

soldiers for some time.

\* \* \*

AT the request of the editor of *The New York Evening Post*, David Wark Griffith has listed the fifty motion pictures which he considers the finest yet produced. Among them are some of his own, and he explains this:

"Modesty, under ordinary circumstances, would dictate that one should not include his own works in such a list, but I have included those of my own which I think rightfully belong, not because I think they are great, but because the public and the press have generally acclaimed them as such."

Those of his own which he included are: "The Birth of a Nation," "The Avenging Conscience," "Intolerance," "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East" and "Orphans of the Storm."

Others on the list are "Stella Maris," "War Brides," "Quo Vadis," "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "The Miracle Man," "Passion," "The Mark of Zorro," "The Dark Angel," "Driven," "The White Sister,"

"Greed," "Smilin' Through," "Tol'able David," "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon," "Merry Go Round," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Down to the Sea in Ships," "Little Old New York," "The Sea Hawk," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Marriage Circle," "The Ten Commandments," "The Kid," "The Merry Widow," "The Last Laugh," "The Big Parade," "The Valiant," "Wings," "Variety," "Beau Geste," "Stella Dallas," "What Price Glory?" "The Way of All Flesh," "Ben Hur," "Seventh Heaven," "The Patriot," "Sunrise," "The Crowd," "The King of Kings," "Disraeli," "Hallelujah," "Grass," "All Quiet on the Western Front."

\* \* \*

IT happens but once in a million times—and years. So don't try it yourself. A twenty-year-old Long Beach (Cal-





# The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



**Maurice Chevalier:** Finds he is losing his accent and hurries back to Paris to save it.

ifornia) boy read in a newspaper that Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures was looking for a boy to play the lead in the talkie revival of "Tol'able David." He betook himself to the studio, talked his way past the doorman and into Harry Cohn's office, further talked Cohn into giving him a test—and was given the part and a contract. His was the best of 172 tests. His name is Richard Cromwell.

**JOHN ERSKINE**, who wrote "Helen of Troy"

and other historic yarns, is visiting in Hollywood. He says the people of history were human and that the stories about them (real or mythological) leave much to be guessed at. "Cinderella, for instance. 'Tis said she and the prince married and lived happily ever after. But what if they had children? And if they had a daughter what kind of a girl was she? And what did Paul Revere tell his wife the night he went riding?"

**JOHN McCORMICK** and **Colleen Moore** were recently divorced but that did not stop either of them from sending birthday congratulations to the other. That week until this year has always been a gala holiday for John and Colleen. Reason:

August 16th: Birthday of John's father.

August 17th: John's birthday.

August 18th: Wedding anniversary of John and Colleen.

August 19th: Colleen's birthday.

August 20th: Colleen's father's birthday.

Do you know anyone who can equal that string of consecutive events?

*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., always calls Joan Crawford, his wife, "Billy." Don't know why. It's just his pet name for her.*

**HOLLYWOOD** was given a shock when newspaper headlines declared, "CHAPLIN STUDIO BURNS TO GROUND." But it was only the old studio where Charlie made comies for Essanay way back in 1915.

**BEBE DANIELS'S** father, sixty-five years old, died last month in Michigan.

**LOUIS WOLHEIM** lost \$1400 in one evening playing bridge. But he still smiled.

Reason: That day he had been given a contract to direct as well as act for the RKO studios. Louis is the second actor to be handed a megaphone at RKO, Lowell Sherman being the first.

*Greta Garbo loves spaghetti and never eats in the studio lunch room.*

**SAM WARNER**, of the Warner Brothers, left an estate of \$1,005,913 when he died in 1927. A transfer tax appraisal just filed revealed the exact amount for the first time.

**CHIEF BACON RIND** is working at RKO on the picture "Cimarron." Which is not as interesting as the fact that this Osage Injun is eighty years old and a millionaire, even if he is working for five dollars a day as an atmospheric extra. He and fifty of his friends (fellow millionaires from Oklahoma's oil belt), are working more for the fun of it than anything else.

*Maurice Chevalier has gone back to Paris. Reason given by him: to retain his accent. He claims that if he stays around Hollywood too long he will lose that accent and that he needs it in his business. He'll be back soon.*

**RAMON NOVARRO** is happy because he is directing the Spanish version of "The Singer of Seville." Ramon would rather direct than act and would rather sing than do either.

**MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**, Irish lass brought to Hollywood from Dublin for the John McCormack picture, "Song o' My Heart," cried in a courtroom in Hollywood. But it had no effect upon the hard-hearted judge. He passed sentence anyway—upon a boy who had been convicted of eloping with Miss O'Sullivan's automobile without her consent or knowledge. Maureen wanted the judge to let the boy off with a warning, and cried when he would not do it.

**HELEN COHAN**, nineteen-year-old daughter of George M. Cohan, famous New York stage actor, writer and composer, is playing the juvenile lead with Will Rogers in "Lightnin'." It is her first attempt at motion picture work.

**IRENE RICH'S** daughter, Frances Rich, worked during the summer in RKO's "Losing Game." But she quit when her Fall term opened at Smith College, where she has one more





# film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

year to go before getting a diploma. She says she will try to make good in pictures then, but not before.

\* \* \*

**JAMES MURRAY**—the extra boy King Vidor discovered and handed the lead in "The Crowd," a few years ago—is being sued for divorce. He was married in 1928. His wife asks \$185 a month alimony.

\* \* \*

**DOUG FAIRBANKS** was sitting in his Santa Monica beach home at 3:30 one A. M. He was writing a note of instructions to his butler. He tiptoed downstairs to leave it in the pantry. He ran plumb into a gent with a big pistol in his hand. "Stick 'em up!" barked the gent. Doug did. He's no fool. A light flashed. "Well I'll be——" said the pistol-in-hand gent. "You're Doug Fairbanks, aren't you." Doug admitted it. "Where's Mary?" asked the gent. "Upstairs in bed, asleep," said Doug. "Don't wake her up. You'll scare her to death." "Okay," said the burglar, "How much money you got on you?" "None," said Doug. "Its upstairs in my other pants. Keep quiet and I'll get it for you." "No, you won't," exclaimed the voice behind the pistol. "You'll start something." Doug gave his word he would not. "How much dough ya got up there?" he was asked. "About a hundred dollars." "Get it, but keep quiet." Doug did both. The burglar took the hundred and departed *via* the window.

And that was that. It actually happened.

\* \* \*

*John Gilbert has a dressing bungalow with a secret entrance.*

\* \* \*

**DOLORES DEL RIO** had a birthday August third. Three weeks later she was forced to leave the set and go home. Touch of ptomaine poisoning. No connection between that and the birthday. She's better now.

\* \* \*

**VIC McLAGLEN** and his wife are being sued for \$100,000 by a boy fifteen years old who, it is said, crashed into *their* machine. Some day a kind Providence will fix it so that movie stars are not sued for box car numbers every time they happen to get into an accident. It is rare that the courts allow the silly claims, but it is annoying to know that innocent folks can get into tons of trouble and bad publicity.

\* \* \*

**ACCORDING** to the Pathe Studio, Ann Harding, the hit of "Holiday," has put a positive ban on all interviews. Wonder what's wrong with Ann?

\* \* \*

**CORINNE GRIF-FITH** is taking tennis lessons, swimming lessons, building and planting a beautiful garden in back of her Malibu Beach home. The

other day with a sigh, she said, "I simply don't understand how I ever had time to make motion pictures."

\* \* \*

**HOLLYWOOD** thinks that the next male star of magnitude in the movies is going to be Bill Boyd, who played with Gary Cooper in the "Spoilers" and George Baneroff in "Typhoon Bill." Bill was the original *Sergeant Quirt* in the stage play, "What Price Glory," can act like nobody's business, is ruggedly handsome enough to please all the fanettes and make them just a little afraid of him. He shouldn't be confused with William Boyd, better known to films, particularly to Cecil De Mille productions.

\* \* \*

*Janet Gaynor's favorite dessert is ice box cookies—which she makes herself.*

\* \* \*

**HAROLD** and Mildred Lloyd have adopted a child—a little girl five years old with beautiful yellow curls. Their own daughter, Gloria, is just past six. The new little Miss Lloyd will be Gloria's full and legal sister and will grow up with her as a playmate. It is a lovely thing to do—although no more than Hollywood has come to expect of Harold and Mildred, who are the finest people in the world.

\* \* \*

**THE** moment Dick Barthelmess' "Dawn Patrol" was released, Howard Hughes, maker of "Hell's Angels," and the "Journey's End" producers claimed that their stuff had been appropriated. They wanted Dick's picture removed from the screen. It went into court after a hectic week or so during which recriminations were flung from the housetops. The judge threw the case out of court, declaring that all three pictures were similar, all right, in that all three were based upon the war and he hadn't heard of anyone getting a copyright on that little serial which ran all over Europe from 1914 to 1918.

\* \* \*

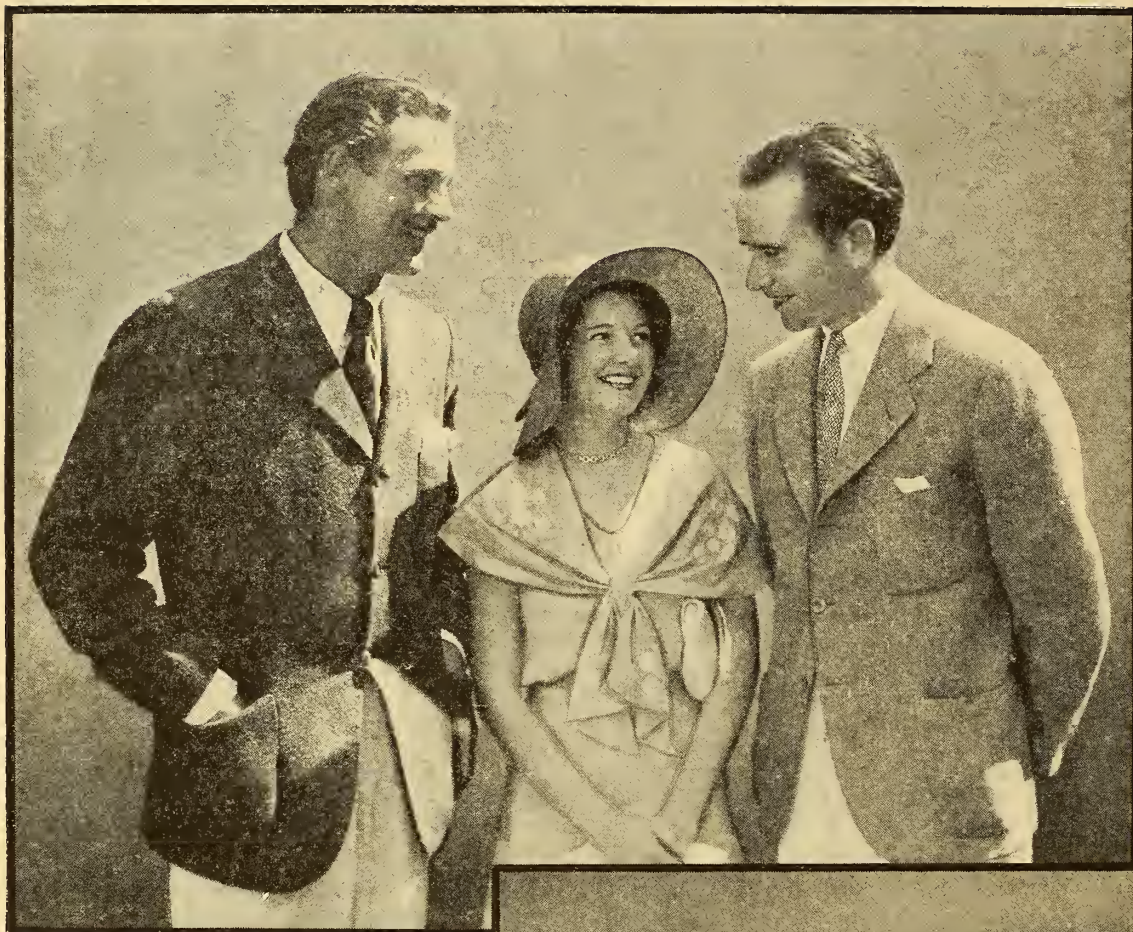
**LEON ERROL** and Dick Arlen were interviewing two gentlemen of color for a part in Dick's picture. It was a straight part and all the G. of C. had to do was open a door—but they did not say that. Finally Dick and Leon went into a huddle and decided either one of the two gents would do. Said Dick to the large one:  
(Cont'd on page 98)



Ramon Novarro: Happy in directing the Spanish version of "The Singer of Seville."







Charles Farrell and Director W.K. Howard constituted a welcoming committee at the Fox Studios when Janet Gaynor reported back to work, after her long rest. Miss Gaynor looks glad to be back.

# Janet's BACK

Janet Gaynor received a royal welcome when she returned to the Fox Studios the other day. Miss Gaynor quit work some months ago, claiming, it is said, that she wanted to do no more singing and dancing roles. The huff developed into a vacation—but motion picture fans can stop worrying now. Miss Gaynor is back at work and she is going to play opposite Charles Farrell once more. Thus the screen will have its ideal boy-and-girl team back again. NEW MOVIE received hundreds of letters about Miss Gaynor's vacation, pleading for her return opposite the popular Mr. Farrell. Here's the answer to their prayers. Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell will be seen together in "The Man Who Came Back."





# WILD LIFE in HOLLYWOOD

The Famous Columnist Finds that It Consists of Backgammon and Gossip

By O. O. McIntyre

**W**HEN I first began going to Hollywood annually about ten years ago I had read all about the hellious, and expected, if I didn't watch my step, to wind up in one of those ork-ork bazaars where the boys cut out paper dolls and snatch at their thumbs.

I trembled when anyone sneezed in a Hollywood café for fear the rest of us would begin leaping from cocaine. And I would not have been surprised to see a sign in the elevator of my hotel: "No Opium Smoking in This Lift" or a room card requesting: "Please Mop Up the Blood After Any Murder."

Consequently it is a surprise in looking back to realize that in all these intervening years I have never actually been offered a drink in the cinema capital. Nor have I ever attended a party—and I have attended plenty—where I could not have taken along Aunt Het, who fainted at the first pair of bicycle bloomers in our town.

**T**HIS is no effort to adjust the tin halo on the town that has been dubbed the wickedest in the world. I am perfectly conscious that many talented people have gone the route of booze in Hollywood, but it does just happen that I have not run across it.

It is true that during the past five years of my Hollywood migrations I have had a front seat on the water wagon, but that would not prevent others from indulging their loose evenings and tight dawns at the parties where I was a guest. But they didn't. And I am not a party-queerer. Ask anybody.

The truth is that the boys and girls who fell by the wayside made excellent first-page copy, and we all read about it from one end of the country to the other. My acquaintance with movie folk is as large and varied as my acquaintance in my own trade, and I know more newspaper writers who have dropped out through drink than movie people from that cause. You simply don't read about them.

It seems to me in rambling along in this antiquarian fashion there is more temptation for the successful people of movieland to hit the high spots than any other class of workers the world over. Most of them have been yanked out of the obscurity of the brier

O. O. McIntyre began as "the" reporter on a small-town daily in the historic French community of Gallipolis on the banks of the Ohio. With the usual gradations of the migratory newspaperman he landed in New York and began syndicating a daily New York column, thus blazing the trail for those who have followed his steps.

He is the pioneer of them all, also the most widely read. His articles appear in some 370 newspapers from coast to coast and it has been computed he has a daily audience of twenty millions. He lives at 290 Park Avenue, drives a Rolls-Royce and spends three months of every year in Hollywood and three months in Paris, where he maintains an apartment. George Ade says of him: "He can write about absolutely nothing and make it utterly fascinating."



Photograph by Blank-Stoller, Inc.

O. O. McIntyre

patches to the dazzling heights of world popularity.

They have come from the prairie cottage, the store counters and the village street to receive overnight the enthusiastic adoration of the civilized world. That more of them have not wound up in the gutter is to me utterly amazing. Yet out of my wide acquaintance I know of only three who have. And one of them became a drug addict through medical carelessness.

**O**NE of the first Hollywood parties I attended was at the home of Bebe Daniels, and the evening's chief diversion was the mid-Victorian game of backgammon. Sandwiches and lemonade were served at 10 o'clock and I was back in the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles sound asleep at midnight.

You might say that the fun begins after midnight, or so you have heard. Well, I left Tom Mix's home one morning after sun up and the party had begun with an 8 o'clock dinner. There were drinks for those who wanted them.

(Continued on page 128)





Photograph by Herman Zerrenner

Nancy Carroll, who is the wife of Jack Kirkland, scenario writer and playwright, has a little daughter of four. She steadfastly refuses to have her baby photographed. No picture of Miss Carroll and her little daughter has appeared anywhere. She fears that the public might be disillusioned. Would pictures of her baby destroy the romance necessary to stardom and obliterate the sex appeal so vital to the box-office? Across the page Mrs. St. Johns tells you that she believes Miss Carroll is wrong—and she gives very interesting reasons.



# No Close-Ups for BABY

Have Movie Idols a  
Right to a Private Life  
for Themselves and  
Their Children?

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Photograph by Russell Bali

**N**ANCY CARROLL has a child. A little girl around four years old.

That isn't news. But the fact that no photograph of Nancy Carroll and her baby has ever been published, or, according to Miss Carroll, is likely to be, is news.

Norma Shearer, wife of the producer, Irving Thalberg, has made the same decision. There will be no pictures of her little boy.

Miss Carroll's reason for this decision puts the whole thing directly up to the motion-picture audiences of America.

"We public idols," says Miss Carroll, "must foster the illusion our public has about us."

I wonder. In all sincerity, I wonder.

We will not question Miss Carroll's right to call herself a public idol, though I can remember Valentino, in his best days, shying away from the fulsome title. The box-office supports Miss Carroll's own words. In a movie sense, she is perhaps a public idol.

**H**ER contention is that the movie audiences think of her as a very young girl, as a romantic figure. She believes that to see a picture of her with her little daughter would destroy this illusion. The audiences would see her in young love scenes and say, in disgust, "Bunk. She's a married woman with a kid."

Perhaps Miss Carroll has forgotten that, when Rudolph Valentino played dashing lovers, it was known to the whole world that he was deeply and passionately in love with his own wife. Or perhaps she is too young to have known it. Valentino's popularity never seemed to be affected by the prosaic fact that he was a faithful and devoted husband off screen.

I wanted very much to talk to Nancy Carroll about this ultimatum of hers and her reason for it. It

For ten years Gloria Swanson has refused to have her own daughter or her adopted son photographed. Miss Swanson gives a far different reason from Miss Carroll. "I just don't want my baby to be public property," she says. "I don't want her burdened too early with a public life. I don't want her to be conscious of herself at all."

seemed to me a very interesting point. But Nancy Carroll is a very positive person. Behind that soft and dimpled countenance is a mind ruled largely by ambition. Her own studio knows well the futility of any argument with Nancy Carroll where her career is concerned.

On the question of her baby, she is adamant. She wouldn't discuss it at any price. For anybody. She simply made the bare statements quoted above and that was that.

But the point remains.

Would it disillusion Miss Carroll's public to see a picture with her baby? Would it interfere with her ability to produce a romantic effect on the screen if her audience had seen her photographed with her beautiful little girl?

I don't think so. My opin-

ion of the American public and of the art of acting is higher than that.

**"We public idols must foster the illusion our public has about us."  
—NANCY CARROLL**

**V**ISUALIZE a picture of Nancy and her child. It would necessarily be beautiful. We are bound to remember that the greatest paintings, paintings which hold a place in the world far beyond that of the Mona Lisa, are pictures of the Madonna and her child. There are, I am sure, many women who would feel the same.

But what price sex appeal?

That question is essentially important to Nancy Carroll, whose rôles usually demand that quality and whose garments often are designed to enhance it.

In a rather careful observation of men and women



# Would Baby's Picture Destroy Your Illusions?

through the years, I have never noticed that a woman's sex appeal was lessened by the fact that she had a child. Over and over again we have seen widows with children catch the best beaux.

**J**OSEPHINE DE BEAUHARNAIS had two children when Napoleon fell in love with her. Cleopatra had a son by Caesar when Mark Antony first met her. Diane de Poitiers, who for seventeen years ruled France through the passionate devotion of King Henry and was the most adored woman of her time, had two daughters before ever His Majesty saw her. Evelina Hanska, the beloved of the great Honore de Balzac, had borne her first husband five children before she met the first novelist of Europe.

Ethel Barrymore, the first lady of the American theater, had three children early in her career and did not lose her hold upon the vast public who still crowd every theater where she plays.

No, I don't think the mere fact of being a mother destroys either romance or its less idealistic side, sex appeal. Investigation into history would seem to prove that as many of the enchanters of man out of past centuries had children as did not have them. Louis the Fourteenth fell in love with and married Madame de Maintenon when she was acting as governess to his children. George Sand had two children before she became the idol of Parisian literary circles and the romantically adored sweetheart of such idealists as Chopin and the poet de Musset. To her—mother of two children—Chopin wrote some of his most romantic music and de Musset some of his most exquisite love sonnets.

Parts such as Nancy Carroll has played of late in "Honey" and "The Fallen Angel" wouldn't, it seems to me, be any the less poignant and moving because the actress who played them was known to be a mother.

**T**HERE again we come to the question of acting. I am coming more and more to believe that experience and feeling deep, stirred, emotional depths are necessary to fine acting. I went the other evening to see Ina Claire in a Los Angeles theater, playing the leading rôle in Don Ogden Stuart's "Rebound." She gave a performance of such beauty, such fire, that she simply flabbergasted the professional audience who had been used to her only as a light and scintillating comedienne. Pathos, power, emotion, were in her work far beyond anything she has ever done before. Her marriage to Jack Gilbert, their great love, the things she has gone through have certainly gained her new respect as an actress.



Photograph by Hurrell

Norma Shearer has decided that no pictures are to be made of her newborn son. The new baby is not to be part of the public life of Mrs. Irving Thalberg.

One regards the woman behind the actress—as a person.

It might be said that having her picture taken with her child or not having it is distinctly Nancy Carroll's own business. So it might be, if Nancy's stated reason didn't put it immediately on the ground of a public matter. It is with the public reaction to her stand that she is concerned. It is my humble opinion that screen stars who depend for their very good living upon public favor have about as much right to private lives as has royalty. They owe their position to popular favor and must in a large measure please their master—as Marie Antoinette found out to her dismay.

**G**LORIA SWANSON has refused for ten years to be photographed with her daughter or to allow pictures of her or of her adopted son to be published. But Gloria gives an entirely

different reason for her refusal.

I remember talking with her about it only a short time after little Gloria II arrived on this planet. She was undecided then as to whether she would give out pictures or not and perfectly willing to talk it over.

But Gloria was too sure of herself, of her great hold on the public and of her own ability as an actress to worry about any misunderstanding on the part of the movie fans.

"I just don't want my baby to be public property," she told me. "I don't want her burdened too early with a public life. I don't want her to be conscious of herself at all. Maybe I am wrong. But I do so want her childhood to be simple and unspoiled. I don't want all the hectic part of my career to touch her in any way."

When later a rumor spread that Gloria wouldn't have her little girl's picture taken because of some physical disability, Gloria winced, and then smiled.

"That's rather cruel," she said. "You've seen Gloria.

Even if she is mine, I know she's a perfect child. But no lie can hurt you. I've fought lies all my life. I'm not afraid of them any more."

As a matter of fact, I have never seen any child look as much like a grown person as little Gloria looks like big Gloria. She has the same eyes, mouth, teeth, the same tilted nose. Visualize Gloria at ten and you have her daughter. To see the two of them racing up and down the sands of Malibu, dashing in and out of the ocean, romping on the beach with their hair soaking wet, it is difficult to tell which is the bigger kid.

**T**HE idolatry of both Gloria and her small brother for their mother is beautiful to watch. Gloria Swanson spends every

(Continued on page 122)





Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore is the final and official name of little Miss Barrymore, now four months old. On August 27th, Miss Barrymore was christened with appropriate ceremonies at St. Andrew's Church in Pasadena. Lionel Barrymore was godfather of the baby and Ethel Colt, daughter of Ethel Barrymore, was godmother, by proxy. Lionel is apparent in the center of the picture, a mighty proud godfather, indeed. The famous parents look on. Only a few guests and members of the immediate family were present.





Photograph by Strauss Peyton

Born of a Hungarian gypsy and a Polish noblewoman, Appolonia Chalupez—destined to be famous as Pola Negri—was driven from her home by the Czar's cossacks. Her father was exiled to Siberia. Appolonia eventually became a dancer in the Imperial ballet. At twenty-one she was a stage sensation at Warsaw. Then she scored in Max Reinhardt's famous pantomime, "Sumurun," in Berlin. As Du Barry in the German-made film, "Passion," she became the sensation of New York—this, too, in the face of after-war hatreds. She went to Hollywood like a conqueror at the crest of her career. Now she is living at Seraincourt, in a chateau that was once a Sixteenth Century fortress.



# POLA SPEAKS

From Her Medieval French Chateau, Miss Negri Reviews Her Film Career and Considers the Future

By HERB HOWE

**T**HE Princess is in the garden. Albert in his white summer livery holds open the door of the Isotta Fraschini, armored in aluminum, which has shot me at slaughterous speed from my hotel in Paris over tortuous paths through many villages to the iron-bound gates of the Château Rueil de Seraincourt.

"The Princess is in the garden." It is the majordomo speaking now.

As a child I dreamed of the day a Princess would await me in a garden. The dream has been badly weathered by the years. Still, here I am before a sixteenth century château of old rose coloring, its entrance flanked by marble busts under patriarchal oaks whose dreams go back several centuries beyond mine.

"The Princess is in the garden." A maid flutters dove-gray out of the trees.

Voilà! I adjust my cravat and pull down my coat as I saw Chevalier do on entering the Queen's boudoir in "The Love Parade." Triumphant I stride around the castle into the garden. . . .

If I suspect this is theater and the Princess makes believe, the garden quickly shakes me out of skepticism and spans me back to childishness.

**I**T is a garden of enchantment in which only a Princess is plausible. Marie Antoinette's at Versailles is more spacious but the hundred acres of Seraincourt have as much variety, not a little of the grandeur and, in addition, a charm concentrated of intimacy.

I pass a fountain leaping out of fiery red geraniums. Beyond tall black cypresses are marching two by two along a dark lagoon on which swans drift and preen upon their reflection mirrored in the water. The stillness is accentuated by the sound of wings in the leaves and of unseen waters rushing from secret springs. A marble bench by a marble urn tempts me into a shady recess. As I'm about to succumb a servant appears and addresses me in Polish, a language which has always given me some difficulty.

"At twenty-one I was famous in Europe on the stage. Then came the cinema. I came up too quickly. I burned myself out." POLA NEGRI



Photograph by Dorothy Wilding, London

Pola Negri as she is today. She still longs for new screen successes. "Yes, I have the vanity to prove I can talk. I shall make one or two pictures—the first this fall." These will be made in English, French, Spanish and Polish, as Miss Negri speaks all of these languages perfectly.

"Ah, you are English," he perceives somehow. "The Princess is there at the top of the hill."

"No hill too high," I murmur valiantly and press on.

At a turn in the lane I see at the top of a little knoll a pavilion of striped awning that shimmers silver and gold in the sunlight. Around it graceful arches of baby roses are circling gayly. There is no one inside the pavilion but the chairs are long and comfortable with apricot cushions sprayed over with violets. I accept the beguilement and settle down to a cigarette.

Below me, through the rose-friezed arches, I see a tennis court and to the left of it a dancing floor spread like a sheet of satin under acacia trees. Then a garden of flowers centered by a little satyr and to my right a forest.

**M**USING over scene and cigarette I speculate on the Princess Pola. Pola Negri—even the name is fictional. I recall what Ernst Lubitsch said of the dramatically tempestuous lady with whom he shot



# POLA NEGRI BECOMES FARMER AND PHILOSOPHER

to cinema glory in Germany several years ago.

"Pola is a greater character than any in fiction. She act, she act so much she don't know who she is herself. She is fiction."

Pola once told me her story. How much of it is fiction neither she nor I will ever know.

Born of a Hungarian gypsy and a Polish noblewoman, Appolonia Chalupez when a child was driven from her home by the Czar's cossacks. Her father was exiled to Siberia. Her mother, penniless, went to live in St. Petersburg as she went to live with a sister in Warsaw. Appolonia made her living as a dancer in the Imperial ballet. At twenty-one she was, according to her own statement, a "sensation" on the stage in Warsaw. Then on the stage of Berlin in "Sumurun", under the direction of Max Reinhardt. Before America heard of her she was the most celebrated film star in Europe. During the war she was the only woman in Berlin who wore an ermine cloak. Pola is ever daring. She had taken the name Pola Negri: Pola a contraction of Appolonia and Negri the name of the Italian poetess she knew and had always admired.

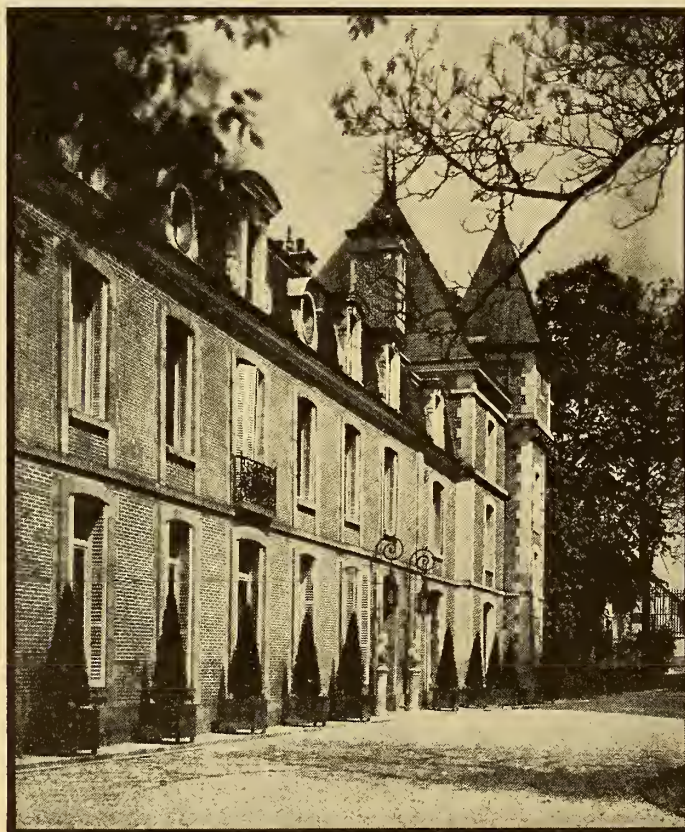
As Du Barry in "Passion" she actually did create a sensation in New York. It was the first German picture after the war. Patriots condemned it in advance. Americans—the old ones, I mean, in America—were still belching hatred at the Germans to the astonishment of us who had been at war.

With surging, dynamic, ruthless force, the strange Polish actress swept over the ramparts of prejudice. She commanded an attendance at the Capitol theater in New York that set a new record. It was a *coup d'état* for German pictures.



Photograph by Dorothy Wilding, London

Another new camera study of Pola Negri. Pola says that she does not regret her Hollywood experiences. "To regret experience would be to regret life," she says. "I had good times in Hollywood. I made some good pictures there of which I am proud. But Hollywood lives and thinks and talks pictures. The cinema is a great art but it is not the whole of life." Below, Seraincourt, Pola's home, a chateau of 42 rooms. The busts of two Roman emperors grace the entrance.



IN the meantime she had impulsively become the Countess Dombbski. None of her Berlin friends ever saw the Polish nobleman she married. Pola herself only saw him ten days before marrying him and only about ten days more before divorcing him.

Her American victory brought her triumphantly to Hollywood. She entered it in the manner becoming a conqueror. I knew it would be a death struggle. Pola is an incorrigibly dominating person. Her five years of turbulence in the studio were marked by several fine pictures and many bad ones. Pola, who achieved her own likeness as "Carmen," certainly did not harmonize. The experts decided that what she needed was a big shot of "sympathy." It was like sugaring old wine.

Pola fought—"made a hell," as she says—but war is futile as we all know, especially in Hollywood. She was met by the baffling admission: "We try to do right but everything we do is wrong."

Thus Carmen met her Hollywood fate.

Her life in Hollywood was as eruptive as it had been in Europe. A long series of passion explosions, commencing with Charlie Chaplin as the romantic hero, kept the name of Negri popping in the headlines. The series culminated in her marriage to Prince Serge Mdivani, a youth driven from home by the Russian revolution. When Pola flung out of Hollywood, Serge and the title of Princess were among her possessions.

*The Princess is in the garden, I muse. How will she choose to make her appearance? She knows I have the humor to enjoy her dramatic gestures which drive the more Plymouth Americans into ferocious indignation. We*

(Continued on page 125)





Presenting Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons. Mrs. Gibbons, of course, is known to you as Dolores Del Rio. Mr. Gibbons and Miss Del Rio were married in the famous Santa Barbara Mission in the midst of the annual Fiesta. Their wedding in the old Spanish town, glowing with the blooms of the flowering eucalyptus trees and purple acacias, had the flavor of old-time romance. They spent their honeymoon at Santa Barbara, watching the Fiesta, and in Monterey. A detailed description of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons appears on page 100.





Armies of scenario writers labor in the studio heartbreak houses of Hollywood.

# How to SELL a STORY

Want to be a Scenario Writer? Read Scarface McEvoy's Advice—and Burn Your Movie Yarn Right Now

**Y**OU have a story to sell to the movies. Don't dissemble. You have, too! Else why should you you want to read this? (Oh, you *don't* want to? Why *are* you reading it then? You *aren't* reading it? Well, go outside and play, but keep away from that little Rudy Vallee boy next door. I don't want to hear any more crooning around here.)

But supposing you had a story to sell, you would want to go about selling it scientifically. For a sale is a complete transaction which can be analyzed, parsed, and divided into vitamins A, B and C—otherwise known as the approach to the subject, the drive or creation of desire, and the putt or closing.

**F**IRST, take the approach. Ask yourself first, who wants to buy your story? The answer is nobody. Who wants to buy any story for the movies? Same answer.

Now, let's look at the movie story market. Is it a bull market, or a bear market? It is a bull market. All bull, nothing but bull. And roughly divided into the East Coast Market and the West Coast Market. How does it operate? Well, I'll tell you, but don't let on where you heard it, or my name will be Denis. (Come to think of it, that's a nice name—Denis. Suppose you call me Denis from now on.)

Where was I? Oh, yes, the East Coast Market and

the West Coast Market. Well, the East Coast Market takes your story and sends it to the West Coast Market for consideration, while the West Coast takes your story and sends it to the East Coast for consideration. Now, where are you? Exactly! That's just where they want you.

While you are waiting for the West Coast to consider your East Coast story, and the East Coast to consider your West Coast story, you could starve, and quite frequently you do. And that's the whole idea. If you starve, they won't hear from you any more, thus cutting down the total number of stories under consideration, reducing the blood pressure, and generally toning up the entire system.

**W**E have now disposed of the question of markets. There still remain a few more approaches to consider. You can mail your story, first, second, third or fourth class, special delivery or registered. It won't matter, because nobody cares, anyway. You can also send it by airplane, carrier pigeon, dog team or blimp. Some of our best stories have been sent by blimp. Some writers try to deliver stories in person, but after they have been kicked down endless flights of marble stairs, they lose their enthusiasm for this method of approach.

The very best way to deliver a manuscript is to





The pitiful problem of a movie writer trying to concentrate in a Hollywood studio.

# to the MOVIES

BY  
J. P. McEVOY

DRAWING BY H. TEMPEST GRAVES

sign it with the name of a producer's youngest child, slip it under the door and run like the devil. It will appear months later as a super-technicolor, sound epic, and will be called "Her Sacrifice," because every producer's youngest child is always writing a picture called "Her Sacrifice."

Movies are made from all kinds of material—and I don't mean that to sound like a dirty crack. Some of them are stewed from short stories. Some are brewed from novels. Some are hi-jacked from plays, but most of them are original scripts, distilled from the heart-blood of young writers, who really ought to be out in the open air, getting a sparkle in those dull eyes, and roses in those wan cheeks.

There are huge kennels of these writers in Hollywood, where overseers walk up and down all day, slashing right and left with cruel black-snake whips, saying come on there, with that comedy for Jackie Oakie and, you over there, in the corner—where is that red-blooded drama for George Bancroft? And as for you, you craven (no relation to Frank) where is that wistful little fantasy for Janet Gaynor? Take that and that, and a couple of those.

**I**F you are working in one of these shambles, known affectionately among the boys as Heartbreak House, you needn't worry about selling your story to the movies. They have bought it already. And you,

too, and all your hopes and despairs, and heartaches, and headaches, and bellyaches. But if you are outside looking in, first I want to congratulate you, and second, I want to wish you many happy returns of the day, and third, I would like to sit down with you and talk things over, and give you a little vague, general and totally inadequate advice.

If you have a short story to sell to the movies, you will have many conferences, and luncheons, and your system will be full of clam-juice cocktails, and your head full of dreams of bigger and better movies and, after a number of conferences and luncheons, they will turn your story down. This will encourage you to write a novel, which they will buy because they like the title, and which they will make into a picture,

leaving everything out of the novel but the title, which will remain until the preview, when they will get a note from the Hays office, saying Mr. Hays is in Europe

now, but his secretary's girl friend just called up from Brooklyn and said her boy friend felt the title ought to be changed.

So, after a great deal of excitement and many, many conferences the title is changed, and your novel appears on Broadway as "Her Sacrifice." So you see, you should have taken my advice in the very beginning and slipped it under the door and saved yourself all this trouble.

Of course, there are a few (Continued on page 107)

**There's one sure way to sell a scenario. Read J. P. McEvoy's hilarious explanation here.**





Gone are the bizarre creations of Lon Chaney's make-up box—the macabre and startling shadows of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Penalty," "The Miracle Man," "The Unholy Three," "He Who Gets Slapped" and scores of other unforgettable films. It will be a long time before the screen will see the like of Lon Chaney as an imaginative character actor. For Chaney was the film's greatest master of make-up.



# The FACE of a Thousand Memories

Lon Chaney Was Hollywood's  
Least Known Star and the Pos-  
sessor of Its Strangest Past

By DICK HYLAND

**T**HE thousand faces that fascinated great audiences for years are stilled into one mask of peace. The long road of suffering has been traveled to the bitter end and the screen has lost an irreplaceable idol.

A poet has said that each man kills the thing he loves. It was the thing he loved that killed Lon Chaney. He died a victim of his art as surely as a doctor who dies fighting an epidemic. The work which was his life and his love and to which he sacrificed everything else took a last toll. His death was the final reckoning for years of overwork.

In his work Chaney put upon his human body more than it could stand and in the end nature rebelled.

The doctors will give you some long medical title to account for his untimely end. For months they fought to repair the damage. Operations, blood transfusion, everything known to science was resorted to.

But it was too late.

For years, beneath the make-up, Chaney has carried on his face the deep lines of suffering. He was less known in Hollywood than any other star and in person little known to the millions of fans who crowded to see his pictures.

If you met him on the lot, a hurrying, mysterious figure, you were startled by the pallor and the haggardness of his countenance. It was the same kind of a look that you sometimes see on athletes who have taken too much punishment. Pain had etched its story there for all to read.

Time and again he was told that he must not go on doing those rôles which demanded physical punishment beyond the ability of man to bear. Over and over he was warned. But I am sure Chaney would rather be dead than be alive and not able to work. His joy was in his title as the supreme make-up artist of all times. Every new characterization was a thrill to him. He thought, ate, slept, and breathed work.

The death sentence which was carried out so swiftly



Lon Chaney lived a life apart from the whirl of Hollywood. In the film colony he was often referred to as the man nobody knew. He did not go out at all socially. He had no other interest save his work—and he used to spend months studying his rôles and their proper make-up.

on a quiet Sunday afternoon as he lay in St. Vincent's Hospital, Los Angeles, his devoted wife attending him, did not come from his talkie version of "The Unholy Three." The throat affliction which was the immediate cause of his passing developed before that. But his breakdown followed immediately after he had completed this most difficult task of his whole career. He had to use ventriloquism for the microphone, and it was that which fatally irritated his ailing throat.

But the real beginning of the end came years ago when Chaney was doing "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "The Phantom of the Opera" and "The Penalty." And the picture with Joan Crawford, in which he played the unknown—an armless and legless man.

**D**AY after day on "The Hunchback" he was carried off the set on a stretcher because his cramped legs and back wouldn't allow him to walk. He would work for an hour and then the pain from the straps that bound him would grow so great that the sweat would begin to pour down his face and ruin his make-up. Toward the end he could only work for twenty minutes at a time.

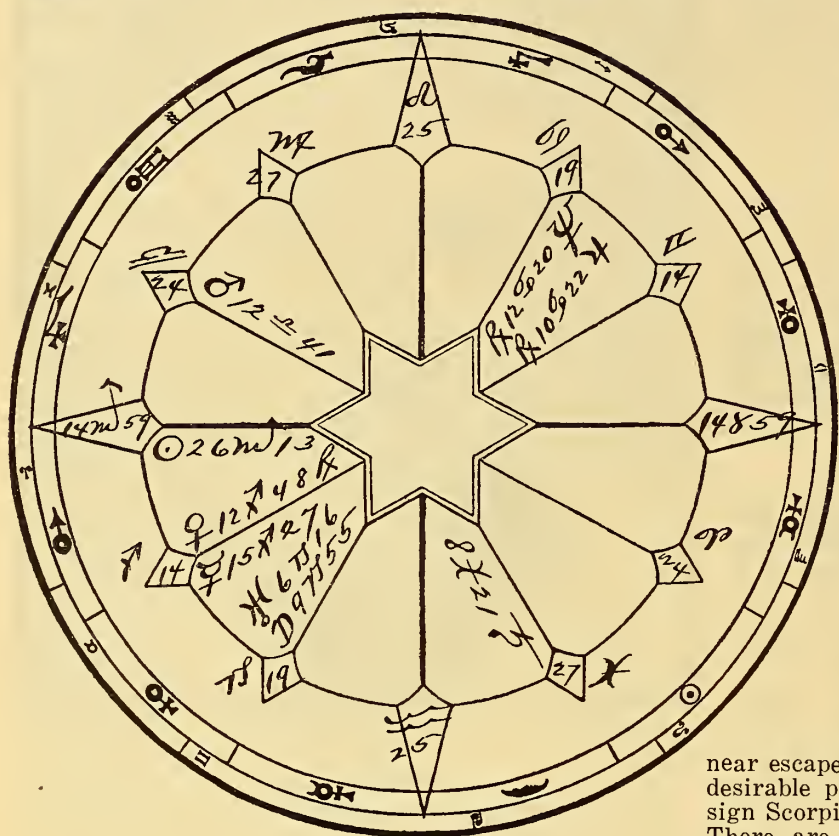
While he was playing the legless beggar in "The Penalty," the part that really started him on his great career and definitely settled his ambition to do that type of rôle, he used to faint on the set from the strain. Both forelegs were bound straight back and strapped against his thighs. In that position he had to go through difficult dramatic scenes. Try it yourself and you will see what real torture he endured.

No one else in the motion picture industry, from the time the first camera ground, ever experienced such physical suffering. But he didn't seem to care. Sometimes directors and producers would argue with him. It seemed madness for him to go on with those things. It had no effect. Only in the last three years he actually has been unable to do them.

Nothing else could have stopped him. (Cont'd on p. 90)



# EVANGELINE ADAMS



The horoscope of Nancy Carroll, who was born in New York City on November 19, 1906, at 6 a.m. under what Miss Adams terms the most favorable vibrations; vibrations which almost invariably confer beauty or symmetry or personal charm—and sometimes all three, as in the case of Miss Carroll.

**W**HENEVER a beautiful, cuddly little girl like Nancy Carroll comes to my studio to have her horoscope read, I find myself trembling lest I find in her chart some planetary condition which belies the impression she has made upon me. And if the little girl happens to be a movie actress, I tremble all the harder. For they are clever, these motion picture actresses: they fool even an astrologer—until she begins to read their stars.

I had a case like that, well within the memory of older fans, of a young girl who was confidently expected to become Mary Pickford's successor. Poor Mary! And her poor successors! They haven't found one yet. But that does not alter the fact that this young girl was, like Miss Carroll, very beautiful; and, again like her, very talented and promising. But she had a terrible horoscope! The Moon in her chart was afflicted—a condition which indicated trouble with her mother—and the quarrels between mother and daughter have since become public property in the newspapers and the courts. Venus was afflicted—indicating danger from gossip or scandal. Jupiter was afflicted—indicating loss of fortune—and the youthful star's contract, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars, has never been renewed.

**I** DON'T like to read horoscopes like that. They depress me and make me less fit to help those who have more of a chance with fate. But, fortunately for me, and more fortunately for her, I find nothing in Nancy

Carroll's horoscope which indicates that she is anything other than what millions of fans believe her to be: an utterly charming, appealing young person, who is, although such a thing seems hardly possible, quite as good as she looks. And, astrologically speaking, there is every good reason why this is so; because she was born under vibrations which almost invariably confer beauty or symmetry or personal charm—sometimes one, sometimes, as in the case of this lucky girl, all three. It is also written in the astrology books which come down to us from the Chaldeans and the Babylonians that people born under these vibrations, if they make use of their opportunities, always acquire a keen appreciation of the arts and frequently become proficient in them. Hence, Nancy Carroll, charming young woman; and Nancy Carroll, gifted young actress!

But you, Nancy, probably know these things. You certainly know that you are beautiful and symmetrical and charming. Your looking glass would tell you that if your fan mail didn't. And you know, by the popularity of your pictures and the size of your salary check, that you are an unusually gifted young artist. *What you probably don't know* is that you had near escape from being a very different and much less desirable person. You were born under the powerful sign Scorpio, symbolized by the scorpion and the eagle. There are as great differences between the highest and lowest types born under this sign as between the soaring eagle and the stinging scorpion. You, Nancy, are very fortunate in being an eagle.

The Sun, which is rising in your horoscope, indicates a loftiness of ideas and a self-respecting pride, which, if properly controlled, will keep your activities on a high plane. You cannot tolerate anything petty or mean; your actions are prompted by the highest motives; but you should guard against becoming too dictatorial or taking offense too easily. This force, uncontrolled, might lead to an exhibitionist complex; controlled, it will attract good fortune, raise you far above the station in which you were born, and make you a constructive force in the world.

**S**ATURN, the great disciplinarian, was in the sign Pisces when you were born. Pisces rules the feet, so look out especially for those important parts of your equipment. I don't say you have cold feet—one would dare to say that of so lovely a creature—but a good many Saturn-in-Pisces people have; and I do say that you should be very careful about getting your feet wet: they are not your strongest point. This position of Saturn gives executive ability along artistic lines, which should help you in your work; but, socially, it has a disorganizing effect, leading to many love affairs of the not-too-lasting kind. You will have much to give to all sorts of people, but will profit yourself through very few. You should not take too much advice from friends, and you should never lend them money with any hope of getting it back.

The aggressive, courageous, but sometimes quarrelsome planet Mars was dominant in the heavens when you were born: a fact which gives you a contradictory side to your nature which does not harmonize with its natural sweetness. Sudden bursts of anger in which you may indulge at times will be due to these conflicting vibrations; but, unfortunately, this fact will not be known to others. Be careful of these Mars vibrations.



# READS THE STARS

## The Famous Astrologer Tells About the Magnetic November Sign of Scorpio—and Talks about Nancy Carroll and Other Favorites Born This Month

Cultivate self-mastery. Strive to be a booster and an optimist, not a knocker and a pessimist. Avoid being too finicky. I give you this advice for your physical welfare quite as much as for your social or professional good. Anger generates a psychic poison which disorganizes the whole nervous system; and you are so sensitively organized that you are more in danger of suffering from poisons and drugs than the ordinary mortal. The position of Neptune in your chart indicates that you may have an unreasoning fear of death, but that, as a matter of fact, you should look forward to this ultimate transition with the calmest possible feelings. It may amuse you to know that many undertakers, who certainly have reason as a class to look upon death with equanimity, have Neptune similarly placed!

**V**ENUS is in the magnetic sign Sagittarius in your astrological chart. Venus rules pleasures and Sagittarius rules outdoor sports, especially those connected with horses and dogs. You should devote part of your time to these recreations. Venus in Sagittarius does not make people over-physical in their affections. In fact, Sagittarius is sometimes called the Bachelor Sign. You may, therefore, be even more capricious than so pretty a girl has a right to be in placing your affections, although your devotion, once secured, should be constant and enduring. You have a contrary vein in your nature, however, which may cause you to be indifferent toward those who seek your love and to crave the affections of those who are indifferent to you or out of your sphere.

Members of your own sex may play an important part in your destiny; and unless you exercise great discretion, they may interfere with your friendships with men or with your happiness in marriage. The husbands of your women



The year 1930, says Evangeline Adams, will not be one of Nancy Carroll's best years. Miss Adams believes that Miss Carroll is capable of doing a much more difficult kind of work before the camera than she has ever attempted. She will make a beginning on that work in 1931, predicts Miss Adams, the astrologer.

friends may resent your influence over their wives. As for your relations with your mother, you might either develop a mother complex or bitterly resent any attempts on her part to influence you. You should be very popular, as indeed you are, with the feminine members of your audiences.

You are not only intuitive but also prophetic. When the telephone rings, you often know who is calling; and before receiving a letter you will frequently think of the writer. Your impulsiveness may make you too outspoken—you should look out for this, because your Mercury as well as your Venus is in the direct, arrow-like sign Sagittarius—and your fine sense of humor may lead you to offend people by making fun of them.

One side of your nature is generous and impulsive, while the other is critical and inclined to fault-finding. My advice to you is to avoid being

**If you were born under the powerful sign of Scorpio, between October 22 and November 21, you have—**

**Tremendous force, great driving power and ability to do things.**

**You live within yourself.**

**You are shrewd and penetrating, you are moody and easily aroused to anger.**

**Your chief danger is inability to adjust yourself to surroundings.**



# ADVICE from the world's most famous ASTROLOGER

too shrewd or too cautious about your financial and professional affairs. You may be sure that fate will look out for you best when you obey your most generous impulses. Sleep on all important decisions, but in the end do as you yourself think best.

Jupiter, which is rightly called the Greater Fortune, was in aspect to several planets when you were born, indicating that you would handle large sums of money and deal generally in big figures—which you certainly have done!—but also indicating that you would have many ups and downs in your financial affairs. Don't worry. Even when affairs are at their worst, you should not lose faith. You will find an eleventh-hour friend. People with horoscopes like yours always do!

**T**HE year 1930, in spite of your many successful pictures, is not one of your best years. I should be surprised if your dealings, especially with women, had done you any good this year. Last Spring and this Fall, you may have felt especially out of harmony with yourself and with the world. I don't see how it could have been otherwise with two malefic planets in discordant aspect. You may also have suffered from treachery or jealousy. In fact, it might be well during the remaining months of the year to be a little skeptical of propositions made to you, to make sure that selfishness or ulterior motives do not prompt them. Saturn is unfriendly right now to your Jupiter, which cuts you off from achieving your greatest fortune. I wouldn't get involved with the law at such a time. And things may not seem to be much better in early 1931: you may make



JACK OAKIE:

A Scorpio young man who will have "more prosperity than falls to the lot of the average fellow."

you. But you are moody and easily roused to anger. You are inclined to be critical of others but bitterly resent criticism of yourself. Learn to control your temper. And if you must fight, fight fairly.

You were born in one of the most magnetic signs of the Zodiac. You have tremendous powers; and you owe it to yourself and to the world to learn how to use them. Your chief danger is that you will not adjust yourself to your surroundings and learn to appreciate and appraise your associates. If you don't allow your moods to make a slave of you or your temper to get the better of you, you should make a success of almost anything you seriously undertake. You don't need to worry if things go temporarily against you. With your ability, you should be able to recoup any loss and to turn any defeat into victory. Don't forget that you are born under one of the most powerful signs in the Zodiac, and that you are under obligation to use its powers for the common good.

Not only great motion picture stars are born under your sign but many great men and women in all lines: Theodore Roosevelt, Robert Louis Stevenson, Sarah Bernhardt, Owen D. Young, George Eliot, Hetty Green, Maude Adams, John Philip Sousa, Henry Van Dyke and Billy Sunday.

It is easy to see by the variety of interests and professions represented in this list that the Scorpio person who properly controls his great powers may succeed in almost anything. It is a fact, however, that the lines in which they are most likely to succeed are music, chemistry, mechanics, railroads, surgery, nursing, criticism, and—if they are men—in military and naval affairs. Scorpio people are usually endowed with robust constitutions which protect them from illness, and with great powers of recuperation; but if ill health does threaten, it is well for them to watch especially any unfavorable symptoms affecting the groin, the bladder, or the organs of generation.

Life partners of Scorpio people should be chosen—according to Solar biology, which is a sort of poor relation of Astrology—from people born under Pisces or Cancer. But in this, as in all other matters affecting the destiny, I cannot draw an absolutely accurate horoscope unless I know the year, month, day and preferably the hour and place in which you were born.

Faithfully yours,

*Evangelina Adams*

large sums of money and have great difficulty in hanging on to them. If so, you can blame the erratic planet Uranus. But Jupiter will be strongly with you during the first four months of 1931; and with his powerful help you should throw off many of the threatening influences of Saturn and Uranus.

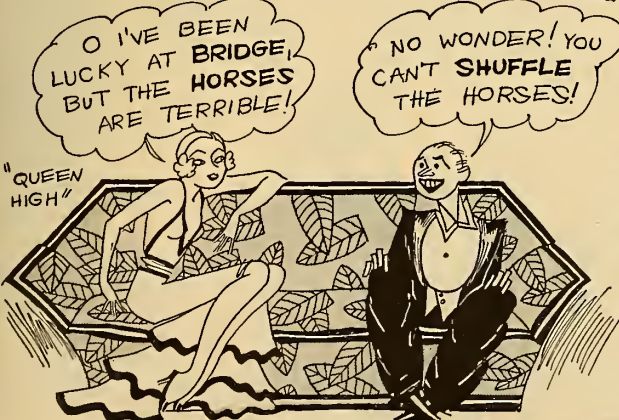
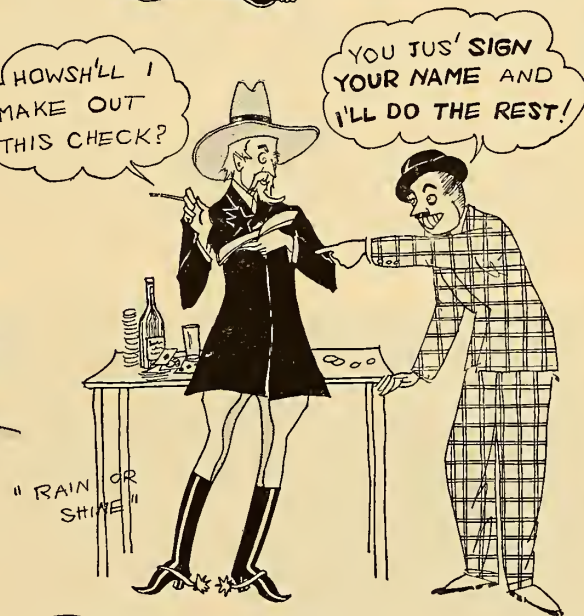
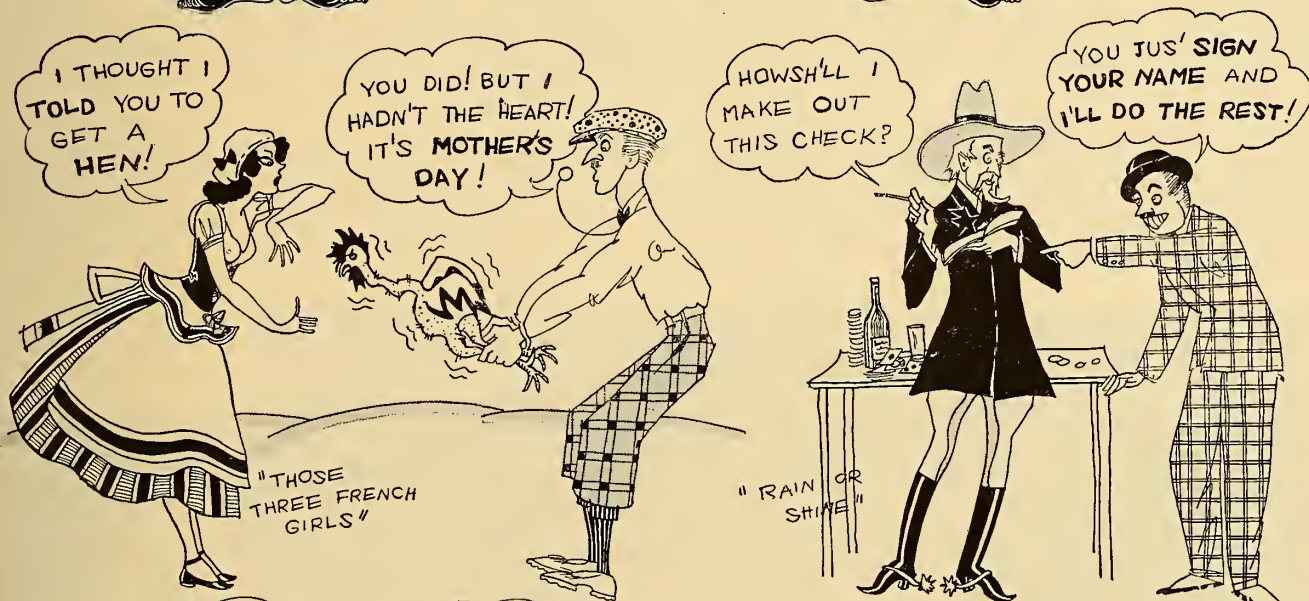
The latter planet will itself compensate you for its annoyances by stimulating the harmonious, pleasure-giving Venus, which will not only make you more attractive socially and romantically, but will increase your magnetism and aid you in your profession. To the artist side of you, it will mean more inspiration and a wider scope for your talents. Uranus will also be friendly to Mercury, which rules the mind, which should create a favorable opportunity for making contracts or dealing with large corporations. (You are not, however, the kind of person who should make long contracts.) Should an opportunity for making a change lead up to you naturally, however, during the first four months of 1931, I should advise considering it very carefully, particularly if you are dissatisfied or feel that you are at a standstill. Personally and as an astrologer, I feel that you are capable of doing a much more difficult kind of work before the camera than you have ever attempted. You should make a beginning on that work in 1931.

I could go on giving you these planetary indications month by month and year by year for the rest of

your life. But I am not sure that you would have the patience to read them. And even some of your most devoted fans might get tired of hearing about the heavenly pranks of Venus (Continued on page 119)



# LAUGHS of the FILMS







# VISITS to the GREAT STUDIOS

A Tour of the Fox Plant,  
Created by the Able  
Winfield Sheehan

Winfield Sheehan, vice president and general manager of Fox Films, at his desk in Movietone City. The shrewd and able Mr. Sheehan is the man who made Fox Films what they are today and who turned a dream into a great production program.

such thing as artificial lighting. When the sun went behind a cloud all production stopped until it came out again. Remember that beginning when you look at Movietone City at Fox Hills.

**Y**OU have heard about the house that Jack built. Even about the mansion belonging to Harold Lloyd that laughs built.

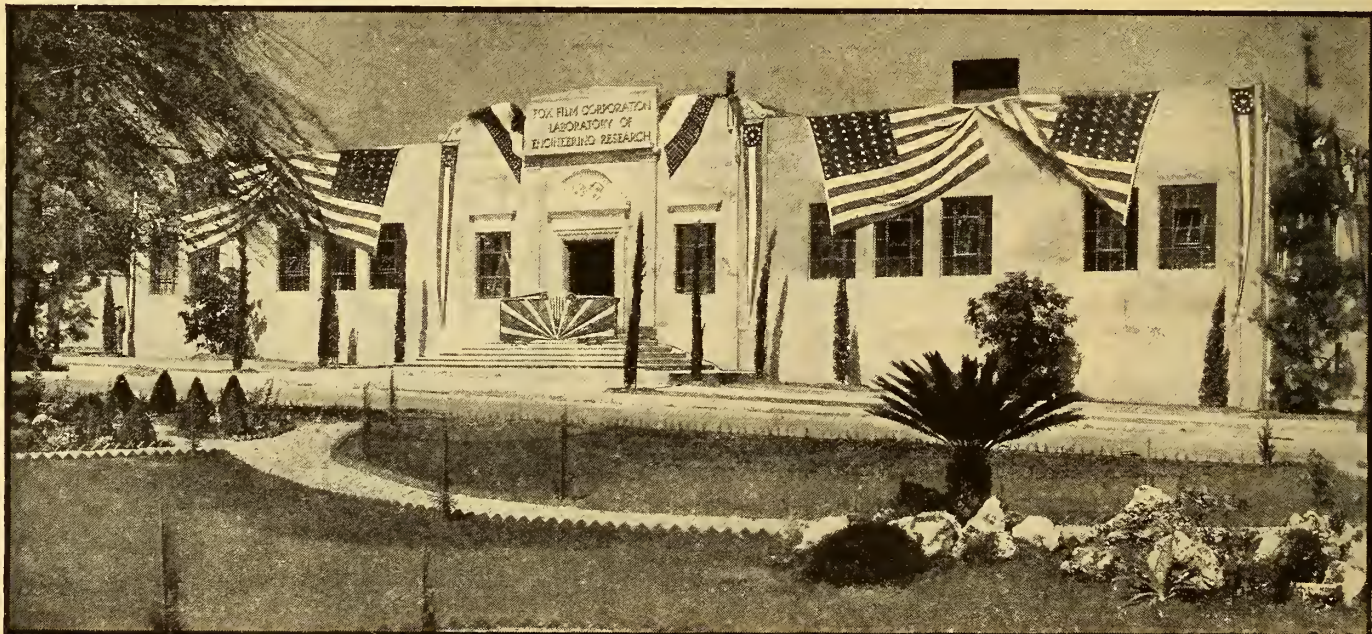
Well, now we come to the studio that the kiddies built—the Fox Studio.

Fifteen years ago William Fox came to Hollywood to make motion pictures. He erected a place out Edendale Road, across the street from Mack Sennett's famous studio. It was little more than a large barn, a still larger outdoor wooden platform—both with a high fence around them. The studio boasted of no

**W**ILLIAM FARNUM was the big shot in pictures in those days and received the munificent salary of \$200 a week. Today there are thousands of men and women in the motion-picture industry getting far more salary than that.

Theda Bara, the first and perhaps greatest of the screen vampires, made a picture for William Fox in New York. It was called "A Fool There Was" and became the box-office sensation of the day. It made sufficient money to enable William Fox to bring Theda to California and look around for a bigger and better

Below, the beautiful new building at Movietone City devoted to engineering research. Experiments in every line of photography and sound recording are conducted here. The experiments developed in this house may revolutionize the whole industry at any time.







Fox Movietone City, looking south from the Santa Monica Gate. Santa Monica Boulevard is in the immediate foreground. South from the great wall stretches the maze of exterior sets in which the scenery of every corner of the globe is accurately reproduced. Beyond lie the huge permanent structures of the city.

studio site. He bought six and one-half acres at Sunset Boulevard and Western Avenue. That was in 1916. Thirteen years before the property had been traded for a pair of trotting horses. Today it is valued at half a million dollars.

William Fox now had a good site for a studio, but not a great deal of money with which to build one. He struggled along for a year.

Then came Tom Mix, his mare Blue, his horse Tony—and the kiddies—to the rescue.

**TOM MIX** was never a great attraction to the general adult public except in foreign countries. But to the children, the kiddies, he was a riot. They adored the wild and woolly West Tom gave as a setting to all his pictures. They cheered as he

“plugged” the villain and rescued the foreman’s daughter or the pretty blond stranger, either of whom he married almost at once. They flocked to the theaters which showed his pictures. Nickels and dimes, and later, quarters and half dollars rolled into William Fox’s moneybags from the kiddies. And he rolled them

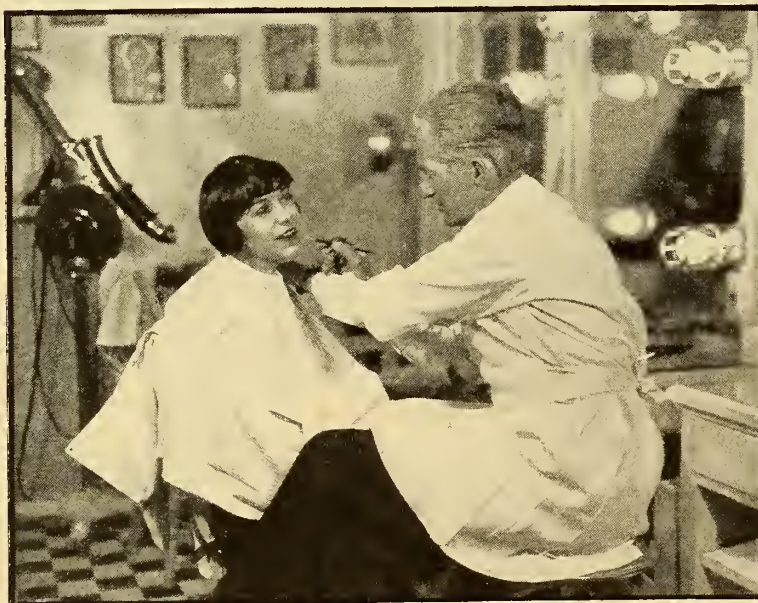


At the right, one of the mammoth sound stages at the Fox Hollywood studios. In the adjoining structure at the left are the dressing rooms with open balconies.





Warner Baxter reads his fan mail in his dressing room at the great Movietone City.



In the make-up department: Charles Dudley (above) adds piquancy to Fifi Dorsay's lips.



right back out again, building his Western Avenue studio.

Still the dollars rolled in. Fox bought theaters in which to show his pictures, and built up a reserve which enabled the Fox Company to expand later and start Movietone City in Beverly Hills—the greatest of modern studios.

Other stars were on the Fox payroll in those days from 1917 to 1923. Among them John Gilbert who was then getting \$100 a week (Jack is now being paid one-half million dollars a year for making two pictures every twelve months for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Milton Sills, Miriam Cooper and Theda Bara. But it was Tom Mix and Tony, through the support of the kiddies, who held up the weight of the Fox program and the building of all its studios.

**WINFIELD SHEEHAN**, crack New York newspaper man and as smart as all the pixies of Galway, was the man upon whose shoulders the Hollywood end of the Fox company rested. He knew about Fox's expansion program in the matter of theaters. William Fox was buying every theater he could get his hands on. Winnie Sheehan set as his job to keep pictures in this great chain of movie houses Fox was buying all over the world.

Looking around the Western Avenue studio, seeing every inch of space jammed with stages, laboratories, offices and what not, he saw that the production end of the Fox Film Company had reached an impasse. They could not increase production over what it was in this old, worn, slightly out-of-date studio. Something had to be done, and quickly.

Between Hollywood and the setting sun Winnie Sheehan found a rolling cactus and sagebrush dotted stretch of wasteland. He bought it, named it Fox Hills, and had the site for Movietone City, the greatest and most modern

At the lower left Victor McLaglen and Mona Maris pause between scenes for a chat at Movietone City. Below, El Brendel and little Marjorie White try out some candy off stage on the Fox Hollywood lot.







Top, the entrance to the West lot at the Fox Hollywood plant. Western Avenue divides the 13 1-2 acres which comprise the studio grounds into two sections, called the East lot and the West lot. Every year a Christmas tree adorns the West lot entrance. Right, the fountain in the heart of the West lot. Here congregate the famous actors between scenes to talk things over. It is the studio crossroads. Below, the main entrance to the administration building of the Fox Hollywood Studios. Note the military appearing page boys at the office entrance.



of the motion-picture studios and the place where all Fox pictures will be made in the future. One hundred and eight acres, and Winnie Sheehan had not only the imagination to picture this massive studio, but the ability to make it a tangible fact.

**A**LREADY it is a perfect, working studio. But within the next six months thirty-six more buildings will be completed within the fourteen foot wall which encloses all except that part of the land set aside for outdoor sets and storage buildings.

Flowers, trees and plants were brought from all over the world for the landscaping of this studio and thousands of dollars are being spent to make it a thing of beauty as well as an efficient screen production plant. Strolling about between its towering stages and administration buildings you will come upon a street called the Champs Elysées — and think from the trees and shrubbery (*Continued on page 96*)



# ALMOST an ACTOR

BY JIM TULLY



Roistering sailors both—Jim Tully and Jack Gilbert. It was the duty of Johnny Waters, the assistant director, to make Tully look rougher than any sailor on land or sea—and Tully admits that he succeeded.

**I**N whose brain the idea was conceived that I should become almost an actor, no man tells. Apparently it is something of which no man can be proud. Perhaps there will be no harm done if I divulge that it was Irving Thalberg, the brilliant general-manager at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, who suggested the idea to me. Others claim that Eddie Mannix, the business manager of M.-G.-M., is responsible for it.

After working for two months on the dialogue for "Trader Horn," I was summoned to Thalberg's office. Wondering if he wanted to fire me why he didn't just telephone the order to Albert Lewin, his supervisor on that film, I walked, with fear and trepidation, to Irving Thalberg's headquarters.

As we have always been shy in the presence of each other, this meeting was no exception. "You know," he said, after a few preliminaries, "you are an unusual-looking fellow." Flattery before discharge was nothing unusual, I remembered.

"You mean," I finally answered, "I'm rather a homely fellow."

He paused for a second as if inclined to agree. Then he asked, "Did you ever act?"

**I** ADMITTED that through lack of bread on a rainy day in a period forever gone, that I had once been weak, round-heeled and erring, and had acted in a film.

"Would you mind acting with Jack Gilbert?" he asked in a voice as soft as if the fate of nations depended upon the last velvet word.

Being an artist at heart, I dropped the broad and undeviating hint that if sufficient root of all evil were planted in my back yard, I might easily be induced to join that throng of egotistic and blatant vagabonds that I had often, not without laughter and justice, condemned.

An Irishman can always find reasons for everything he does. All other races have this in common with the Irish. That is why history is full of explanations: murder, rapine and sudden death by poison. All is explained—by those who feel that explanations are necessary.

Irving Thalberg very graciously intimated that enough money would be forthcoming to heal any wounds of bleeding dignity which I might have left. We wept in each other's arms at the wedding of business and art. I wandered from his presence with many thoughts in my mind. . . .

**T**HERE were a thousand examples to soothe the ache in my money-corroded heart. My old grandfather loved whiskey and he could never be made to understand why men loved beer. I am his most truculent grandson, and I could never be made to understand why men wanted to act.

The thought came to me—*Get the money—Emerson is right—the highest price any man can pay for a thing is to ask for it.* I had been forced to ask a few times in my life; to pick the crumbs from the tables of rich men.

Besides, there was something else to lull my golden fancy. Long had I labored with John Howard Lawson, one of the gentlest and most gifted of men, on the dialogue for "Trader Horn."

A million dollars had been spent on this film. It had been shot in Africa, from the scenario, and came back, a travelogue with no charm.

Irving Thalberg and his supervisor, Albert Lewin, shrewdly decided the film needed the whimsical quality that had made the delightful old hero of the book loved around the world.

On the strength of what I had done with an old man in "Shanty Irish," I was engaged to work with John Howard Lawson on the dialogue.

The first day of my engagement I very foolishly took the volume of "Trader Horn" with me to the studio. It was lying upon Mr. Lewin's desk when W. S. Van Dyke, the director of the film, entered the room.

He looked at the book. "You'd better throw that away," he suggested. Mr. Lewin, the greatest student of literature who ever entered the films, looked for a brief moment a trifle surprised.

Reading men from boyhood, I quickly sensed the situation. Van Dyke, an inhibited holdover from a two or three hundred year old New England family as repressed as himself, had developed a definite complex against the old rascal who was Trader Horn. A factual matter-of-fact man is W. S. Van Dyke. As limited as a train on a narrow gauge New England railroad. Blood brother of the fellow in the romantic and staid Mr. Wister's sugary "Virginian." Mr. Van Dyke is the kind of a fellow who would say to another, "When you say that *smile*," completely overlooking the fact that what the other gentleman said was a biological impossibility.

Too old in films to expect too much of any director,



# —At Least the Famous Author, Jim Tully, Plays a Sailor in Jack Gilbert's New Seagoing Film

unless it were one that God in his infinite irony had created without my knowledge, I took Mr. Van Dyke's disdain of the book as evidence of the average viewpoint of the average director. Mr. Van Dyke elucidated further that the grandiloquent Mr. Horn was "a damned old liar." Rabelais poking Calvin Coolidge under the ribs would be about as easy to imagine as getting Mr. Van Dyke to view with tolerance and understanding such an old ne'er-do-well as Trader Horn.

MY amazement grew when I wondered why this man had been sent to spend a million dollars on a tale, the leading character of which he hated with a true New England venom. I gave it up after a time, as I have other books to write and other dreams to dream.

Two and a half months of endless bickering between five men—Irvig Thalberg, who actually has no superior in the business of films; Albert Lewin, whose talent brought him from fifty dollars a week to two thousand dollars weekly in eight years; John Lawson, the author of several decent dramas; Van Dyke and myself. And it had all ended in nothing. My heart was heavy.

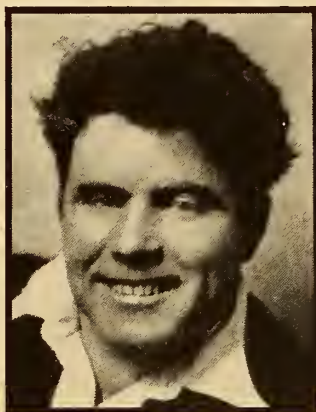
All around me I had seen callow college men doing dialogue for underworld films while I, the author of books from the very vitals of that world, was not even considered. And so I smiled ironically when it was decided to use me to put a whimsical quality into "Trader Horn."

Feeling that, while I did not cover my retreat from "Trader Horn" with glory, I had at least been clever enough to vanish in a smoke screen, and thus becloud the issue, as all successful people do in pictures, I turned my eyes sadly to the future and became one of Armour's best and cheapest hams by becoming almost an actor with Jack Gilbert and Wally Beery.

THE film in which I was to appear was called "Way For a Sailor." In the last line of the film Mr. Gilbert carries the young lady, whom he has won after the usual hectic preliminaries of love in the story, through a group of people as curious as sophisticated New Yorkers when a fire alarm sounds. Above the roar of tumult and the fevered churning of life Jack Gilbert yells "Way For a Sailor."

Thus the play is christened while I, with others, merge into the prosaic and unbeautiful surrounding from whence

In "Way for a Sailor" Jack Gilbert, Wallace Beery and Jim Tully play three musketeers who roam the ports of the world. Is Tully a good actor? We reserve our decision.



JIM TULLY  
The author who almost became an actor.

I came, feeling that when the man in the Bible bewailed there were three things he was unable to understand—the way of a ship on the ocean, the way of a bird in the air, and the way of a man with a maid—that had he looked ahead a few thousand years he might have added: the way of a film in the making.

When it was announced that I was to play in the film, I went with publicity writers and photographers to the home of the motion picture star. He was never more charming and, as usual, a trifle sad.

IT was the idea of the publicity department to have Mr. Gilbert and myself photographed in the act of burying a hatchet. When told of the plan, Jack Gilbert smiled and said to me: "All right, Jim, here goes the last shred of our dignity." I had buried my dignity so often I knew just what to do.

So we posed and buried the last shred with the hatchet. Gilbert's home, a mansion in good taste, is on one of the highest points in Beverly Hills. Far below were the homes of thousands upon thousands of the mongrels of destiny who would flock to see the film in which we were to appear and talk of our work as though we were Hamlet and Othello going down the eternal road together.

Leaving Gilbert's house I reflected upon the tragedy that is Hollywood. Here was a man raised to an eminence by a public more fickle than a college girl with a slight knowledge of Freud. His ten thousand dollars per week had brought him not nearly as much happiness as the shoe clerk at thirty dollars for the same period, whose chief worries are the rent, the grocery bill, the instalments on the Ford, the radio, and the last child which God has sent.

It is a platitude as old as the everlasting hills—that money does not bring happi- (Continued on page 120)







Paris night life, as contrasted with Hollywood's night gayety, shown on the page opposite. Herb Howe says the benignancy you acquire in Paris is due to the tables on the sidewalk, permitting you to be among people yet not of them too much.

# The HOLLYWOOD



Herb Howe discovers that the London guide books identify London Bridge as the place under which Charlie Chaplin played as a child. So far does Hollywood's influence reach!

## *Paris, France:*

Sitting at the table on the sidewalk under the trees at midnight, with a demi-blonde before me (not what you think but just a glass of light beer) I feel benevolent toward the entire world, a sentiment which rarely suffuses me in Hollywood, even under exhortation of Aimee McPherson.

This benignancy is not due to the beer, for I feel the same with lemonade or Vichy. The charm of Europe over America seems to me to be due to just this simple fixture—the table on the sidewalk. It permits you to be among people yet not of them too much, to enjoy the feeling of fellowship without yielding integrity or freedom. An individual cannot be social without compromising his individuality. And intimacy with the same society, while it may not breed contempt, certainly induces boredom in an active mind.

Ennui is the chief cause of excessive drinking in Hollywood. A creative artist has a ravening mind which quickly exhausts one pasture; he must either proceed to fresh fields or perish in the stubble. That is why you find Hollywood and directors rushing off to Europe. It is an unconscious quest for new impressions...

Illustrations by  
KEN CHAMBERLAIN





Hollywood night life, such as it is. In Paris, says Herb Howe, you can sit up all night if you choose and Paris will sit up with you. In Hollywood, if you move about too much at night, you are liable to be frisked by an anxious policeman.

# BOULEVARDIER By HERB HOWE

A "kick" for the mind and refreshment of the personality which has become parched in the uneventful sunshine and society of studiopolis.

In the past, actors, artists and writers were for the most part Bohemians. That is, they moved about free of community ties. Instead of accumulating household possessions they accumulated mental ones. In Hollywood today the artist spends his spare time writing checks, managing a household, fighting off salesmen and going to social affairs because it's good "business." Recreation in Hollywood means tennis, swimming and golf. These aid the artist about as much as a knowledge of Shakespeare helps the prize-fighter.

**No Place in America to Sit**—I recall the observation of a Javanese youth who came to Hollywood to work in pictures. "America is marvelous" he said, "but there is no place to sit!"

Every other country in the world has its communal meeting places where humanity may be observed from a sitting position. In Hollywood you have to keep moving. And if you move too much in the same street you are liable to be picked up for vagrancy.

In Paris, if you choose to sit up all night, Paris will sit up with you. In Hollywood if you are out after midnight the cops are liable to frisk you and send you home—or elsewhere.

There's the difference between the "gayety" of Hollywood and Paris.

**I**N Paris, Hollywood stars declare their love for Hollywood. On their return to Hollywood they announce they have purchased a château in France to which they intend retiring. There's no place like home—when

## Mr. Howe sits at a Paris Sidewalk Table and Considers Life, the Movies and Other Problems—Hunting the Apache with Warner Oland

you don't happen to be there.

**The Gypsy Gish**—Lillian Gish is a fine artist, therefore a gypsy.

She has been living in an obscure little hotel on the left bank here and going about

with George Jean Nathan, to whom she is sometimes reported engaged and sometimes married. She is scheduled to play Ophelia on the New York stage this winter. If she does it for the talkies the title no doubt will be "Her Mad Night"—companion to "Her Romantic Night."

Shakespeare might have created Ophelia with Lillian in mind. I do not mean that Lillian is in the least mad; on the contrary, she is distinguished among stars for sanity. Critics have disparaged her work by saying she is a "technician." An actress, it seems, should not be studious. They believe she should simply take a drink and rush on inspired. Da Vinci painted mathematically and he is still pretty good at the box office. So is Lillian.

Lillian is the most methodical person I know. Her daily routine clicks with the precision of a speedometer . . . from setting-up exercises in the morning before an opened window to—what shall I say?—cold cream and prayers at night. She has the appearance of a fragile lily and the endurance of a village smithy. She is, more than any actress I know, her own creation. Her only interest apart from the objects of natural affection is her work. She allows herself no material attachments. She's almost Buddhistic in this.

Visiting my former villino in Beverly Hills with her mother, she remarked: "You should never be a householder, you should be a gypsy."

"I wanted a place for my books," I bromided lamely.

"You can carry a whole library of the little Blue Books in a suitcase," she retorted.



# HERBERT HOWE GOSSIPS ABOUT PARIS AND HOLLYWOOD

This reminded me of Alice Terry's reply to my question, "Where in all the world would you like best to live?"

"In my suitcase," said Alice tersely.

ONLY abroad can you realize the universal influence of Hollywood. Already she is overshadowing the history of Europe. I find London Bridge identified in a guide book as the bridge under which Charlie Chaplin played as a child.

**Anita Prefers Europe**—Anita Loos, with Husband John Emerson, once Hollywood director, dropped upon Paris recently. Everyone drops on to Paris from London. Anita authored herself to fame with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." But she made a fortune before that as a scenario writer. She was the first to put wit in subtitles. Much of the success of the early Fairbanks pictures was due to her drollery. Now she and her husband, being very rich, spend most of their time in Europe. In an interview in Paris Anita described Hollywood as awful. She was on her way to buy a tomb for herself in Vienna—wise precaution if she intends returning to Hollywood.

**Hollywood Novels**—Dorothy Herzog, author of the Hollywood novel, "Some Like It Hot," has joined the Hollywood colony here. Possibly it got too hottie for Dottie in Hollywood. Of course she is craizee about Paree. "But do you think you will feel like working here?" she was asked.

"I feel like working at all hours, at all times in any country," said Dot. (That's the way you feel after one Pernod, but just wait until the third and see what your plans are!)

Herb Crooker's "The Hollywood Murder Mystery" is a hot seller in Brentano's here. "Queer People" more Hollywood canned heat, by the Graham boys, has just arrived.

"I hear you are writing a Hollywood novel," Pola Negri accused me.

"Non—I am the one who isn't," I said. . . . After all, there must be a reading public, and I am it.

Give people a little leisure and they become Hollywood authors or Chicago gunmen. Novel writing seems to be a peaceful solution of the unemployment problem. But give me a sawed-off shot-gun any time in preference to a self-filler.

**Hunting the Apache**—I escorted the Warner Olands through the Rue de Lapp, considered the most sinister street in Paris. Few streets can live up to their reputation for evil, as anyone knows who knows Hollywood boulevard. After an hour in the bright-lighted



Herb Howe reports that Lillian Gish is going to play Ophelia in "Hamlet" on the New York stage next season. He is afraid that, if she plays Ophelia in the talkies, the title will be changed to "Her Mad Night" to match her last film, "Her Romantic Night."

Bal Bousca, where the Apaches dance with their molls to the strains of "Happy Days," Mrs. Oland became impatient:

"I should like to see someone who looks tough," she exclaimed with an asperity that made me feel a hoax of a host.

"Pardon me, madame," I said frenchily. "You are from Hollywood. Furthermore, you dwell with the most sinister of cinema monsters, Dr. Fu Manchu. Naturally these boys seem to you just a lot of disgusting little Galahads."

In Hollywood they do Apaches much better than they do themselves. See Hollywood first and you are liable to be bored by the rest of the world—unless, of course, you have the good fortune to be shot in Chicago or pickpocketed in Paree. Even these things they do almost as well in Hollywood now.

**Our Best Oriental Villain**—Warner Oland made his screen debut appropriately in "Sin," with Theda Bara. His first Chinese character was the villain in "Patria" with Irene Castle. It established him as the leading Mongol of the screen. Dr. Fu flowers out from a long career of Oriental villainy.

A Swede, Oland was born so close to the Northern lights that he is suspected of being a Laplander. He came to America when thirteen, speaking only Swedish. At nineteen he was speaking Shakespearean English from

the stage. He married Edith Shearn while appearing in a one-act play she wrote. With her trousseau money they produced Ibsen's "Love Comedy" in New York. The profits amounted to two hundred dollars. They spent the Summer translating Strindberg's "The Father" from the Swedish. Warner played it in the Fall to the acclaim of New York critics. Thus penniless, he sought pictures. Always a student of Hindu and Oriental philosophy he got under the make-up of his Chinese rôles. He became the outstanding Oriental villain with the result that he owns an island off the coast of Mexico, vast tracts of Hollywood real estate and a farm in New England to which he retires occasionally. Just now he is touring Europe in a flivver, hailed everywhere by flappers. Yet there are people who contend that crime doesn't pay in the end.

**Vive Garbo et Chevalier**—The most popular stars over here right now are Garbo and Chevalier. This is quite a feather in our cap, one being Swede and the other French.

"Who are the most popular stars in America?" I am asked.

"Garbo and Chevalier," I reply, being polite. But according to the letters I receive, Buddy Rogers is the panting interest. (Continued on page 127)





Photograph by William Grimes

## THE GIRL OF PLYMOUTH

A Thanksgiving camera study posed by Dorothy Jordan.





Photograph by Manatt

JOAN CRAWFORD





Photograph by Hurrell

LAWRENCE TIBBETT





Photograph by Fred R. Archer

WINNIE LIGHTNER





JOYCE COMPTON





Lilyan Tashman considers her short ermine wrap to be a wardrobe economy, although it cost \$1,500. It can be worn appropriately with any gown, thus replacing many expensive matching wraps.

**A**DAM began worrying about the price of fig leaves as soon as he and Eve were banished from their sunny California orange groves. Eve had eaten a New York State apple and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce threw them out in the cold hard world.

Ever since then the cost of clothes has been as important as the mother-in-law question. The actresses of the world have always been accepted as the biggest spenders. When Mrs. Jean Nash testified in a court of

# What the Stars Pay for Their CLOTHES

By ROSALIND SHAFFER

law that she needed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to dress on, and maintain her reputation as the best-dressed woman in the world, the movie stars gasped.

Constance Bennett, as chic a dresser as one finds among the stage and screen women of Hollywood and New York, was exploited as spending a similar sum. Hollywood began laughing. Constance became annoyed. She indignantly denied that she spent any such sum. Her Hollywood friends dress on much less, in fact, on one tenth as much. Confidentially, so does Connie.

The society woman, then, emerges as the villain in this piece, as the extravagant one, rather than the film star, who dresses at a cost much below that of a society woman—and with much better effect. There is little waste in the movie star's wardrobe, because she knows clothes as well as her lines.

**T**HE most elaborate and expensive film actresses as to wardrobe are the New York actresses. Golden Girls, they are, each one.

Marilyn Miller, Lilyan Tashman, Mary Nolan, Evelyn Brent, Grace Moore, to these girls clothes are a religion, and an art, breathing of the ecstasy of an emotional worship of beauty. Priestesses of a cult of luxury, they are devoted to the loveliness of soft furs, clinging satins, glittering gems, ravishing color, rich brocades. One can believe that life would be flavorless to these exotics without the things the couturières sell. Yet none of these lovely women spend more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year on clothes, which to a society woman of the elite circles, would be little.

It is interesting to note that a hobby of the theater girl is shoes. There is a tip there for milady, whether she spends \$250 or \$250,000 in her effort to be well dressed. Marilyn Miller has her shoes specially made, because she has a type foot not easily fitted in commercial shoes, and because too she loves the daintiest of footwear. Forty dollars a pair they are, these tiny dainty slippers. Street shoes are a bit less and Marilyn says many of her New York friends in the show business spend \$75 a pair for their shoes. No, they do not have diamond heels, but diamonds naturally follow a girl like that. Perhaps there will be one hundred and fifty pairs of shoes for Marilyn Miller's dancing feet (off stage) in a year. If worn twice, perhaps once, for an evening's dancing at night club or party, the satin slippers are useless to wear again. Four times



# Lilyan Tashman, Marilyn Miller, Evelyn Brent and Grace Moore head the List of Spenders, Their Clothes Budgets Running Over \$25,000 Each Year.

in a day her shoes may be changed, not particularly for style, but for comfort and because her feet are her fortune. Marilyn sees that they are comfortable at all times.

Lilyan Tashman has a fondness for shoes: seventy-five pairs at from \$14 to \$40 a pair brings a shoe bill of \$2,000 annually.

MARY NOLAN, while she has many shoes, is fitted readily, and buys her shoes without having them made to order. Her shoe bill is similar to Lilyan Tashman's, though the styles are most simple, and never approach in single items the luxurious golden sandals, for instance, that Miss Tashman wears with an evening gown of Greek influence. Mary prefers the demure pump for evening, and the tie for daytime wear.



Clara Bow hardly ever looks this dressed up in the afternoon, although she spends \$25,000 a year on her wardrobe. This suit is of dark blue crepe, worn with a jaunty blouse of white satin. The shoulder nosegay is of red, white and blue carnations.



Grace Moore, of the Metropolitan Opera Company and one of Hollywood's own, since she rented an orange ranch to live on and is working with M.-G.-M., buys her daytime shoes and sports shoes at prices from \$20 to \$25. Thirty pairs of these, and twenty pairs at least of evening shoes at \$35 to \$40, give her a yearly bill of around \$1,500 for shoes.

Jeanette MacDonald, of New York musical comedy background, goes in strongly for shoes. They are a

hobby with her. One Greer created this simple yet sophisticated velvet gown, sewn with tiny crystal ornaments, for Bebe Daniels. One of Hollywood's wealthiest girls, Miss Daniels believes in dressing conservatively rather than with lavishness.

hundred pairs a year, ranging from sixteen dollars a pair for daytime shoes to twenty-five for evening shoes, gives her a total of shoe money in a year of \$2,000. The sight of a slightly



# EACH YEAR THE WELL DRESSED HOLLYWOOD STARS



Jeanette MacDonald believes in the complete outfit. This ensemble is of white crepe, trimmed with crystals. The jacket is done with ermine sleeves and bandings and is made of white crepe. Such an ensemble costs Miss MacDonald \$1,000 of her yearly budget of \$10,000.

shabby shoe nettles her sense of fitness and, though she is not above having the heels straightened to prolong the usefulness of a pair of shoes, she will discard them at the first sign that the shoe is losing its prim newness and firmness of outline.

The New York shops which make shoes to order get prices of thirty-five to eighty-five dollars a pair for shoes, not jeweled, but special models designed and executed for the individual. In Hollywood, most of the girls feel content with the shoes ranging from sixteen dollars up, never above thirty-five, and ordinarily around twenty-five for evening wear.

Irene Rich believes in building a wardrobe for economy around two blending colors. The wrap, from Bergdorf Goodman, is of blue chiffon velvet trimmed with blue fox. The gown, of heavy charmeuse in a paler blue, is from Frances Lyne. Other gowns and wraps for her evening wardrobe are in soft blues and greens.

Irene Rich, Clara Bow, Hedda Hopper, Joan Crawford, Colleen Moore, Norma Shearer, Betty Brent and Billie Dove do very well on the Hollywood fare offered by the shoe shops along the Boulevard.

**B**EBE DANIELS perhaps is the only one indigenous to Hollywood who goes in for specially made shoes. For the last several seasons, Bebe has worn a special fitted shoe with elastic at the sides, a model that she wears extensively for daytime use that she designed herself. It has a high heel with an oxford cut, seamed up the middle of the front over the instep. These she calls ankle boots, and they cost \$35 a pair. Pumps cost \$18 to \$25 a pair; evening shoes \$40. With thirty pair of daytime shoes and twenty pair of evening shoes in a year, the Daniels shoe bill runs into \$1,500 in a year.

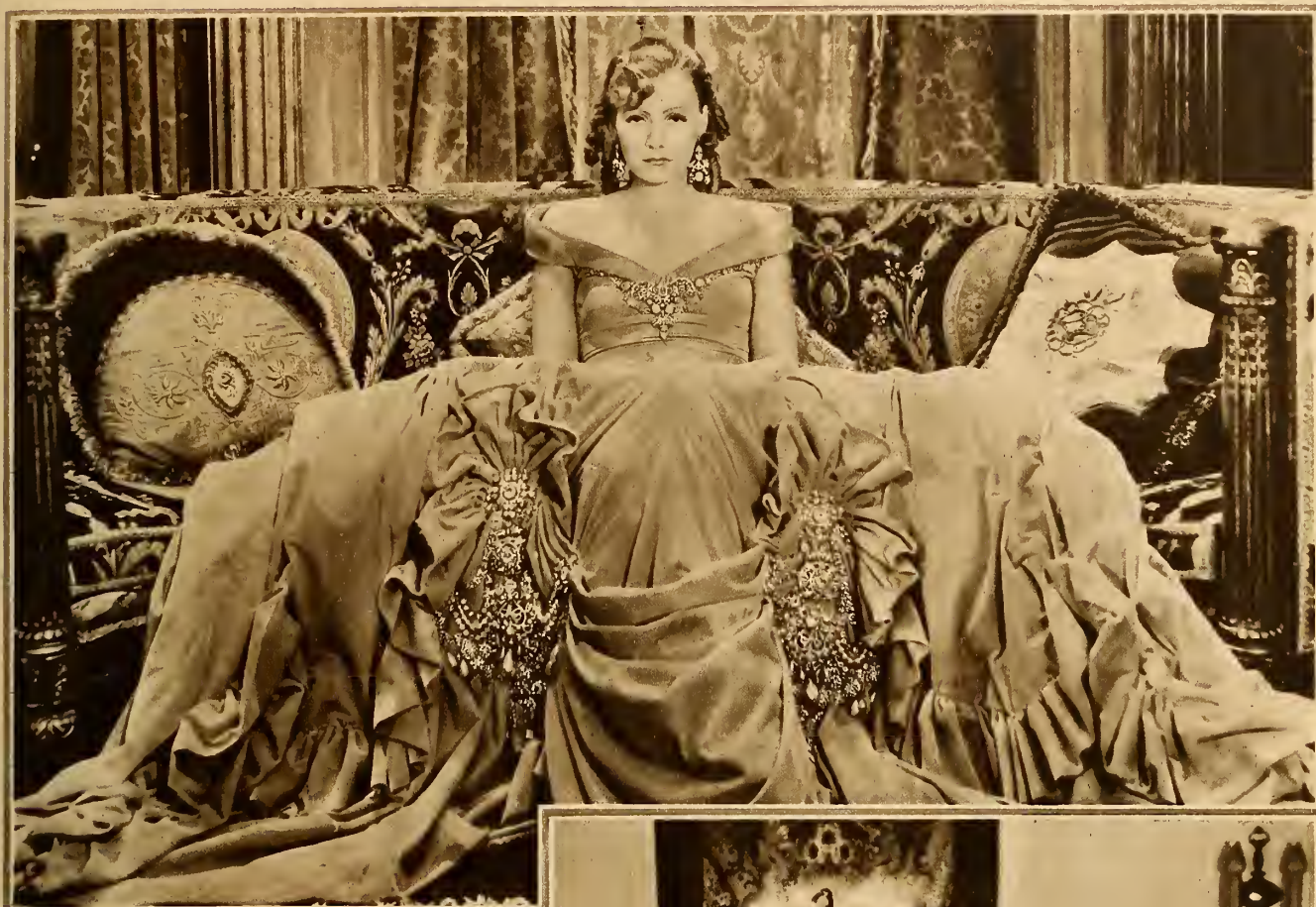
Irene Rich spends lavishly on shoes, though she does none of the buying in the made-to-order shops. Clara Bow has numbers of shoes, all colors, fabrics and designs, though they are not made to order, except occasionally. Her wardrobe expenditure for one hundred and fifty pairs of shoes a year represents an even higher figure than that of any other star except Marilyn Miller. The Bow shoe bill flutters around \$3,000 a year.

Joan Crawford finds it hard to figure her personal expenditure on shoes; she prefers to buy her own shoes for film use, hence her shoe bill at a local shop was \$2,500 last year. For her personal use, she figures \$500 would cover her shoe bill. Her shoes are from \$12.50 a pair, up to twenty-five or thirty dollars for something very special once in a while. Sports shoes are her





# SPEND BETWEEN \$5,000 AND \$25,000 ON CLOTHES



The glamorous Greta Garbo, away from the studio, affects dull tweeds and flat heel shoes. No expensive wardrobe for Miss Garbo. Yet she is Hollywood's most lavish purchaser of lovely lingerie. She spends thousands every year on fancy underthings.

biggest single item as she affects sports clothes largely; then come the evening slippers, or silk slippers for the very occasional afternoon event. Daytime kid slippers she uses almost not at all.

Estelle Taylor shops in Hollywood and in New York for her shoes; an occasional pair of evening slippers, such as she wears at times, elaborately embroidered for evening or formal afternoon may cost forty dollars. Estelle Taylor never wears sports clothes, hence few sports shoes come into her program. Smart colored kid slippers costing around \$20 to \$25 a pair, to match her costumes, are her biggest item in the shoe bill. Then come the evening slippers; not as many as the daytime shoes by half, and costing twenty to forty dollars. Fifteen hundred would buy her shoes for a year.

Colleen Moore figures that a busy social year would necessitate not less than sixty-five pairs of shoes. Her shoes run on an average of 25 dollars a pair; this amounts to \$1,625 a year.

Nearly all the picture stars  
(Continued on  
page 94)

Mary Nolan, at the right, is wearing blue satin, appliqued with real lace, and sewn with tiny seed pearls. This gown cost Miss Nolan exactly \$500.







# Just a Dog's LIFE

But It's a Happy One  
in Hollywood

Clara Bow's Great Dane, Duke, shown at the left, goes past all "no admittance" studio signs. Duke is eighteen months old and was given to Miss Bow by Harry Richman.

Below, Jean Arthur and her dog, Stubby, also eighteen months old. He was the present of a boy friend but he likes to play with the garbage can and then jump into your lap. There are times when Stubby isn't so popular around the Arthur maison. Right, Buddy Rogers and his three-year-old German shepherd dog, Baron, who was a Christmas present.





June Collyer also owns a German shepherd dog, named Sigfried. He is three and a half years old and likes, most of all, to ride in the Collyer family car with his beautiful owner. Right, Gary Cooper and his beloved Airedale, Rusty. He hails from the Oorang Kennels in Ohio, is seven years old and weighs 85 pounds. After all, who doesn't love to have an Airedale around?



Bingo is the name of Anita Page's pet police dog. Pretty soon NEW MOVIE is going to present some more stars with their special canine pals.



Below, Laddie, wire haired terrier, with his pal and best friend, Robert Montgomery. Like Laddie? So does Mr. Montgomery.







Photograph by Richee

JUNE COLLYER





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Miss Crane has just been graduated from minor roles to feature parts at the First National Studios. Like many a screen star of today, Miss Crane was at one time a member of the Mack Sennett bathing squad. For several years she has played tiny dramatic roles. Now she advances to a featured part in First National's new romance, "College Lovers."

## PHYLLIS CRANE





# The HOUSE that WISECRACKS Built

William Haines' newly remodeled residence is now one of the showplaces of Hollywood. With J. E. Dolena as architect, Mr. Haines, the flip wisecracker of the films, personally designed and furnished the new house. Mr. Haines, who was born in Virginia, quite naturally went in strongly for early American antiques. The star's own room is at the right. One of the features of this room is the early American highboy of cherry and maple, shown at the right of the picture. This is signed and dated by Joshua H. Richards, 1770.



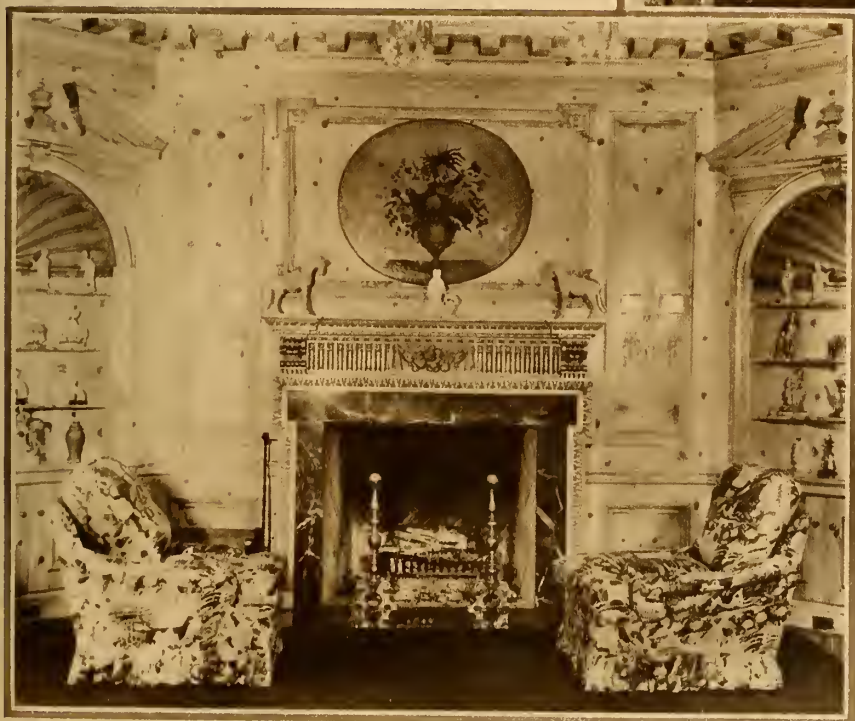
At the left is the guest room of Mr. Haines' newly remodeled house. The guest room is furnished throughout in genuine Virginia antiques. The highboy on the left is of mahogany, the one on the right of walnut. The bedstead, in mahogany, is early American.





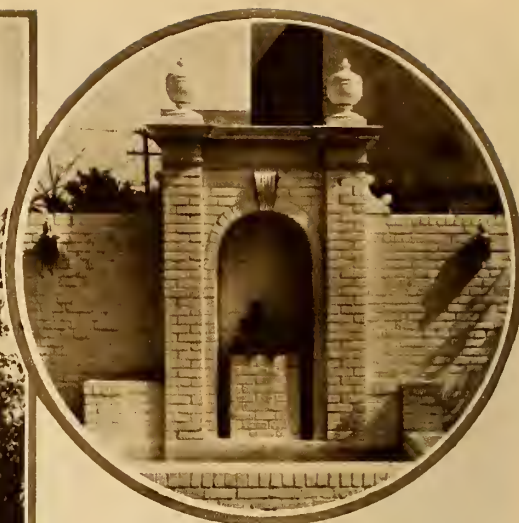
Above, a side view of William Haines' remodeled residence, now one of the finest homes in the West.

At the right is the gallery in Mr. Haines' home. It is paneled and painted white. The two large prints are Ackermans, first editions; while the smaller ones constitute a collection of Scottish prints signed and dated by William Daniels. Note the early American grandfather's clock at the end of the gallery and the Waterford chandelier.



At the left, the upstairs sitting room in Mr. Haines' home, showing the detail of the lovely fireplace. The marble is green and a striking pair of andirons sets it off splendidly. Note the figurines in the cabinets and on the mantel, as well as the treatment of the armchairs.





In the circle above is a detail of the garden court.

Above, a rear view of Mr. Haines' Hollywood mansion. In the gardens back of the house, Mr. Haines gave his recent party, which was for days the talk of the movie colony.

At the right is another view of the upstairs sitting room, showing the Heppelwhite secretary. An ancient Chinese painting on glass is also seen on the wall and the door paneling gives a good idea of how the woodwork design in knotted pine was handled.



At the left is the brash Mr. Haines' drawing room, something far removed from his flip film characterizations. The exquisitely painted couch features this room, while the beautiful figurines, the charming fireplace and the gorgeous chandelier are of unusual interest and rarity.

Special Photographs  
for NEW MOVIE  
by Hurrell





## "Ain't that Somethin'?"

Extra! The First Pictures of Amos 'n' Andy in "Check and Double Check"



By the time you see this page Amos 'n' Andy—otherwise Freeman Fisher Gosden, of Richmond, Va., and Charles J. Correll, of Peoria, Ill.—will have completed their first talkie, to be called "Check and Double Check." Above, the office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, of America, Incorporated, as you will see it in the film. Andy is presiding over the problems of the office and, at the left, he is supervising Amos' repairs of the car. We will give you a hint of the plot: Amos 'n' Andy find a valuable deed in a haunted house. Awahl Awahl





Photograph by Hurrell

LEILA HYAMS





On Mrs. Jesse Lasky's improvised dance floor above you may be able to pick out Joan Bennett dancing with John Considine, Jr., Kay Francis with Doug, Jr., and Gloria Swanson with Fred Beetsen, the Will Hays representative.

# HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY  
EVELYN GRAY

Photograph by Stagg

**H**OLLYWOOD does have nice ideas for entertaining. Everyone may not be able to do things on such a large scale, but the Hollywood parties can be copied more simply and add a new note to social occasions everywhere.

For instance, the moonlight supper dance given recently by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky at their Santa Monica beach home. Mr. Lasky is the "big boss" at Paramount and Mrs. Lasky is a charming woman and an artist of national repute. Last year she had an exhibition in a big New York gallery and her paintings were praised by the best critics.

Their party can best be described by saying that it was a general good time. Very informal and designed to allow everyone to do what they wanted and wear what they wanted.

A plain board dance floor was laid over the sands in front of the house and lighted with rows of Japanese lanterns. It was simple, but altogether beautiful, and everyone enjoyed dancing outdoors. When there wasn't any real moon, Mrs. Lasky had an imitation one strung up on wires and lighted by electricity. It was a most effective touch.

In the "back yard"—really a beautiful garden behind the house—an outdoor sitting room was arranged, with bridge tables and comfortable chairs for those who preferred conversation to either bridge or dancing.

Mrs. Lasky told her guests the party was to be informal, which is often nice for busy people. Most of the men wore flannel trousers and gray or blue sport coats, though some came in dinner jackets with soft silk shirts. Doug Fairbanks followed that fashion and so did Charlie Chaplin.

The dinner just suited the occasion, because you could have anything you wanted, hot or cold. Two long tables were arranged on the verandas and small tables for four were set about on the porches and in the garden.

**O**N the big tables were piled platters of cold meats, corned beef, ducks, turkey, baked ham and meat loaves. And there was potato salad—the kind made with wilted lettuce and bacon which is so good—cole slaw, combination salads of all kinds, pickles and relishes. Oh yes, and such good hot dogs. But the hit of the evening from the

(Continued on page 106)





## She's Marilyn Miller and She Grew Up Behind the Footlights

ville tour, noticed her youngest daughter dancing on her toes—she had taught herself to do it! So her mother made her a little ballet costume which is still treasured in a certain house in Hollywood where the elder Millers, having retired from the stage, now make their home. That tiny dress, made with loving care, was the first of a series of costumes which culminated in the dazzling creations worn by the star in "Sally," in which Miss Miller made her screen début for First National—a début so successful that the little girl from Tennessee made a second picture, "Sunny."

MARILYN has gone on dancing. She has danced and sung her way to the top-most towers of fame in musical comedy; and now she is winning new laurels in the movies and receiving more fan mail than she ever received as the toast of Broadway.

Even had that shuffling Memphis ducky failed to stir the little girl's inborn love of dancing, it is certain that Marilyn Miller would have gone on the stage just the same; for both her parents were theatrical people, and her two elder sisters were already vaudeville entertainers when Marilyn was dancing all by herself down in Memphis because she loved to.

Marilyn was born in Evansville, Indiana, and spent her very earliest years on tour. Her cradle was moved from dressing-room to dressing-room in the theaters in which

Marilyn Miller's dancing perfection is due to hard work—and nothing else. She takes daily ballet lessons and watches her terpsichorean work as conscientiously as an opera singer watches her voice. While she was in Hollywood, Miss Miller took daily lessons from Theodore Kosloff, who used to be a prominent film figure in Cecil De Mille productions.

ONCE upon a time there was a colored man who carried coal and made the fires for a white family in Memphis, Tennessee. And he used to vary the monotony of his daily routine by dancing a sort of combination of the primitive plantation shuffle and tap-dance of today.

And there was a very little girl—she couldn't have been more than four years old—who watched him and imitated his dancing.

That little girl was Marilyn Miller. It was thus that she began to dance; and she has gone on dancing ever since.

A year or so later her mother, home from a vaude-

the elder Millers played. Usually her mother would ask some other actress to sit beside the cradle while she herself was on the stage. But when the baby reached the age of running about, it was decided that she had better live for a while with her grandmother in Tennessee. She is the only member of the family who was not born in Dixie. To this day a distinct trace of the Southern accent clings to her speech; and last Summer in Hollywood, when "Sally" was being made, her manner of saying "Yes, suh" was a constant source of mock despair to Director John Francis Dillon.

When she was in her sixth year Marilyn received her first formal dancing lessons from her mother. They



# The TOAST of Broadway

By JACK BEVERLY

took place in the Memphis home—in the parlor.

"You know the sort of old-fashioned parlor it was, without my describing it," said Marilyn the other day. "Nobody even went in it except when somebody died. But they made an exception in favor of my dancing lessons."

AND then she joined her parents and sisters on the vaudeville stage. They were known as the Five Columbians. Marilyn was billed as Miss Sugarplum, and toe-dancing was her specialty. Her debut was made at Columbus, Ohio.

An infant prodigy is both an asset and a liability. Though Marilyn's parents were careful to see that her education was not neglected, the societies whose mission it is to keep a watchful eye on youthful wage-earners frequently invoked the law to prevent the appearance of Miss Sugarplum behind the footlights. For a time the Five Columbians found it impossible to fulfill an engagement in some of the largest American cities on account of the youngest member of the troupe. Therefore they went abroad, and during the next seven years Marilyn danced in France, England, Germany, Spain, Cuba and Honolulu.

Then back came the troupe to the land of the Stars and Stripes. They opened in Chicago on the "big time," but, lo! once more the hand of the protectors of childhood made itself felt. Marilyn was still too young! So off they went to foreign parts again.

This was in 1914. The Five Columbians first appeared in that year in London in a revue produced by Sir Oswald Stoll, entitled "Oh Joy!" From that engagement they passed to the Four Hundred Club, now the Embassy; and in the early war years the erstwhile Miss Sugarplum became the

Marilyn Miller and the famous composer, Jerome Kern, between scenes of "Sunny" in Hollywood. Mr. Kern wrote the score of "Sunny" and many other successes.



Marilyn Miller in the little ballet dress which her mother made for her years ago. The Millers then were touring in vaudeville and Marilyn—not quite four—lived with friends in Memphis, Tenn. This little costume is still treasured by Marilyn's mother.

reigning favorite of London's amusement world.

In those days, besides her dancing and singing, Marilyn was famous for her impersonations. Smart London—especially young officers at home on leave from the Flanders front—flocked to the Four Hundred Club to see the beautiful, golden-haired American miss assume the characteristics and distinctive mannerisms of Elsie Janis, Fritzi Scheff, Bessie McCoy, Stella Mayhew, Bert Williams and Adelaide Genée.

IT was in the Four Hundred Club that Lee Shubert saw Marilyn Miller; and he very promptly invited her to return to the United States. She was sixteen now, and there would probably be no more trouble with the authorities. So the "Five Columbians" ceased to be five, and Marilyn made her Broadway debut at the Winter Garden. The result was quite sensational. It is rare for an actor or actress in real life to be made by one performance; but that is what happened to Marilyn Miller.

Her real career began that night at the Winter Garden; and it was at that same theater that years later she began her new career as a screen star in "Sally." Apparently it was a happy omen.

From "The Passing Show" at the Winter Garden, she changed to the management of Florenz Ziegfeld, who featured her as premiere danseuse in his current "Follies." And  
(Continued on p. 103)







Miss Young demonstrates the newest in Fall fashions. At the top left, Miss Young is wearing a chic coat of black broadcloth collared and cuffed with red fox. A hot mode in the tom fashions of black felt and trimmed with gros-grain ribbon, together with bag and shoes with light tan trim, complete the ensemble. At the right, Miss Young in a formal coat of golyak and fox. Nothing is more flattering to a woman's face than fur, and no fur flatters as does black fox. The coat has the new angel wing sleeves. A close fitting fur felt hat is an interesting note.



## Posed for NEW MOVIE by Loretta Young

At the top right, Miss Young in an informal dinner or formal afternoon frock of black chiffon with a yoke of cream rose point lace. The lace forms a cap sleeve while there is a longer sleeve of the chiffon which falls over the hand.



# AUTUMN Modes



Above, a smart street frock worn by Miss Young boasts cap sleeves embroidered in French knots of silk chenille, making a contrast to the dull black of the crepe gown. The French felt off-the-face hat with the broader side brim adds to the smartness of the ensemble.



Top right, Miss Young demonstrates a smart new evening wrap. The soft sleekness of cream galyak makes a perfect frame for her beauty. Galyak is a popular new fur. Miss Young wears a flowing satin frock of eggshell with this lovely wrap.

Left, Miss Young is wearing a stunning new fall coat modeled of brown duvetyn with seams forming the new princess line. Kolinsky cuffs and collar add a touch of luxurious warmth.







Photograph by Elmer Fryer

## MARY DUNCAN

As she appears as the Siren of Bagdad in "Kismet," First National's new visualization of Otis Skinner's greatest stage success.



# REVIEWS: By Frederick James Smith

## COMMON CLAY—Fox

Directed by Victor Fleming.  
The cast: Ellen Neal, Constance Bennett; Hugh Fullerton, Lew Ayres; W. H. Yates, Tully Marshall; Bud Coakley, Matty Kemp; Mrs. Neal, Beryl Mercer; Judge Filson, Hale Hamilton; Richard Fullerton, Purnell B. Pratt; Anne Fullerton, Ada Williams; Edwards, Charles McNaughton; Mrs. Fullerton, Genevieve Blinn.

This is destined to be one of the big box-office dramas of the year. A Harvard prize play back in 1916, this drama of Cleves Kinkead remains quite youthful. Its face has been lifted a bit by making the heroine a speakeasy hostess. The place is raided, the girl arrested. The judge aids her in obtaining honest work as maid in a wealthy home. There she finds conditions just as demoralizing morally. She falls in love with the boy of the house, has a baby. What will be her fate? This makes a story of strong emotional appeal as brilliantly played by Constance Bennett. There are excellent performances by Beryl Mercer, Hale Hamilton and Tully Marshall.

Best—Constance Bennett



## MONTE CARLO

Paramount

Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.  
The cast: Count Rudolph Faliero, Jack Buchanan; Countess Vera von Conti, Jeanette MacDonald; Maria, Zasu Pitts; Armand, Tyler Brooke; Prince Otto von Seibenheim, Claud Allister; Duke Gustave von Seibenheim, Edgar Norton; Paul, John Roche; Master of Ceremony, Albert Conti; Lady Mary, Helen Garden; Monsieur Beaucaire, Donald Novis.

Critics will compare this newest effort of the adroit Ernst Lubitsch with his "The Love Parade," but it really isn't in the same class. Smart, amusing and sophisticated—and just a little racy—it owes most of its piquancy to Jeanette MacDonald's charming performance of a penniless countess. A young count masquerades as a hairdresser in order to be close by. The background, as the title indicates, is Monte Carlo. Jack Buchanan, the English favorite, is pleasant enough as the masquerading hairdresser, but the rôle shrieks for Chevalier. Then, too, this film—which has several songs—isn't as smoothly made as "The Love Parade."

Best—Jeanette MacDonald

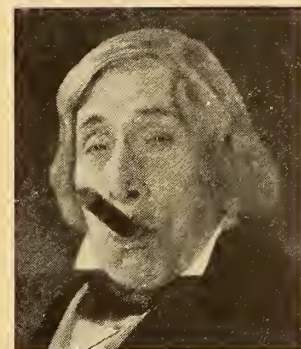


## OLD ENGLISH—Warners

Directed by Alfred E. Green.  
The cast: Sylvanus Heythorp, George Arliss; Jock, Leon Janney; Mrs. Larne, Doris Lloyd; Phillis Larne, Betty Lawford; Joe Phillin, Ivan Simpson; Farney, Harrington Reynolds; Bob Phillin, Reginald Sheffield; Charles Ventnor, Murray Kinnell; Adela Heythorp, Ethel Griffies; Letty, Henrietta Goodwin.

One of those priceless character studies by George Arliss, around which revolves a very sketchy drama (by John Galsworthy) of a gay, gallant old reprobate who has lived far beyond his time. He maneuvers a purchase of ships for his firm so that a liberal sum will go toward the maintenance of the children of his illegitimate son. Finally cornered by enemies and relatives, he deliberately brings his own death by indulging in forbidden wines and foods. Independence is more precious to him than life. Arliss's is a brilliant performance of a master of acting. He makes the proud old Sylvanus Heythorp a petulant, querulous but lovable octogenarian.

Best—George Arliss



## HELL'S ANGELS

United Artists

Directed by Howard Hughes.  
The cast: Monte Rutledge, Ben Lyon; Roy Rutledge, James Hall; Helen, Jean Harlow; Karl Arnstedt, John Darrow; Barron von Kranz, Lucien Prival; Lieut. von Bruen, Frank Clarke; "Baldy", Roy Wilson; Captain Redfield, Douglas Gilmore; Baroness von Kranz, Jane Winton; Lady Randolph, Evelyn Hall; Staff Major, William B. Davidson; Squadron Commander RFC, Wyndham Standing.

This is the film that cost its maker, Howard Hughes, more than \$3,000,000 and took three years to film. Also it cost the lives of a number of stunt aviators. The result is both magnificent and puerile. When the story moves into the air it grows eloquent. On landing it sputters and dies. It's something about two brothers, one noble, the other a weakling, but both Oxford men, who enlist in the Flying Corps. One almost commits treason, the other gets involved with a wicked blonde. The good brother shoots the weakling. There are steam-heated love scenes and a superb Zeppelin raid over London. The air sequences are corking, aided by matchless photography.

Best—The Stunt Aviators



## MOBY DICK—Warners

Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: Ahab, John Barrymore; Faith, Joan Bennett; Derek, Lloyd Hughes; Whale Oil Rosie, May Boley; Stubbs, Walter Long; Starbuck, Tom O'Brien; Elijah, Nigel de Bruhier; Queequeg, Nobel Johnson; Blacksmith, William Walling; Old Maid, Virginia Sale; First Mate, Jack Curtiz; Rev. Mapple, John Ince.

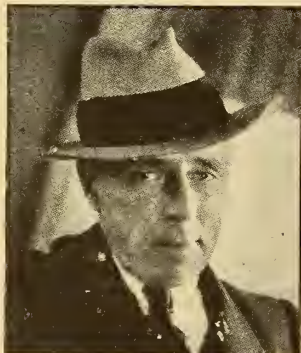
John Barrymore did this sea yarn of Herman Melville's in the old silent days of 1926 as "The Sea Beast." Now it returns a talkie, under the original Melville title. It again relates the long search of Ahab, the roving whaler, for the killer white whale, known to the Seven Seas as Moby Dick. Moby has nipped off Ahab's leg and the search is one of vengeance. Ahab gets the whale and the girl, this time played prettily by Joan Bennett. Remember Dolores Costello in this part? This production is more intelligently done than its predecessor, the gruesome leg amputation is softened, and even the whale is a better actor. This has stirring moments.

Best—John Barrymore





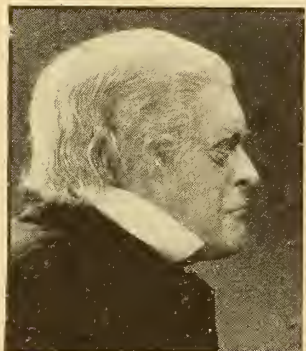
# ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW



Here is the Griffith who stirred pioneer movie audiences, the man who made film tradition. This filming of the life of the Great Liberator is Griffith at his best. The biography of the Emancipator has been related in celluloid before—very well, indeed, some years ago by the Rockett Brothers—but never so humanly, never so poignantly. It is told in a series of rapid sequences, but it traces Lincoln from his birth in a Kentucky log cabin in 1809 to his death at the hands of the mad assassin and frustrated actor, John Wilkes Booth. This screen biography, developed by Poet Stephen Vincent Benet in sparse brevity of fine literary quality, is superbly directed and beautifully acted. (Continued across the page.)

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN United Artists

Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast: *Midwife*, Lucille La Verne; *Tom Lincoln*, W. L. Thorne; *Nancy Hanks Lincoln*, Helen Freeman; *Offut*, Otto Hoffman; *Abraham Lincoln*, Walter Huston; *Armstrong*, Edgar Deering; *Ann Rutledge*, Una Merkel; *Lincoln's Employer*, Russell Simpson; *Mary Todd Lincoln*, Kay Hammond; *Mrs. Edwards*, Helen Ware; *Stephen A. Douglas*, Alyn Warren; (Continued across page)



The best stage rôle of Cyril Maude, the veteran English actor, was the querulous but shrewdly alert old criminal lawyer of the mystery play, "Grumpy." Into the old fellow's home came suitors for his granddaughter's hand; there's a stolen diamond and much sleuthing to discover the guilty person. It is the artful, bad-tempered old Grumpy himself who, in the end, picks out the thief. Mr. Maude's performance is a little heavily limned. It lacks the subtlety of an Arliss characterization (Maude has no such shrewd comprehension of his medium), but the melodramatic romance is entertaining.

Best—Cyril Maude

## GRUMPY—Paramount

Directed by Geo. Cukor and Cyril Gardner. The cast: "Grumpy" Bullivant, Cyril Maude; *Ernest Heron*, Phillip Holmes; *Jarvis*, Paul Cavanagh; *Virginia*, Frances Dade; *Ruddock*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Susan*, Doris Luray; *Koble*, Olaf Hytten; *Berci*, Paul Lukas; *Merridew*, Robert Bolder; *Dawson*, Colin Kenny.



A circus comedy—but not just a circus comedy. Because it has the amusing and versatile Joe Cook. This was once a successful stage musical comedy but, in making it into screen entertainment, musical numbers and chorus evolutions were omitted. It is now a straight comedy—and an entertaining one—with a thrill or two, such as the exciting circus tent fire. The story? The pretty daughter of the dead circus owner tries to manage the show through a hard season, aided by Cook, when the whole staff strikes. Then it is that Joe goes on and does his one-man show as the whole performance, and what a show!

Best—Joe Cook

## RAIN OR SHINE Columbia

Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Smiley*, Joe Cook; *Frankie*, Louise Fazenda; *Mary*, Joan Peers; *Bud*, Wm. Collier, Jr.; *Amos*, Tom Howard; *Dave*, David Chasen; *Dalton*, Alan Roscie; *Foltz*, Adolph Milar; *Nero*, Clarence Muse; *Mr. Conway*, Ed. Martindale; *Grace Conway*, Nora Lane; *Lord Gwynne*, Tyrrell Davis.



Those delightful zanies who made their sound film début in "The Cocoanuts" are back in a better stretch of celluloid madness called "Animal Crackers." From the moment the intrepid African explorer, Captain Jeffrey Spaulding (otherwise Groucho Marx) appears as the lion of the evening at the swanky reception given by the wealthy Rittenhouses of Long Island, the riot is on. Groucho is aided and abetted by his brother clowns, Chico, Harpo and Zeppo. The production is loose, rather inexpert and not over-expensive, and the whole affair is not a little in the manner of the early musical films. But it has hilarious moments.

Best—Groucho Marx

## ANIMAL CRACKERS Paramount

Directed by Victor Heerman. The cast: *Captain Jeffrey Spaulding*, Groucho Marx; *The Professor*, Harpo Marx; *Signor Emanuel Ravelli*, Chico Marx; *Horatio Jamison*, Zeppo Marx; *Arabella Rittenhouse*, Lillian Roth; *Mrs. Rittenhouse*, Margaret Dumont; *Roscoe Chandler*, Louis Sorin; *John Parker*, Hal Thompson; *Mrs. Whitehead*, Margaret Irving; *Grace Carpenter*, Kathryn Reece.



Before it was a musical comedy, "Queen High" was a straight farce by Edward Peple called "A Pair of Sixes." Maybe you saw it in one of those forms. Two partners in the manufacture of garters quarrel and a lawyer suggests that they draw poker hands to see which will run the business for a year and which will act as the other's valet for the same length of time. T. Boggs Johns, otherwise Charlie Ruggles, loses. He has a tough year but he makes it even harder for his partner, done by Ralph Morgan. The personable Ginger Rogers and Stanley Smith attractively play the niece and nephew of the partners.

Best—Charles Ruggles

## QUEEN HIGH—Paramount

Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *T. Boggs Johns*, Charles Ruggles; *George Nettleton*, Frank Morgan; *Dick Johns*, Stanley Smith; *Polly Rockwell*, Ginger Rogers; *Mrs. Nettleton*, Helen Carrington; *Mrs. Rockwell*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Florence Cole*, Betty Garde; *Coddles*, Nina Olivette; *Cyrus Vanderholt*, Rudy Cameron; *Jimmy*, Tom Brown.



# ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN United Artists

The cast continued: *Herndon*, Jason Robards; *Tad Lincoln*, Gordon Thorpe; *John Wilkes Booth*, Ian Keith; *John Hay* (Secretary to President), Cameron Prudhomme; *General Scott*, James Bradbury, Sr.; *Young Soldier*, Jimmie Eagle; *General Grant*, Fred Warren; *Secretary of War Stanton*, Oscar Apfel; *General Sheridan*, Frank Campeau; *General Lee*, Hobart Bosworth; *Colonel Marshall*, Henry B. Walthall.

There are innumerable great moments, from the very opening, when the camera moves across an endless sweep of virgin forest, silent save for the call of the coyote, to seek out the lonely cabin of the Lincolns. The biggest moment shows the lonely and brooding Lincoln, a gaunt, sorrowing figure in great shawl and woolen socks, pacing the deserted East Room of the White House at midnight. Another electrical sequence reveals General Phil Sheridan and his wild ride to save the demoralized Union forces. Walter Huston's Lincoln is a magnificent performance, with no posing for the ages or the camera. Kay Hammond's Mary Todd Lincoln and E. Allyn Warren's Grant are excellent. See "Abraham Lincoln" by all means!



## ANYBODY'S WOMAN Paramount

Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Pansy Gray*, Ruth Chatterton; *Neil Dunlap*, Clive Brook; *Gustave Saxon*, Paul Lukas; *Grant Crosby*, Huntley Gordon; *Eddie Calcio*, Tom Patricola; *Dot Calcio*, Cecil Cunningham; *Katherine Malcolm*, Juliette Compton.

A splendid performance by Ruth Chatterton and intelligent direction by Dorothy Arzner lifted this slender *Gouverneur Morris* yarn above the average. A young New England lawyer—scion of a strait-laced family—marries a burlesque actress while on a lengthy spree, trying to forget that his wife has divorced him to make a money match. Will the strange marriage break or make him? Since Miss Chatterton is the cheap little burlesque chorine and Clive Brook is the legal light, the problem gains much dramatic interest. Paul Lukas hovers on the horizon as a potential home-breaker and then brings the two together.



Best—Ruth Chatterton

## DANCING SWEETIES Warners

Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Bill Cleaver*, Grant Withers; *Molly O'Neil*, Sue Carol; *Jazzbo Ganz*, Edna Murphy; *Needles Thompson*, Eddie Philips; *Pa Cleaver*, Tully Marshall; *Mrs. Cleaver*, Margaret Seddon; *Mrs. O'Neil*, Kate Price; *Emma O'Neil*, Adamae Vaughn; *Jerry Browne*, Sid Silvers; *Nellie O'Neil*, Dora Dean; *Ted Hoffman*, Vincent Barnett.

This features a song hit that you will be hearing over your radio for many months. It is called "Kiss Waltz" and was written by the two authors who upset the ether with that sentimental orgy, "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes." Dance hall acquaintances—a boy and a girl—fall in love and get married when the couple who are scheduled to be wed on the dance floor fail to appear. But the boy grows tired of home life and returns to the dance hall. The girl follows. There is a reconciliation. Not much of a story, but it is pretty well done by Sue Carol and Grant Withers as the young couple. Edna Murphy is a blond vamp.

Best—Sue Carol



## LITTLE ACCIDENT Universal

Directed by William James Craft. The cast: *Norman*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Isabel*, Anita Page; *Madge*, Sally Blane; *Monica*, Zasu Pitts; *Doris*, Joan Marsh; *Gilbert*, Roscoe Karns; *Hicks*, Slim Summerville; *Rudolpho Amendelara*, Henry Armetta; *Mrs. Overbeck*, Myrtle Stedman; *Mr. Overbeck*, Albert Gran; *Dr. Zernecke*, Nora Cecil; *Miss Hemingway*, Bertha Mann.

In the background of a maternity hospital, with a reception room full of anxious fathers and near-fathers, this rather boisterous comedy is a little different. Just as he is to wed Madge, the young Norman Overbeck discovers that he is a father. You see, his first wife, Isabel, had her marriage annulled—and the annulment came before the arrival of the stork. There's a dilemma. A glimpse of the baby changes the whole course of Norman's life. The panorama of nervous fathers dazed by the machinery of modern birth is worth observing. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., works hard as the bewildered young father.

Best—Doug Fairbanks, Jr.



## WAY OUT WEST—M-G-M

Directed by Fred Niblo. The cast: *Windy*, William Haines; *Molly*, Leila Hyams; *Pansy*, Polly Moran; *Trilby*, Cliff Edwards; *Steve*, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; *La Belle Rosa*, Vera Marsh; *Buck*, Charles Middleton; *Pete*, Jack Pennick; *Tex*, Buddy Roosevelt; *Hank*, Jay Wilsey.

Bill Haines has a new contract. He need not worry right now, but a series of comedy melodramas such as "Way Out West" should play havoc with anyone's film career. It is built for humor, but real laughs will come when audiences titter in the wrong spots. Haines is a flip sideshow barker who trims a bunch of cowboys. In retaliation they kidnap him and put him to work in their ranch house until he earns enough to repay their losses. Of course, he falls in love with the girl of the ranch, none other than Leila Hyams. Some comedy is provided by Cliff Edwards and Polly Moran. Only for violent Bill Haines fans.

Best—Bill Haines







Dick Arlen—then Sylvanus Mattimore—was sixteen when the World War came. But he was big, husky and adventuresome. With his father's permission, he became a cadet in the aviation corps of the British Army. He trained in Canada. The picture above shows Arlen at the age of eighteen.

**I**T probably never has occurred to Richard Arlen that he always has been an actor.

Ever since his toddling days, less than thirty years ago, he has had, by more or less inadvertence, a penchant for being someone else. His hobby has been acting, and he has ridden it with a good measure of success.

Arlen might have been a second Christy Mathewson or another Johnny Weissmuller. He is endowed with the talents of a star athlete, plus the luck o' the Irish. He is, as his father puts it: "A mixture of Irish and Irish."

**DICK'S** best informed biographer is his father, handsome, white-haired, mild-mannered James Mattimore, an attorney in St. Paul, the screen star's home

Richard Arlen, at the age of two years, with his sister, Mabel. According to reports from Arlen's home town, St. Paul, Dick was looked upon as something of a pest by his two elder sisters, Mabel and Roe.

# St. Paul Remembers Dick Arlen as Sylvanus Mattimore, a Gay Youth with a Penchant for Play Acting

By

**CHARLES W. MOORE,**  
of The Pioneer Press,  
St. Paul, Minn.

town. On September 1, 1899 the future motion picture actor was christened Sylvanus—and for no particular reason. It can be said here that Dick evinced a natural repugnance towards such a first name. He is known as Van to his family, although his professional name creeps into conversation about him.

"Van—Dick always has been an actor," said the father. "I've observed him acting thousands of times, and he was always natural about it. I wasn't surprised when he wrote that he had been selected for a major part in 'Wings.' But then, I learned long ago that he is full of surprises.

"I've said that Van has always been an actor. Well, here's an example: Suppose that while he was a student in Central High School he had acquired, by some hook or crook, a pack of cigarettes. He would call his pals together, leisurely pull the packet from his pocket and, after opening it and taking one, he would pass it around. When the last boy would hand it back Van would put up a hand, shake his head and say: 'Keep it, Bill. I've got another pack.'

"You see, he wanted to create an impression. Just plain acting. Chances are he wondered where and how he might get more cigarettes, but in the pleasure of being big-hearted Van overshadowed any anxiety that he might have had concerning future smokes."

While Mr. Mattimore is keen about his son's success





# HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

and future as a screen star, he gets an immense kick out of reminiscing. Recall, in his presence, Dick's prowess as an athlete during his High School days and you have touched the father's heartstrings. Mr. Mattimore is an athlete. He plays better golf than one would expect for a man in his early seventies.

When the youngest Mattimore was three years old his family went to White Bear Lake, a summer resort near St. Paul, to live in a big white house. Dick lived in the water. He learned to swim before he was five.

"He was a regular fish," his dad recalled. "It was a real chore to keep him out of the water. He owes his physique—his broad shoulders and lean, hard arms and legs—to swimming. He still is a star at this sport. He liked ice-boating and sailing, too. Van was a first-class skipper for a youngster."

Arlen's abilities as a tank star won him considerable fame of the home town variety. He swam for Central High School and for the St. Paul Athletic Club. He coached swimming in the St. Paul Church Club and swam and rowed one summer for a Duluth organization.

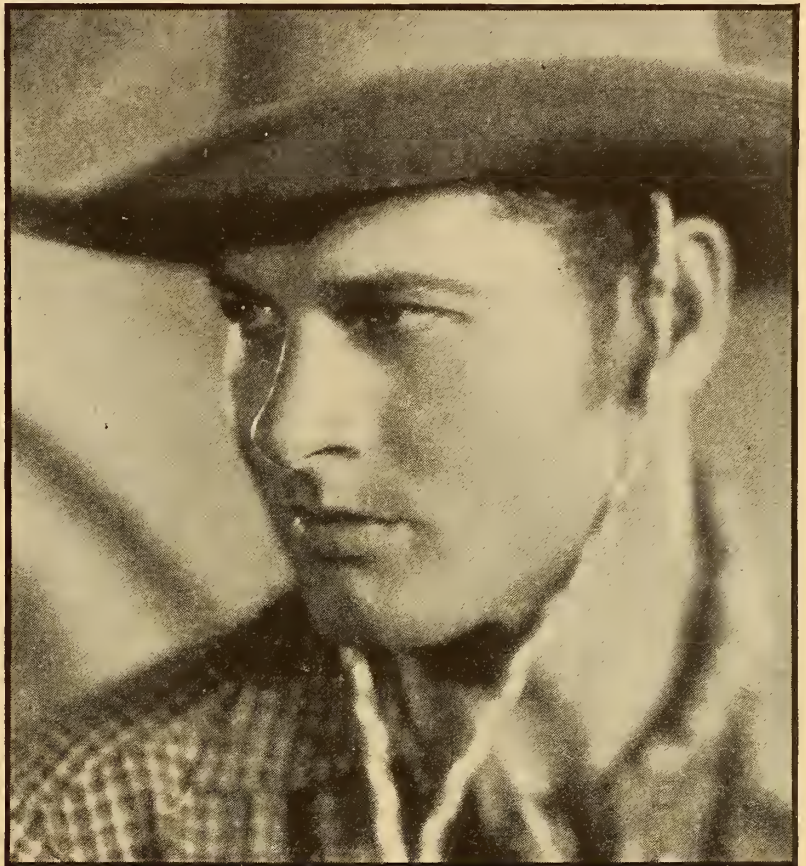
But, in spite of his aquatic skill, he is best remembered as a baseball pitcher.

"HE was one of the best amateur pitchers I ever saw in action," says his father. "Ask any of the Twin Cities sports writers and they will tell you the same. I guess he hasn't pitched a game since he was a member of the British Air Corps in Toronto. That game must have been a real battle, but I'll wager Van would rather remember the trouncing he gave St. Thomas Military Academy than any other victory."

The story about this game isn't so much a matter of hits, runs and strike-outs as it is of Dick's personality, his determination. He is aggressive, but quietly so. His victory over the military school was won while he was a student in Central High. It ended a long standing feud in which Dick played a leading rôle.

"The trouble began back in 1915 when Van was about fifteen years old," said Mr. Mattimore. "The family learned one day that Van wasn't going to school at the academy, where he enrolled in September. He was acting this time, too. Every morning he would leave home dressed in his

Richard Arlen's birthplace, at No. 927 Hastings Avenue, St. Paul, Minn. Dick's father, James Mattimore was—and still is—a prominent attorney of St. Paul.

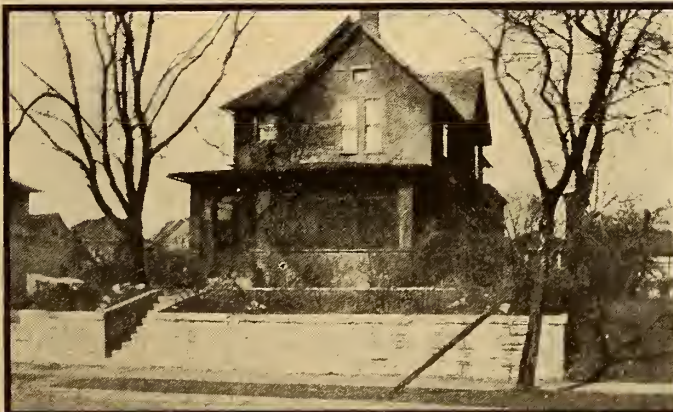


Sylvanus Mattimore—otherwise Dick Arlen—as he is today, a popular movie star. This portrait study shows him in "The Law Rides West," in which he plays a romantic and dashing sheep-herder.

uniform and with a lunch under his arm. He faked his report cards for two months. His grades during this period were excellent. When I found out about this 'ratting' from school I made a special trip to the academy to investigate.

"I learned that Van and Father Dumphy, then athletic director, were having difficulties, about what I don't remember. Something trivial, I suppose. After a conference I instructed Van to make his peace with Father Dumphy, and I started back to my office. As I was boarding the rear end of a trolley I noticed Van climb in the front entrance. We sat down together. I asked him if he remembered my instructions, and he said 'yep.' I saw his jaw was set and his eyes were glinty.

"I'm going down to Central and enroll," he (Continued on page 117)







Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles

Clara Bow, as she looked when she first achieved Hollywood. This was after her appearance in "Down to the Sea in Ships" and long before she attracted the attention of the movie millions. The date was 1924, just six years ago. How much happens in Hollywood in six years.

# Those Were the DAYS

Below, a scene from The Jesse Lasky Feature Play production of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," produced in 1916 and starring Mae Murray of the bee-stung lips. Miss Murray was a popular star and her performance of the belle of old Bath was looked upon as a scintillating characterization, indeed. "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" was based upon the stage play of David Belasco and Edgerton Castle. It was made into a sound film recently by the Warners.





# Before the Screen Spoke Its First Word and Sang Its First Theme Song

At the right, Alla Nazimova in her production of "Camille," with Rudolph Valentino playing opposite. The year was 1921. Valentino had not yet been discovered by the Hollywood movie producers and he was still a leading man. Five years of brilliant success and unprecedented fame lay ahead. Mme. Nazimova, on the other hand, was near the end of her flashing celluloid career.



Hobart Bosworth's newest film performance is as the immortal General Lee of David Wark Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln." He plays the leader of the Confederate forces with great skill. It is quite a step to the Hobart Bosworth of 1915, shown at the right. Here he is playing "An Odyssey of the North," in the days when he was the star of Bosworth Films.



Guess who is the eccentric dancing gentleman at the left. - Guess again. Ramon Novarro. Honest! Fresh from his season with the Marion Morgan Dancers, Ramon did a dancing bit in the famous Mack Sennett comedy, "A Small Town Idol." This starred Ben Turpin, who now seems to be forgotten by the films. The date was 1920. That was before Novarro was discovered by Rex Ingram and brought to prominence in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Photographs from the  
Albert Davis Collection



# The Face of a Thousand Memories

(Continued from page 45)

IN the film colony he was often referred to as the man nobody knew. Socially he didn't go out at all. Once a year you might see him with his wife at an important opening, slipping through the crowds almost unrecognized. Not in the least interested in the celebrated audiences which usually share with the picture the interest on that occasion. He concentrated always on the picture itself.

Twenty-two years ago, when he was playing with the Ferris Hartman company in San Francisco, he married a girl in the show. Very little has been said about the Chaney's married life, because Lon detested personal publicity. To the world he wanted to be no Lon Chaney, the man, but always Lon Chaney, the actor. If they knew him as he really was, they might sometimes be conscious of him behind his make-ups and that would interfere with the illusion.

But he and his wife lived a devoted love story for almost a quarter of a century.

They had a simple, pretty home in Beverly Hills where they lived quietly. Mrs. Chaney had no interest except in her husband and his work. If she worried about his health, she said nothing. Probably she knew it wouldn't do any good. He loved his wife and his home, but his mind belonged always to his work.

Everyone in Hollywood talks shop to some extent. But you couldn't talk anything else to Lon Chaney. Every conversational path led back to motion pictures. Every book he read was in some measure used to build up his work.

THE man had a strange history, which perhaps bred his deep interest in characters that were great dramatically, but that most actors would not care to attempt. His father and mother were deaf and dumb. As a child he learned to make them understand him by his facial expressions and his pantomime, since he had no other means of communication with them. He was passionately devoted to his mother and her misfortune bred in him a tenderness and an understanding for those sent into the battle of life with great physical handicaps. He did not draw back from deformity. He wept over it.

His schooling came from life itself. After a few years in grammar school he went into the world to make his living. His parents were very poor and he wanted to help them. To the day of his death he carried his card of membership in the stage hands' union. It was a great pride to him that he started as a stage hand and in a cheap theater and worked his way out from behind the scenery to act for audiences.

At the M.-G.-M. studio he was the idol of all stage hands, property men, grips and electricians. If a lot of the higher-ups didn't know him, these men did. He still talked their language and was always interested in their problems.

Oddly enough, for his background gives nothing to explain it, the man was a real student. In furthering his work, he made a study of anatomy, of sculpture, of medical theories and books. It

took him months to figure out the make-up for "The Hunchback." Any other actor would have been satisfied to put on a fake hump and attempt to create the illusion. Not Chaney. He figured out a system of straps that actually bound his body into the physical semblance of the part he was playing.

The few people who knew him well claim he never recovered from that picture and that he suffered for years as a result of that contortion.

HIS ambition to be an actor came when he was working as a stage hand. From behind the wings he watched them do their stuff and decided he could do it, too. He started practicing eccentric dancing, part of which was almost the work of a contortionist. A real worker, he'd stay after everyone else had left the theater and work on his dance, when the rest of the gang had gone out to have a good time somewhere.

His reward came. At a benefit a dancing team failed to show up. Chaney stepped into the breach and made a real hit. For years he drifted about in musical comedy, with Ferris Hartman, with Kolb and Dill, always doing slapstick comedy dances, with his serious face and his odd movements.

He got into pictures in 1912 as a slapstick comedian, then as an extra in Westerns, finally working up to be a director. But his heart was yearning for his first love. He wanted to act. Yet Chaney was the least like an actor in appearance and habits and mannerisms of any man who ever became a motion picture star.

In 1914 he appeared in "Hell Morgan's Girl," in which he played the heavy. He was so good that they slated him for heavies. But already Chaney was playing with make-up devices, experimenting in his dressing room as Edison experiments in a laboratory. He was never really happy in a straight part. There had to be some tricks of make-up and even if the part didn't call for them he'd try to put them in somehow.

There is no question that Chaney knew more about make-up than anyone else in the world. When he found that he could no longer play the bizarre roles such as "The Hunchback," it broke his heart.

IT is good to remember that his last picture was his best and that he so regarded it. When he made "The Unholy Three" as a silent picture some years ago, he got a great kick out of it. All the arts of make-up came into play with his own characterization and that of others in the picture. But he always complained bitterly that it was too bad he couldn't use his ventriloquist stunts, which he had learned from a ventriloquist in a show years ago. As soon as talking pictures became an established fact he started begging Irving Thalberg, whom he regarded as the greatest man in the world, to let him do it. He did. It was his fadeout and a glorious one.

Probably the public which has long been devoted to Chaney will never forget him as the fake cripple in "The Mir-

acle Man." The scene where he was healed by the Miracle Man was a great piece of work—again a great piece of physical contortion which no one else on the screen could have attempted. Yet it was in the simple moment of The Miracle Man's death that I shall always remember him. No make-up could have conveyed the grief and the adoration that shone in Chaney's eyes in those moments.

Chaney sacrificed himself upon the altar of his strange ambition. His life is over. But he takes his place now with the screen immortals. The serious, mysterious figure of Lon Chaney will not be so much missed around Hollywood, because he never let Hollywood know him well enough. But on the screen he will be missed terribly. And he has his wish. It is as a great actor we will remember him, and not as a personality. That would be the epitaph he would want. We give it to him unreservedly.

A great actor has died.

THE funeral of Lon Chaney was attended by most of the film famous of Hollywood. The burial took place in the Forest Lawn Cemetery, in Glendale, Mr. Chaney being buried beside his father.

It is interesting to note that, when Lieutenant Colonel H. S. Dyar, United States Marine Corps chaplain, had completed his simple eulogy, violin and organ began softly the strains of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh"—the title and theme song of one of Chaney's most successful pictures.

"Even though you're make-believing,  
Laugh, clown, laugh.  
Even though your heart is grieving,  
Laugh, clown, laugh."

Sam and Jack Feinberg, set musicians for Chaney since he made his big hit in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," wept as they played the notes of Chaney's favorite "mood music," used at the studio in the old silent film days while the cameras ground away on scenes that often required Chaney to carry on in spite of painful poses.

The widow, Mrs. Hazel Chaney, to whom the actor's last request had been to have his "set music" played at the funeral, collapsed, weeping hysterically. Tears welled in the eyes of friends of Chaney in attendance. They included men and women whose names are known wherever films are seen, officers of the Marine Corps, and down-and-outers of pictures and other professions, whom Chaney has befriended.

The Hollywood motion picture colony was represented by Lew Cody and William Haines, actors, and Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg, executives at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, where Chaney did most of his work.

No religious music was played in the downtown chapel during the services, which followed the Episcopalian ritual. The first song played was the popular waltz of a few years ago, "Let the Rest of the World Go By."

The active pallbearers were Chaney's  
(Continued on page 104)



# What the Stars Are Doing

| STAR                                           | TITLE                   | DIRECTOR                      | KIND OF STORY   | LEADING PLAYER               |
|------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------|------------------------------|
| <b>FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO</b>                   |                         |                               |                 |                              |
| Nothing shooting except three foreign versions |                         |                               |                 |                              |
| <b>FOX STUDIO</b>                              |                         |                               |                 |                              |
| Maureen O'Sullivan                             | Just Imagine            | Dave Butler                   | Musical Comedy  | El Brendel                   |
| George O'Brien                                 | Fair Warning            | Al Werker                     | Western         | Louise Huntington            |
| Edmund Lowe                                    | Scotland Yard           | W. K. Howard                  | Detective       | Joan Bennett                 |
| Will Rogers                                    | Lightnin'               | Henry King                    | Comedy          | Louise Dresser               |
| <b>HAROLD LLOYD STUDIO</b>                     |                         |                               |                 |                              |
| Harold Lloyd                                   | Feet First              | Clyde Bruckman                | Comedy          | Barbara Kent                 |
| <b>METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO</b>              |                         |                               |                 |                              |
| Lawrence Tibbett<br>Grace Moore                | New Moon                | Jack Conway                   | Operetta        |                              |
| Anita Page                                     | War Nurse               | Edgar Selwyn                  | Drama           | Robert Montgomery            |
| Charles Bickford<br>Kay Francis                | Passion Flower          | C. B. DeMille                 | Drama           | Lewis Stone<br>Kay Johnson   |
| <b>PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO</b>             |                         |                               |                 |                              |
| Ina Claire<br>Fredric March                    | The Royal Family        | Cyril Gardner<br>George Cukor | Comedy-Drama    | Mary Brian                   |
| <b>PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO</b>             |                         |                               |                 |                              |
| Jackie Coogan                                  | Tom Sawyer              | John Cromwell                 | Romance         | Mitzi Green                  |
| Jack Oakie                                     | Untitled                | Victor Heerman                | Navy Story      | Lillian Roth                 |
| Charles Rogers                                 | Along Came Youth        | Lloyd Corrigan                | Romance         | Frances Dee                  |
| <b>R K O STUDIO</b>                            |                         |                               |                 |                              |
| Amos 'n' Andy                                  | Check & Double Check    | Mel Brown                     | Comedy          | Irene Rich                   |
| Richard Dix                                    | Cimarron                | Wesley Ruggles                | Pioneer Romance | Irene Dunne                  |
| <b>UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO</b>                   |                         |                               |                 |                              |
| Ronald Colman                                  | Untitled                | Irving Cummings               | Romance         | Constance Cummings           |
| Evelyn Laye                                    | Lilli                   | George Fitzmaurice            | Operetta        | John Boles<br>Lilyan Tashman |
| <b>UNIVERSAL STUDIO</b>                        |                         |                               |                 |                              |
| Lupe Velez                                     | East Is West            | Monta Bell                    | Romance         | Lew Ayres                    |
| Betty Compson                                  | Boudoir Diplomat        | Mal St. Clair                 | Romantic Comedy | Ian Keith<br>Mary Duncan     |
| <b>WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO</b>                  |                         |                               |                 |                              |
| Margaret Schilling                             | Children of Dreams      | Al Crosland                   | Drama           | Paul Gregory                 |
| Olsen & Johnson                                | Fifty Million Frenchmen | Lloyd Bacon                   | Musical         | Claudia Dell                 |
| Bebe Daniels                                   | Ex-Mistress             | H. Del Ruth                   | Drama           | Ben Lyons                    |
| <b>TIFFANY STUDIO</b>                          |                         |                               |                 |                              |
| James Hall                                     | Third Alarm             | Emory Johnson                 | Melodrama       | Anita Louise                 |
| Rex Lease                                      | Untitled                | Richard Thorpe                | Western         | Dorothy Sebastian            |





Necking for beauty's sake, as demonstrated by Jean Arthur. First, lie on a divan, allowing the head and shoulders to droop over the edge. Second, turn the head from left to right fifteen times. Third, raise the head from the shoulders and lower it. Fourth, complete the exercises with a gentle massage, using the middle and forefingers of both hands and drawing them from the center of the neck back to the lobes of the ears.

# FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

This Month the NEW MOVIE Expert Considers the Winter Clothes Problems—How to Gain Charm and Attractiveness

By ANN BOYD

**H**ERE we are, this month, with a great deskful of questions to answer and a stack of Winter clothes and make-up problems to be solved. For although this is officially and ostensibly a beauty department, the clothes question will come up, especially because color has so much to do with the hair and the skin.

This winter the color agitation is particularly keen because, with the switch in styles, comes an accompanying change in our color schemes. The problem that is bothering many of the younger girls is whether to wear black—which is most fashionable and the rage in Paris—or whether to stick to the gayer colors that are supposed to be more appropriate to younger girls.

Jacqueline of East Liverpool, Ohio, is one of these younger girls who craves a long, black tight-fitting dress that falls into a flare skirt. Jacqueline's problem is typical. You see, for some seasons, the older women had a frantic time trying to adapt their faces and figures to the flapper styles. And now that the more mature sophisticated fashions have come in, the tables are turned. The young girls, who have been having everything their own way, are obliged to adapt the fashions to *their* age and figures.

If I were Jacqueline I should go right ahead and get the black slinky dress and peace would reign in my soul. But I should also *not* wear it in its unrelied and somber majesty. I should brighten it up. I should buy a wide white collar, an ecru collar and a collar with some colored edging. Or how about one

of those new scarfs? They aren't like the old scarfs, bright and flowered and wide; they are rather short, made in a stole effect, and of black satin with a light, vivid lining.

Even Paris—which realizes that the young woman is, after all, the most important factor in dress buying—is modifying its black dresses with touches of color in collars, scarfs and accessories. So the young girl may add color with a clear conscience, because the old rule that the face should be framed by a lighter shade of material than the dress still holds good.

**G**IRLS who are decidedly blonde, emphatically brunette or obviously red-haired, do not have as great difficulty in choosing their colors as the Undecided and In-Betweens. For instance, Frances K., of Columbus, Ohio, has dark brown hair and gray-blue eyes and a medium complexion, and she wants to know her correct colors. For evening, obviously, she should wear blues that will intensify the blues in her eyes or rose and geranium shades that will bring light to her hair. In the daytime, too, she should contrive to have a touch of blue about her. She can also wear deep autumn browns, the new brick reds and blue-greens. In fact, greens, unless they are very hard and sharp or too heavily shaded with yellow, are almost universally becoming. This is a rash statement, but I think that most girls are almost sure to find just the right shade for themselves in the wide range of delectable greens now used in dress fabrics. (Continued on page 105)



# WHAT A KITCHEN KNIFE CAN TELL YOU ABOUT WASHDAY



A KITCHEN KNIFE and easier washdays! They may seem miles apart. And yet . . .

Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha and cut into it. As the blade eases through the big, generous bar, what do you see? . . . from top to bottom a smooth, velvety texture that plainly says, "This is unusually good soap!" But don't stop here, for the best is yet to come.

Hold this soap up to your nose and sniff. Naptha! You can smell it. Plenty of it *all through the bar*. Naptha, you know, is an unusual dirt-loosener. It is combined with the good golden soap by a special process that keeps it there, on the job to the last thin sliver.

So every time you use Fels-Naptha, you get the help of two safe, active cleaners instead of one. Plentiful naptha working hand-in-hand with good golden soap. Briskly, busily, this sturdy pair loosens the most stubborn dirt and washes it away without hard rubbing. And that's why

millions say Fels-Naptha is the real wash-day bargain. It brings you not more bars, but more help. *Extra* help that saves *you!*

Next washday, use Fels-Naptha and have this *extra* help. See how much quicker and easier it makes your washing; how sweetly clean and fresh it gets your clothes. Notice, too, how gentle Fels-Naptha is to the hands. That's because it loosens dirt so quickly that you don't have to keep them in the water long.

Another advantage—there's no fussing, no special directions for you to follow with Fels-Naptha. Use it *your* way. Use it in tub or washing machine. Soak your clothes with it or boil them, just as you wish. Being a soap, Fels-Naptha naturally works best in hot water. But unlike many other soaps, Fels-Naptha will turn out a sparkling wash in lukewarm or even cool water.

Your nearest grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars to-day. Or better still, ask for the convenient 10-bar carton—then

you'll have *extra* help aplenty for all your washing and household cleaning tasks.

**SPECIAL OFFER**—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now! © 1930, FELS & CO.

TNM 11-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

Name

Street

City  State

Fill in completely—print name and address



# What the Stars Pay for Their CLOTHES

(Continued from page 67)

tabs with tails trimming the inside pockets, are always used with expensive goods, and the result is really smarter and considered more distinguished than the more expensive whole fur coat. Do not believe that it is cheaper, for several of such coats are required by the smart dresser, in one season.

Evening dresses, the most romantic, beloved, and distractingly expensive of all the wardrobe, and the most perishable as well, represent a large outlay in any Hollywood budget. As Estelle Taylor says, every social event in Hollywood is a business affair, for there every star realizes that she must be at her very best. It would be unthinkable to attend a large function such as Bebe Daniels' wedding, without a totally new costume.

Every big opening sees another special outfit planned and worn with effect. Where beauty is a business, one must expect that this is true.

Few stars would feel properly clothed in an evening dress that cost less than \$200. With a lacey jacket such as might be worn with a summer evening costume, Mary Nolan paid \$500 (the gown was of white

(Continued on page 108)



Estelle Taylor is a shrewd and careful buyer. This striking silver cloth gown, which fits Miss Taylor's personality so well, cost her \$200.

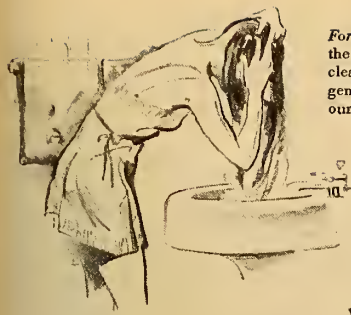
recognize the pictorial value of trim, well-shoed feet; and ready-made or made-to-order shoes receive a generous part of the budget for clothes.

**TOPCOATS** are always with us; they may be the expensive tweed or wool tailored coat, to go over a tailored suit; they may be from \$200 to \$250. They may be polo coats, at \$35 to \$200 for a camel's-hair one. They may be the very expensive, smart and luxurious fur-trimmed coats to be worn with the afternoon dress. These coats are rarely less than \$250 even if trimmed with the lowly lapin; trimmed in better fur they rise to \$850. Broad-tail panels, fox collars and cuffs, ermine collars and

Hedda Hopper, shown at the right as she appeared in "Let Us Be Gay," is known as Hollywood's canniest buyer of clothes and best dressed woman, on \$3,000 a year.







For highlights in your hair, the chief requirement is cleanliness . . . frequent, generous shampoos. (See our booklet).



To help keep away wrinkles, and flabby flesh, scrub lustily with your wash cloth, make of your toweling an exercise.



For a new smart look to your clothes, put on nothing that isn't crisply clean.

What to do?

What to do?

When elbows are dark and roughened, the remedy is simple: soap-scrub this unloveliness away.



For a more beautiful complexion, try some of the many suggestions in our booklet, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

WHAT TO DO?

For better times, to look your best, just take a bath. Here's vigor, verve, vivacity; beauty, poise, and charm.



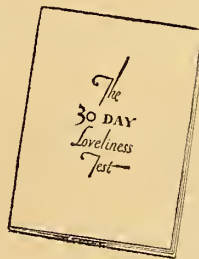
To have beautiful hands, never wash them casually. Scrub them well. Rinse them thoroughly. Dry them completely. (See booklet).

*The way to loveliness is in this book*

There IS a way to loveliness . . . a way that anyone may take. And its cost . . . only a little effort on your part . . . an earnest wish that you may become a happier, more charming, and better liked person.

What is loveliness? Let's see if we can't list some of the precious ingredients. First, isn't loveliness a quality of "inner spirit," made up, in turn, of things like pride in self, and confidence? (Here, surely, is the truest source of poise and personality).

Next, isn't loveliness better health . . . disclosing itself in many ways, as in skin that is clear and tinted naturally, hair that has a luster, and eyes a sparkle. Third, loveliness undoubtedly is charm of dress . . . style, neatness, immaculacy.



Loveliness is all and principally these things. Don't you agree?

Then possibly you will also hold with us that right in your own home, in your bath tub and basin, in your laundry bag and dresser drawer, are vast possibilities for you of greater loveliness.

But where to start! What, precisely, to do! Isn't that the big problem?

Feeling sure that it is, we urge you to send for "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test," a new and a different kind of beauty booklet. For here are easy instructions . . . and a definite program to follow. Mail the coupon promptly, for a free copy of this most unusual booklet.

## CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

*Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness*

45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book About Baths," or "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. T-4  
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free of all cost "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....





Transfer here from Heaven to Hell! Here you see some of the technicians and part of the cast of the new Fox adaptation of Ferenc Molnar's fantastic play, "Liliom." Charles Farrell, who plays Liliom, is seen between two of the demon guards on the Red Special, bound for the hot regions. On the platform of the Celestial Limited, en route to Heaven, is H. B. Warner, playing the Chief Magistrate, together with Heavenly Guards. Standing by are Chester Lyons, cameraman, Harry Oliver, art director and designer of the bizarre setting, and Frank Borzage, the director.

## Visits to the Great Studios

(Continued from page 53)

that you are in Paris. Turn a corner and you walk down an Avenue in Havana, another and you're on Berlin's Unter den Linden. In the center of the park towards which these converge will be a massive, sculptured Italian fountain. It is a mighty dream coming true.

So far, in the building of this studio, there has been used 7,600,000 feet of lumber; 7,300,000 feet of reinforcing steel; 416,000 square feet of paving and sidewalks; 19,800 tons of cement; 96,000 tons of rock; 153,000 pounds of nails; 60,000 feet of water pipe; 45,000 feet of water and sewer mains; 54 miles of electrical cable and conduit laid underground; 70,000 square yards of carpet; and the 14 foot wall is 6,200 feet long and contains 86,800 feet of cement.

Every new development of science pertaining to photography and sound recording is available at this studio. And a laboratory houses experiments which may revolutionize the industry at any time. Rehearsal halls, refrigeration and heating plants which reach every square foot of every building on the lot, a large library filled with invaluable reference volumes for the use of writers and researchers, a mill, a blacksmith shop, a plumbing shop, a furniture shop, yes, even a clothes shop where fashion experts turn out the modes and models you see worn on the

screen by the stars.

In the case of this studio more than any other, it is silly to go enumerating the individual buildings and units. Let your imagination run wild, think of *anything*—and it will be found or can be built in record time at Movietone City.

**I**T is just that, a city. A walled city in which the workers could live forever and enjoy all the comforts of any man. There is even a clubhouse with a completely equipped gymnasium, Turkish bath, lounge room, card rooms and a hospital ward.

Like New York, Los Angeles and other fast growing cities, Movietone City is not finished now and will not be for years. Month after month, year after year, new construction goes forward to meet the growing and changing demands of entertainment for the world, not only in English but, in the order of their importance in revenue, in Spanish, Portuguese, German, French, and Italian. Gradually the old studio at Sunset and Western is being abandoned. Within a year motion pictures will no longer be recorded on those two lots on both sides of Western Avenue. The old stages will be torn down and in their place will be erected a new 5000-seat Fox Theatre, while across the

street new color laboratories will be built, and also rehearsal stages for the Fanchon and Marco girl and music shows which each week carry the gospel of sunkissed beauties from Hollywood into the north, east and south.

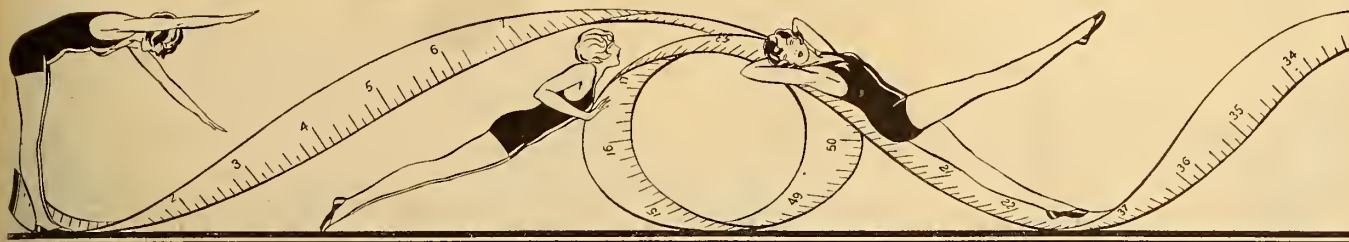
They are building six new stages now at Movietone City and already this wonder of the studios is inadequate to care for present needs.

**J**UST last week Bill Farnum was in Pasadena. He drove to Malibu Beach, and on the way passed the old Edendale studio and the new Movietone City. He arrived at Malibu with a far-away look in his eyes.

"That old place," he said, "at Edendale. We thought it pretty good. But now, covered with tattered old circus and election 24 sheets, the roof fallen in and spiderwebs all over it—well, it's a far cry from that old Fox studio to the great Walled City I passed at Fox Hills. There is a great deal in between."

Yes, there is. A great deal. A great many things. But had Tom Mix, Blue, his mare and Tony, his horse—and the idolizing kiddies of the world—not been among those things in between, it is very unlikely that the Movietone City studio at Fox Hills would be what it is today.





# IF YOU REALLY WANT TO REDUCE

Here's an inexpensive guide to exercise and diet that you can follow with excellent results.



"REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY" shows you how to take off those unwanted, excess pounds without endangering your health—or making your life a bore.

It gives you menus that are so interesting you will never miss the things you should not eat.

It explains for you the simple but effective exercises that make you more graceful as well as slim and slender.

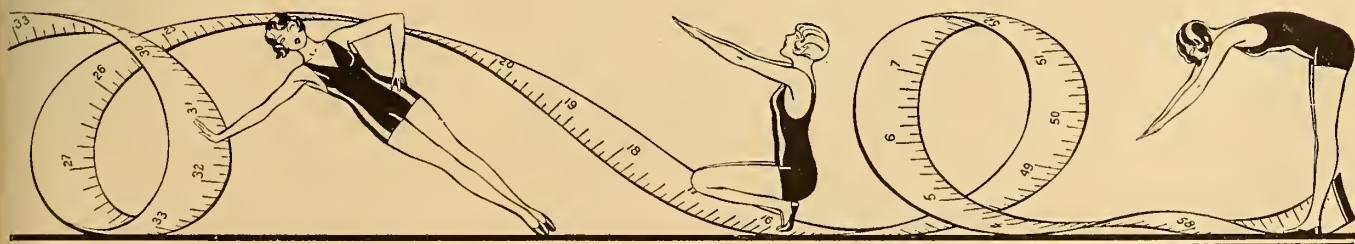
"REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY" will be found in some Woolworth stores. Or you may order it direct, sending us ten cents, plus two cents for postage in coin or stamps. You will like this attractive book—and be pleased with the results of following its advice.



**TOWER BOOKS, INCORPORATED**

55 Fifth Avenue

New York, N. Y.







Here is the famous Hollywood High School, especially photographed for NEW MOVIE by Stagg. This school has developed many now famous movie folk. The list of graduates, now well known on the screen, is a long and imposing one. In the old days, the schools of Brooklyn turned out the film famous. But the star of celluloid empire has moved westward.

## Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 31)

"How do you get along with animals?"

"Animals!" the dark one's forehead wrinkled. "What kind of animals? Dogs? Horses? I get along with animals all right."

"I think he would do with the dogs and horses," said Errol, "but I'm not so sure about those two mountain lions. How do you get along with mountain lions?"

Two pairs of eyes popped. The big one said, "I resign right now. Mountain lions—all kinds of lions—we just don't like each other. We ain't chummy a bit. Goodbye." He left at a pace a bit faster than a walk.

"How about you?" Dick asked the smaller, and remaining G. of C.

"Me?" he asked, "Me? What kind of mountain lions is they, Mister Arlen? Is they got teeth?"

"Yes," said Dick, "but mountain lions—these anyway—scratch worse than they bite. But they are nice mountain lions if they like you, if you get along with them."

"Well," said the little darkie, "I'll tell you, Mister Arlen. I never tried very hard to get along with mountain lions so I don't know how good I is at it. But I'll try it. We'll get one 'take,' anyway!"

\* \* \*

*Marguerite Churchill, now making movies for Fox, was only fourteen years old when she won a Winthrop Ames scholarship in the New York Theatre Guild.*

\* \* \*

**E**DDIE SUTHERLAND and his beautiful bride gave a dinner dance at the Embassy Club. The room was a bower of pale pink roses, great baskets of them being set on every small table.

Among those present: Charlie Chap-

lin, who stayed very late and seemed to have a wonderful time. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman) were present and Mrs. Lowe looked perfectly stunning in a very low cut frock of metal cloth in rose and gold. William Haines was there and only danced once, with Mae Sunday, who had on an orchid and purple print frock. Charlie Farrell came with Virginia Valli, who wore black lace. It was her farewell to Hollywood, as she has gone to New York with Colleen Moore.

William Boyd and Vivienne Segal were present, Miss Segal wearing a stunning, tight-fitting gown of black. When friends admired it, she said, "It's the same one I wore to Bebe's wedding. It was green then, and I just had it dyed black." Buddy Rogers brought June Collyer, who wore fluffy orchid and orchids. Buddy dancing frequently with Florence Hamburger, a statuesque blonde ex-debutante of Los Angeles. Others were John Monk Saunders and his wife Fay Wray, who looks startlingly like Gloria Swanson; Leatrice Joy, in white; Kendall Gleanzer, in rose print chiffon; Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, and Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick (Irene Mayer).

Guests were surprised later to learn that it was Eddie and Ethel's farewell party. They had agreed to separate two days before the party but wouldn't disappoint their friends. She's at the Beverly Wilshire. They have been married less than a year.

\* \* \*

**M**RS. HUGH MURRAY and her daughter, Anita, who were so popular in Hollywood, left for New York with Marilyn Miller. Anita is to be in the new Miller musical show, "Tom, Dick and Harry." The exodus of these three—Sadie, Anita and Marilyn—was

the occasion for any number of farewell parties and practically all Hollywood went to the station to see them off on the Chief.

Buster Collier and Marie Prevost gave a farewell party for them at Marie's Malibu Beach cottage. It was a warm Summer night and Marie set tables under the awnings on the platform in front of the house. Bebe Daniels was there, looking perfectly stunning with a new, very short hair cut. Your reporter never heard so many people rave about anything in his life. At least, Bebe was there when she wasn't upstairs talking on the long distance telephone to New York, Ben Lyon having gone East for the New York premiere of "Hell's Angels."

Also present were William Haines, Jimmy Shields, Mae Sunday, Hoot Gibson and his bride, Sally Eilers. Sally looked sweet and quite grown up, in black with a black velvet hat. Charlie Ruggles, who seems to be creating a riot in pictures, came, and so did Wesley Ruggles and Kathryn Crawford.

Marilyn Miller was in stunning Chinese pajamas, and she did a hula for the guests to Hawaiian music. And Kathryn Crawford, who has a sweet voice, sang the song of the islands in Hawaiian. Marie Prevost wore black pajamas, with a scarlet lining. Louella Parsons was in green, too, and spent most of the evening in a very concentrated bridge game. Some time after midnight when everyone got hungry, Bebe Daniels and Buster went out in the kitchen and prepared supper. Bebe found a lot of canned tamales and with some cream and beaten eggs, and a lot of paprika, etc., she concocted a very elegant dish which was enjoyed by all.

(Continued on page 102)





# *Half the Time* **TWICE** **THE PLEASURE**

## *Bake dainty cakes* **in CRINKLE CUPS**

Baking in Crinkle Cups is easier and quicker because there are no cake pans to fuss with—to grease and wash and put away. There's extra pleasure in serving cakes baked in Crinkle Cups, too. The cakes don't stick—they slip out perfect in shape, evenly browned, delicious. And Crinkle Cups keep them fresh and dainty until you are ready to serve them.

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 CENT STORES



### **MAHOGANY CAKE**

From the Recipe Book packed  
in every box of Crinkle Cups,

- |                                 |                        |
|---------------------------------|------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful chocolate  | 2 cupfuls pastry flour |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sweet milk | 1 teaspoonful soda     |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful shortening | 1 teaspoonful lemon    |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls sugar     | extract                |
| 3 egg yolks                     | 1 teaspoonful vanilla  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sour milk  | extract                |
| 3 egg-whites beaten stiff       |                        |

Cook chocolate and milk in double-boiler until smooth, then cool. Cream shortening and sugar and add beaten egg yolks. Sift flour and soda, and add alternately with sour milk to cake mixture. Add the chocolate mixture and the flavoring extracts. Beat well and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in Crinkle Cups in a moderate oven of 375° F. for thirty minutes.

Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth stores, send us 10c for a package of 75 cups.



Oldmill Paper Products Corp., Dept. T-11-30, Linden street, corner Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.



# TANGEE

LIKE NATURE'S OWN GLOW

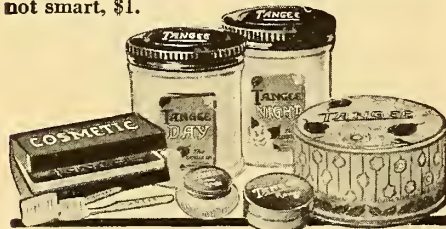


## VOGUE TELLS "WHAT MEN DISLIKE IN WOMEN"

"Men no longer beam with approval," says this world famous fashion magazine, "at the sight of a schoolgirl complexion guiltless of any make-up. On the contrary they may even find it wan and dull. But there remains always the distinction between art and artifice, and a patently artificial beauty leaves them quite as cold. Avoid therefore lipsticks that do not match one's natural coloring." ©

Tangee, the world's most famous lipstick, leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Tangee is entirely different from any other lipstick. Magically it takes on color after you apply it . . . and blends with your own natural coloring, no matter what your individual complexion. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial!

Tangee Lipstick, \$1. Rouge Compact, 75¢. Crème Rouge, \$1. Face Powder, to match the natural skin tones, \$1. Night Cream, cleanses and nourishes, \$1. Day Cream, protects the skin, \$1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, \$1.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. T.G. 11  
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name .....

Address .....

# Dolores Gets Married

## DARLING:

There just never has been anything so *romantic* as Dolores Del Rio's wedding to Cedric Gibbons.

After Bebe and Sally were married I thought you couldn't have a real wedding without a long veil and a lot of lovely bridesmaids. But I've changed my mind. Dolores' wedding was like something out of an old romance and it was just *perfect*.

I wish you could have been there, darling, because you do love romantic things so much, but since you had to stay in New York this year, I'll try to make you feel you did see it all.

THEY were married in the Santa Barbara Mission by Father Augustine, one of the Franciscan monks.

Santa Barbara is one of the most beautiful towns in the world. And Dolores and Cedric drove up there to be married. You know Cedric is rated as the finest art director in motion pictures, and is really an excellent artist himself. Besides, he is an Irish gentleman, educated in Dublin, and loves to do things in a dashing way. Just look how he swept Dolores off her feet. You know she said she'd never marry again. Then she met Cedric at a party at Marion Davies' house.

It was certainly love at first sight with Cedric, because I was sitting next to him at dinner that night and he really could hardly speak, for looking at Dolores, who was in a simple, black gown. I didn't mind because that nice Gene Markey was on my right and you know he talks all the time, so it was all right. Finally Cedric got up nerve enough to ask Dolores to dance and just a few weeks later they were engaged. He was the kind of a suitor girls dream about, so sweet and attentive and always doing lovely things for her. And, of course, he is *brilliant*. Besides being so distinguished-looking.

They drove up to Santa Barbara, through those wonderful orange groves. And Santa Barbara is just like an old

Spanish town. All the buildings are early California and this time of year the flowering eucalyptus trees and the purple acacias are all in bloom. You never saw such masses of color and such beautiful flowers everywhere, just as though the town itself had been all decorated for a bridal party.

But added to that, it was the week of the Santa Barbara Fiesta, which is one of the glorious sights of California. For a week, everyone tries to bring back the days of early California, and the streets are full of pretty girls and young men dressed in Spanish costumes, and wonderful horses with silver saddles, and old coaches drawn by white horses with hammered silver harnesses. They have dances and parades and everything—and people come from all over the world to see it.

SO you can imagine how Dolores and Cedric felt, driving through those beautiful streets and Dolores looked as though she were the Spanish princess chosen to be queen of the Fiesta, as they did in the old days. On all sides there was music, guitars and Spanish tunes, and caballeros singing serenades under balconies covered with flowers.

Of course, the jewel of the whole town is the Santa Barbara Mission, which is on a low hill, just in back of the town and which was built by Father Junipero Serra in 1786. It has been restored and kept in wonderful condition so it looks just as it did then. Around it are lovely gardens and it is simply exquisite to look at.

Just a small party went up with Dolores, because she said when she decided to be married quietly in Santa Barbara and couldn't have a big wedding, she would just have her closest friends and not try to have guests. So there was Dolores and Cedric, and Mrs. Asunsolo, Dolores' mother, who was her only attendant, and Mr. and Mrs. Don Alvarado—Anne Alvarado is Dolores' best friend and almost like a sister—

(Continued on page 104)



Photograph by Charles E. Bulloch

Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons in front of the historic old Mission in Santa Barbara, following their marriage by the Reverend Father Augustine. The wedding party, from left to right: Mrs. Sidney Toler, a friend of the bride's mother, Don Alvarado, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, Mrs. Don Alvarado, Benjamin Glazer, the best man, and Mrs. J. L. Asunsolo, mother of Dolores and matron of honor.



## Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 16)

she will go far on the road of the truly great.

Marjorie Enke,  
Box 358.

### For a Reg'lar Guy

New York, N. Y.

I have been reading the letters in NEW MOVIE for a long time and find not even one from a "femme" or a "him" who wrote in praise of that unsurpassable regular guy—Jack Oakie. He may not be an Adonis for looks, but at least he's real. It was my pleasure to see him when he was making personal appearances at the Brooklyn Paramount, and if he didn't knock me from under my silk-mesh beret then I'm all wrong.

Lilyan Dvorak,  
215 E. 69th Street.

### Now Turn to Page 72

San Francisco, Calif.

For several years we have watched William Haines clown through pictures. Sometimes the clowning is amusing; often boring; and occasionally even bordering on lunacy. Yet once in each picture he throws off the pose and gives us a bit of real acting that is so poignant and sincere that it touches the very depths of our emotions and makes us realize that Mr. Haines is an actor who could go far if he ever chose to be serious.

A. V. Nagel,  
1429 Willard Street.

## Miss Tower Wins

(Continued from page 14)

vaudeville in a Nils Granlund act.

The specifications entered with Miss Storey's contest pictures give the following beauty details: Weight, 108; height, 5 feet, four inches; brown hair; hazel eyes; ankle, 7½ inches; calf, 13 inches; thigh 20 inches; hips, 36 inches; waist, 26 inches; bust, 34 inches; shoulders, 17½ inches; neck, 12 inches.

UP to the moment that she was notified of her luck in winning the Tower portion of the competition, Miss Storey did not know that she had been entered in the contest. This entry was made by Miss Storey's mother unknown to her daughter.

During her stay on the coast, Miss Storey—now Miss Columbia—will be entertained by the various stars and directors of the Columbia roster. Under their guidance she will see the sights of Hollywood. The important personalities who will act as her hosts include Harry Cohn, vice-president of the company, Dorothy Revier, Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, and many others of note. A delegation from the Columbia Studios will meet Miss Columbia at the train.

Miss Storey, we feel sure, has the best wishes of the millions of Tower readers in her lucky win.

FUTURE issues of NEW MOVIE will tell you more about her Hollywood visit.

Clara Bow—  
Betty Bronson—  
Janet Gaynor—



You —

Every Woman

must face the

Close-up Test

A GIRL'S lovely skin is an instant attraction, say 45 Hollywood directors. A whole audience is swept by enthusiasm when the close-up brings a star's loveliness near.

And every woman must meet the scrutiny of close appraising eyes. Does *your* skin quicken the heart like the alluring stars? It can.

For they have discovered a sure

way to complexion beauty. Clara Bow, bewitching little Paramount star, beguiling Betty Bronson, Janet Gaynor, beloved Fox star, are among 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood who guard their smooth skin with Lux Toilet Soap!

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with . . .

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢



# Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 98)



## PARIS SPONSORS 6 NEW TINTEX SHADES

|           |            |
|-----------|------------|
| WINE      | RUST       |
| BEIGE     | SEAL       |
| TURQUOISE | ROYAL BLUE |

You know, of course, that Tintex leads all other home dyes and tints in simplicity of use and in the perfect results obtained...

But—do you know that Tintex is also the leader in color styles?

No sooner does Paris approve a new color than you will find it in the Tintex line!

These six colors are new in Paris now and already you may buy them in Tintex at your favorite store.

Ask to see these fascinating new shades on the Tintex Color Card—they are the *dernier cri* for wearables as well as home decorations.

### —THE TINTEX GROUP—

**Tintex Gray Box**—Tints and dyes all materials.

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# Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

MOVIE stars are often ardent fans themselves. Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez were guests at Vivienne Segal's one week recently and they began teasing Lupe about Miss Garbo. Lupe defended Garbo valiantly. She thinks Garbo is the greatest actress on earth and idolizes her just as Janet Gaynor does Mary Pickford.

Harry Carey once was an amateur champion boxer and track man, to say nothing of rowing for the New York Athletic Club. Harry says it was so long ago he doesn't care to talk about it, which is silly. He is still young. Playing "Trader Horn" for a year just makes him feel old.

JOHN GILBERT has bought a home at Malibu and expects to live there the year round. It's only twenty-five minutes from Malibu to the M.-G.-M. studio and Jack loves the quiet and rest he can get at the beach in the winter. He'll be a bachelor for a while, at least, as Ina Claire is in New York filming "The Royal Family."

WORD from Lila Lee, at her sanatorium in Arizona, is that she is doing marvelously and expects to stay down there some months longer. She's very cheerful and seems to be enjoying her rest. In the meantime, everyone misses her, both on and off the screen.

MARY PICKFORD is going to do "Kiki." This is the stage play about a little French street gamin, in which Lenore Ulric starred and which was later made into a silent picture by Norma Talmadge. The selection of it as a vehicle for Mary Pickford startled everyone in Hollywood.

Buddy Rogers is squiring Mary Brian quite a bit right now. But he takes June Collyer out, too.

MR. AND MRS. IRVING THALBERG—Mrs. Thalberg is Norma Shearer—are the father and mother of an eight pound, five ounce son, born in a Los Angeles hospital. We are especially careful about the five ounces because Irving was ready to go down and blow up a couple of newspaper offices that forgot it. Both mother and child are well and the baby is said to be exceptionally beautiful. There will be no pictures, unless Norma changes her mind. She doesn't think it's good business.

Jackie Coogan is now fifteen years old, five feet tall, weighs ninety-five pounds, and possesses dark blond hair and brown eyes.

DOLORES BARRYMORE has been made a charter member of the Dominoes. This is the stage women's club, the Hollywood chapter including all the great names in pictures. They have a clubhouse in Hollywood. Dolores Barrymore is the youngest member and was entered by her father, John Barrymore, and her mother, Dolores Costello Barrymore. Her picture, taken at the age of six weeks, is the only one hanging in the main clubroom.

ONE of the great problems when stars like Leon Errol, Buster Keaton or Bill Haines are making their pictures centers around the extras, electricians and stage hands. These stars are really funny and in the midst of a scene someone is sure to laugh—and bingo! It's got to be done over again. The laugh picks up in the microphone, of course.

JACK PICKFORD has taken unto himself a third beautiful wife. He and Mary Mulhern, a lovely Irish girl from the New York stage, were married at Del Monte. Jack was previously married to Olive Thomas, who died in Paris, and to Marilyn Miller. The new Mrs. Pickford is a charming person and Mary Pickford, Jack's sister, is exceedingly pleased with the match. What a shame Jack isn't acting any more! Do you remember his work in "Brown of Harvard" and before that in the original "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"?

BASIL RATHBONE, who takes his art very seriously and wants to do bigger and better things all the time, has left Hollywood and gone back to New York where he will seek a stage job. "Motion pictures cramp one's individuality," says Basil. Misty Chaplin, Fairbanks, Lloyd, Gilbert, et al will be surprised to know this.

Fifi Dorsay is one of the FIFTY-THREE grandchildren in her family.

DIRECTOR ALLAN DWAN has a tennis court at Malibu Beach which is fitted up with electric lights so that he can play after dinner. It costs seven dollars an hour to light the court.

WILLIAM C. DEMILLE'S daughter is going to marry Bernie Fineman, assistant producer at M.-G.-M. studios, in New York about Christmas time. Mr. Fineman once was married to Evelyn Brent.

Eddie Lowe played first base on the baseball team while attending Santa Clara College.

MARY PICKFORD appeared in court in Hollywood to ask that the name of her niece, fourteen years old, be changed from Mary Charlotte Pickford to Gwynne Pickford. Reason: to prevent confusion and inconvenience resulting from two Mary Pickfords in the family.

MORE than 300 Chinese were assembled on one set at the Universal studio for Lupe Velez's "East Is West," which she is doing with Lew Ayres. The scene was a Shanghai waterfront. Most of the Chinese could not understand each other, fourteen different dialects being spoken.

Did you know that Chevalier has carried a piece of shrapnel in one of his lungs ever since the famous "taxicab drive" out of Paris in August of 1914?



# The Toast of Broadway

(Continued from page 79)

then came "Sally"—the first "Sally"—perhaps the most famous musical comedy ever produced on the American stage. It burst upon the town in December, 1921, at the New Amsterdam Theatre, and remained there for two seasons without a break.

To this day "Sally" remains Marilyn's favorite rôle. It is the rôle, she believes, that fitted her best. It is the rôle that placed her on the throne of musical comedy. For a long time it seemed that New York would never permit the show to leave the New Amsterdam. Ziegfeld was obliged to produce the "Follies of 1921" at another theatre, thus breaking a precedent of years, for the good and sufficient reason that "Sally" was making too much money to be interfered with. And when the show did finally go on the road, it played the principal cities of the nation for a year and a half more.

WHILE at the Winter Garden she met and married Frank Carter, a handsome young man with a pleasant singing voice who is still pleasantly remembered by those who saw and heard him in those days. It was a genuine love match, destined to a tragic end. The revue in which Carter was playing went to Boston while Marilyn remained in New York. One Saturday night he started from Boston in his high-powered motor car to spend the weekend with his bride. There was a fatal accident. So deep was the young wife's grief that for a time a complete breakdown was feared. But the years of theatrical discipline had made Marilyn "a good trouper" and she went on resolutely with her career.

Some years later she married again. Her second husband was Jack Pickford, brother of Mary and himself a screen actor of some note. It was during her honeymoon days that Marilyn Miller first made the acquaintance of Hollywood—and liked it. Even then screen producers were trying to induce her to star in pictures, but she steadfastly refused. Those, of course, were the silent days and Marilyn frankly admits that she just couldn't see herself in soundless pictures.

"I'm a singer and dancer first and foremost," she declares. "And even in acting I don't see how I could get along without dialogue. Now, with the talkies, everything is different. And when First National told me they wanted to put 'Sally' on the screen, all in color—well, I just couldn't resist!"

Her residence in Hollywood as Mrs. Jack Pickford was not a long one. Rumors of incompatibility began to fly about. They were first denied, then confirmed; and finally a divorce was granted. But Marilyn and Jack are still good friends, and when she was in Hollywood last Summer making "Sally" for First National, the pair were seen together a number of times.

When Marilyn was asked recently whether she was thinking of marrying again she replied very definitely: "No!" And she said it as though she meant it. Since then her engagement to Michael Farmer, an Irish gentleman, has been announced and Hollywood and Broadway are laying wagers.



The Mark of Quality

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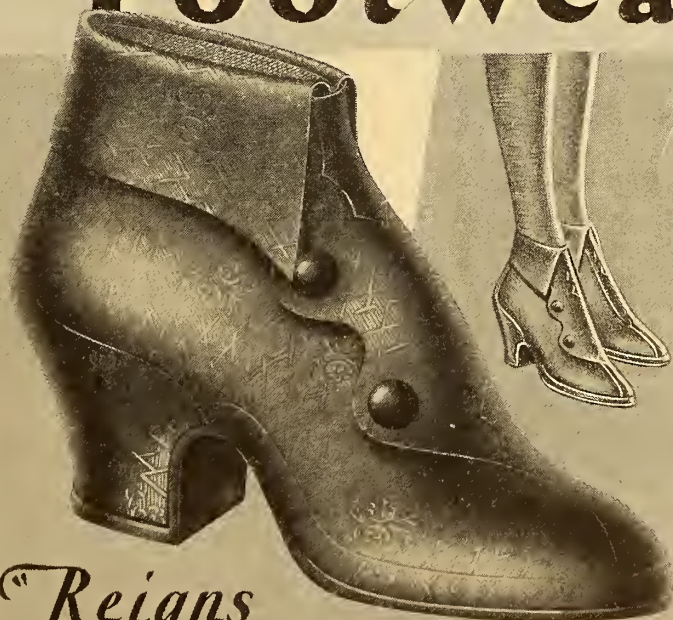
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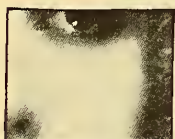
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# Dolores Gets Married

(Continued from page 100)

and Barney Glazer, who is Cedric's best friend, and Mrs. Toler, who is Dolores' mother's best friend.

THEY went to the darling El Mirasol Hotel first. You know that's where I was married. There, too, George Fitzmaurice and Diana Kane were wed. It has lots of pleasant memories. It's a divine spot, a lot of little Spanish bungalows in the midst of gardens and trees, and would make you feel romantic even if you weren't.

Well, they expected to be married at noon, but they couldn't be. Even that was romantic and like a play, because for a while it looked as though maybe they couldn't be married at all. You see, they are both Catholics. Dolores is very devout, being brought up in a convent and all. And at first the Father thought he couldn't marry them in the church because Dolores had been married before and divorced. But you see her first husband, Jaime Del Rio, died, so finally it was all right.

So, at five o'clock, they drove up to the Mission and people all along the streets threw flowers at them and showered blessings upon them in Spanish.

The Mission steps are all worn smooth with the feet that have passed. Many of the beautiful Spanish girls who were there in the early days must have gone up those steps to be married before that very altar. But I know there never was a lovelier bride than Dolores.

SHE wore a gown of the palest soft gray crepe, with a long coat to match, trimmed with an enormous collar of gray squirrel. It was just off white, really, darling, and just the perfect thing for an informal wedding. On the collar she had pinned a spray of dark red roses and lilies-of-the-valley and you can imagine how becoming they were to her dark beauty. Her hat was the softest felt and exactly matched her dress and was very severe, relieved only by a small diamond pin.

Of course Cedric wore the conventional dark blue suit, but really, darling, he is handsome. He has black curly hair and Irish eyes of blue gray and a little mustache. They did look a stunning couple.

The rest of the party was simply dressed, because Dolores insisted that as it was a simple, informal wedding no one must be out of character. Anne Alvarado was in very dark blue, and Mrs. Asunsolo wore a pale blue suit.

The lovely old chapel was dim with candlelight and the big organ played softly as they walked down the aisle.

There were only a few people in the church, kneeling at their prayers. At the altar, Father Augustine waited. You know the monks at the Santa Barbara Mission still wear the old Franciscan habit, dark brown flowing robes, with a cord tied around the waist. You've seen pictures of the blessed Father Junipero Serra, who founded all the California Missions, and they look now just as he did then.

So they were married by the priest with the beautiful Catholic ceremony. Dolores' accent sounded so sweet in that setting and Cedric was wonderful, though he was just as white as a sheet, but I'm sure it wasn't fear but some much more beautiful emotion, because he is simply mad about Dolores, and who can blame him? He was certainly a lucky man to get her.

As they came back down the aisle a little old Mexican woman in a mantilla who was saying her rosary got up and gave them a blessing in Spanish.

THEY went back to the El Mirasol, where a wedding supper had been prepared in their bungalow, which was simply one mass of gorgeous flowers. And then the rest of the party came back to Los Angeles and Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons stayed to see the Fiesta and join in it as part of their honeymoon. And later they went up to Monterey and spent a week. That's another beautiful old Spanish town, so they kept right in the spirit of it all.

Now they're home and are living in Cedric's new home at Santa Monica. Wasn't it amazing that he started to build it before he even met Dolores and it was done just the day they were married and they were able to return to it, all new and lovely, and start their married life together there. Dolores is going to keep house in Hollywood and they'll use that for a town house in the winter.

Honestly, I don't know what we shall do if everyone keeps having these lovely weddings. It will ruin Hollywood's reputation for being a wild town full of nothing but scandals, won't it? Of course, we all know a good deal of that is exaggerated.

I'm sure Dolores and Cedric are going to be happy. He understands her and will join in the fun she wants, and he's got a grand sense of humor, which is one of the things Dolores adores.

I hope if we have another wedding soon you can come out for it. Because weddings really are *swell*, as my adorable Ruth Chatterton would say.

*All my love, angel, from your devoted daughter.*

# The Face of a Thousand Memories

(Continued from page 90)

closest friends—one, John Jeske, his chauffeur for ten years, was said to have been the actor's most constant companion.

Weeping at the head of the coffin in the midst of the Marine Corps guard of honor was Sergeant Frank McClouskey, honored with seventy-six medals for his war exploits. Sergeant McClouskey, who sells newspapers on

Catalina Island, owes his ability to walk to Chaney, who contributed funds for a successful operation.

Property valued at \$550,000 was disposed of in Mr. Chaney's will. The bulk of the property went to the widow, Mrs. Hazel Hastings Chaney. John Jeske, Mr. Chaney's chauffeur, was left \$5,000 as a "most faithful servant."



## First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 92)

G. M. B., of Portland, Oregon, comes along with another prevalent worry. Her hair is too oily, so she washes it once a week to make it fluffy. Cheer up, G. M. B., dry hair is even more of a curse. However, you do not tell me how you shampoo your hair or what kind of shampoo you use. If I were you, I would cut down on the number of washings and use a lemon or vinegar rinse. Brush your hair carefully at night, using long strokes so that all the dust is brushed off the ends. By all means, go ahead and have that permanent. Permanent waves seem to improve oily hair, and if you give yourself the special treatments that should follow every permanent I am sure you will have no trouble.

CINDERELLA of Waynesboro, Pa., finds that her hair is getting dark. She wants to remain a blonde—a natural blonde. And so, of course, do we all! Blonde hair is really vixenish, and even the most perfect and irreproachable blondes use a lemon rinse or some other rinse to retain the lights in their hair. There are some excellent shampoos and rinses on the market made especially for blondes who want to stay that way, by honest means.

Grace B., of Oneonta, N. Y., has small wrinkles around her eyes that will not go away. She also has scanty eyebrows and eyelashes. If I were Grace I should run to the nearest drugstore and buy some vaseline, and then I would apply the vaseline persistently and earnestly to my lashes and brows every night. Simple, isn't it? And there is no reason why we all can't have lovely lashes, almost as fine as Greta Garbo's. As for those wrinkles: do you squint, Grace? Do you scowl? Have you any little eye habits that would cause those wrinkles? Study yourself before a mirror and see what you do with your eyes that brings on the wrinkles.

And that reminds me of an important point. Sometimes, in your letters, you do not tell me enough about yourself. For instance, in inquiring about your correct colors, you simply give the color of your hair and eyes, but you don't mention your weight. Now weight is important, when you are choosing colors. I might, unless I know whether you are slim or stout, recommend orange, which would be all right for a thin brunette but disastrous to a fat one. And in asking about complexion troubles, tell me what

(Continued on page 107)

Send Your Beauty Problems  
to ANN BOYD,

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# No More Cold Creams

## No More Skin Foods or Astringents

### This New Way

A Scientific Discovery that Condenses a Complete Professional Facial Into a Single Application, Taking Less Than 3 Minutes, That Combines the 4 Fundamentals in Skin Care Urged by Experts!

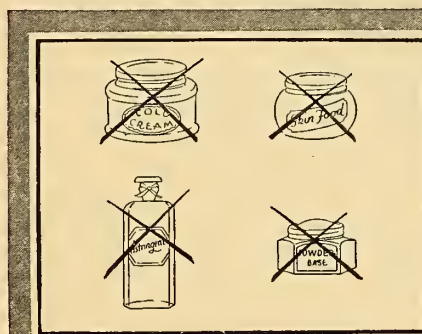
NOW comes a remarkable *new* development in beauty science. A discovery that experts predict may soon change all previous methods in skin care.

A way that condenses the four fundamentals of scientific skin care into a single, three-minute home application! And that provides the *exact* and *same* effect of a complete *Professional Facial* costing \$3 or more.

A way that combats blackheads and enlarged pores; often with almost unbeliev-



The four fundamentals of skin care are condensed into a single, 3-minute application.



Cleansing creams, skin foods, astringents and powder bases are completely eliminated—for the functions of all four are embodied in one unique creation.

able results. That banishes premature age lines, and the lines of strain and worry. For each application works directly on each and all of these conditions.

Hence, a way that completely eliminates the need of costly special creams and lotions. Of old-time cleansing creams, of "skin foods" and astringents. Yet—that is as easy to use as an ordinary cleansing cream.

Do you wonder, then, that largely on expert advice tens of thousands of women are adopting this unique creation?

#### What It Is

It is called Lady Esther Four-Purpose Cream. And it marks the application of totally *new* principles in skin care as defined by the most recent scientific findings of ablest specialists in the field of beauty culture.

Each application has four distinct actions on the skin.

*Cleansing action* that cleanses the pores. And thus ends the use of an ordinary cleansing cream.

*Tissue stimulating action* that invigorates the deep tissues of the skin. And thus

that ends the use of a special "skin food."

*Astringent action* that eradicates worry, strain and premature age lines, refines pores. And thus that makes the use of youth creams and astringents a folly.

*Softening action* that forms a perfect base for powder. And thus banishes the need of a powder base. Thus the four fundamentals of skin care are condensed into a single, 3-minute application.

Age lines soon go under this daily care. Flabby tissues strengthen and become firm. The skin is kept clean—for the astringent action of this cream *closes* the pores after they've been cleaned. And thus closes them against accumulations that foster imperfections.

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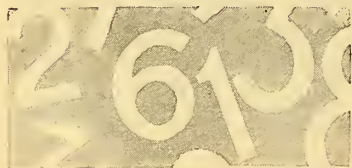




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It is now on sale in some Woolworth stores at 10c. If you cannot find it in your Woolworth store, we will mail it to you on receipt of 10c, plus 2c postage.



### TOWER BOOKS

INCORPORATED  
55 Fifth Ave. New York

# How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 77)

food standpoint was the spaghetti. It was made from a special recipe of Mrs. Lasky's and no one else could serve such a wonderful dish.

It seemed to me this would be a wonderful way to entertain a large group of young people, home for vacations. So much more fun and so much more sensible than going to a hotel or trying to do it indoors. And very little expense except building the dance floors, because the boys can move the furniture outdoors and help wire the lights—boys love to do those things.

Of course, the Laskys' party was very elegant, really. The dance floor bordered right on the ocean and the sound of the waves made a background for the wonderful orchestra. The garden was very elaborately decorated. But what made the party such a great success was the informality and gaiety of the host and hostess.

There was a variety in the gowns of the women, because when the hostess says, "We're not dressing," everyone picks their favorite type of costume and the things they think most becoming to wear.

Mrs. Lasky, who has the most gorgeous blonde hair, was in a severely simple dinner dress of pure white. She wore no jewelry except three bracelets of brilliant colors.

**A**S usual, Gloria Swanson was the most strikingly gowned woman present. No one can wear clothes like Gloria. Her frock was of yellow satin, touching the floor and molded tightly to her figure. With it she wore a black velvet coat just to the waist, and a black velvet hat, which was made with a cap over the head and a flaring semicircle at the back that touched her shoulders. Of course she had dozens of beaux hanging around begging her to dance, but she spent most of the evening at the bridge table.

Mary Pickford was in white, the most charming frock and exactly right for the occasion. It was of exquisitely fine organdy, with a long skirt and a tight fitting bodice. With it she wore a short little jacket of dark red taffeta.

Joan Bennett went in for a sport costume, which was quite proper under the circumstances and most becoming. The color was pale canary yellow, a rather long coat over a simple and tight fitting dress. With it she wore a sports hat of yellow straw.

Kay Francis, who will soon be entered as a candidate for the best dressed woman in Hollywood along with Gloria, Constance Bennett and Lilyan Tashman, had on a print chiffon, very simply made, but striking in color. Print chiffons certainly are popular in Hollywood. Lillian Roth had on one also, in jade green and coral, trimmed with a bertha and a skirt ruffle of black lace.

Georgia Hale came with Charlie Chaplin—no one knows yet whether this is an engagement or just a friend-

ship—and she wore a white sports frock, which was stunning with her dark hair. And Mrs. Harold Lloyd was in a semi-dinner frock of pale blue with a tiny maline hat which was awfully becoming. Mildred always looks like the French doll you wanted for Christmas when you were a kid, but she isn't doll-like at all. She's usually the life of the party and has more dance partners than most of the debs.

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., and his wife, Joan Crawford, danced together a lot. Joan's hair is quite long now, almost to her shoulders, and curled at the ends. Her dress was of that new aquamarine blue, a luscious flat crêpe, and fitted very tight to her perfect figure. Joan's clothes are always very simple, but if you have a figure like that naturally you don't have to wear ruffles and sashes and things.

Little Fay Wray, accompanied by her husband, John Monk Saunders, the writer, looked very pretty. Her dress was a white chiffon with gold metal figures, made in the simplest fashion and just clearing the floor for dancing.

Corinne Griffith looked as beautiful as usual in a dancing frock of pale pink. Kay Johnson, to whom sport things are specially becoming, was in a jade green outfit, with a tight belt and a dashing little cape-coat.

Buddy Rogers brought Mary Brian. They're being seen together quite a lot. Mary was in white, an informal dancing frock, and wore some stunning colored bracelets that gave just the right touch of color. And June Collyer wore a long dress of printed chiffon in the loveliest shades of orchid, yellow and pale green.

Among the other guests were Elsie Janis, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield, Ernst Lubitsch, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Knopf, Jack Buchanan, Horace Liveright, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lukas, Charles Ruggles, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Coe, Kenneth McKenna and Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, Gene Markey, and about fifty others.

Here is Mrs. Lasky's famous recipe for spaghetti, and if you really want to make a sensational hit with your guests we advise you to try it:

To two pounds of finely ground round steak, add one can of tomatoes. Chop four medium sized onions, two green peppers, two red hot peppers, and two cloves of garlic. Salt to taste (this can be multiplied in proportion to the number to be served). Place on a very slow fire and allow to simmer for six hours, until it becomes a sauce. Just before removing from the fire, add two tablespoons of butter and a half pound of mushrooms—either fresh or canned. Have spaghetti ready cooked when sauce is ready to come off the fire and pour it over. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese.



## First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 105)

you have already done to cure the condition and if you have tried the treatment long enough to give it a fair chance.

Helen J., of New Bedford, Mass., is worried about her freckles. I can only remind her that there are preparations available at the drug-store that will bleach them into insignificance. As for her colors, she should look well in greens and reds and warm tans.

OF course, we have always with us the reducing diet that doesn't seem to reduce. Jane K., of Elizabeth, N. J., is in despair because she has been dieting and exercising frantically for two weeks and has only lost seven pounds. Personally, I think she has been successful. Jane must keep up the good work; if, in two weeks, she loses another seven pounds, she will be just the right weight for her height and age. But, once she achieves this feat, she must watch that the pounds do not slip right back on again. In other words, Jane must keep on fighting fat. Since she has a tendency to be overweight, she must battle with the temptation of the second helping.

You cannot expect a month's diet to correct the fat problem for a lifetime—or even for a year or six months or three months. But don't be discouraged. A little care with the diet, a few exercises every day and a normal care for the health will soon become a habit with you. And it's a good, safe habit to form and much better than reducing violently for a few weeks and running riot with food to repay yourself for your sacrifices.

By the way—and speaking of nothing at all, are you watching your forehead? The new hats are pushed back to the hair line and you will have to smooth away those wrinkles, if you want a calm, unclouded brow. I would advise a short massage every night with a good skin food to rub the wrinkles away. And, of course, you must take care never, never to frown.

## How to Sell a Story to the Movies

(Continued from page 43)

other ways of selling a story to the movies. You can talk them into hiring you for \$1,000 a week for ten weeks. That's what every writer gets. If you don't believe it, ask him. Of course, he may tell you \$2,000. In that case it is \$2,000. Ask for plenty. Ask for \$5,000. Think of the thrill of going around town, saying you refused to work for the Super-Epics Company for less than \$5,000 a week. Why, it makes you feel better already to think about it. Ask \$5,000. Take a \$100. Take \$10. Take what you can get. Try to get it.

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Cuticle Remover — removes  
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● SIVAM Perfumed  
Polish Remover — removes all  
traces of old polish and pre-  
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● SIVAM Perfumed  
Nail Polish, in Natural, Calar-  
less or Red Rose shade, which-  
ever best suits your type.

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Place . . . . . In front of your shaving mirror  
Cast . . . . . You, in person

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You enter, yawning. Rub your bristly beard. Scowl darkly. Mutter. Open the medicine chest. Pick up jar of "Vaseline" Jelly. Look dubious. Open it and spread a little over your beard. Get out shaving cream and apply in your customary fashion. Still look unconvinced. Start to shave. Look surprised. Try another stroke. Register "What! No razor pull?" Whistle theme song and finish shaving. Dry face. Feel it. SMOOTH. No soreness. Looks fine, too. Express delight. Exit, still whistling theme song.

«

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# Vaseline

REG U S PAT OFF.  
PETROLEUM JELLY

# What the Stars Pay for Their Clothes

(Continued from page 94)

crêpe chiffon, heavily trimmed with exquisite real lace and sewn with tiny seed pearls; jacket was of lace.) \$400 is an average price for an evening ensemble with a velvet wrap, with no fur trimming.

With a fur trimmed wrap, such as the coral velvet wrap with white ermine sleeves worn by Marilyn Miller at Bebe Daniels' wedding, with a white satin dress, for the ensemble, \$1,000 would be a fair price. A fox trimmed wrap and gown would be around \$850.

AFTERNOON dresses may be made simply of chiffons or of flowered silks, and cost usually around \$50 if made by the "little dressmaker" of song and story that clever girls usually can find. If they are to be purchased at a smart shop, they may be had from \$85 to \$200. The lace on such a dress, and the amount of handwork and the fitting, all make the variations in the prices. Any number of these may be needed in a wardrobe, depending on whether the wearer goes in heavily for tailored things that obviate the necessity for so many afternoon things, or if the wearer in the informal atmosphere of Hollywood, not possible in New York, wears sport clothes for afternoon. The field of what is called spectator sports clothes comes in here. Spectator sports clothes are more expensive than sports things, costing about the same as the afternoon costume in chiffon or printed silks, and being made often in more elaborate silks than would be used for actual sports wear, with a semi-sports cut. Trimmings and frills, out of place on a real sports costume, with more elaborate fitting as well characterize the spectator sports wear.

Incidentally, Hollywood is becoming more sophisticated with the influx of the stage stars, and one sees very few sports clothes at restaurants and parties for noon and afternoon wear, compared to what used to be worn formerly.

The dark silk dress with lingerie touches has come to be considered much smarter here than the light flowered chiffons and georgettes flitting along the sunny streets that used to make Eastern tourists gasp. Despite the climate, the smart New York mode of dark blue and black has replaced it to a large extent.

For those stars who, like Joan Crawford and Clara Bow, still adhere to the

sports mode, afternoon and daytime dressing is most inexpensive. A half dozen flannel skirts, a half dozen silk skirts, two dozen smart sweaters and the trick is turned. A skirt can hardly cost more than twenty dollars, usually around fourteen; the sweaters, unless elaborate like the ones from St. Moritz or the Balkans, which cost \$50 to \$85, or the English imported sweaters which are slightly heavier than the American made ones, cost around \$15 apiece and often less. Then there is the smart blue flannel coat so often used, short length and somewhat tailored. One such would cost around \$35 if made to order; if bought ready made, \$20 would be ordinary.

A polo coat multiplied three or four times at \$35, with perhaps one of camel's hair, makes a season's wardrobe for daytime in the matter of topcoats for sports wear. White suede coats worn by the elite sports dresser cost more, of course, from \$75 to \$200, and several must be kept to appear spick and span for immediate use.

Grace Moore uses white suede largely for her strictly sports wardrobe, for topcoats.

FOR the girl who uses sports clothes only for sports, there is little that is really very expensive to be figured. Outside of the inevitable riding outfits, which come strictly tailored and costing the same as a tailored suit, the sports clothes are moderate in price. According to general Hollywood opinion, the Americans and especially local modistes, make the best looking and most reasonable things for sports. Forty or fifty dollars will secure really smart sports dresses here.

Those who must have them from Paris pay more twice over, and do not do any better. Then the matter of beach clothes, which to a Hollywood girl means little, as far as expense goes, becomes an item for a New York and Paris-wise star like Grace Moore, who gets beach pajamas for wear at her villa in Cannes from Maria Nowitzky, at a cost of about \$200.

HATS range in price from Clara Bow's tams at seven fifty to Mary Nolan's Maria Guy models, running up to \$85. You may hesitate but you pay and take it, as a rule, if you are a picture star and a model is flattering. Joan Crawford never wears anything

## HOLLYWOOD SETS THE WORLD'S FASHIONS

Each Month NEW MOVIE Presents the Newest Modes as Reflected by the Famous Stars, Together with the First Pictures of the New Fashions. Interesting New Articles on Hollywood Fashions are Coming in NEW MOVIE Next Month and in all Future Issues.



but felt vagabonds, which she has repeated endlessly in all colors. These cost her about \$12 apiece.

"Ah, but," I hear you say, "I know these girls spend huge sums for those pretty undies. I have seen so many ads and pictures that I just know they wear 'em." Well laugh this one off: Joan Crawford goes to the department stores and buys the glove silk shorts designed for little girls—and wears them. They are so tight and short that they fit without a wrinkle, which is her object; and as they cost anything from eighty-five cents to a dollar and a half, you can judge the cost of her underthings.

Strangely enough, it is Greta Garbo, she of the English type tweed suits, flat-heeled shoes and horn-rimmed glasses who goes in heavily for gorgeous underwear. She gets loads of it, running up into around \$2,000 a year, from Greer and other spiders (no offense) who spin webs for the unwary sisters who love clothes.

The tea gown is another item, hostess gown being its other name.

Lilyan Tashman has four of them that cost anywhere from \$200 to \$400.

She spends varying figures for her negligees; one of lapin with satin cost around \$200.

The tailored suit seems to be the darling of the smart yet conservative dressers. The girl of the fluffy type, like Marilyn Miller, does not go in for it, but the smart sophisticated type like Norma Shearer depends largely on the tailored suits for the backbone of her daytime wardrobe. These tailored suits can be gotten for as little as \$100 but the average price is nearer \$200 and if one gets a semi-tailored one done in fur lining, it may run into \$850. A perfectly simple but well tailored suit may cost up to \$400, with no fur at all.

A vote of confidence in the tailored suit is expressed by so many because of the endless variations in accessories that can be used with the suit, thus creating a different effect at small cost. As a tailored suit is the only costume absolutely correct from breakfast time to time for evening dinner, it does cover a lot of territory. Incidentally, it always looks expensive and correct.

**FUR** coats are a high spot in the movie star's wardrobe. These are not figured in any estimates on wardrobe expenditures. There is the ever present ermine wrap, never costing under \$2500, which is absolutely necessary in the opinion of most stars, for it is luxurious, and can be worn with any evening dress with perfect propriety. In this day of ensembles in evening attire, the effect can be varied by using the ermine wrap instead of the matching wrap.

The only two chinchilla wraps in Hollywood, to this writer's knowledge, are owned by Lilyan Tashman and Mary Nolan. They do not cost less than \$30,000. Then a mink coat, costing around \$1500 for dressy daytime wear, or perhaps a broadtail at a similar figure, is necessary. A lapin for \$200 or some other cheap fur is needed for sport. This is skinning the fur wardrobe to the bone.

Neckpieces are of silver fox, from \$1200 to \$1500 for a prime pair; sables, of four skins, at \$1,000 a skin; stone marten of four skins at \$150 a skin; dyed fox at \$200 a skin, two or three used in a neckpiece; blue fox, at \$400 a skin, two used.

The individual wardrobe of the stars  
(Continued on page 110)



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says —  
*Helen Fowler*  
PATHE STAR OF "HER MAN"

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# What the Stars Pay for Their Clothes

(Continued from page 109)

who are considered well dressed in a town where being well dressed is a business, shows a fairly wide variance in expenditure during a year. This is due to the individual taste as much as anything, rather than to the actual amount that the star can afford. Marilyn Miller, Evelyn Brent, Lilyan Tashman and Grace Moore head the list of spenders, and all four estimate that \$25,000 is plenty of money to spend in a year, that, in fact, many women who make an art of dressing do it on \$10,000. (This excludes fur wraps). How they spend their money is interesting to see.

Marilyn Miller prefers plain but smart clothes. She figures a well-made dress with a couple of good pieces of jewelry makes a better effect than elaborate clothes. Peggy Hoyt and Harry Collins who charge perhaps \$350 to \$400 for a gown, or for an evening ensemble without fur, furnish her evening clothes in the main. She may pay more, as for the white satin and coral velvet with ermine sleeves that she wore to Bebe's wedding; that cost \$1000. A rather plain evening wrap cost \$600; one with fur \$1500. An ermine coat for evening is a purchase not made every year; one will last three years, hence, \$2500 divided by three is the expenditure on evening fur wraps. Fifteen thousand dollars a year covers her evening clothes. Marilyn says that if she had all the money in the world, she would not buy a chinchilla coat. She considers them impractical both because of their cost, their lack of durability, and because they are not flattering to her. "Oh, look at the chinchilla coat; is all any girl gets out of wearing one," says Marilyn. "No one says 'How lovely she looks.'"

**S**PORT and dark silk clothes are Miss Miller's favorites for daytime wear. Her ideal luncheon costume, for a smart restaurant, would be a dark silk dress, around \$85, with her broadtail coat trimmed with silver fox fur, worth \$3,000. A smart diamond brooch, worth \$10,000, or perhaps a diamond clip from Cartier's, worth \$2,500, with a single lovely ring, would set off the costume. Daytime shoes would be from Edwin Cohen, made to order, at \$35, stockings at \$5, a hand rolled white linen handkerchief at \$2.50, a purse at perhaps \$35, lingerie, simple but well made, at \$15—Marilyn is dressed for luncheon. Evening wear varies; given the gown and wrap, stockings are \$10, long gloves are \$12; shoes, \$45; lingerie \$15 or more.

In her wardrobe, Miss Miller has five fur coats; one or possibly two a year are added, with ones held over from other years remodelled, or refurbished up. Wraps, that is, topcoats, number twenty-five. Evening dresses and their wraps vary according to the social events of the year, and depend also on whether she is working, or has time to attend many functions.

Daytime dresses often cost around \$50, if made of chiffon or silks by the clever dressmaker.

A smart house dress costs up to

\$150 for daytime wear. "Dressmaker dresses"—mentioned before—are around \$50. Sport costumes are also made largely by the dressmaker, at around \$50.

Five thousand dollars a year cover the afternoon dresses, sports costumes and silk suits that are needed. Three hundred pairs of stockings, half of them for evening, are required in a year; three hundred pairs of gloves; \$1500 is spent for lingerie, which includes lounging pajamas and negligees; ten dozen handkerchiefs at \$25 a dozen; shoes, 150 pairs at \$40; hats, several dozen, at from seven dollars and fifty cents for sport hats to \$55 for an original model. Then come purses, perhaps fifteen ranging from \$150 to \$15.

**L**ILYAN TASHMAN, although she got her start with Ziegfeld, is considered Hollywood's own, since her biggest reputation has been built in films the last six years. Her twenty-five thousand a year is divided up interestingly in an elaborate and expensive wardrobe which has earned her the reputation of Hollywood's best dressed woman. Her clothes always are arresting. She considers a woman can be very well dressed on \$10,000 a year; her reputation for being the best dressed woman in pictures is a big expense to keep up, yet, because she is always identified with sophisticated roles on the screen, it is a business investment for her.

A peep into her fur coat wardrobe is enlightening. There is a short ermine wrap at \$1500; a long ermine at \$2500; a mink coat at \$6,000; a chinchilla coat at \$30,000; a beaver coat at \$1,000; a galyak at \$650; a lapin at \$500; a broadtail at \$8,000; a pair of silver foxes at \$1500; a pair of blue foxes at \$750; and a sable scarf at \$2,000. This wardrobe is expanded from year to year; a single coat of the expensive sort is added yearly, possibly two; the coats from a year before, or from two years back are remodelled or touched up; and, when a coat has passed its third year, it may be cut up into collars and cuffs and bandings or used as a lining for velvet or cloth coats.

Miss Tashman figures in round numbers on twenty-four evening dresses and twenty-four dinner dresses a year. If there are many important functions additional outfits may be necessary. Most of these come in ensembles. Several single frocks, perhaps ten of black, may be used with two or three black wraps. The ermine wraps may be worn with any gown. A similar general utility coat for evening is of gold, silver, white, and black brocade, trimmed with fox, which can be worn with anything. A short gold wrap is another for similar use. Otherwise, the ensemble coats are worn with their dresses.

Another item is the hostess gown, (the old fashioned tea gown), resurrected from the past with its trailing laces and veillings. Four of these, costing from \$250 to \$500 are in the Tashman wardrobe. Eight to ten pairs of hostess pajamas, at \$125 a pair, are



also needed. The tailored suit, beloved of the Eastern woman, is present, too, three different ones filling the year successfully. These cost from \$185 to \$250—topcoats include one trimmed in silver fox at \$750—a tailored one in tweed at \$175, a white galyak, \$500, a chamois \$85—a tweed coat trimmed in lapin, \$250, a brown crepe de chine coat, \$125.

An afternoon dress, with coat to match, trimmed in Russian sable, comes to \$600; a blue wool cape suit, with striped wash shirt, \$150; a blue jersey with red crepe de chine, \$150. There are one hundred and seventy-five of the afternoon dresses in Miss Tashman's wardrobe. There are fifty silk dress-maker's suits; twenty spectator sports outfits; seventy-five pairs of shoes; fifty hats for the year, which come from Reboux and Agnes, and ranging from \$25 to \$60. There are one hundred and twenty pairs of stockings a year; fourteen evening bags; two dozen daytime gloves at \$5 a pair; a dozen evening gloves at \$12 to \$16 a pair; and an annual outlay of \$300 for nightgowns, and \$1500 for lingerie and negligees. Five hundred dollars covers the perfume.

**EVELYN BRENT**, exclusively Hollywood's own product, dresses beautifully on \$25,000 a year. She feels that while the tailored suit mode of the Eastern women is smart and really economical, it is not suitable for California, and prefers to dress in afternoon dresses with coats for daytime, as well as in sports wear for informal occasions. Perhaps forty silk dresses a year, with two fur trimmed sports coats, and six dressy fur trimmed daytime coats, take care of dressy daytime wear. Suede coats, a half a dozen, ranging from short ones at around \$75 to long ones at \$200 are worn with sweaters, and flannel or silk sports skirts. Tennis dresses, at around \$25 are needed to the number of a dozen; two riding habits, at around \$150 each, a dozen sweaters, domestic make at \$10 to \$25 apiece, a dozen sports skirts at \$15 apiece, and the sports wardrobe is complete.

Three hundred pairs of French stockings at \$12.50 a pair, make the most expensive stocking wardrobe in Hollywood for Miss Brent. Fifty pairs of gloves, at \$5 or \$6 a pair, make an item of \$250 for gloves for daytime, with \$50 dollars added for several pairs of evening gloves. Five daytime bags in delicate hand-made embroidery come at \$75 apiece; evening bags, similar, with jewelled tops, come at \$150 apiece, to the number of four. Pajamas instead of night gowns, are needed to the number of two dozen, at \$40 apiece, tailored of brocaded silk. Tailored dressing gowns of tie silk cost \$100. Shoes made at Miller's come at \$40 a pair, some as cheap as \$25; sharkskin ones cost \$65. Shoes cost her annually \$2,000.

Harry Collins supplies Miss Brent's gowns for evening, with ensemble wraps, for around \$500 with fur trim. About twenty are bought annually, with additions made as needed for special events, thus running the evening wardrobe into possibly thirty evening gowns with half of them having ensemble wraps.

Hats are usually small and simple, and twelve to fifteen a season at \$35 to \$40 are needed. Summer hats, in large straws and braids and laces, to the number of seven or eight, cost about \$40.

(Continued on page 112)

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## Death of Milton Sills

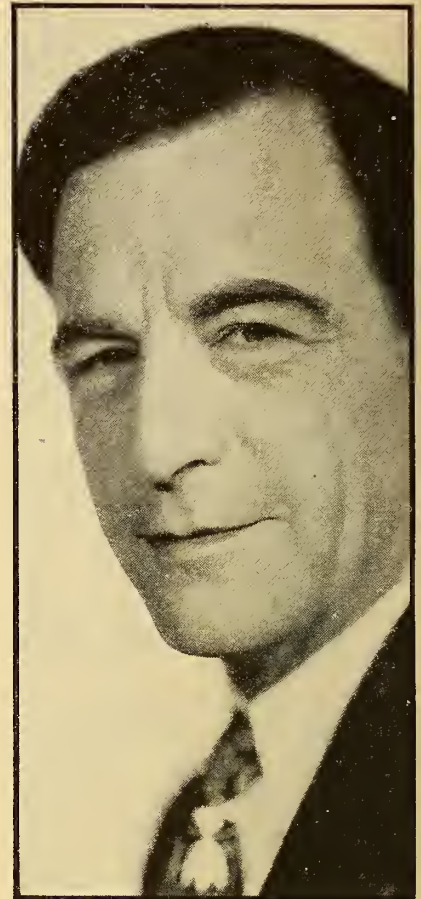
**MILTON SILLS**, the popular motion picture star, fell dead of a heart attack while playing tennis with his wife and son at their home near Los Angeles on September 15.

Mr. Sills was born in Chicago in 1882. After preparing at Hyde Park High School, he entered the University of Chicago, specializing in dramatic literature, a subject in which he hoped to become a professor. Mr. Sills, however, turned to the stage and was highly successful behind the footlights before he went on the screen. He played in many notable footlight productions. Mr. Sills was equally successful in the films, and among his most popular films were "The Sea Hawk," "The Isle of Lost Ships," "Skin Deep," and "Flaming Youth." During the past two years Mr. Sills was absent from the screen, due to a severe nervous breakdown. Recently, however, his recovery seemed complete and he returned to motion pictures. He had just completed a picture for the Fox Studios before his sudden death.

Mr. Sills is survived by his wife, well known on the screen as Doris Kenyon, and a son. This was his second marriage, following his divorce from Gladys Edith Wynne, whom he had married in London in 1910. They had a daughter, now eighteen years old.

Despite his work, Mr. Sills found time to give frequent lectures at colleges and universities on various topics. In 1927 he spoke at the Harvard Business School on conditions in the motion picture world. In the same year he was chosen by Will H. Hays to make the speech at Philadelphia inaugurating the "Greater Movie Season."

Mr. Sills was one of the founders of the National Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. He was always looked upon as one of the intellectual leaders of the movie colony.



Milton Sills

Dies suddenly in California after he had apparently recovered from a long illness. Mr. Sills was a distinguished star of the screen and for years a favorite behind the foot-lights. His big film was "The Sea Hawk."

## What the Stars Pay for Their Clothes

(Continued from page 111)

Miss Brent does not favor coats in large numbers, believing fur trimmed ones more flattering and smart. A mink coat, a golden seal coat, and an ermine for evening, complete her fur coat wardrobe. In neckpieces she has cross fox, silver fox, a four skin King fox neckpiece, canary marten, and white fox.

**HEDDA HOPPER** dresses very smartly on a ridiculously low figure, compared to the sum spent by girls in the big money. Yet Hedda's wardrobe is impeccable in every detail. At \$2500, she is one of the very well dressed women in Hollywood, which is something of an accomplishment. Her big trick is this: many of the clothes designed for her, in her roles of sophisticated matron for the screen, she later buys from the studio wardrobe. These things do not cost one-third what a smart couturière would charge, and they are perfectly made. Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton, June Walker and Ruth Gordon, all smart dressers from New York, who have shopped at the

best places declare that the clothes made in the studio workrooms surpass in fit anything obtainable elsewhere in the world.

**NORMA SHEARER** always is taken as the model of the conservative yet beautifully dressed star. She is a firm believer in tailored suits; three or four a season are her credo. In other matters, her expenditures tally with those of women spending around \$20,000 a year. Her furs, usually gorgeous silver foxes for neckpieces, are never showy, but are expensive; her evening gowns incline towards marked simplicity; her shoes are rarely elaborate but always perfect.

The expenditure and wardrobe of the mysterious Garbo can only be guessed at, and judged from what one has seen; perhaps the most interesting revelation about her wardrobe is personal; she adores lovely lacy underthings, and spends a goodly sum on the fripperies and gewgaws that one would never guess at from seeing her tweed suits, sports dresses, tam hats, and



severe attire on the street. Flat heeled shoes suggest no such coquetry.

For evening Garbo is magnificent. Greer supplies many of her costumes. She goes so little to social functions that one can do little speculating as to the number of outfits she has, but the writer has seen a magnificent ermine wrap, with white fox trimming, and several elaborate white satin, white lace, white chiffon and white moiré gowns that could not cost less than three hundred dollars apiece.

Colleen Moore certainly is identified with the sports mode for women, if anyone is. Two tailored or semi-tailored suits a season, together with tweed skirts, flannel skirts, silk skirts and numerous sweaters, leather short coats, and tweed topcoats, wool sports blouses made plainly with a monogram, wool dresses of jersey or other material, take care of her daytime wardrobe. She possesses a few silk spectator sports dresses, but these are the nearest to afternoon frocks that she wears. She feels she is not the type. Four dinner dresses, seven evening dresses, some with ensemble wraps and others worn with separate wraps, make her evening wardrobe, for a single season. Four times the number would make sixteen dinner dresses and twenty-eight evening dresses for a year.

One of Colleen's suits, the most expensive, is wool trimmed with a weasel lining. It cost \$425. A daytime coat, black trimmed with mink, cost \$225; an evening wrap, pink velvet with grey fox, cost \$700; a black velvet with white fox cost \$400. These things are all from Greer. Hats come from Hattie Carnegie; twelve straw hats and a dozen felts made the summer wardrobe, at \$35 to \$45. Local hat shops charge \$12-\$15 for sport felts and tams, largely worn by Colleen.

Delman's make her shoes at \$25 a pair. Other details correspond with a twenty thousand dollar a year budget. Colleen, since her divorce, expresses the ambition to spend more on clothes, as she is going about more than she did when she was working—and married.

**B**ETTY COMPSON has a notable wardrobe, planned on an intelligent and calculating basis that should supply many tips to women who spend much smaller sums than picture stars can afford. Ten thousand dollars covers her expenditures. She always has six "general utility" dresses in black for daytime wear. This simplifies the matter of coats and accessories to go with them. She always has a good black daytime coat, trimmed with beige fox, and a very well-made beige coat with fox; these she renews from year to year, with the mode. The colors remain the same. Dark blue dresses with lingerie touches are good too, she thinks, for daytime wear. Three tailored suits vary the daytime wardrobe through the fall, winter and spring; then sports clothes, in bright colors, are added. Several polo coats, including one camel's hair at \$200, are useful over the dozen sports outfits she allows herself.

Betty's credo is that dresses, with an occasional bright one, are better in black because they do not "date." Chiffon and lace beautifully made, in black, can be used largely in an evening wardrobe. She always has three of these, often more. One black velvet evening wrap, trimmed in white fox, is indispensable for the wardrobe of Betty; it can also be worn for dressy daytime wear with a hat and black dress. Betty

(Continued on page 114)



## Everybody's Looking Into NUMEROLOGY



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It's fascinating — but you need a practical guide to help you understand it. "Numerology," a new, attractive little book explains it in simple terms.

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Keep your smart black shoes looking at their best—the children's shoes shiny and neat for school. Chieftain French Dressing dries instantly, and without rubbing, to a brilliant, lasting finish. . . . It's good for the leather, too.



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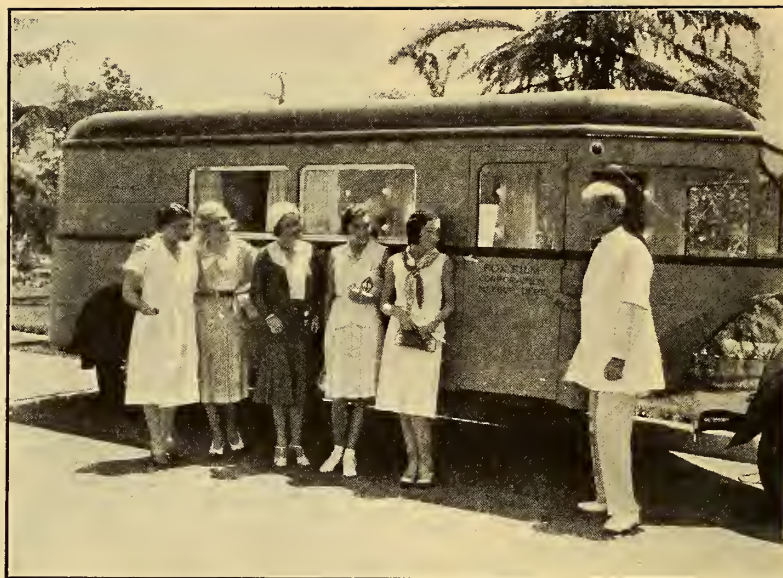
Does this black shoe season find you with light-colored shoes that are still good for weeks of wear? Make them over into smart black shoes, with ColorShine Black Dye. . . . It is very easy to apply, and gives a lustrous, jet black finish.



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THERE IS A COLORSHINE  
POLISH FOR EVERY SHOE  
CHIEFTAIN MFG. CO., Baltimore, Md.



Introducing the Fox Studio's new portable make-up wagon, developed by Joseph Reilly, chief of the studio's Department of Public Safety. This wagon is designed to go on location or to the remote ends of the great Fox studio lots. From left to right, Paula Seiloff, of the make-up department, Claire Luce, Helen Cohan, Joyce Compton, Maureen O'Sullivan and Charles Dudley, also of the make-up division.

## What the Stars Pay for Their Clothes

(Continued from page 113)

figures the clever woman tries to get clothes that "look like her," flatter her, and do not "date" by being too conspicuous. Then several brilliantly colored evening outfits make for variety, according to the number of big functions one attends.

Ten complete evening ensembles are purchased by Miss Compson in colors; the rest, for the main, are the "dateless" sort described. Her hostess gowns or dinner gowns follow the same plan. Greer designs her clothes.

Daytime wear coats find her with a mink, and two broadtails, one with silver fox, in the fur wardrobe. Evening furs are one of ermine, another of silver lined with ermine, and made reversible, with white fox trimming. Neckpieces are usually silver fox to go with her dark suits, and black and dark blue daytime dresses.

Clara Bow, in spite of expending \$25,000 a year, does not have the reputation of being a conspicuously well dressed girl. This is not because of lack of clothes in her wardrobe, but because of her penchant for wearing things as she feels like it, with no conscious effort to make an impression except at evening functions. She has pet clothes, that she wears repeatedly, leaving other things unworn until they nearly are out of date. She buys largely as the other stars do, with the exception of the fact that she over emphasizes sports things just as Colleen Moore does. She does not go in for afternoon clothes. Her vitality makes her clothes inconspicuous.

Twenty-four evening gowns a year, five fur coats in her wardrobe, a hundred pairs of stockings, lounging pajamas at \$45 to \$100 a pair, (to the

number of forty), fifty topcoats, about forty hats, and you have the Bow wardrobe, with the addition of the numberless sweaters and skirts that she prefers. Her accessories, evening wraps, lingerie and other items, correspond with the \$25,000 a year wardrobe of other stars.

JOAN CRAWFORD, ardent financier, thinks it foolish for her to spend more than \$5,000 a year on clothes. Sports things take care of her daytime wardrobe; two tailored suits a year and about four simple afternoon dresses a season, are added to that. Hats are vagabond models, never more than \$12. In her evening clothes for Spring and Summer she buys in soft greens and blues, which simplifies the matching of wraps and accessories. Her Winter evening wardrobes are usually in black, for the same reason.

Fur coats in the Crawford wardrobe are ermine for evening, a mink for daytime, a white caracul for sports and an ermine trimmed evening wrap. Polo coats and a couple of fur trimmed sports coats complete the wardrobe, with accessories simple and inexpensive, and lingerie counting very little. Crepe de chine panels sewn on the inside of her skirts do away with princess slips, knitted silk shorts, and a few fripperies for evening make the bill small. Good looking lounging pajamas are preferred to lacy nighties and negligees. Everything is selected with a very practical purpose for Joan.

Bebe Daniels, too, feels that spending large sums on clothes is a little wee bit foolish, even for a star who is considered one of the wealthiest in the colony, who entertains lavishly and who



goes about continually. Her yearly expenditure does not exceed \$15,000. She feels \$500 and \$600 too much to pay for an evening gown, except for very special occasions. She frequently finds gowns for \$35 and \$40; then occasionally the expensive gown, perhaps \$300.

It is typical of Bebe that the gown she wore for the opening of "Rio Rita," her biggest success, was one that cost \$95 and that was delivered, as well as bought, the day of the opening. She has confidence in her own taste and is not afraid to have someone say that her clothes did not cost a large sum.

Tailored clothes, of course, are impossible to buy cheaply. She goes to Hooks for four or five tailored suits a year and frequently has top coats tailored to match. Then there are riding suits, as expensive as the tailored suits at \$225, and fencing suits at \$175. Sweaters and simple flannel sports skirts, and riding shirts, at \$28 apiece, four in number, are needed yearly and are bought for real use, as are the tennis dresses. Bebe does not wear afternoon dresses at all.

Her fur wardrobe holds about five coats, one of which she adds yearly; negligees cost her \$40 to \$125, and her nightgowns cost \$27 to \$50. She prefers three-piece Chinese suits, which cost \$75. Hats cost \$15 to \$40; she buys fifty a year, and gives away forty; vagabonds in soft felt are her preferred model. Turbans and tams come into the wardrobe too. Scarfs, neckties, purses and accessories cost not more than \$500 a year. Five-dollar stockings daytime and evening are bought at the rate of one hundred and fifty pairs a year. Thirty-five pairs of gloves, including a couple of pairs of fishing gloves at fifteen cents a pair, are used in a year costing from \$5 to \$8 a pair.

Irene Rich buys conservatively,  
(Continued on page 116)



Charles Ruggles, Senior and Junior. Mr. Ruggles, Senior, recently welcomed his son back to California and there was a beach reunion at the Ruggles seaside homestead. You know Charlie, Junior, for his superbly played inebriate roles in recent films.

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# What the Stars Pay for Their Clothes

(Continued from page 115)

within the \$15,000 yearly limit. She buys well, however, and figures that buying an original model is real economy, as it always holds its lines better and wears better than a copy. She considers many fur coats an extravagance, particularly in California, and has two ermines for evening wear, one white, and one dyed cocoa ermine; two lapins do for daytime wear. Silver fox neckpieces are her favorites, which she wears with tailored suits and dresses. She uses color as the basis for a seasonal wardrobe, and buys almost entirely in that for evening use. Spring found her in dull blues, starting with a handsome evening wrap of dull blue velvet trimmed with grey fox. This she says, is a very real economy in practice. Her shoe bill is very large.

**E**STELLE TAYLOR does not spend above \$10,000 a year. She figures four evening dresses to a season, adding others when necessary. She rarely pays more than \$200 for a single dress. Elaborate afternoon outfits, and cleverly made silk suits are favorites with her and flattering to her feminine type. She prefers fur trimmed wraps to fur ones, as they are more supple and clinging, hence more youthful. She reserves elaborate fur wraps for big affairs. An ermine wrap, trimmed with chin-chilla, is kept for state occasions. A simple velvet wrap for evening, costs her \$75; she has it made at home. A black velvet wrap, a white velvet wrap, a silver brocade, cost her very little, as she had them made at home. A black velvet trimmed with a circle of ermine, in peplum, cost \$300. "In New York, I notice the wraps are elaborate and the gowns simple," she says, "in California, vice versa; we lay our wraps off at once

on entering, and then the gown is the centre of attention."

Two tailored suits, at \$150 to \$200, are worn with many different neckpieces; five silver foxes are in her fur chest; two red fox, several canary martens, a black fox and a beige fox; a mink coat and a squirrel coat are worn most frequently with her afternoon outfits for dressy affairs. Most of her daytime clothes are designed by her, and made by a dressmaker.

Jeanette MacDonald admits to spending \$10,000; she is an ardent advocate of the tailored mode for smart dressing. She pays from \$75 to \$150 for her suits. Once she paid \$450 for a blue tailored suit, which she considers far too much. Four or five suits a season cover her yearly wardrobe; she rarely uses afternoon clothes as she does not consider she is the type. She does not use sports clothes. Tailored dresses she likes.

She has little use for top coats. Several in her wardrobe are sufficient; they vary from one trimmed in lynx at \$185 to one with blue fox at \$750.

Four evening dresses and six dinner dresses make her Summer evening quota; Winter would demand ten, as would other seasons. Her theory in dress is that one perfect, complete outfit, no matter how costly, is wiser than several not complete changes.

Gowns cost from \$150 to \$350; top price is \$500.

She has five fur coats in her wardrobe; mink, sealskin, grey caracul, squirrel and ermine for general evening utility. Many fur neckpieces are her hobby. She has platinum fox, a set of six sables, silver fox, and blue and mink. Avoiding bizarre effects and striving to look expensive but conservative is her credo.



Here is an example of the attention to detail that goes into the modern talkie. In order to visualize each bit of action, each camera angle, each exit and entrance, in George Bancroft's new film, "Typhoon Bill," Director Rowland V. Lee had built a model of the big ship on which most of the action takes place. Here are Mr. Bancroft and Director Lee studying their miniature ship.



# HomeTown Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 87)

announced. That's all there was to it. I let him have his head.

"Van wasn't antagonistic. He was and still is an affable sort of person. But, when he gets his head set on something—well, try and stop him. He went to Central and became a student, a pretty good one, too. He was just coasting until the baseball season came along, and when it did he was in his glory. He kept talking about the coming game with St. Thomas, how he was going to beat them, but he was careful not to speak disparagingly of the academy team nor any one connected with it.

"The big day came. I've forgotten what the score was—it was close. It was one of those nip and tuck affairs, but Van pitched air-tight ball and won. He was in the clouds when he came home that night, and he talked about that game for months afterward."

Just about this time Dick, although a hero at Central, was considered a pest at home, particularly by his two sisters, Mabel and Roe. The infant of the family took it upon himself to make life uncomfortable for the numerous beaux of the Mattimore girls. His favorite method of incurring the wrath of his sisters was to listen in on their telephone conversations.

"Van managed to get hold of a telephone—the Lord only knows where he got it," the father continued. "He rigged it up in his room and tapped the line running into our house. His cutting in on telephone calls caused more than one family war. What became of the telephone? I guessed one of the girls found it. Anyway, Van's eavesdropping ceased rather abruptly."

WHILE Dick was a student of baseball his father bought an automobile. This, of course, precipitated a keen interest on the part of the young pitcher in engines. He also was beginning to evince an interest in girls, and an automobile went hand in hand with this sort of business.

"Van wasn't permitted to have the car at night," Mr. Mattimore said, "but that made little difference. He got it. He would get up from the dinner table and announce that he was going out for a while. Out in the family machine, but we didn't know it. He would meet his gang—Harold Kammen, Allen Trask, Jim Mitchell and the rest—outside.

"They would sneak out of the garage, open the doors very quietly and push the car down the drive and a block down the street before cranking the engine. I don't know where they went or how they got gasoline, but they never damaged the car. When they returned the engine was stopped a half a block away from the house and the pushing tactics began again. I still wonder how those kids got that heavy old tub down in the garage. The approach was at least a 30-degree incline. It was hard enough making it with the motor going full blast."

The World War came when Dick was sixteen. He was big, husky and adventuresome. His father knew that he would enlist. Van predicted it in his almost incessant chatter about airplanes and air battles. Young Matti-

(Continued on page 118)



*Hazelle Jennings, newly introduced to Broadway by Ziegfeld, is wearing the LONG FRENCH BOB. Her hair shows the results so many secure from simple, regular care.*

## So easy to have SOFT, LOVELY HAIR

The modern artist hair-dresser can do wonderful things with your hair. But all your hair needs can not be supplied in the beauty shop. You must help at home. And that's where Danderine comes in. Danderine is so simple and easy to use. Each time you arrange your hair just put a little of this delicately fragrant liquid on your brush. As you draw it through

the hair, Danderine removes excess oil, cleanses, brings out the natural color, gives your hair an amazing new life and lustre.

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## It Was REAL FUN ~Learning to Play the Piano in 90 Days

BOB'S love for me was slipping—and we had been married only 3 years. Entirely indifferent to me, he would generally spend his evenings at the club, or devote his time to his violin. I was utterly miserable in my loneliness.

One day, I made an amazing discovery that changed my life—that regained Bob's love for me. I read the story of a woman who had learned to play the piano by herself, in her spare time, in just 90 days! That made me wake up! I determined to do the same, for inwardly I thought, "Perhaps that would help!"

And help it did! Really, words can't describe the change that came over Bob when one day, a few months later, I played for him in accompaniment. Then did I realize just what music had meant to him. He loved his violin, but, as he expressed it, playing the violin was absolutely flat without the accompaniment of a piano. Today Bob and I are happily reunited, and our musical evenings are a marked success.

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# Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 117)



**\$125 for a Frock  
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10c for Her Rouge**

She is a fortunate woman who can afford the best of everything. Her lovely frocks are from Lanvin. Her hats by Maria Guy. Yet the rouge this beautiful sophisticate uses costs only 10c. It is pure and will not harm the skin. Its texture is finer than a cobweb. And the glorious bloom it brings to the skin is exactly the tone desired—for the shades of this popular rouge never vary. She uses Heather Rouge.

If you want the loveliest, most natural complexion select the tint of Heather Rouge that flatters your type of beauty, and use it faithfully. Sold by all 5 and 10-cent stores. The choice of smart women for 25 years.

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**10c NATURAL**  
**everywhere ROUGE**  
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Other famous Heather Cosmetics of fine quality and low price are: Lip Stick...Cosmetiko, a mascara...Eyebrow Pencil...Eye Shadow...Powder Compacts...Puffs.

more knew all the recruiting sergeants, especially the Canadians, in the Twin Cities. He persuaded his father to accompany him to Minneapolis one day. Mr. Mattimore signed on the dotted line and Van became a cadet in the aviation corps of the British Army. He went to Toronto for training.

"It was just a case of more acting," the father recounted. "He got along all right as a flier, I guess. We never heard much about that, but his association with the British was what we heard most about. You know, he was just about the most perfect Englishman I ever saw when he came home on his first visit. Natty uniform, walking stick and gray gloves, which were properly turned down. He didn't try an English accent on us, but you can bet your last dollar that he did on those who didn't know him.

"He gave the impression that the British Flying Service was a real snap. Why, he always was running around and never seemed to be learning how to fly an airplane. He came home frequently and made trips down to Cleveland to see some girl he was sweet on at the time.

"It didn't dawn on us until after the war that he had been A. W. O. L. every time he came home or went to other cities. We learned that when we got his service record which accompanied his appointment as a reserve lieutenant. That record looked like a bolt of wall paper. It was three feet long and contained one A. W. O. L. after another. We figured it out that he never drew a cent while in the service."

After the war Dick returned to St. Paul. He loafed around, swam, sailed and played a bit of tennis. He swam for the St. Paul Athletic Club during this time. Later he tried his hand at sports

writing for an evening paper in Duluth.

TEN years ago Dick walked into his father's law office and related his plans for an expedition to the Oklahoma oil fields. Dad Mattimore concluded the conference by signing a substantial check and proffering some fatherly advice. The soldier of fortune started for the Southwest. Before going, however, he managed to appropriate his brother Edward's brand new khaki uniform.

In Kansas City, Dick met a home town friend. Dick arranged a reunion party, and the morning after the night before he found himself a considerable distance from the oil fields, and broke. He got to the land of black gold somehow. In a month or two he sent a picture home. It showed him standing in front of an oil well, and appearing as though he owned it.

It is recorded that Brother Edward gnashed his teeth upon seeing the picture. He observed that Brother Van was wearing that brand new uniform.

Somewhere in Texas Arlen met a party of movie folk. They needed an airplane pilot, so Dick took the job. He literally flew from Texas to Hollywood.

"He was out there several months before he got into the movies," the father concluded. "He wasn't in the best of condition, either financially or physically. I could tell that by what he said in his letters. I went out to see if I could help him. I got him a job in a department store, but he wouldn't take it. He was determined to break into the motion picture game and he wasn't taking chances. He said to me: 'Dad, some day you'll see my name in electric lights on the biggest theaters in this country!' Well, I almost laughed. I did, come to think of it, but Van laughed last.

"He's in his element. Van's always been an actor."



Tom Sawyer, 1879 and 1930 model. At the left is a reproduction of the frontispiece of the 1879 edition of Mark Twain's immortal study of a boy. At the right is Tom Sawyer, as Jackie Coogan plays him in the forthcoming Paramount visualization of the Twain classic.



## Evangeline Adams Reads the Stars

(Continued from page 48)

and Jupiter and Saturn and Mars! The most important thing for both you and your admirers to know is that beginning with 1931 and extending through 1932, you will come under the most favorable aspects that you have been under for a long time, and that you may look forward to realizing many of your hopes and ambitions which you have hitherto been unable to realize.

IT may interest some Carroll fans who are also Jack Oakie fans to know that that ebullient young man was also born under the powerful sign Scorpio. I did not know whose horoscope I was drawing when I drew Jack's and, for that reason, I was all the more impressed with how true he has run to his stars. I haven't space to give you his indications in detail, but I will quote at random a few phrases which I used in describing what was to me, at the time, an unknown young man: "You will enjoy more prosperity than falls to the lot of the average man." "You will never be wholly cast down." "You will experience much of what is known as 'luck.'" "You naturally gravitate toward and attract successful undertakings." "You have a touch of genius." "Venus holding such contradictory aspects indicates that you possess what the world calls 'temperament,' and gives you strong magnetism which you can exercise either through social avenues or in a professional or business way." "Your popularity with women and your influence over them may cause jealousy." "Many men who benefit through the masses are born under aspects like yours."

I give these stray thoughts about the youngest of our great popular favorites to show that astrology is in no way influenced by the knowledge or the prejudices of the astrologer. I could give you a much more striking instance, if I had time, in the horoscope of another Scorpio child—in this case, the oldest of our motion picture favorites. Perhaps one sentence is enough: "You will benefit through surgeons, druggists and men connected with machinery and sharp instruments." The actress to whom this statement refers—I daresay you have already guessed it—is that ageless product of the facial surgeon and the drug store beauty creams, who boasts of her familiarity with the "sharp instruments" of the face-lifter, Miss Fannie Ward.

In other words, astrology is universal. It applies to Miss Carroll in her twenties and to Miss Ward in her sixties. It applies to Mr. Oakie, our youngest star; to Miss Ward, our oldest star, and to Miss Carroll, our reigning star. It is hardly necessary to add that it applies also to you!

**NextMonth Evangeline Adams  
Will Discuss the Month of  
December. Watch for this  
feature!**

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# Almost an Actor

(Continued from page 55)



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*Makes sun bleached hair lovely again*

Just use ColoRinse in the rinsing water after your next shampoo. You will be surprised and delighted how easily it restores the shimmering color sheen. It gives the hair new life and tone. It adds that charming, natural softness you love so much. ColoRinse is a harmless vegetable color—twelve shades to choose from—that may be used as often as you please with the certainty of fascinating results. Made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave.



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**DENTURINE**

ness. Still millions of people over the world wish to learn the truth of it for themselves.

It was in mid-afternoon when I left Gilbert's home. I could feel the loneliness settling down upon him. Dinner would come, and perhaps with it a few people to bore him through the meal. And then perhaps a ghastly opening at which fat and thin women would flaunt all the colors of the rainbow with the grace of very lame swans. They would be accompanied by quite mediocre men, for big-time fellows cannot be ensnared with such banalities as moving picture openings.

He would perhaps hear raucous voices saying, "There goes Charlie Chaplin!" or some other acrobat of fate.

If, by accident, Mr. Gilbert escaped all this, perhaps some scenario writer, escaped from a real estate office, would suddenly be announced. Then the star might hear, with a gesture of patience that concealed a strong desire for murder, a plot that was old when Fanny Ward was young. From sheer exhaustion the scenario person might be offered a drink of ginger ale, and then would follow delusions of grandeur that would end in the denouncement of all producers . . . for was he not a Balzac, a Flaubert, a Maupassant, deserting books to uplift the films?

There is in California a loneliness unknown in any other land. It has the opiate of the lotus in it. As soft as the head of a writer of popular songs, it creeps about the heart and seeps into the brain.

**B**OREDOM is the common citizen of Hollywood.

So far as I am aware, there is but one highly intelligent moving picture actress in the colony. Her name is Ruth Chatterton. I would not be too sure of such a statement. I have only been in the city fifteen years.

Women like the former film actress, Aileen Pringle, have garnered reputations for intelligence from the so-called New York intelligentsia, who are, so far as I have been able to observe, the most incompetent judges of intelligence in America. Miss Pringle is as glib about as many things about which she has but a superficial knowledge as the Madame of Things Social

in Hollywood, Madame Elinor Glyn, IT.

It is among such people that Gilbert must spend his life and his ten thousand dollars a week. If he becomes too bored he can have lunch at the Embassy Club of the Montmartre, and meet the same people and hear the same people and hear the same chatter that he heard the night before. It will be no more interesting when he hears it the second time than when he heard it the first.

And so I understood Gilbert's words when he said, "Gee, I'll be glad to get to work again." He looked about the mansion as though it were a jail. Thinking of Tolstoy's "There are only two kinds of people in the world—those who understand and those who do not." I shook the actor's hand and returned to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio.

I was soon taken to Johnny Waters, assistant director on "Way For a Sailor." An East Side New York Irishman of thirty-five, Waters is as handsome as any movie actor, and though of a volatile and high-strung race, one of the most even-tempered men I've ever known. A director of ability with Paramount a few years before, he was, through the queer freaks of fortune in Hollywood, now temporarily demoted while men with less ability rode high in the favor of producers.

It is upon the shoulders of the assistant director that all details fall. It was Waters' job to see that I looked rougher than any sailor, with the exception of Wallace Beery, could possibly look on land or sea.

The wardrobe of a large film studio resembles an immense country store. A conglomeration of everything worn, or supposed to have been worn, through the centuries, can be obtained therein.

**A**FTER I was outfitted with dungarees, rubber boots, brogans and a disgusting opinion of myself in the mirror, Mr. Waters requested me in the interests of art and the box-office, not to have my hair cut and to be courteous and kindly toward all ladies as would become a sailor more or less safely home from the sea.

All things are done backward in Hollywood. Untrained as an actor and self-conscious as a burglar in church, I was immediately placed in the hard-

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Watch for the Big Holiday Issue With Special Features

Among those present will be Adela Rogers St. Johns, Herb Howe, Dick Hyland, Jim Tully, J. P. McEvoy—all your favorite writers of Hollywood.



est scenes in the film. That it was like placing a green pugilist in a main bout did not occur to anyone. There may have been a method in this madness, however. For, if I was too wretched as an actor they could replace me before too much money had been spent on the film.

But trusting in God and Sam Wood I was thrown to the lions. I look back upon it with a glint of humor. To place oneself in a ridiculous position is bad enough—to fail in that position is worse.

But my fellow players were made of genuine metal. Hour after hour I went through my paces with Sam Wood, and when I was ready to scream he would say, "Take it easy, Jimmy—the trick of it all is in exaggeration. I offered to bet a banker a thousand dollars last week that he couldn't step on the stage and play the part of a banker convincingly—it's *hard work and application*."

And when Sam Wood wasn't helping me, it was Gilbert, or Doris Lloyd, or Wally Beery.

I learned also an interesting thing. If an old-time troupier such as Beery or Gilbert pulled a boner in front of the director they could look at me with an expression of "Now you've done it again," and thus protect themselves from the wrath of the man with the megaphone. Within a few weeks I could look at some other poor devil with utter dismay—and the buck would be passed to him.

**B**UT I would write of love. A kind gentleman, with the usual brand of Hollywood humor, decided that I must have a sweetheart in the film. With all the beautiful women in the world, Polly Moran was chosen. As Irish as a meadow in the county of Mayo, I found that my new sweetheart represented all the charm and wit of her race, and none of its pettiness. She was that rarest of women, one who was really herself.

She loves children.

A little girl came up to her on the set with a frayed autograph book in her hand. Polly took the child in her lap and fondled her for a moment and then wrote in her book:

"Stay out of pictures as long as you can, and when you grow up you'll be a Polly Moran."

Doris Lloyd was another high-class actress with whom I appeared in the film. Trained in the finest school of acting in the world—the English provincial and London stage—she is a woman of exceptional ability and only needs the one big chance in which to make an international reputation. Her greatest ambition is to play Nancy Sykes, the pathetic woman into whom Dickens poured all his sentimentality. No woman in the world could play the part of Nancy Sykes better. But I am beginning to fear that producers will never learn to listen to me.

An Irishman, Jimmy Kilgannon, ex-trainer of John L. Sullivan and happy-go-lucky swashbuckler of fortune, now reduced to paying rent regularly, was placed in charge of my wardrobe. It was so rough he could only touch it with a pole, and citizens of Culver City came for miles around to witness the spectacle when I was completely dressed.

The story in which I was to appear had been written in book form by Albert Richard Wetjen. The Metro-

Goldwyn-Mayer people had been kind enough to keep the book title. I had met Wetjen in other and more slightly carefree days. He now came on to Hollywood.

It has been my bad fortune to have met about every writer who has visited Hollywood in years. I don't like writers as a double rule. One cannot find a real man in a thousand of either sex. They write third class and dishonest books and then bewail the sad day that allows them to take many thousands for the film rights. With the money in the bank they discuss art with a beef packer or real estate gentleman's wife who belongs to a women's club—and always do they tell how badly their book has been filmed.

**N**EARLY all American writers are the products of magazine editors with as shallow and evasive an outlook upon life as themselves. If these men met an Ibsen they would take him to dinner and tell him how to handle the love theme so as not to offend the sensibilities of an audience of people who do nothing but grovel in the muck of materialism.

Wetjen had some good things in his book. It was not a masterpiece. Men who protect themselves from the rain of life under a *Saturday Evening Post* umbrella seldom, if ever, write masterpieces. They realize this and build barriers to defend their tottering integrity. With nothing else left to attack—they rip with clogged fountain pens at the art of the movies.

Wetjen, a man of bigger mold than most of the yelping word slingers, nevertheless had his little day in court. He only forgot two things—the film, bad or good, was the equal of his book—and that no matter how bad the film is—the book remains.

I have known but one writer who came to Hollywood and lived among people other than the temporarily successful first moths of the films.

A lady recently wondered why writers who came to Hollywood did not help uplift the citizens. She talked of ideals and so forth. The gentleman she had in mind was Louis Bromfield, the author of second rate novels, in which everything worth saying had been said by better men many years before. Mr. Bromfield attends all the gatherings of the moths, and his social activities are so many that one wonders when he finds time to drill the ideas which march in a dull parade through his brain.

It was from such men as Butterfly Bromfield that the lady wanted help. A child who cries for a star is often handed a piece of sweetened yellow mush for consolation. And the child seldom knows the difference.

If Knut Hamsun came to Hollywood he might be entertained by an obscure group of radical Scandinavians, while Butterfly Bromfield might hold forth on honesty in literature at the table of a great film producer. Hamsun would get understanding. Bromfield—entertainment. But let us return to "Way For a Sailor" with a maid.

**T**HE girl whom Beery and I did not win was Lella Hyams. Irish and Jewish, she is the daughter of a famous vaudeville team.

Working hard and arriving slowly, she did some respectable if slight  
(Continued on page 123)

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# No Close-Ups for Baby

(Continued from page 36)



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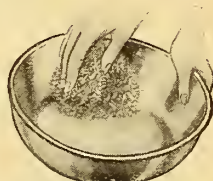
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week end with the two children, no matter what work comes up. She rides bicycles with them, digs great sand forts and is, as she says, the happiest woman in the world.

"Only I do so want another one," she said wistfully, the other day, as she watched my own year-and-a-half-old husky wabbling about in the waves. "I guess every woman who's had a child gets baby-hungry. They grow up so fast."

Now that little Gloria looks so much like her famous mother, Gloria No. 1 is more and more determined that she shall escape public attention. Though it's hard to believe it now, she was a delicate child and a highly strung, nervous little person. It is for that reason that Gloria shuts her away from all contact with the world that knows only Swanson, the screen star.

Perhaps Nancy Carroll has some such idea, too. I wish I might have talked to her about it. But it was not the prime reason which she has given a number of times. "We public idols must foster the illusions the public have about us."

Dolores Costello has taken an entirely different stand from either Miss

Carroll or the highly sensitive Miss Swanson.

Her small daughter has already been photographed in her arms and the picture is an inspiringly beautiful one. I think that already motherhood has added much to the slightly too placid beauty of Miss Costello's face. Her pride beams through the film.

But Dolores Costello's baby daughter is also the daughter of John Barrymore. The Barrymores are a theatrical family, used to living in the spotlight for generations. They are the royal family of the American stage and would probably no more think of denying a photograph of the youngest Barrymore to the public than would the Duke and Duchess of York. The latest addition to the Barrymore family is naturally a personage of importance in the world that enjoys the theater—movie or stage.

**E**VEN the Lindberghs, who surely have avoided personal publicity, allowed pictures of young Charles Augustus Lindbergh to be released to the nation's newspapers only a few weeks after his initial flight aboard the

(Continued on page 124)



Reports from Hollywood indicate that Marlene Dietrich, the imported blonde footlight and screen favorite of Berlin, is likely to be something of a sensation in "Morocco," in which she appears opposite Gary Cooper.



# Almost an Actor

(Continued from page 121)

work in M.-G.-M.'s prison picture, "The Big House," and was then cast as the leading lady in "Way For a Sailor."

It was a happy selection. Her work lent feminine emotion to the love scene. She was the one touch of beauty in the film. It is her best work and it will go far toward establishing her as a star.

How she happened to be going to Canada just in time to meet Jack Gilbert again after he was wrecked on the high seas, is not a crime of mine. I pass it on to Laurence Stallings and W. L. River.

The ocean is large and there is plenty of room upon it where a rough sailor and his maid may meet.

But I must leave beauty with a sigh and introduce a master of comedy and other things.

Many interesting personalities are required in the making of a film. Al Boasberg, the "gag man," was not the least of those responsible for "Way For a Sailor." A man who earns twice as much money in a year as a President of the United States, it has often been his "gas" that saved a picture.

Always near Sam Wood, the director, he would think of funny situations while the picture was in progress. The best "gag" in the film belongs to Boasberg.

Beery, Gilbert and myself are three musketeers who roam the ports of the world. In London, as I walk along the water front with Gilbert, I meet a little red-headed boy. He wears a cap, a blue coat, and dungarees that match my own. His little nose is turned up. There are freckles running across it. His hair, a red tangled mass, falls in curls over his eyes.

He looks to be bone of my bone and blood of my blood, an exact replica of the uncouth sailor that is me. I look at him aghast, being a moral sailor at heart, and not wishing my sins to become known to the world.

"Who's your father, Kid?" asks Jack Gilbert.

The boy looks quaintly up, with squinting eyes and answers, "I don't know—mother says he's a sailor."

I hand him a coin quickly and hurry out of the scene.

All authors point a moral. . . . After scouring a wide section of country for a lad that resembled me Sam Wood, the director, finally found the red-headed lad mentioned above.

He is a delightful little Jewish boy.

(Next month Mr. Tully will continue his acting adventures—and they are both interesting and amusing.)

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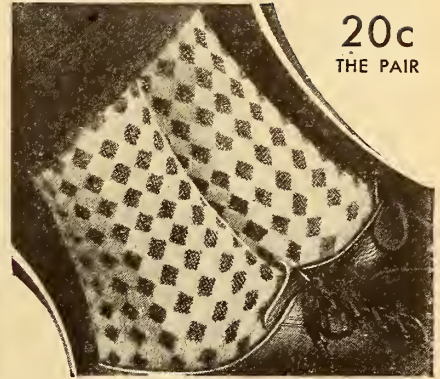


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# No Close-Ups for Baby

(Continued from page 122)



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stork. I can't say that in my eyes it has destroyed the illusion or dimmed the romance of the Lone Eagle to know that he is now prosaically a parent. I shan't feel any the less thrilled over his next air feat just because I've seen his picture taken with his little son.

As a rule, proud parents cannot resist the impulse to display their unique and magnificent offspring to an admiring world. It's a normal and natural reaction.

I remember years ago discussing this point with Wallace Reid. After the advent of William Wallace Reid, Jr., the same question which Miss Carroll now propounds was raised by the studio.

Would it or would it not interfere with Wally's enormous popularity as a matinee idol if his women fans knew he was married and the father of a son.

Wally, who never came to regard himself in the serious light of a public idol, spoke simply and severely on the matter.

"I'm proud of that young man," he said. "I'm darn proud of being a father. I don't believe for one minute that women are that silly. I think they'll like me better if they know I have a kid. People are pretty decent in this country. It would be thinking of them as pretty cheap to believe they'd lose any of their liking for me because of young Bill. Why, I'd feel like I had insulted all the women in the world, I would really. I don't see any reason to hide the fact that I'm married and have a child. If there is, I'd better get off the screen."

Pictures of Wally and Bill were legion and showed Wally at his best. When the time came that he needed the loving support of his fans, he was given it with a loyalty and beauty that were very fine.

**I**N the past few years I have found one thing. Every time I mention the name of Barbara La Marr, I am swamped with letters from fans who have not forgotten her and do not see her equal on the screen today. In fact, the name of Barbara brings me more loving messages than the name of any living star.

Barbara, who wanted a baby and had none of her own, adopted one. Now no one ever had more romance, more sex appeal, played more directly for such admiration, than Barbara. Yet she and her little adopted son were photographed over and over again. It was Barbara's avowed purpose to create an illusion of motherhood because she thought people would love her better, respect her more.

Was she right—or is Nancy Carroll right?

Myself, I think Nancy Carroll has been badly advised. She is young. Her thoughts have been so concentrated upon her work that perhaps she hasn't learned as much about life and people as she might.

Would Nancy Carroll be less appealing to you on the screen if you knew she had a baby? Would you feel you had lost an illusion if you saw a picture of Nancy Carroll and her baby like the one of Dolores Costello, Jack Barrymore and the littlest Barrymore which

appears in this issue. Or would you feel closer to her, feel she was more a woman?

Her husband, Jack Kirkland, is a New York scenario writer and playwright, who is in New York most of the time. Careers often separate people. They aren't together a great deal, but they are still married and have been for a number of years.

Nancy has been considerably worried about this problem of her child's photograph. Newspapers and magazines have asked for it and see no legitimate reason why they shouldn't have it. Do you?



Photograph by Bredell

Here is what the old time photographers would call a full length study. The young woman is Lillian Roth, who has been making quite a few hits in recent films.



## Pola Speaks

(Continued from page 40)

have been friends since the day I met her in Berlin. Then she was wearing the satins of Du Barry and holding Berlin at bay while contributing to a statue for a Polish war hero. When next I dined with her it was in her Colonial mansion in Beverly Hills, to which she had given an Italian interior. She wore a Spanish shawl, a cerise turban and a monstrous emerald that gleamed on her hand like the evil eye.

Now, as the Princess, she might choose to come rippling over the lawn surrounded by her Russian wolfhounds. Then again . . . .

"THE Princess is coming. . . ."  
Another maid appears and as suddenly evaporates.

At least I am prepared.

I light another High Life and try to be as calm as the swans who lift aristocratic wings in the lagoon below.

Suddenly a cry—a melancholy deep contralto that I recognize: "Allo! Allo!"

I leap up. At the foot of the gravel path leading to the pavilion I see a figure, in white sport clothes, made diminutive by the ancient oaks. A hand flicks upward. I reply with the Fascisti salute, then rush galloping down the path. . . .

"Excuse me, my friend," she gasps. "I was in the chicken yard."

"Princess in the chicken yard?"

"Ya," she nods vigorously, reverting to her native Polish. "My chicken yard I call it Hollywood. I name the ducks and geese and chickens for my friends. Charlie Chaplin is a duck who walks so. . . ." Pola, gurgling, imitates the walk of the duck, whose prototype, as I recall, was one of the loves in her life.

With her white sport clothes the Princess wears an orange scarf around her jet hair, one end streaming over a shoulder. Her face is pale as it always is, a pallor accentuated by scarlet lips, and her eyes a green softening to gray. Pola for me has the appeal of great beauty because it is beauty that stabs the imagination.

"I am so happy to see you," she murmurs, taking my arm. "Come, I am having lunch served in the garden and you shall have some real Napoleon brandy from the caves of Seraincourt."

Through alleys of trees, with perspectives of gardens, we reach a natural alcove made by hemlocks that tower and meet somewhere the other

(Continued on page 126)

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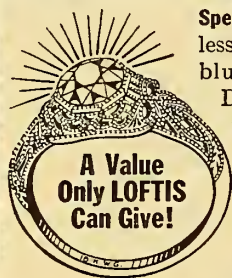
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# Pola Speaks

(Continued from page 125)

side of heaven. Centering the bower is a marble table on which silver has been laid. At a comfortable distance a maid stands by a serving table. When we have taken our places the maid brings us slices of melon arranged on chestnut leaves.

"**EVERYTHING** you have today is from my farms and gardens," says Pola proudly.

"You have become a farmer, Pola?"  
"A farmer—and philosopher, my dear."

"But always the great actress," I insist.

Pola's reply is a musing laugh. She has the gift of humor.

After the melon there is trout from the streams of Seraincourt. Then a tender little chicken delicately sauced.

"And the Prince, where is he?" I ask with the same half-hearted compunction, glancing about in the foliage.

"Finished," says Pola. "We are definitely parted. I shall divorce him, though divorce is difficult because of the decreasing birth rate in France. We are friends. But marriage was a mistake. He is too inexperienced. If I have any more husbands—I speak as though I have had many; I have had only two!"

But you know what I mean—If I have any more they will be different. I want, above all else, companionship. Sex attraction doesn't mean so much after you reach a certain age. . . . That's a give away, isn't it? Pola laughs. But no, what I mean is that the greatest happiness in life comes from unselfish giving, from community of interest.

"But tell me about dear little Mabel Normand," she interrupts as the coffee and brandy are being served. "You loved her much. So did I. Did she suffer greatly? She was so good, so generous. . . ."

"Come, let us go to my little chapel. The priest comes from the village every Sunday to say mass for me and the servants but he is detained today by the Fete of St. Jean."

POLA leads the way to a gray stone chapel that is cloistered in trees and vines. Inside there are wreaths of fresh roses around the images of the holy water fonts. Pola excuses herself as she goes to kneel a few moments at the altar rail.

On leaving the chapel, Pola puts a hand on my arm. "Now I shall show you my gardens. This was a fortress in the Sixteenth Century. When Louis XIV abolished forts, the counts of Seraincourt built this chateau of forty-two rooms that you see. I employ twenty-two servants, including the men who work on the farms, and the up-keep is less than for my house in Beverly Hills with five servants. Of course I make something off my produce. . . ."

We are passing the chateau. I ask if the busts by the entrance are picture executives. No, it seems they are Roman emperors by the names of Commodus and Augustus. I am disappointed. I had the sentimental idea they were Adolphe and Jesse.

Pola leads me to the purple-rose statue of Cleopatra which took a prize in the Barcelona exhibit in 1850, then up the avenue Voltaire to a spot in the forest where the famous old iconoclast

sits on a moss-grown pedestal smiling his wizened devil-relishing smile. I genuflect before passing on into a myrtle forest of three hundred years. Pola indicates a path leading into cavernous foliage.

"That is the labyrinth," she says. "When guests become tiresome I send them there. They lose their way and by the time they find it again they are so angry they never come back to bore me."

We arrive at a padlocked gate in a wall. It leads to underground passages that communicate with the village several miles beyond. Pola shouts to the majordomo to toss the key from the window of the dairy above. He doesn't hear, so Pola scampers up a ladder that is against a wall. The key achieved, we enter the ghoulish tunnel. Pola carries a little piece of lighted candle. She explains that she frightened her guests one time by turning them into this cavern where skulls from an adjacent cemetery had been placed. I let out a sepulchral wail. Pola screams and runs out of the cave.

We ascend to the dairy—which Pola calls her "diary." The majordomo has two goblets with peaches in them. Over the peaches he pours champagne.

"I remembered you like champagne served this way," Pola says.

With glasses in hand we ascend the steps of a tower so thick with moss as to remind me of the carpet in Grauman's Chinese theater. The steps spiral inside the tower and spiral and spiral . . . and spiral. . . . I begin to feel giddy and liken it unto a Coney Island crazy steeple.

"You should see the tower they imprisoned Jeanne D'Arc in," says Pola to hearten me.

"She never bounded up it with a champagne glass," I retort.

**T**HE summit is achieved. Around us the pigeons coo and circle. Below are the gardens, the dairy, the chicken yard, the stables and in the distance the farms with neatly stacked hay and the apple orchard which Pola herself planted and which she significantly calls her cider orchard.

"The earth is beautiful," Pola says.

"From above—over champagne glass. Are you happy here, Pola?"

"As happy as it is possible for me. I am never happy. I think I like to suffer a little." Pola smiles. "Ya, I think the artist has the masochistic instinct. Always I long for something. I do not know what it is. If I found it I should die."

"Perhaps that is what it is."

"Perhaps. Certainly I have had everything I have wanted from the world. I have tremendous will power, tremendous vitality. I command what I want. . . ."

I recall the words of another celebrated lady of the world: "All my desires have come crouching to my feet like dogs."

"Ya," Pola continues. "At twenty-one I was famous in Europe on the stage. Then came the cinema. I came up too quickly. I burned myself out. Now my health is not good and I must live in a mild climate. I'm taking a villa on the Riviera for the winter."

(Continued on page 129)



# The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 58)

Mr. Cedrone of Newtonville, Mass., who signs himself Rogerly yours, thinks it a crime that Buddy gets only three cents a record and pleads for me to write more of the boy.

Marion Short of Malden, Mass., tells me she has sent coin to the studio for Buddy's picture but has received nothing in return (more studio graft) and begs for his home address.

Buddy's home address, Miss Short, is simply Beverly Hills, Cal.

You ask, "Does he think much of himself—or you know what I mean?"

I suspect he thinks he's worth more than he is getting, and he probably is. Aren't we all? (That's a sly one, if it gets by.)

WELL, here goes the dirt about Buddy: He calls me "Herb" and I call him "Buddy" and we don't know one another at all. Then again maybe we do. I like him on the screen. Off screen he is not at all like himself on the screen. I like him off screen.

A few words about Buddy—Buddy is modest, swarthy and tall. He dresses collegiate. After college he went to Europe on a cattle boat because he wanted to see things. He returned with a band which he collected in Europe. You get the feeling of efficiency and sagacity about him. He doesn't go with one girl, but several, thus living up to his screen character of "Safety in Numbers." He has one of those floor exercisers in his bedroom and hopes to build up a physique equal to George O'Brien's, which he admires.

As a musician Buddy can play any instrument but says he cannot sing. Being obliging, however, he sings. His greatest pleasure in success is the "kick" his parents get. They live with him, as does his brother, who looks enough like him to be a star. In New York he received an ovation at his personal appearance that recalled the Valentino riots. He admits it thrilled him. Rudy Vallee gave him an autographed numbered copy of Rudy Vallee's Life, along with a lot of advice. Rudy also read passages of the book aloud to Buddy and explained them. One is liable to get paternal about Buddy without reason. He is confident without conceit. His ambition is to have an orchestra of his own but he doesn't want to work as hard as Rudy Vallee does. Recent criticism has worried him: such remarks as "Buddy is the last of the Rover boys" and "Buddy in an airplane is a boy in a kiddie car." I see no reason for worry. We like Buddy because he is pristine youth. As the Prince of Wales.

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in

## NEW MOVIE

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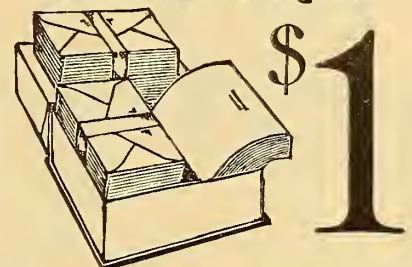
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# Wild Life in Hollywood

(Continued from page 33)

But you asked for them. They were not offered to you.

The party began with twelve dinner guests and mostly we discussed Tom's signing up with a circus and afterward we looked at his collections of saddles, spurs and guns in the drawing room. Later some others dropped in—Antonio Moreno and his wife, Lew Cody, Mollie O'Day, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Marion Davies, Townsend Netcher, Bryant Washburn and some others I do not recall.

We paired off in groups and I remember that, save for two who asked for high-balls, the rest of us drank coffee. We were just about to break up when Charlie Chaplin, who had been to a prize fight in Los Angeles, drifted in. He was in one of those merry moods, not inspired by alcohol, for he drank ginger ale. He strutted across the floor in his mignon way, suddenly burst into an operatic furore and the party was on.

EVERYBODY as though by pre-arranged signal moved into the music room to group in a hyena-like circle around the piano. Charlie had dropped his mask of solemnity and was on the loose. You could almost hear the chuckle of the gods. He never had a more enthusiastic audience.

He sang in French, German, Italian and even Chinese and although he does not know a word of any of those languages, you would have bet he had been a student of them for years. He imitated bull fighters, high wire walkers, Toto, the clown, all the movie stars—what didn't he do?

Along a little after sun-up after he had snatched a Spanish shawl off the piano to do a fandango to castanets his mood suddenly changed. It was though somebody had turned off all the lights and plunged us into darkness although outside a youngish moon had been swallowed up by the clear light of day.

He looked suddenly at his wrist watch, waved a quick goodbye and elfin-like, vanished. We heard the honk of his car as it turned out of the gate and into Roxbury Drive.

SO here in evening dress we straggled out blinking into the sun rays to take our cars home. The most unsuspecting and tolerant passer-by passing the Mix home could not have helped but murmur: "What a party at Tom Mix's last night!"

Yet, my journalistically trained mind was at work and I am quite certain that not a drink was served from the time Chaplin began his didoes at midnight until he departed—that is not a drink save ginger ale and mineral water.

I have gone into detail about this party because I do not believe it was unusual, yet it is the sort of party that is often carried on the wings of gossip to ridiculous proportions.

Another evening I sat with Fatty Arbuckle when all Hollywood turned

out to the opening of his ill-fated café venture—the Plantation. Every star who was in Hollywood was present to pay tribute to a fellow who has—or at least so I firmly believe—paid his debt to society. He was greatly touched and extremely nervous. That day he had had fourteen teeth removed.

At an auspicious moment the master of ceremonies introduced him. In all my time I have never seen such a sincere demonstration. They applauded, they screamed, they wept. I whispered to Fatty: "Big Boy, this is your night." I glanced at his face and the tears were streaming down his cheeks. "I've got to make them laugh. This will not do," he said and went out to the middle of the floor.

If there ever was a clown with a breaking heart, Fatty was that person. But today they will tell you he was never so funny. He did trick falls that shook the rafters, he seemed to slide across the floor on one ear, he danced with a surprised waiter and he did the most comical headspin I ever saw. Now, that is that.

ABOUT ten days later I was in New York and happened to attend a dinner where there was a man who had been at the Arbuckle café opening and saw me. Later in the evening he mentioned it and added: "Fatty was certainly cock-eyed."

I sat at Arbuckle's table all evening. He was holding a solution in his mouth for his sore gums and did not even have a drink of mineral water. Multiply this by thousands and you have another slant on Hollywood's wild nights.

There is something perverse in humanity that loves to dwell on a celebrity's shortcomings—imagined or real. I have heard of two stars who are still regularly reported to take drink cures. I happen to know they do not touch a drop.

I have heard, too, of a leading man who has to be primed with brandy so that he can be filmed because he is supposed to have a chronic case of the shakes. This may be so but I saw him solve one of those quicksilver puzzles one evening and you have to be fairly steady to achieve that.

Summing up, ninety per cent. of the stories I have heard about movie people are chiefly rumors. Some of them are bad enough but they do not last long. It is not the sort of calling where one can be full of hop or liquor all night and get up at six o'clock to report at the studio for a hard day's work.

Hollywood, of course, does not need this apologia of mine but I still think it will be a surprise to many that I have been visiting Hollywood for ten years and do not remember ever being asked to have a drink.

It is there, of course, for you and for me. But it is also there in Waxahachie, Penobscot, Turkey Run and Pomeroy as well as Hollywood.

Watch for the famous O. O. McIntyre  
in future issues of NEW MOVIE.





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## Pola Speaks

(Continued from page 126)

"You no longer have movie ambitions?"

"Oh yes, I have the vanity to prove I can talk. I shall make one or two pictures. The first I make this fall. It is the story of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the Baroness Vechera, by Claude Anet. It is a beautiful romance."

**E**DWIN MILES FADMAN, a leading distributor of films in Europe, will produce Pola's pictures. He told me he believed Pola has a greater future in pictures than she has a past. The talkies are Pola's field. She will make her pictures in English, French, Spanish and Polish, as she speaks all of these languages. Inasmuch as the character of the Baroness is Austrian, her accent will be correct.

"Do you regret your Hollywood experience?" I ask Pola.

"To regret experience would be to regret life," she answers. "No, I had good times in Hollywood. I made some good pictures there of which I am proud. The trouble with me in Hollywood was largely my health. I cannot work as hard as the system demands. In Europe I always took long rests between pictures, and the days were shorter. Then too, the California climate exhausted me. In a way it was good for me; it is dry and sunny, but it is enervating. I did not realize myself how tired I was most of the time."

"Hollywood has its fascination. It is artificial but as such it is interesting. They try to outdo one another socially. That is a devastating thing for an artist. An artist should be gay and bohemian. There must be mental recreations outside work. In Hollywood they think only of work. They live and think and talk pictures. The cinema is a great art but it is not the whole of life."

"And you must have the whole."

Pola smiles. "Ya, I am interested in everything—not just books as they always say when they want to prove versatile interest—I am interested in international affairs, in expositions of modern art, in music and in people—especially people, people of all sorts and nationalities."

"But you are through marrying them, eh?"

"Who can say she is ever through marrying?" Pola laughs. "I do not know. I have only my mother in the world. I am happy to give her things she enjoys . . . she loves this place. The only enduring pleasure is in doing for others. My great ambition is to establish a home for old people and for illegitimate children in Warsaw. . . ."

A bell is tolling. It notifies that the car is ready to take us to Paris. Pola has an engagement for Ganna Walska's tea. On the way in we discuss European politics, economics, Mussolini, Briand, Tardieu, Gandhi, the Prince of Wales, the thrift of the French, unemployment in America, the future of talkies, and . . .

When next I hear of Pola she is making a forced airplane landing somewhere in Belgium. She is on her way to Warsaw.

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## Speaking of Girls—



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Edwina Booth  
John Mack Brown  
Jack Buchanan  
Harry Carey  
Joan Crawford  
Karl Dane  
Marion Davies  
Duncan Sisters  
Marie Dressler  
Cliff Edwards  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
Gavin Gordon  
Lawrence Gray  
Raymond Hackett  
William Haines  
Leila Hyams  
Kay Johnson  
Dorothy Jordan

Buster Keaton  
Charles King  
Gwen Lee  
Barbara Leonard  
John Miljan  
Robert Montgomery  
Grace Moore  
Polly Moran  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Catherine Dale Owen  
Anita Page  
Lucille Powers  
Gilbert Roland  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Norma Shearer  
Lawrence Tibbett  
Lewis Stone  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres  
Roland Young

## At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
William Austin  
George Bancroft  
Clara Bow  
Mary Brian  
Clive Brook  
Virginia Bruce  
Jack Buchanan  
Nancy Carroll  
Lane Chandler  
Ruth Chatterton  
Maurice Chevalier  
June Collyer  
Chester Conklin  
Jackie Coogan  
Claudette Colbert  
Gary Cooper  
Marlene Dietrich  
Kay Francis  
Harry Green  
Mitzi Green  
James Hall

Neil Hamilton  
O. P. Heggie  
Doris Hill  
Phillips Holmes  
Jack Luden  
Paul Lukas  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Fredric March  
Rosita Moreno  
David Newell  
Barry Norton  
Jack Oakie  
Warner Oland  
Guy Oliver  
Zelma O'Neal  
Eugene Pallette  
Joan Peers  
William Powell  
Charles Rogers  
Lillian Roth  
Regis Toomey  
Florence Vidor  
Fay Wray

## Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres  
John Boles  
Ethlyn Claire  
Kathryn Crawford  
Reginald Denny  
Jack Dougherty  
Lorayne DuVal  
Hoot Gibson  
Dorothy Gulliver  
Otis Harlan  
Raymond Keane  
Merna Kennedy  
Barbara Kent

Beth Laemmle  
Arthur Lake  
Laura La Plante  
George Lewis  
Jeanette Loff  
Ken Maynard  
Mary Nolan  
Mary Philbin  
Eddie Phillips  
Joseph Schildkraut  
Glenn Tryon  
Barbara Worth

## Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky  
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman  
Lily Damita

## At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston  
Luana Alcaniz  
Mary Astor  
Ben Bard  
Warner Baxter  
Marjorie Beebe  
Rex Bell  
Humphrey Bogart  
El Brendel  
Dorothy Burgess  
Sue Carol  
Sammy Cohen  
Marguerite Churchill  
Joyce Compton  
Fifi Dorsay  
Louise Dresser  
Charles Eaton  
Charles Farrell  
Earle Foxe  
John Garrick

Janet Gaynor  
Ivan Linow  
Edmund Lowe  
Claire Luce  
Sharon Lynn  
Kenneth MacKenna  
Farrell MacDonald  
Mona Maris  
Victor McLaglen  
Lois Moran  
Charles Morton  
Paul Muni  
George O'Brien  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Paul Page  
David Rollins  
Milton Sills  
Arthur Stone  
Nick Stuart  
Marjorie White

## At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Armida  
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Betty Bronson  
Joe Brown  
William Collier, Jr.  
Dolores Costello  
Claudia Dell  
Louise Fazenda  
Lila Lee

Winnie Lightner  
Lotti Loder  
Myrna Loy  
Ben Lyon  
May McAvoy  
Edna Murphy  
Marian Nixon  
Lois Wilson  
Grant Withers

## Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
William Boyd  
James Gleason

Ann Harding  
Eddie Quillan  
Fred Scott  
Helen Twelvetrees.

## First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess  
Bernice Claire  
Doris Dawson  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Alexander Gray  
Lloyd Hughes

Doris Kenyon  
Jack Mulhall  
Vivienne Segal  
Thelma Todd  
Loretta Young

## United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado  
Fannie Brice  
Dolores del Rio  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Al Jolson

Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge  
Constance Talmadge  
Lupe Velez

## Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent  
William Collier, Jr.  
Ralph Graves  
Jack Holt

Margaret Livingston  
Jacqueline Logan  
Shirley Mason  
Dorothy Revier  
Alice White

## RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

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Sally Blane  
Olive Borden  
Betty Compson  
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro  
Richard Dix  
Bob Steele  
Tom Tyler



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Vol. II, No. 6

Features

December, 1930

## Cover Painting of Greta Garbo by Jules Erbit

- Christmas in Hollywood**.....*Dick Hyland* 32  
*Lack of snow and sleigh bells will not stand in the way of a joyous movie Yuletide.*
- They Say—**..... 35  
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# MUSIC of the Sound Screen

## The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

**H**OW much does a theme song contribute to the success of a talking picture? Does the public want more music or less music on the screen?

If these are uncertain questions to the movie producers the music publishers would certainly answer with an emphatic affirmative. A review of the outstanding phonograph and musical hits of the past six months shows that the screen stars have done more to put across popular songs than any song pluggers who ever rattled a piano.

As just one recent example, consider the success of Buddy Rogers and Kathryn Crawford in that sweet melody, "My Future Just Passed," from "Safety in Numbers." Judging by the sales a large percentage of the audiences that heard it in the theatre must have trekked across the avenue and taken home a record or a copy of the sheet music.

**O**F course, this was a song that would probably have gone across on its merits regardless of the movies, one of those haunting little melodies that lingers in the memory. But there isn't any doubt that it was the two popular film stars, Buddy Rogers and Kathryn Crawford, who gave it its overnight demand.

Rudy Vallee was talking about theme songs of the movies the other day, and he summed up the whole question rather well when he said, "Music with the pictures is a good deal like music with your meals. It depends on the kind of music you get whether or not you like it. The best film star in the world can't put across a poor song. And, on the other hand, the best song ever written can be massacred by a star who can't sing.

**"MUSIC** for the screen can't be bought for so much a foot. And a good theme song has the hardest possible test. It must have not only good rhythm so that people will remember it, but it must have drama, sentiment, heart-throb. And it must belong to the picture. There must be a reason for it. When a star breaks into melody just for the sake of dragging in another theme song it is generally a flop. And it ought to be."

Judging by these standards, then, the screen has produced some mighty good theme songs the past six months. Indeed, the list is rather imposing.

If you saw "Swing High" you're still humming "With My Guitar and You." Of course, it had an unusually dramatic setting, and Fred Scott and Helen Twelvetrees did a real piece of work with

the romantic background of the circus and an appealing love story to emphasize it. But the song, itself, had a quality that makes it easily one of the popular hits of the year. Here again the song would have been a success regardless of the picture—but it was the picture that sold it to the public.

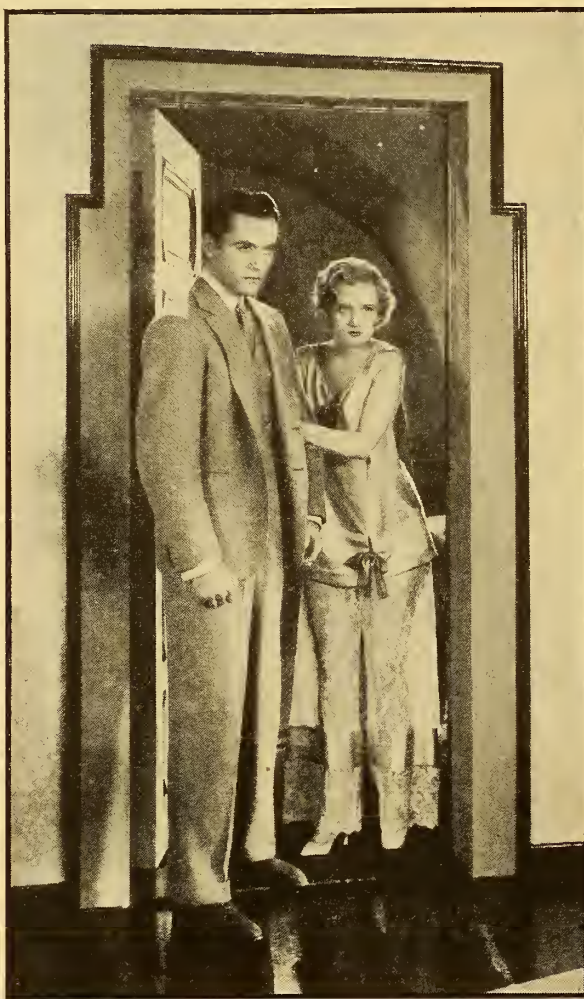
**"HIGH SOCIETY BLUES,"** with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, is another picture that has given us some popular musical hits. "I'm in the Market for You," a combination of a trick title and a neat tune, leaped into instant favor, and deserved to. The publishers must have made enough on that to buy a few more options. And the same picture gives us three other real melodies, sung by Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell, "Just Like in a Story Book," "High Society Blues," and "Eleanor." And they were all chosen with care and sung with genuine ability.

It would be a calamity to the song writers if the moon ever failed us, because it seems to have provided the inspiration for eight out of ten of the hits of the last decade. But in spite of the way that the moon has been overworked no one will regret hearing "The Moon Is Low," as sung by Joan Crawford and her cowboy chorus in "Montana Moon." In any selection of the more enduring hits it must have a high place.

Another picture which has helped to add to the sales of popular music was "The Big Pond," starring Maurice Chevalier. In fact, no less than three numbers from that production must stand out, "You Brought a New Kind of Love," "Livin' in the Sunlight, Lovin' in the Moonlight," and "Mia Caro," this last one of the most popular tangos for some time.

**W**ITH Paul Whiteman one would naturally expect a procession of hits, and "The King of Jazz" gives us a variety to choose from, beginning with that really charming waltz, "It Happened in Monterey." In addition we find, "A Bench in the Park," "Ragamuffin Romeo," "Happy Feet," and "Song of the Dawn," all of these recorded by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra for Columbia.

If you saw Nancy Carroll in "Honey," you'll surely remember "Sing, You Sinners," for it must be classed as one of the deserved hits of the year.



Buddy Rogers, with Josephine Dunn, in a scene from "Safety in Numbers." In this film Mr. Rogers sang one of the song film hits of the year, "My Future Just Passed."



# What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

| STAR                            | TITLE                      | DIRECTOR           | KIND OF STORY             | LEADING PLAYER                    |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO           |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| Closed until January 1, 1931    |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| FOX STUDIO                      |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| Will Rogers                     | Lightnin'                  | Henry King         | Drama-comedy              | Sharon Lynn                       |
| Reginald Denny                  | Stolen Thunder             | Ham MacFadden      | Drama                     | Jeanette MacDonald                |
| Edmund Lowe                     | Shepper-Newfounder         | Leo McCarey        | Romance                   | Leila Hyams                       |
| Neil Hamilton                   | Network                    | Berthold Viertel   | Drama                     | Kay Johnson                       |
| Charles Farrell<br>Janet Gaynor | } The Man Who Came<br>Back | Raoul Walsh        | Romance                   |                                   |
|                                 |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| COLUMBIA STUDIO                 |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| Richard Cromwell                | Tol'able David             | J. G. Blythstone   | Romantic Drama            | Joan Peers                        |
| Walter Huston                   | Criminal Code              | Howard Hawks       | Drama                     | Phillips Holmes                   |
| Barbara Stanwyck                | Roseland                   | Lionel Barrymore   | Drama                     | } Ricardo Cortez<br>Monroe Owsley |
| Buck Jones                      | Dawn Trail                 | William Cabanne    | Western                   |                                   |
| Evelyn Brent                    | Madonna of the Streets     | John Robertson     | Romantic Drama            | Robert Ames                       |
| METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO      |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| John Mack Brown                 | Great Meadows              | Chas. Brabin       | Romance                   | Eleanor Boardman                  |
| Charles Bickford                | Passion Flower             | C. B. DeMille      | Drama                     | } Kay Johnson<br>Kay Francis      |
| Harry Carey                     | Trader Horn                | William Van Dyke   | African Romance           |                                   |
| PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO     |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| Ruth Chatterton                 | The Right to Love          | Richard Wallace    | Drama                     | Paul Lukas                        |
| Gary Cooper                     | Fighting Caravans          | Otto Brower        | Covered-wagon<br>Romance  | Lily Damita                       |
| PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO     |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| Ina Claire                      | The Royal Family           | Cukor-Gardner      | Comedy-drama              | } Mary Brian<br>Fredric March     |
| Nancy Carroll                   | Two Against Death          | Not Chosen         |                           |                                   |
| Claudette Colbert               | Strictly Business          | Dorothy Arzner     | Comedy-drama              | Fredric March                     |
| R K O STUDIO                    |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| Richard Dix                     | Cimarron                   | Wesley Ruggles     | Pioneer Romance           | Irene Dunne                       |
| Ralph Forbes                    | Beau Ideal                 | Herbert Brenon     | Foreign Legion<br>Romance |                                   |
| TIFFANY STUDIO                  |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| Production starts in two weeks  |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO           |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| Ronald Colman                   | Untitled                   | George Fitzmaurice | Comedy-drama              | Loretta Young                     |
| WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO          |                            |                    |                           |                                   |
| Closed Until January 1, 1931    |                            |                    |                           |                                   |





Harold Barnett, at the bridge, operates the Gloria Swanson puppet. Right, Colleen Moore and Mr. Barnett look over the puppet of Miss Moore.

**H**OLLYWOOD film stars have a new rendezvous. They have forsaken the usual night clubs, dinner dance hotels and beach resort haunts. And for what? To watch themselves act. No less.

Down on Olvera Street, a quaint bit of Old Spain tucked away near the drowsing Los Angeles Plaza, three boys from Yale have established a marionette show, and have undertaken the herculean task of showing movie stars "as others see them."

Can you imagine a movie star clapping her hands in glee when a tiny replica of another of Hollywood film colony exhibits a characteristic bit of temperament?

# MOVIE Puppets

## Three Yale Boys Interest Hollywood with Their Marionette Show

BY MILDRED GARDNER  
AND HAROLD J. ASHE

That's exactly what Colleen Moore did the first time she visited the Club Guignol.

During the course of a performance, such celebrities as Jetta Goudal, Gary Cooper, Colleen Moore, Ruth Chatterton, Gloria Swanson, George Arliss and Leatrice Joy make personal appearances in miniature. George Arliss acts as master of ceremonies. The film colony itself furnished both the audience and the entertainment, even though the latter is by proxy.

**A**DMISSION is by reservation only, and the show doesn't start until all of the audience has arrived. Many a star who deliberately has been late to his or her own first night premiere has been kept roosting on (*Continued on p. 113*)







Of Course  
You'll Want  
It--

## This New WHO'S WHO Of The SCREEN

JUST out—another pictorial directory of the film famous. "Who's Who of the Screen" contains the latest photographs of sixty-four ranking stars of today, with intimate, accurate and up-to-the-minute facts about their lives and careers.

This is the second of the NEW MOVIE ALBUM series. Everyone who is interested in films will find in it just the kind of information to have for reference and as a permanent record of the year's most popular stars of the screen. Every one of the many specially posed photographs is the kind you want to keep.

"Who's Who of the Screen"—the second NEW MOVIE ALBUM—is now on sale in many Woolworth stores. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus four cents for postage, and we will mail it to you promptly.



The latest edition has the cover pictured above. It is a beautiful portrait of Joan Crawford.

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## Applause from Germany

*Leipzig, S. 3, Germany*

Here's a hand from across the seas and please shake hands. Thanks to a dear friend in the good old U. S. A. and thanks to you, I direct my thoughts from loneliness and think about your wonderful articles on motion picture stars and Hollywood.

*Vartuhie Gulezian,  
Waisenhaus Str. 23.*

## Cheers from New Zealand

*Wanganui, New Zealand*

NEW MOVIE is absolutely the best screen magazine that has ever come out of the United States. I've told my friends about it and they were amazed, so watch out for subscriptions from far-away New Zealand, one of the movie-wisest countries in the world.

*Neville James,  
Box 129.*

## China Likes "Love Parade"

*Hongkong, China*

It may interest you to hear of the remarkable success of the talkies here in China. Although we have lived in all parts of the Orient for fifteen years, we truly did not think that among the Chinese themselves it was possible for the talkies to be such a success, since so many thousands do not speak any English. We have two theatres here installed with sound, one opening last June with "The Love Parade." The Chinese are able to understand the plots, for souvenir programs are given away, with words and music of all the songs. With the English words are the Chinese also, so that the Chinese can follow it all.

*Doris and Aileen Woods,  
23 Humphreys Buildings,  
Kowloon.*

## They Like Us in England

*London, N. W. 6, England*

I've just finished reading your current number and enjoyed it immensely. It is by far the most interesting fan magazine I have ever read. My only objection is that, though I've tried very hard, I cannot obtain it in London, so have to have it sent every month from friends in America. I hope it will soon be on sale over here. It's not fair that the American fans should have all the best things in life!

*Winifred Barker,  
7 Peplow Road.*

## Where is Charlie Ray?

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

Where is Charles Ray? He is still dear to the hearts of the people who go to see good acting. The really great actors and actresses agree that his ability far surpassed most. I am referring to Douglas Fairbanks' and Mary Pickford's opinion after seeing him in the picture based on James Whitcomb Riley's poem. Anyone seeing him in that or his picture, "The Clodhopper," would never forget him.

*Mrs. Milton Butterworth,  
2436 W. Columbia Avenue.*

# DOLLAR THOUGHTS

## The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

## About "All Quiet"

*Red Wing, Minnesota.*

Just a word about "All Quiet on the Western Front." The picture was incredibly realistic throughout, but how could any producer who had so obviously succeeded in putting across the truth of the ghastly horror and futility of war want to destroy it all in five minutes by raising the American flag at the end? The picture had succeeded in being international in scope. Why stir up national patriotism so

inappropriately at the very end?

*H. Louise Howe,  
1413 Bush Street.*

## Adopted by Iowa

*Centerville, Iowa*

I first saw THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE in the library of the School of Journalism at the University of Iowa. It is the only movie magazine in that library and it well deserves that honor. I have read movie magazines from time to time, but never did I derive the atmosphere of Hollywood as I did when I read Herb Howe's "A Tourist's Guide to Hollywood." And Adela Rogers St. Johns' interviews are a real joy to read. I honestly believe what she writes and that is more than I can say for interviews I've read in other magazines I could mention.

*Laurence Scott,  
832 Drake Avenue.*

## About Clara and New Movie

*San Francisco, Calif.*

Judging from some of the pictures that are being released lately, it is a case of joining the navy to see Clara Bow. And as long as Clara stays on shipboard there will be no such thing as naval disarmament, for Clara is the girl that has given the navy personality. On the other hand, it would take a hundred Clara Bows to give THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE the personality which it radiates. Yours is a magazine with a great big IT, possessing charm and distinction, reliability and frankness of discussion. But, for heaven's sake, please don't descend to the level of other movie magazines and fill your pages with pictures of Hollywood's stars in their latest pajamas, bathing suits or what have you.

*Jasper B. Sinclair,  
318 20th Avenue.*

## Von Stroheim as an Actor

*Chicago, Ill.*

I have just come home from a movie very enthused over an actor—one who deserves the name. His name, Eric Von Stroheim. He is the only screen star whose pictures I could see three or four times. He has a fine voice, a delightful accent, and most of all he can act. I truly can't praise him enough, but I can only hope the producers will appreciate him to the extent of giving him more pictures.

*Dorothy Schroeder,  
3432 No. Claremont Ave.  
(Continued on page 116)*

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



# Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



## The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

Pretty Leila Hyams, in her own kitchen. On this page Miss Hyams tells you how she makes delicious muffins for breakfast and tea.

1st. Light the oven and set it for 425° F. This is a briskly hot oven.

2nd. Measure the following ingredients:

- 1 cupful pastry flour
- 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  cups graham flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons baking powder
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Mix and sift together.

3rd. Cut fine  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dates or raisins and mix thoroughly with the dry ingredients.

4th. Add 1 slightly beaten egg to 1 cup of cream, whipping slightly to mix thoroughly.

5th. Pour the wet ingredients into the dry ones. And begin to stir immediately. Keep stirring until the dry ingredients have become just dampened; this will take about seventeen seconds. Now continue stirring vigorously for about three or four seconds.

6th. Pour the batter gently into well-greased pans.

7th. Now place the pans in the oven and bake until a golden brown. This will take about twenty minutes.

The muffins should be served very hot and with plenty of butter. They will literally melt in your mouth.

This is not an expensive recipe except for its lavish use of cream. If you like you may use half milk and half cream or a condensed or evaporated milk in the right proportions. You will find the use of graham flour is a healthful and tasty touch.

For tea you may use a smaller size muffin tin and make your muffins very tiny and dainty.

**H**ERE is a recipe for muffins that are so delicious you will want to make them a feature of your Sunday morning breakfasts. Or you will want to mix them up as a special treat when friends drop in for tea in the afternoon.

They are the favorite recipe of pretty Leila Hyams, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress who plays opposite John Gilbert in "Way for a Sailor."

In submitting her favorite recipe, Miss Hyams lists the various processes required to make these muffins. You will find, if you time yourself, that they are quickly and easily made.

## THIS IS THE NEW MOVIE'S NEWEST SERVICE PAGE



# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Walter Huston as Abraham Lincoln and Kay Hammond as Mrs. Lincoln in D. W. Griffith's superb visualization of the life of the Great Emancipator. Mr. Huston gives a superb performance in this film, which every American should see.

## Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

countess. Adroit Lubitsch direction. *Paramount.*

**Abraham Lincoln.** Here is the Griffith who stirred pioneer movie audiences. The panorama of the Great Emancipator's life, superbly acted by Walter Huston and beautifully directed by Griffith. Poet Stephen Vincent Benét wrote this screen biography, which has stark beauty. You must see this film. *United Artists.*

**The Dawn Patrol.** An absorbing story of the air forces in the World War. Like "Journey's End," it is a series of events showing the gallant youngsters going out one by one and failing to return. Richard Barthelmess does brilliant work. Neil Hamilton and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., too, are to be complimented. *First National.*

**Romance.** Here is Garbo as the heroine of Edward Sheldon's popular drama of New York in the '60's. The cast, especially Lewis Stone, is admirably chosen, but it is the

vibrant Greta Garbo to whom the honors go. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**Holiday.** The screen version of Philip Barry's stage

## Group A

**Common Clay.** Sure to be one of the big box-office pictures of the year. The problem story of a beautiful girl, an illegitimate baby and the tribulations of true love. Has a powerful emotional tug at your heart, due to Constance Bennett's fine playing. Beryl Mercer does a splendid bit, too. *Fox.*

**Monte Carlo.** A sort of successor to "The Love Parade"—but minus Chevalier. Jack Buchanan is pretty good in a Chevalier rôle but Jeanette MacDonald runs away with the film as a charming, penniless

Posing for her police camera study in "Common Clay." Little Ellen Neal has been arrested in a raid upon a speakeasy and now she faces the consequences. Constance Bennett gives a fine performance of the unhappy Ellen.





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# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 12)

success. A great story, an able cast, including Ann Harding and Mary Astor. Admirable direction by Edward Griffith puts this picture in the "first-rate" class. *Pathé.*

**Journey's End.** One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

**All Quiet on the Western Front.** Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

**Sarah and Son.** Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

**Song O' My Heart.** John McCormack makes his début in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

**Street of Chance.** The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

**The Rogue Song.** A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**The Green Goddess.** Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners.*

**Anna Christie.** This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**Devil May Care.** A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**Lumox.** Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

**The Love Parade.** Still the best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

**The Show of Shows.** The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

**Sunny Side Up.** Little Janet sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

**The Lady Lies.** In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the lonely widower. *Paramount.*

## Group B

**Old English.** Another of those matchless character studies by George Arliss. A sketchy drama of a gay, gallant old reprobate who has lived far beyond his time.

Mr. Arliss is brilliant, the drama rather pale. Still, you will want to see the star. *Warners.* (Con. on p. 117)

Ernst Lubitsch's newest musical film, "Monte Carlo," isn't as good as "The Love Parade" but Jeanette MacDonald scores with her charming performance of a penniless and love-lorn countess. Jack Buchanan appears opposite.





# Little Holiday Fruit Cakes

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USE YOUR FAVORITE FRUIT CAKE—OR THIS  
DELICIOUS NEW CRINKLE CUP RECIPE

## CHRISTMAS CAKES

- |                                                 |                                            |
|-------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar                   | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins                  |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ pound ( $\frac{1}{2}$ cup) butter | 1 cup currants                             |
| 3 egg yolks                                     | 1 cup blanched almonds                     |
| 1 cup flour, sifted before measuring            | 1 cup citron                               |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder                       | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup candied cherries         |
| $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cloves                   | $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons grated lemon rind |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg                   | 2 tablespoons lemon juice                  |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace                     | 2 tablespoons orange juice or grape juice  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon                 | 3 egg whites, beaten stiff                 |

Cut citron in thin slices and chop in wooden chopping bowl with blanched almonds and cherries. Wash raisins and currants and, while still wet, chop and mix with chopped citron, almonds and cherries. Sift flour with baking powder and spices. Cream butter and brown sugar thoroughly, and mix in egg yolks. Add flour and seasonings with chopped fruit and nuts, lemon rind, lemon juice, orange juice or grape juice and, last of all, fold in beaten egg whites. Fill crinkle cups  $\frac{3}{4}$  full. Bake in slow oven (250° F to 300° F) for 1 hour with pan of water at the bottom of the oven. Then remove pan of water, increase heat slightly and bake 15 minutes longer, or until the cakes are lightly browned.

If cakes are to be used for Christmas tokens, let cool in cups and then remove carefully. Frost the tops with white icing, dot each cake with half a red cherry and when set put back in fresh crinkle cups, wrap in waxed paper and then in Christmas paper and tie with Christmas ribbon.

**H**OME-BAKED fruit cake—how everybody loves it! Now you can bake little individual cakes to send to those away from home—and as extra gifts for friends who'll know before they take a bite how good your cake will be. Bake them in Crinkle Cups—the dainty baking dishes that you do not have to grease. They'll come out evenly baked and perfect in shape. Slip them into fresh Crinkle Cups—so they'll keep fresh and moist and unbroken—dress them up in bright Christmas wrappings and you will have a gift that anyone would be delighted to receive.



SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5 AND 10 CENT STORES



Oldmill Paper Products Corp., Dept. T-12-30, Linden Street corner Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.



# WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

## At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Lionel Barrymore  
Lionel Belmore  
Wallace Beery  
Charles Bickford  
Edwina Booth  
John Mack Brown  
Jack Buchanan  
Harry Carey  
Joan Crawford  
Karl Dane  
Marion Davies  
Duncan Sisters  
Marie Dressler  
Cliff Edwards  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
Gavin Gordon  
Lawrence Gray  
Raymond Hackett  
William Haines  
Leila Hyams  
Kay Johnson  
Dorothy Jordan

Buster Keaton  
Charles King  
Gwen Lee  
Barbara Leonard  
John Miljan  
Robert Montgomery  
Grace Moore  
Polly Moran  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Novarro  
Edward Nugent  
Catherine Dale Owen  
Anita Page  
Lucille Powers  
Gilbert Roland  
Dorothy Sebastian  
Norma Shearer  
Lawrence Tibbett  
Lewis Stone  
Ernest Torrence  
Raquel Torres  
Roland Young

## At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
William Austin  
George Bancroft  
Clara Bow  
Mary Brian  
Clive Brook  
Virginia Bruce  
Jack Buchanan  
Nancy Carroll  
Lane Chandler  
Ruth Chatterton  
Maurice Chevalier  
June Collyer  
Chester Conklin  
Jackie Coogan  
Claudette Colbert  
Gary Cooper  
Marlene Dietrich  
Kay Francis  
Harry Green  
Mitzi Green  
James Hall

Neil Hamilton  
O. P. Heggie  
Doris Hill  
Phillips Holmes  
Jack Luden  
Paul Lukas  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Fredric March  
Rosita Moreno  
David Newell  
Barry Norton  
Jack Oakie  
Warner Oland  
Guy Oliver  
Zelma O'Neal  
Eugene Pallette  
Joan Peers  
William Powell  
Charles Rogers  
Lillian Roth  
Regis Toomey  
Florence Vidor  
Fay Wray

## Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres  
John Boles  
Ethlyn Claire  
Kathryn Crawford  
Reginald Denny  
Jack Dougherty  
Lorayne DuVal  
Hoot Gibson  
Dorothy Gulliver  
Otis Harlan  
Raymond Keane  
Merna Kennedy  
Barbara Kent

Beth Laemmle  
Arthur Lake  
Laura La Plante  
George Lewis  
Jeanette Loff  
Ken Maynard  
Mary Nolan  
Mary Philbin  
Eddie Phillips  
Joseph Schildkraut  
Glenn Tryon  
Barbara Worth

## Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky  
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman  
Lily Damita

## At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston  
Luana Alcaniz  
Mary Astor  
Ben Bard  
Warner Baxter  
Marjorie Beebe  
Rex Bell  
Humphrey Bogart  
El Brendel  
Dorothy Burgess  
Sue Carol  
Sammy Cohen  
Marguerite Churchill  
Joyce Compton  
Fifi Dorsay  
Louise Dresser  
Charles Eaton  
Charles Farrell  
Earle Foxe  
John Garrick

Janet Gaynor  
Ivan Linow  
Edmund Lowe  
Claire Luce  
Sharon Lynn  
Kenneth MacKenna  
Farrell MacDonald  
Mona Maris  
Victor McLaglen  
Lois Moran  
Charles Morton  
Paul Muni  
George O'Brien  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Paul Page  
David Rollins  
Milton Sills  
Arthur Stone  
Nick Stuart  
Marjorie White

## At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore  
Betty Bronson  
Joe Brown  
William Collier, Jr.  
Dolores Costello  
Claudia Dell  
Louise Fazenda  
Lila Lee  
Winnie Lightner

Lotti Loder  
Myrna Loy  
Ben Lyon  
May McAvoy  
Edna Murphy  
Marian Nixon  
Lois Wilson  
Grant Withers

## Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
William Boyd  
James Gleason

Ann Harding  
Eddie Quillan  
Fred Scott  
Helen Twelvetrees.

## First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess  
Bernice Claire  
Doris Dawson  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Alexander Gray  
Lloyd Hughes

Doris Kenyon  
Jack Mulhall  
Vivienne Segal  
Thelma Todd  
Loretta Young

## United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado  
Fannie Brice  
Dolores del Rio  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Al Jolson

Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge  
Constance Talmadge  
Lupe Velez

## Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent  
William Collier, Jr.  
Ralph Graves  
Jack Holt

Margaret Livingston  
Jacqueline Logan  
Shirley Mason  
Dorothy Revier  
Alice White

## RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton  
Sally Blane  
Olive Borden  
Betty Compson  
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro  
Richard Dix  
Bob Steele  
Tom Tyler



# Here are the Winners

in the

## JO-CUR' Contest for Beautiful Hair

Thousands of women from all over the country submitted their photographs in the Jo-Cur' Beautiful Hair Contest which closed September 30th. From these photographs the judges impartially selected the winners whose names appear on this page. The task of selection was unusually difficult — for practically every photograph showed hair beautifully finger-waved and becomingly arranged. And the almost invariable comment of these thousands of entrants was, "I never knew how lovely I could make my own hair look, until I tried Jo-cur' Beauty Aids." For shampooing, for finger-waving, for making the hair truly beautiful, there is nothing like them—at any price. You, too, can prove this. Just try Jo-Cur' Beauty Aids. They come in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes—at your favorite 10c Chain Store or your Druggist's.



### 2nd Prize, \$100.00

Mrs. L. McMahon

13½ Wooster Street, Danbury, Conn.

"When I tell you it cost me over \$5.00 every time I had my hair finger-waved at Mons. you can realize how delighted I was to find your lovely Shampoo and Wave-Set."  
—says Mrs. McMahon



### 1st Prize, \$250.00

and Portrait by Charles B. Ross

Miss J. Claire Squier

830 West 6th Street, Plainfield, New Jersey  
Miss Squier says: "Of all the beauty aids I have tried for my hair, and I have tried most of them, I think Jo-Cur' preparations unquestionably are the finest I have ever used."

### \$50.00 Prizes

Miss Marion Bierce

2302 Everett, Kansas City, Kansas

Mrs. Fred Kuether, Jr.

13 Second Avenue, Cedarburg, Wis.

### \$25.00 Prizes

Miss Alice Yendrek  
Dardanelle, Ark.

Miss Harriett McDermott  
458 West 42nd Street, New York City

Miss Esther Jacobs  
Exchange Building, Winona, Minn.

Miss Esther A. Higgins  
21 Parker Terrace, Newton Centre, Mass.

### \$10.00 Prizes

Mildred Johnson  
4433 Third Ave. South  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Stella M. Haugen  
2525½ 27th Ave., So.  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Mary Knetter  
Edgar, Wis.

Fay E. Kerr  
23 W. 64th St.  
New York City

Thelma Myrum  
4711 29th Ave., So.  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Peggy Hillberry  
Hoult, W. Virginia

Muriel Applegate  
220 E. Lemon Ave.  
Monrovia, Calif.

Laura Everson  
719 7th Ave., N.  
Devils Lake, N. D.

Mrs. Bertha Chodera  
109 Stanage Ave.  
Champaign, Ill.

Helen Young  
109 N. Ardmore St.  
Dayton, Ohio

Merry Cass  
St. Louis, Mo.  
Afton Pickett  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
Ida Elizabeth Zink  
San Francisco, Calif.  
Mrs. I. E. Granett  
Berea, Kentucky  
N. P. West  
Auburn, Ind.  
Doris Guertler  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
Emma Butor  
Northampton, Mass.  
Gladys Kilmer  
Venice, Calif.  
Lynwood Rapier  
Louisville, Ky.  
Marion Hopewell  
Chicago, Ill.  
Ruby Tucker  
Topeka, Kansas  
Mrs. M. Wetrick  
Mansfield, Ohio  
Olive A. Crawford  
Concord, N. H.  
Louise Meriwether  
La Belle, Missouri  
Annie Dugan  
Rumford, Maine  
Betty May Quave  
Burlington, Iowa

Emma Seats  
St. Louis, Mo.  
Mrs. Margaret E. Noss  
Aliquippa, Pa.  
Mildred E. Simons  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
Emily E. Fisher  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Dorothy Lange  
Norwood, Ohio  
Mrs. Leo Brendel  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
Beulah Franklin  
Roanoke, Virginia  
Elenora Burkhardt  
North Platte, Nebraska  
Mary Louise Robertson  
Greenfield, Mo.  
Mrs. Myrtle Rosewater  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Evadna Moshier  
Caldwell, Kansas  
Blanche Knox  
Tarboro, N. C.  
Viola Bodei  
So. Orange, N. J.  
Kathryn Wiedenhaef  
Chicago, Illinois  
Helen Clingaman  
Wauseon, Ohio  
Edna Bolender  
New York City

### \$5.00 Prizes

Althea Pedersen  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
Mrs. Jane A. Moschel  
Denver, Colorado  
Mrs. Etta Siemers  
Little Falls, Minn.  
Vera Funck  
Mt. Morris, Mich.  
Odessa Barfield  
Sylvester, Ga.  
Erna Jeschke  
Aberdeen, S. Dak.  
Lucile Long  
Birmingham, Ala.  
Adeline Necker  
Charleston, W. Va.  
Mari Ware  
Feasterville, Pa.  
Jennetta Quinn  
Margate City, N. J.  
Lucille V. Strouse  
Lyndon, Ohio  
Bertha Shimaitis  
Chicago, Ill.  
Harriet Choffet  
New Rochelle, N. Y.  
Mrs. R. M. Henry  
Washington, D. C.  
Viola Whitehair  
Trenton, N. J.  
Mrs. C. M. James  
Flagg, Texas

Mrs. V. Buckley  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Mrs. Jack Lowe  
Witt, Ill.  
Lydia Hartman  
Lyndale, Minn.  
Virginia R. Willey  
Quincy, Ill.  
Lois Seltz  
St. Paul, Minn.  
Martha Murphy  
Cincinnati, Ohio  
Dorothy Sneed  
Salem, Oregon  
Madeline F. Coffey  
Providence, R. I.  
Jean Fairington  
Yonkers, N. Y.  
Clara L. Holder  
Redwood City, Calif.  
Gladys R. Ficke  
Astoria, L. I., N. Y.  
Lucille Hearn  
Lansing, Mich.  
Dorothy Z. Eggerding  
Indianapolis, Ind.  
Virginia Woolley  
New York City  
Dorothy Phelps  
Jefferson City, Mo.  
Margaret Nagy  
Canonsburg, Pa.

Muriel Kenny  
Howard Beach, L. I.  
Mrs. Mabel Haight  
Kearney, Nebraska  
Dovey P. Janson  
Ames, Iowa  
Mrs. Gavin D. Varnell  
Jackson, Tenn.  
Berniece Cheathom  
Hyshom, Montana  
Annie E. Parr  
Erskine, Alberta, Can.  
Mrs. E. A. Crocker  
Hopewell, Va.  
Alice Barnes  
Franklin, Pa.  
Lucy Moody  
Birmingham, Ala.  
Ethel A. Robbin  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

# Jo-cur'

Beauty Aids  
for the Hair

Curran Laboratories, Inc., 485 East 133rd St., New York







Looking westward across Hollywood from the old Hollywood Hotel

# New Movie Brings to You the Most Romantic City in the World

Hollywood is the most talked about, the most dreamed about, the most glamorous city in the universe. To catch its spirit, to mirror its thousand and one sides, needs the expert pen and complete first-hand knowledge of Hollywood's best writers. NEW MOVIE has the foremost Hollywood authors writing for it—and writing for it exclusively in the motion picture field.

NEXT MONTH—JIM TULLY offers the first of a series of new character studies of the film famous. Who is "THE RICHEST WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD"? NEW MOVIE will tell you all about her. J. P. McEVROY begins a new humorous series. ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS and HERB HOWE write in their characteristic vein.

Watch for the January NEW MOVIE  
On Sale in all Woolworth Stores on December 15th



# They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



"Give her a hand, nothing... buy her a ticket to New York." Joan was part of the cover charge in a Detroit night club. Then a Broadway producer found her. Next Hollywood heard of her—and you know the rest of the story.

Her recent picture, "Our Blushing Brides," is a nation-wide hit.

© P. Lorillard Co.

## LITTLE STORIES OF FAST SUCCESSES

### NO. 5 JOAN CRAWFORD

*Joan is America's "Dancing Daughter." She danced through school. She danced through college. She danced as an "extra"... and danced to stardom. All in a few brief years.*

Just as another young star, OLD GOLD, waltzed through New England in barely two weeks. Skipped down the East Coast in a few brief months. Glided through the Middle-West before the end of the winter. Won the whole country in little more than a year.

How account for such success? Ask Mother Nature. For she produced the better tobaccos that gave OLD GOLD its new taste-thrill... gave OLD GOLD its famous throat-ease.

Joan Crawfords and OLD GOLDS are Nature's favorites... that's why they dance their way to the front.



On March 23, 1927, OLD GOLDS made their first "bow" on Broadway. In a month they were one of the four best sellers throughout the New York Rialto.

BETTER TOBACCOS... "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"



Raoul

The

BIG

With JOHN WAYNE •  
MARGUERITE CHURCHILL • EL BRENDEL  
TULLY MARSHALL • DAVID ROLLINS  
• TYRONE POWER

and 20,000 others in an all-talking  
movietone romance



FOX



Walsh's

# THE TRAIL

Young love and courage sweep on to triumph in this tremendous story of the winning of the West. Twenty thousand pioneers in a magnificent migration, vanquishing Indian, bear, buffalo, blizzard. New thrills await you in this, the most important picture ever produced.

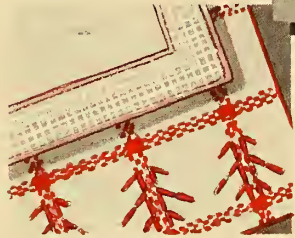






VI. Bed jacket or negligee easily and quickly made from a yard of material. Pattern and directions on request.

V. Cozy slippers for the youngsters are made from flannel or eiderdown. Circular gives patterns and embroidery directions.



VII. Seven new easy embroidery stitches and border designs for finishing guest towels and table linen.



II. Send a hand-made handkerchief in the envelope with your Christmas card. Full instructions for making six.



XI. The collar and cuff circular gives diagrams and directions for making five of the smartest new sets.



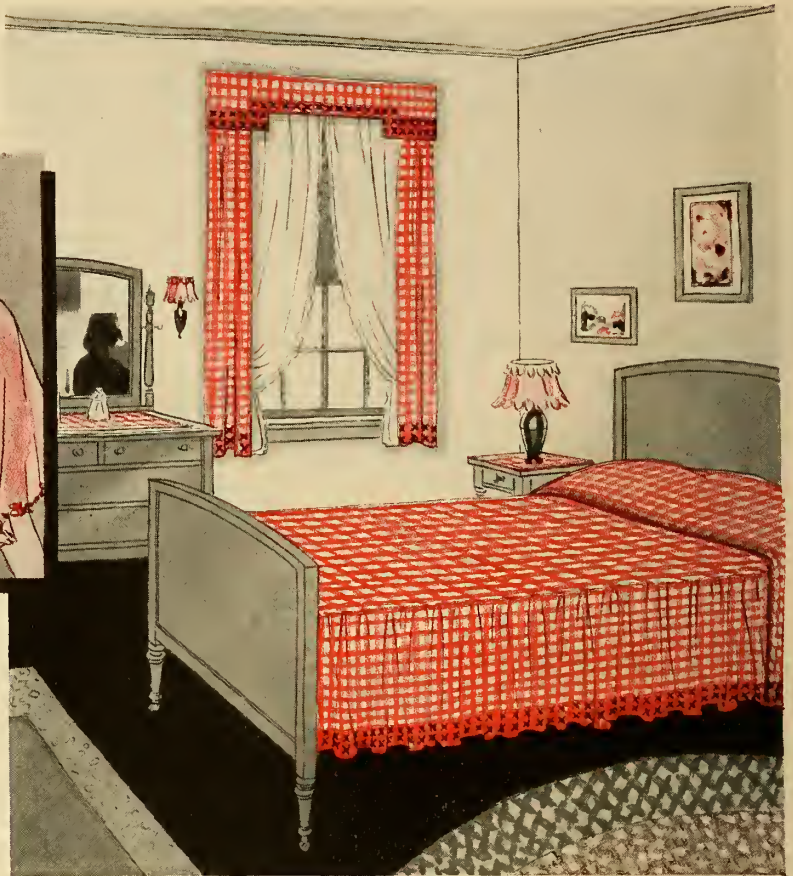
IV. The junior bridge lamp is a favorite in bedroom as well as living room. Directions for four popular shades.



I. Boudoir pillows are essential to the daintily furnished bedroom. Directions for making four attractive models.



III. Wrap around house apron made from unbleached muslin. Circular gives diagram pattern and embroidery directions.



IX. Make these bedroom curtains, bedspread and stand covers from checked gingham, finished with easy cross stitch embroidery.

X. Our folder on crochet and knitted rag floor coverings shows how to make a number of charming bedroom rugs.

## Christmas Gifts That You Can Easily Make At Home

are worth many times the money spent for materials, and they are sure to please because they show that you have spent time as well as money. Our New Method circulars give full directions for reproducing any of the pretty things shown on this page, according to the short-cut methods of needlework endorsed by the busy modern woman. Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for each circular, or ten cents for three circulars.



VIII. Needle and thimble cases make such thoughtful Christmas gifts. Pattern and working directions.





Photograph © by M. I. Boris Studio

HOPE HAMPTON

Gallery  
of  
Famous  
Film Folk

The  
New Movie  
Magazine





Photograph by Hurrell

JOAN MARSH





Photograph by John Miehle

CHESTER MORRIS





Photograph by Bruno Studio

MARY ASTOR





Photograph by Preston Duncan

JAMES HALL





Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

MARLENE DIETRICH





CONRAD NAGEL

Photograph by Hurrell





MARILYN MILLER



# The New Movie Magazine

VOL. II

DECEMBER, 1930

No. 6



## Gossip of the Studios

*Merry Christmas.*

\* \* \*

MARY PICKFORD is spending two hours every day tap dancing in preparation for "Kiki." It's hard

work, but Mary loves it and is already remarkably good at it. She is going to play Kiki with her own blonde hair.

\* \* \*

JACK GILBERT has been very ill for some little time, but is better now and has moved into his new house at Malibu, where he intends to stay all winter. He had Harold Grieve redecorate the house and it's one of the most attractive houses along the beach. A real Cape Cod cottage, with the walls painted a lovely

green and a lot of very attractive early American furniture. Jack has closed his big home in Beverly Hills, for Mrs. Gilbert—Ina Claire—expects to remain in New York all winter. There are rumors, as usual, of a permanent separation.

Previews of Jack's new picture, "Way for a Sailor," have created a riot and it looks as though Jack were surely slated for a comeback.

\* \* \*

DOLORES DEL RIO is now pronounced out of danger by the doctors. She has been in bed ever since a week after her wedding to Cedric Gibbons, suffering from a severe form of kidney trouble. Though it was kept as quiet as possible, the beautiful star was actually in danger of death for several weeks. It will be several weeks before she is strong enough to go back to work at United Artists. So "The Dove" has been indefinitely postponed, pending her complete recovery.

\* \* \*

*The average length of*

*time it takes to make a talking picture in Hollywood is twenty-one days. That being the time from when the camera first starts to crank until it takes its last shot. Sounds economical, but isn't.*

\* \* \*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

is about ready to throw down the gauntlet to the talkie champions. He will soon release his picture, "City Lights." It will have synchronized sound and music, but will be a real silent in that Charlie does not talk. He claims there is a market and a big one throughout the world for silent pictures, and that many, many people would rather have the old silent days back—with more action in pictures than we have today with dialogue covering situations. Chaplin also says he believes that about one-third of the pictures made next year will be silent pictures.

Charlie is gambling. He spent over \$1,500,000 on "City Lights" and it will almost all go up the chimney if the fans do not want silent pictures and stay away from his. He employed 11,500 persons in making this picture and shot 800,000 feet of film—of which only about 9,000 will be used when you see it.

\* \* \*

BESSIE LOVE and her husband, William Hawks, are awaiting the arrival of the stork. And Bessie hopes it will be a girl.

\* \* \*

BUDDY ROGERS acted as host at a big formal party for the first time, just before he left Hollywood with his mother for a European trip. The Rogers home in Beverly Hills was the meeting place and from there the guests went out to George Olsen's popular club for dinner and dancing. Among the



Barbara Stanwyck: Partially paralyzed when dropped by worker carrying her for treatment for fall on studios' airway.



Ruth Chatterton: Going to establish talkie record by playing four rôles in her next film, "The Right to Love."





# All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



**Ann Harding:** Surprised at the fuss the Hollywood colony makes over a good picture.

guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Mrs. Lloyd wore a white lace dancing frock and a beautiful ermine wrap. William Haines was present, so was Florence Hamburger, the tall blonde beauty who has been receiving a lot of Buddy's attention these days. She is a Los Angeles society girl. Others were Mr. and Mrs. Don Alvarado, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Charlie Farrell, Anita Page, in a trailing gown of pale blue chiffon, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lukas, Mr. and Mrs. Rich-

ard Arlen, and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels). Mrs. Lyon wore a tightly fitted gown of black lace. Mae Sunday was also in black lace, with a huge corsage of orchids. Constance Bennett wore white and silver, the gown cut very low in the back and held tightly at the waist with a narrow silver girdle. Lloyd and Carmen Pantages were there. And Catherine Dale Owen, in brocaded green silk. June Collyer looked lovely in a pastel chiffon frock and Barbara Kent was in pale green and gold.

\* \* \*

*Nearly four hundred thousand people in the United States alone depend upon the motion picture industry for their living.*

\* \* \*

**D**O you know that Gloria Swanson is insured for a greater amount than any other man or woman in Los Angeles County? Upon her death her heirs will receive TWO MILLION DOLLARS from insurance companies holding her policy. Buster Keaton is insured for \$1,250,000; Will Rogers, Connie and Norma Talmadge, Eric Von Stroheim, Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks, will each cost an insurance company one million dollars when they depart from this "vale of tears." C. B. DeMille is insured for \$1,732,500. One reason the stars and big business men take out such large policies is that no inheritance tax is levied upon insurance bequests and their heirs will have quick cash with which to settle the estate if necessary. Often big estates are sacrificed because cash money must be had to pay the various city, state and national taxes levied upon inheritances.

\* \* \*

**T**ITLES—of pictures—are often changed in Hollywood while the

picture is being made. But one of the greatest changes is the title swap made on a picture Dick Arlen is doing for Paramount. It was called "Social Errors"; it's now called "Only Saps Work." And Hollywood is now wondering if they mean it is a social error to be caught working.

\* \* \*

**R**UTH CHATTERTON has been given a new long-term contract by Paramount. She is now one of the biggest of the Hollywood stars—just a short two years after she was on the verge of leaving Hollywood because she could not get a job. Emil Jannings, in his picture "Sins of the Fathers," gave Ruth her first real "break."

\* \* \*

*Douglas Fairbanks has more clothes than any man in pictures. He buys suits in England, New York, Italy, France and even in Shanghai. Most of them he never wears, because he is a very simple dresser and you're apt to see him around most of the time in white pants and a sweater. But he has more than a hundred suits.*

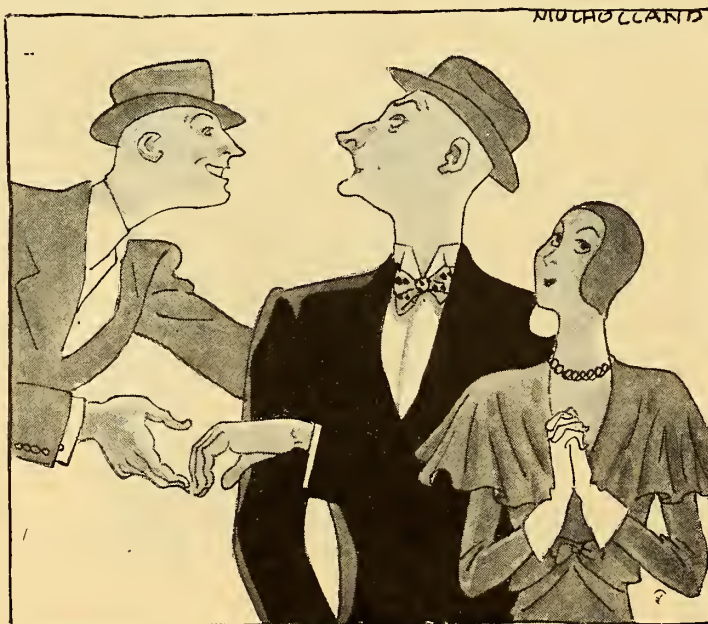
\* \* \*

**F**LORENCE VIDOR, who was formerly one of the most beautiful stars in Hollywood, has a new baby. The stork visited her and her husband, Jascha Heifetz, whom she married in August, 1928, and left a nice little baby girl. If that baby looks like her beautiful mama and can play a violin like her wonderful father—what a beating the boys are going to take twenty years from now.

\* \* \*

**A**L WILSON is one of the best known Hollywood stunt men. He has cracked up aeroplanes, driven automobiles into speeding trains, jumped off tall buildings, risked his neck a thousand times—without serious injury. He fell out of bed in Chicago and was taken to the hospital with two of the vertebrae in his back out of place.

\* \* \*



**L**ILY DAMITA is back in Hollywood. Lily is the gal Sam Goldwyn engaged in Paris a few years ago and brought to America to be a star. Her accent was against her when the movies went talkie but now she has learned enough English to get by. Lily is also the gal who caught a young man casting an appraising glance at her very prominently displayed ankles and calves and remarked, "Pretty good, huh?" to him.

\* \* \*

*Prize line of the month goes to William Haines, who in a contemplative*



# Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

moment after listening to a lot of conversation at a dinner party said, "The trouble with this age is that there are more wisecrackers than there are wisecracks."

\* \* \*

**CECIL B. DE MILLE** jumped down the railing of his yacht to a small dory alongside and broke his ankle when he landed. He did not lose a day's work, having the injured ankle taped and showing up at the studio as usual.

\* \* \*

**JACK OAKIE** was in Chicago on his recent trip east. And he was given a taste of gangland when a couple of gents from the underworld tried to get him to give them a thousand dollars for some very indefinite charity. Jack did not like the sound of the request, hedged until he could find out a little more about the "charity." He found it was strictly the bunk and refused to come through. Then the racketeers threatened to take him for a ride.

\* \* \*

**LORD BERTRAM DAWSON**, of Penn, the King of England's doctor, has been in Hollywood taking a peek at how the talkies are made. "How could one visit America without wanting to see the Pacific Coast, and how could one be on the Pacific Coast without wanting to see California, and how could one be in California without wanting to see Hollywood and how could one be in Hollywood without wanting to see how motion pictures are made?" was the compound question asked by Lord Dawson when he was asked why he was in Hollywood.

\* \* \*

*Al Jolson now has a bungalow right next door to Mary Pickford's on the United Artists' lot.*

\* \* \*

**GLORIA SWANSON** has closed her Malibu house and gone back to Beverly Hills. Her two children, Gloria 2d and "Brother," had to start school again. Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes have also departed from the summer house they rented from Anna Q. Nilsson.

\* \* \*

**HER** fans seem to want a monthly report on Lila Lee. Her last letter, from the sanitarium in Arizona, says, "I am feeling better every day and the doctors are very encouraging. But I'm going to stay until I know I'm well. My young son came down last week to visit me and that cheered me up a lot. I'll be back in a couple of months, I think."

\* \* \*

**VIVIENNE SEGAL** went to her first big wrestling match the other evening. A wrestler who weighed 210 fell out of

the ring and landed right in Vivienne's lap where she sat at the ringside. Vivienne maintained her dignity and didn't run, but she says the next time she goes to a wrestling match she won't sit in the front row.

\* \* \*

*Jack Oakie calls his mother, "The District Attorney." He says she is the greatest cross-examiner who ever lived and can smell a rat in his conversation, no matter how he tries to cover it up. There's more about Oakie on page 88.*



**John Barrymore:** Goes on a six weeks' white seal hunt between motion pictures.

\* \* \*

**LAWRENCE TIBBETT** gave a charming party in honor of his wife's birthday, at their home in Beverly Hills. The house was filled with bright yellow flowers and the dinner was formal. Mrs. Tibbett wore a black satin gown, and a diamond pendant, the birthday gift of her husband. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse and their pretty daughter, Lenore Wodehouse, Catherine Dale Owen and John Loder, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Eleanor Painter, Ramon Novarro, Merle Armitage, and Elizabeth Meekan.

\* \* \*

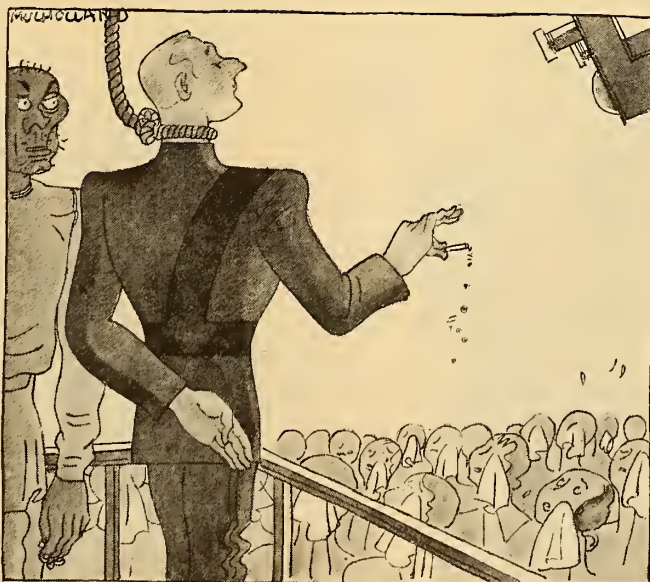
**EVELYN LAYE**, the English prima donna, has returned to England. Her picture is finished and it hasn't been decided yet whether she is to make any more. The vogue of musical pictures seems to be very much on the wane right now. Song writers and singers are buying tickets back to New York. It looks as though music would be only incidental in most pictures for a while at least.

\* \* \*

**MARIE PREVOST** has been signed to a long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She made such a hit with studio executives in "War Nurse" that they decided to keep her on the lot.

\* \* \*

**JULANNE JOHNS-  
TON**, who was a well-known screen leading woman, has been the featured dancer at the Roosevelt Hotel lately. Julianne was a dancer before Douglas Fairbanks saw her and gave her the part of the princess in "The Thief of Bagdad." Of course, Julianne has hosts of friends in the film colony and they all flocked to see her opening night. Mr. and Mrs. William Hawks (Bessie Love), had a party, and so did Joan Bennett, Kay Francis and





# The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



**Polly Moran:** When she found out what van men cost, she moved her own furniture.

Kenneth McKenna, June Collyer was there with her mother and father and two of her young brothers. Saw Blanche Sweet, looking perfectly lovely with a heavy coat of summer tan. Dorothy Sebastian was in a stunning gown of emerald green and wore gardenias.

\* \* \*

**MARGARET DE MILLE**, youngest daughter of William de Mille, was married at Tucson, Arizona, to Bernie P. Fineman, formerly the husband of Evelyn

Brent. The ceremony was very simple, being performed in the judge's chambers in the courthouse. The bride's sister, Agnes de Mille, well known in New York as a dancer, attended her.

\* \* \*

**ANOTHER** wedding of interest to picture fans was that of Frances Beranger, daughter of the present Mrs. William de Mille, whose pen name is Clara Beranger. She has written many of Mr. de Mille's finest scripts. Miss Beranger married Donn Cook, with whom she had been appearing in stock. The ceremony took place at the beautiful William de Mille home. The bride wore a powder blue lace ensemble. A reception for the family and a few friends was held in Mrs. de Mille's studio.

\* \* \*

*Joan Crawford makes hook rugs while she is on the set in between scenes.*

\* \* \*

**HOLLYWOOD** wouldn't be Hollywood if Eddie and Lilyan Tashman Lowe didn't give at least one swell party every month. This time the occasion was their wooden wedding and the guests brought everything from potato mashers to chairs as gifts. Dinner was served in the garden under a full moon and as it was a warm night everything was comfortable as well as beautiful. Lilyan wore a pair of exquisite Chanel pajamas, in coral chiffon, with the bottoms full and pleated with velvet and the coat of chiffon velvet trimmed with real lace. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. David Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Glazer, Mr. and Mrs. Buddy de Sylva, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Mary Duncan, in a cerise gown without any back at all, Kay Francis, in a flowered chiffon, Aileen Pringle, in ivory satin, Winnie Sheehan, Jack Gilbert, Wil-

liam Haines, Ernst Lubitsch, Willis Goldbeck and Lothar Mendez.

\* \* \*

**ANN HARDING** is quoted as saying, when someone raved about her picture "Holiday": "My goodness, do they always make such a fuss out here if anyone makes a good picture?" In a fine story, ably directed, and with the best supporting cast of the season, Miss Harding has risen to real stardom.

\* \* \*

**MR. AND MRS. RALPH FORBES** (Ruth Chatterton) had a small dinner party in their Beverly Hills house when they returned from Malibu. The table was done in modernistic style with silver and black as a color scheme. Mrs. Forbes wore white—which seems to be the most popular color just now for evening gowns—and her guests were Elsie Janis, Mary Nash, Frances Starr (New York stage stars, as you know), Lois Wilson, Jack Buchanan, Glenn Hunter and Henry Daniel.

\* \* \*

**POLLY MORAN** just bought a delightful new home on Hollywood Boulevard, right across from the Ernest Torrences and near Fay Wray. When she found out that the moving men charged four dollars an hour to carry in the bric-a-brac, Polly put an apron over her afternoon frock and went to work. So the passers-by were treated to the sight of one of filmdom's most popular comedienncs doing a bit of moving. Polly is a most devoted daughter and a lovely room has been arranged for her mother in the new home.

\* \* \*

*Ronny Colman, Dick Barthelmess and Bill Powell are the closest and altogether the most famous trio in Hollywood.*

\* \* \*

**MR. AND MRS. P. G. WODEHOUSE** and their daughter, Lenore, have become very popular in the Hollywood colony. Of course everyone knows P. G.'s delightful stories. And the movie group finds him just as witty in conversation as he is in print. Catherine Dale Owen entertained for Mrs. Wodehouse with a tea in her charming apartment at the Villa

Madrid. The guests were Mrs. Cecil De Mille, Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, Elsie Janis, June Collyer, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Charlie Farrell, Phillips Holmes, Grant Mitchell and John Loder.

\* \* \*

**FINALLY** a solution has been found for the embarrassing confusion of names that arose when William Boyd, the stage actor, came to Hollywood where William Boyd, of the screen, was also operating. William Boyd, who played *Sergeant Quirk* in "What Price Glory" on





# film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

the stage originally and who has just made a hit in the newest version of "The Spoilers", will remain William Boyd. But the young screen star at Pathe will be known as Bill Boyd on the twenty-four sheets from now on.

\* \* \*

CONRAD NAGEL and his pretty wife, Ruth, have been visiting in New York. They spent a few days with relatives in Chicago.

\* \* \*

WHILE Irving Berlin, Edmund Goulding and Jack Pickford were struggling with some rewriting on "Reaching for the Moon," which is to star Douglas Fairbanks, Doug got in an aeroplane and flew up to Colorado to shoot wild turkeys. They ran out of gas or something and had to make a forced landing. But all came out well.

\* \* \*

GRETA GARBO was at the opening of Katharine Cornell's play in Los Angeles. But no one noticed her and few recognized her. She wore a tan beret and a tan overcoat with a high collar and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. As time goes on the great Garbo seems to become more and more hermit-like.

\* \* \*

MUCH difficulty on the new Ronald Colman production. It's been cast and re-cast, stopped and started about half a dozen times now. Sam Goldwyn is determined to have it just right and, when he found the leading lady he had selected didn't fit the rôle, he threw away a week's work and began all over again.

\* \* \*

JOHN BARRYMORE and his wife, Dolores Costello, have gone on a six weeks' white seal hunt down near Guadalupe Islands. John heard rumors the seals were there and decided in a hurry to go see for himself—and if possible to catch some of them. Their infant daughter, and several scientists, went with the Barrymores.

\* \* \*

BARBARA STANWYCK had a peculiar, and bad, accident on a set. She tripped on a stairway and fell, and the shock of it caused her to faint. While she was being carried to the emergency hospital on the lot one of the men who was carrying her slipped and fell himself. Barbara took another nasty tumble and hit her head. She became partially paralyzed and was rushed to a hospital, where it was feared for a while that her injuries were serious. The hospital to which she was taken was the same one in which her husband, Frank Fay, had just been taken and where he was waiting for an appendicitis operation!

Jack Gilbert likes watermelon and chicken broth. Ramon Novarro goes in for vegetable plate dinners.

\* \* \*

EIGHT steers broke out of a cattle truck on Hollywood Boulevard and ran up and down the street. They galloped madly for blocks and drove everyone into stores or up telephone poles. While Hollywood Boulevard is supposed to be the stamping ground of many drug-store cowboys, not one of them interrupted the stampede of steers. The tired cows were finally corralled in a garage by two policemen.

\* \* \*

WILL ROGERS captivated Lake Tahoe while his company was at the California-Nevada resort making "Lightnin'." Young Herb Fleishhacker, who played fullback for the Stanford University football team last year, and whose family own Tahoe Tavern, gave the gum-chewing rope-thrower a series of dinners before the company returned to Hollywood.

\* \* \*

PARAMOUNT lists the items you remember after meeting their stars. There's Clara Bow's wink, Ruth Chatterton's poise, Bill Powell's well-tailored clothes, Mary Brian's long eyelashes, Chevalier's walk, Gary Cooper's height, Claudette Colbert's black eyes, Kay Francis' olive skin, Jeanette MacDonald's teeth and Charles Rogers' dog, Baron.

\* \* \*

BILL POWELL and Vic Shertzinger, his director, were riding up Michigan Boulevard in an open car. They noticed another car was trying to buck the traffic and draw alongside of them. Bill looked at Vic, Vic looked at Bill, and they both looked bothered.

After all Michigan Boulevard is in Chicago and we all know how mysterious black touring cars with the curtains down drive up alongside of another car, and there is a rat-tat-tat of bullets — and another man has been put on the spot.

"What's he doing?" asked Bill.

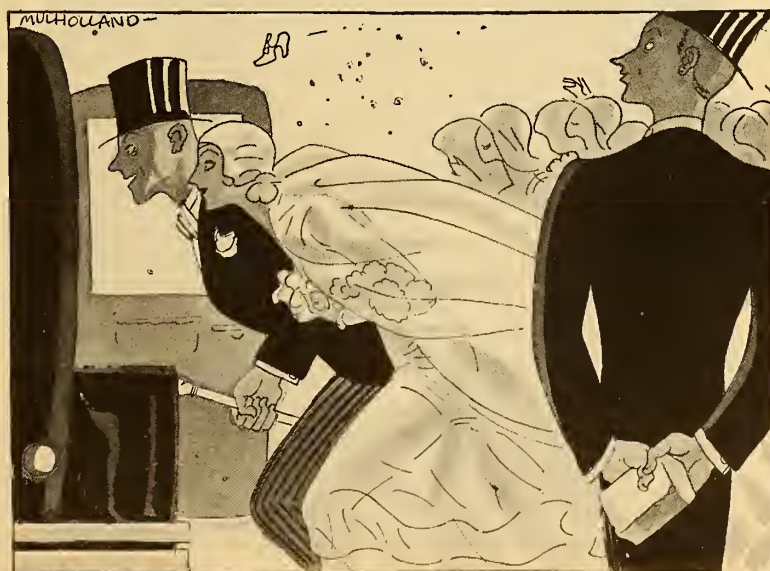
"I dunno," said Vic, "but I don't like it. You know anyone in this town?" Vic looked at Bill with suspicion. Bill gulped.

"Yes, but—"

Just then the tour-  
(Cont'd on page 93)



William Powell: Pursued by mysterious car and given scare while motoring in Chicago.





# CHRISTMAS in

## The Movie Capital Won't Let the Lack of Snow and Sleigh Bells Stand in the Way of a Joyous Yuletide

BY DICK HYLAND

### MERRY CHRISTMAS!

It is certainly that in Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

You know, they used to say that a real Christmas had to be a white Christmas. All the pictures of Christmas always showed Santa Claus driving through the snow and the evergreens against a white background.

You can't, of course, have a white Christmas in sunny Southern California. But Hollywood is always artistic and they manage to produce a Christmas atmosphere that is really wonderful.

Last year Hollywood Boulevard for the week before Christmas was a spectacle to make children—and grown-ups as well—catch their breaths with delight. All along the street were great Christmas trees, decorated with all the gauds and tinsel imaginable and lighted at night with thousands of twinkling, vari-colored electric lights. And there were little red chimney booths with make-believe Santa Clauses in them. Even the street lights were decorated for Christmas cheer.

In Beverly, the Christmas decorations were so lovely that people drove from miles around to see the sight. Many of the beautiful Beverly Hills homes have real evergreen trees—real Christmas trees—in the front yard. These are completely covered with sparkling tinsel and colored balls, and hung with Christmas lights, which look like candles. At night, hundreds of these would be lighted up. And those that don't have their trees outside put them in the windows and draw back the curtains, so that the passersby may catch their cheery message of goodwill to men.

THE Harold Lloyds have a delightful custom with their little daughter, Gloria. Every year Gloria's Christmas tree is a real live cedar, in a big wooden box, the box concealed by glittering snow against which the gaily tied presents are piled. When Christmas is over, there is a little ceremony and the Lloyd family plants the



Christmas tree in a little grove near Gloria's playhouse. So that she is surrounded by all her past Christmas trees, with their delightful memories. That sounds like a charming J. M. Barrie thought, doesn't it? But it is really Harold himself, who is like a kid at Christmas time.

This year the Hollywood and Beverly Hills chambers of commerce are going to duplicate the decorations of last year and again the two cities of movieland will be gay and festive for the Christmas season. The custom of lighting the Christmas trees in the front yard is becoming a tradition in Beverly Hills now and will be carried out every year. All the stars who live there will have outdoor trees,

and tiny trees alight in the windows.

When Christmas comes in Hollywood, you realize what a home-loving community it really is and how many family ties there are. Just as all America on that day turns to home and family, so too does Hollywood. Many people keep open house and there is a lot of merry calling back and forth and running in and out—so many of the stars live within a few blocks of each other

—but mostly it is a day when the family in all its branches gathers in one home for an old-fashioned celebration.

DOUG and Mary are a little undecided about their Christmas plans and will be, right up to the last minute. Last year they were on the ocean, on their trip around the world. And this year Douglas wants very much to go to St. Moritz for Christmas Day. He wants to see the winter sports and have the fun of a "white Christmas" after many years in the Southland.

But it looks a little dubious right now, for they start pictures soon which probably will not be finished. If they don't

Courtesy Pictorial California

Christmas trees, decked with tinsel and lights, may seem a little strange in Southern California—but Los Angeles and Hollywood observe the Yuletide just as does New England.





# HOLLYWOOD

## DECORATIONS BY MULHOLLAND

travel across the sea, you'll find them at Pickfair, with a large family group around them. There will be young Doug and his wife, Joan Crawford. And Doug's brother, Bob, and his wife and two lovely daughters, and Jack Pickford and his bride, Mary Mulhern. And Mary's favorite cousin, Verna Cailleff, and her husband and small son. Her mother, who was Mary's mother's sister, is also living here. And there is Lottie and her new husband. Also, first and foremost on Christmas, is little Gwynne Pickford, Mary's adopted daughter and niece, who is Mary's idol. Gwynne is fourteen now and looking forward to Christmas this year. But Mary is very wise and careful with this lovely child and her presents will be simple and useful.

Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes will have a quiet day with their mothers, in the Beverly Hills home. Don't tell anybody, because it isn't to be opened until Christmas, but Ralph is planning the most gorgeous present for Ruth. A new combination radio and phonograph—the finest available—in a wonderful antique chest from Venice. You know, Ruth's passion is music.

On Christmas evening they will go calling, probably on Elsie Janis and Ramon Navarro.

ONCE more Clara Bow is going to be disappointed in her Christmas plans. She, like Doug Fairbanks, has been wanting for years to go to St. Moritz. But pictures interfere. So again this year she'll be at home. One of Clara's big joys at Christmas is "the day before" at the studio. She has a Christmas tree on her set, and gives the most delightful and individual presents to all her friends in every department of the studio. No one is forgotten. I saw Clara the other day buying cigarette lighters, gold pens and pencils, perfume, books—all sorts of wonderful things for her "studio Christmas."

On Christmas Day she plans to have a dinner for a lot of the younger crowd in Hollywood who are alone here without families.

The Barthelmesses, after six weeks in New York, return to their Beverly Hills home just before Christmas, and celebrate with their two youngsters. For Christmas dinner they will have Dick's two great pals, Ronald Colman and Bill Powell. Of course Bill will spend the day with his handsome little son, but they'll all get together in the evening.

MONSIEUR and Madame Chevalier return from Paris to Hollywood in time for the holidays and will probably spend their Christmas with Mary and Doug, if the Fairbanks don't go to Europe. If they do, the Chevaliers will have a few close friends, French folk who are strangers in the land of the cinema,



Courtesy Pictorial California

Here's how Hollywood Boulevard looked last Christmas, with its decorated Christmas trees and its sky aglow with searchlights. It will be even more beautifully decorated this Christmas.

for Christmas dinner with a truly French flavor.

The real open house—it makes you think of the stories and pictures of the South before the war—of the day will be at Eddie and Lilyan Tashman Lowe's. It is part of the Christmas tradition of Hollywood and Beverly Hills for the picture celebrities to drop in for a glass of eggnog and a few moments of greeting at the Lowe home on Linden Drive. Probably more people gather there than in any other home and you are more apt to find the gang there and be able to wish most of your friends a Merry Christmas.

Lilyan is planning to give Ed some rare books he has wanted for a long time and—don't breathe this, please—Eddie is planning some magnificent jewels for Lilyan, who loves them.

BEBE and Ben are completely "family" on Christmas. There is the greatest devotion possible between Bebe and her darling mother, Phyllis Daniels, and her grandmother, Mrs. Griffen. Bebe's family is a large one—many aunts, uncles and cousins. And Ben is just as devoted to his mother. So they will all be together at the big beach house, which is an ideal place to have a large gathering.

Last year Ben gave Bebe a Ford town car for Christ-



# HOW HOLLYWOOD WILL OBSERVE CHRISTMAS DAY

mas, but he hasn't decided what he will give her this year. It must be difficult, because they received so many wonderful wedding gifts. It's possible that they will start to build their new Hollywood home as a mutual gift to each other.

Last year Bebe, who is undoubtedly the most popular girl in Hollywood, received over seven hundred personal gifts. And gave more.

Of course, such devout Catholics as Ramon Novarro and Dolores Del Rio give much time to church on Christmas. And then Ramon spends the day with his large family. They always have a lot of music, singing the lovely old Christmas songs. Possibly Elsie Janis will be with them, though Elsie has had so many, many invitations for this Christmas—Ruth Chatterton, Mary Pickford, the Chevaliers, and dozens of others—that it will be difficult for her to make up her mind.

Another family clan is that which surrounds Norma Shearer, and they simply won't have time for anybody outside the circle of the clan. Irving Thalberg, her husband, is a devoted son and, of course, Mrs. Thalberg will be with them. Then Norma's beautiful sister is married to Howard Hawks, and Howard's brother is married to Bessie Love. And there is Mary Astor, the widow of Kenneth Hawks. So you can imagine what a large group will celebrate at the Thalberg home. And there's the new baby to receive his first Christmas greetings from his adoring relatives.

If production makes it possible, Gary Cooper wants to go back to his home in Montana for Christmas and take his mother and father with him. In fact, he's set on it and is bending every effort to arrange things at the studio so he can have a couple of weeks off. He has already bought a beautifully designed wrist watch for his mother's Christ-

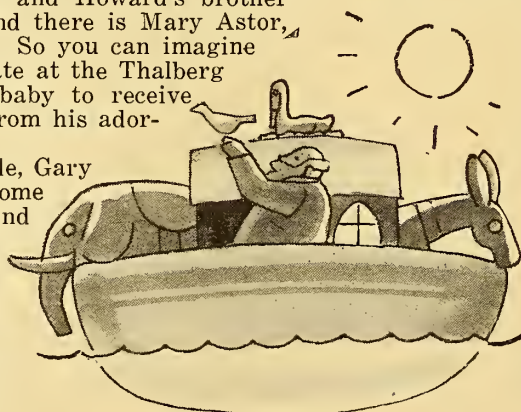


Courtesy Pictorial California

Another view of the Boulevard on Christmas Eve. Specially designed Christmas trees are fitted around the electroliers along the boulevard and the arrangement gives the appearance of long rows of old fashioned Christmas trees with a golden glow in their center.

English suits for both of them. And a lot of bags and lingerie in Paris for his sister. I expect there are some Paris gifts in his bag for Mary Brian and June Collyer, too.

Jack Oakie won't know until a few days before what work will allow him to do at Christmas time. He's purchased his tickets to New York all ready for use, if possible. Jack loves New York and wants to go there to be with his sister if he can. Otherwise, he and his mother will spend Christmas in Hollywood. And his mother has ordered him a dozen new shirts of a special make and style that he particularly prefers.



NORMA TALMADGE will be back after many months in Europe and will open her beach house for Christmas. There's another family clan. And of course there will be Mr. (Continued on page 96)



# PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION



OFFICE OF ADOLPH ZUKOR  
PRESIDENT

September 26, 1930

Mr. Frederick James Smith,  
New Movie Magazine,  
55 Fifth Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Smith:

It is a pleasure to extend greetings to the New Movie Magazine on the occasion of its first birthday. You have given the motion picture fans a splendid magazine and the success that has come in such a short time is well deserved. Those responsible for this rapid progress should be more than gratified.

Congratulations and best wishes,

Sincerely,

*Adolph Zukor*

CLASS OF SERVICE  
This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION  
J. C. WILLIVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at  
SB11 26 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 16  
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH=  
55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=  
CONGRATULATIONS UPON YOUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY IS PROUD OF YOUR SUCCESS AND WE LOOK FORWARD TO MANY MORE BIRTHDAYS MARKED WITH SIMILAR ACHIEVEMENT=  
LOUIS B. MAYER.

SD  
1930 SEP 17 AM 3 31

Signs:  
DL = Day Letter  
NM = Night Message  
NL = Night Letter  
LCO = Deferred Cable  
NLT = Cable Night Letter  
WLT = Week-End Letter

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WESTERN UNION  
J. C. WILLIVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at  
SA 169 49 NL=WB HOLLYWOOD CALIF 26  
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH=  
EDITOR THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=  
ACCEPT MY CONGRATULATIONS ON THE OCCASION OF YOUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY STOP IN THE SHORT PERIOD OF A YEAR YOU HAVE ESTABLISHED ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING MAGAZINES DEALING WITH MOTION PICTURE ACTIVITIES IT HAS BEEN MY PLEASURE TO READ STOP BEST WISHES FOR FUTURE SUCCESS AND KINDEST PERSONAL REGARDS=  
JACK WARNER

SD  
1930 AUG 26 PM 10 25

Signs:  
DL = Day Letter  
NM = Night Message  
NL = Night Letter  
LCO = Deferred Cable  
NLT = Cable Night Letter  
WLT = Week-End Letter

Additional letters and telegrams of congratulations, received too late for reproduction here, will be found on page 100.

Postal Telegraph  
(THE MACKAY SYSTEM)

SA 199 25 NL  
PKY HOLLYWOOD CALIF 18  
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY  
MY SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE STOP IT IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING MAGAZINES PERTAINING TO THE TALKING SCREEN  
B P SCHULBERG.

SD  
1930 SEP 25 NL

Signs:  
DL = Day Letter  
NM = Night Message  
NL = Night Letter  
LCO = Deferred Cable  
NLT = Cable Night Letter  
WLT = Week-End Letter

# THEY SAY—

Postal Telegraph  
(THE MACKAY SYSTEM)

SA 485 39 NL  
PFD HOLLYWOOD CALIF 17  
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY  
FOX FILM CORPORATION EXTENDS CONGRATULATIONS TO NEW MOVIE AND ITS POPULAR AND EFFICIENT EDITOR FREDERICK JAMES SMITH ON COMPLETION OF THE FIRST YEARS SCHEDULE MAY CONTINUED SUCCESS AND BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT IN THE MAGAZINE FIELD MARK COMING YEAR BEST REGARDS  
WINFIELD SHEEHAN.

SD  
1930 SEP 17 PM 10 15

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WESTERN UNION  
J. C. WILLIVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at  
SB12 26 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 16  
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH=  
55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=  
MY SINCERE WISHES THAT EACH MILESTONE YOU PASS WILL FIND YOU CLOSER TO THE HEARTS OF THOSE YOU SERVE YOUR FIRST BIRTHDAY IS A HAPPY EVENT=  
IRVING THALBERG.

SD  
1930 SEP 17 AM 3 28

Signs:  
DL = Day Letter  
NM = Night Message  
NL = Night Letter  
LCO = Deferred Cable  
NLT = Cable Night Letter  
WLT = Week-End Letter

WESTERN UNION  
PHOTOGRAMS  
AND  
TELEPHOTOGRAPHS  
J. C. WILLIVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

195 BROADWAY, N.Y.

*Frederick James Smith  
New Movie Magazine  
55 - 5th Ave New York  
Congratulations on The New Movie Magazine's first birthday. It looks like a thriving youngster.  
Carl Laemmle*

## NEW MOVIE CELEBRATES ITS FIRST BIRTHDAY



PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE.

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NL = Night Letter  
LCO = Deferred Cable  
NLT = Cable Night Letter  
WLT = Week-End Letter

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at  
SA7 27 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5  
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=  
55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=  
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE HAS CERTAINLY DONE THINGS FOR A BABY ONLY  
ONE YEAR OLD STOP CONGRATULATIONS TO EVERYBODY ON THE STAFF  
AND TO MR SMITH IN PARTICULAR=  
JOAN CRAWFORD.

1930 SEP 6 AM 5 25

PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE.

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**WESTERN UNION**

**SIGNS**  
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NL = Night Letter  
LCO = Deferred Cable  
NLT = Cable Night Letter  
WLT = Week-End Letter

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at  
SA137 11 NM=KY HOLLYWOOD CALIF 18  
FREDERIC JAMES SMITH=  
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=  
CON GRATULATIONS TO EVERYONE CONNECTED WITH NEW MOVIE  
MAGAZINE FOR ITS SUCCESS=  
GARY COOPER.

1930 SEP 18 PM 4 17

PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE.

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**WESTERN UNION**

**SIGNS**  
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NM = Night Message  
NL = Night Letter  
LCO = Deferred Cable  
NLT = Cable Night Letter  
WLT = Week-End Letter

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at  
SB363 21 NM=KY HOLLYWOOD CALIF 18  
FREDERIC JAMES SMITH=  
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 5 AVE NEWYORK NY=  
CONGRATULATIONS TO NEW MOVIE STOP I THINK YOU HAVE FOUND  
WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS IN THE LINE OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES  
WILLIAM POWELL.

1930 SEP 18 PM 4 17

PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE.

**CLASS OF SERVICE**  
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**WESTERN UNION**

**SIGNS**  
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NM = Night Message  
NL = Night Letter  
LCO = Deferred Cable  
NLT = Cable Night Letter  
WLT = Week-End Letter

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at  
SA6 8 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5  
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=  
55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=  
CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FOR MANY MORE YEARS=  
WILLIAM HAINES.

1930 SEP 8 AM 3 23

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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at  
SB377 17=HOLLYWOOD CALIF 5 1158A  
FREDERICK J SMITH, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE EDITOR=  
55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=  
MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY AND MAY THE MAGAZINE LIVE TO  
BE AN OLD OLD MAN=  
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

1930 SEP 5 PM 3 03

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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at  
SB687 31=WA LOSANGELES CALIF 9 546P  
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=  
THE TOWER PUBLICATION 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=  
IT IS A GENUINE PLEASURE TO CONGRATULATE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE  
ON ITS FIRST ANNIVERSARY STOP THE PHENOMENAL GROWTH OF THE  
PUBLICATION IN SO SHORT A TIME IS PROOF OF ITS POPULARITY=  
RICHARD DIX.

1930 SEP 9 PM 8 54

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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at  
SB360 39 NL=KY HOLLYWOOD CALIF 18  
FREDERIC JAMES SMITH, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=  
55 5 AVE NEWYORK NY=  
LET ME EXTEND MY SINCERE BEST WISHES FOR THE FUTURE SUCCESS  
OF YOUR EXCELLENT MAGAZINE STOP IN THE FIRST YEAR ITS QUALITY  
HAS FORCED THE MAGAZINE TO GREAT POPULARITY AMONG THE PEOPLE  
WHO ARE WRITTEN ABOUT BETWEEN ITS COVERS=  
KAY FRANCIS.

1930 SEP 18 PM 4 17

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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at  
SB689 19=WA LOSANGELES CALIF 9 546P  
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=  
THE TOWER PUBLICATIONS 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=  
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE IS TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON ITS  
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS MY HEARTIEST BEST WISHES FOR ITS  
CONTINUED ACHIEVEMENTS=  
BEBE DANIELS

1930 SEP 9 PM 8 55



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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILLYER, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT

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SV206 23 NM=LOSANGELES CALIF 9

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, TOWER PUBLICATIONS=

55 5 AVE NEWYORK NY=

SHO SHO US THINKS NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE IS AN ACE HIGH

PROPOSITION STOP IT SURE IS A GREAT PUBLICATION CHECK AND

DOUBLE CHECK=

AMOS AND ANDY.

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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILLYER, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT

Received at 40 Broad Street, (Central Cable Office), New York, N. Y. ALWAYS OPEN

1930 SEP 6 AM 3 35

SV17 13 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=

55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=

CONGRATULATIONS MAY NEXT YEAR BE EVEN MORE SUCCESSFUL BEST

WISHES TO FRED SMITH=

RAMON NOVARRO.

**Postal Telegram**  
(TYPE MESSAGE SYSTEM)

ALL AMERICA CABLES

COMMERCIAL CABLES

SA198 20 NM

KY HOLLYWOOD CALIF 18

FREDERIC JAMES SMITH

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY

YOUVE MADE A GREAT MAGAZINE OF NEW MOVIE MY VERY BEST TO YOU AND YOUR

WRITERS ON YOUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY

CLARA BOW.

PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE.

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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILLYER, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT

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1930 SEP 6 AM 3 35

SV18 9 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=

55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=

CONGRATULATIONS AND MAY THERE BE MANY MORE HAPPY BIRTHDAY=

NORMA SHEARER.



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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILLYER, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT

Received at 40 Broad Street, (Central Cable Office), New York, N. Y. ALWAYS OPEN

1930 SEP 6 AM 3 24

SA5 12 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=

55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=

WHEN BIGGER AND BETTER BIRTHDAYS ARE MADE NEW MOVIE

WILL HAVE THEM=

BESSIE LOVE.



PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE.

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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
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Received at 40 Broad Street, (Central Cable Office), New York, N. Y. ALWAYS OPEN

1930 SEP 6 AM 2 32

SD544 7 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=

MY SINCEREST WISHES FOR MANY MANY MORE=

LEILA HYAMS.

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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT  
J. C. WILLYER, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT

Received at 40 Broad Street, (Central Cable Office), New York, N. Y. ALWAYS OPEN

1930 SEP 6 AM 3 37

SV19 8 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=

55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=

BIRTHDAY FELICITATIONS TO NEW MOVIE AND FRED SMITH=

LEWIS STONE.

**BIRTHDAY GREETING**

A383CC BW 24 NM

WB HOLLYWOOD CALIF AUG 27 1930

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY

WISHING NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE A SWELL BIRTHDAY AND LOTS OF THEM STOP

YOUR BABY IS A DANDY AND YOU SHOULD BE A PROUD DADDY

WINNIE LIGHTNER







Clara Bow in a scene of her newest talkie, "Her Wedding Night." Miss Bow, says Mrs. St. Johns, always lives in the moment. That came about because she found it necessary to shut out her tragic memories of the past. Those were the terrible recollections of her mother's illness and death and their extreme poverty. Clara Bow has deliberately, and with that violent energy of which she is capable, shut the door upon the past. And, because the human mind is so delicate and peculiar a thing, that seems to have closed the door upon the other dimension—the future.





The other day Clara Bow cut her birthday cake at the Paramount studios. It was presented to her by the electricians, the carpenters, the cameramen and others of her technical staff. Miss Bow, you know, is a favorite with the studio employees.

# The SALVATION of CLARA BOW

BY

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

It Will Lie in Her Work, Provided She Gets Real  
Dramatic Roles with Strength of Characterization

**T**HE difficulty with analyzing Clara Bow is that just as you think you have her safely pigeon-holed, she breaks out with something totally at variance, and you have to start all over again.

She can not only change her point of view regarding everything every day, but she can change her whole course of action.

You can never have a very definite viewpoint about things, never a very consistent attitude toward life, until you know yourself thoroughly.

Clara knows no more about herself than she does about the undiscovered tribes of Africa. She has the passionate egotism of youth, which is wholly self-protective and which develops in every very successful youngster in Hollywood as the armadillo develops a shell, but I doubt if she has ever asked herself any very vital questions about her own psychological make-up.

**S**HE has, you know, more than a touch of mad, Byronic young genius.

The nation has been occupied eternally with her love

affairs. The "IT" girl is always in newspaper headlines.

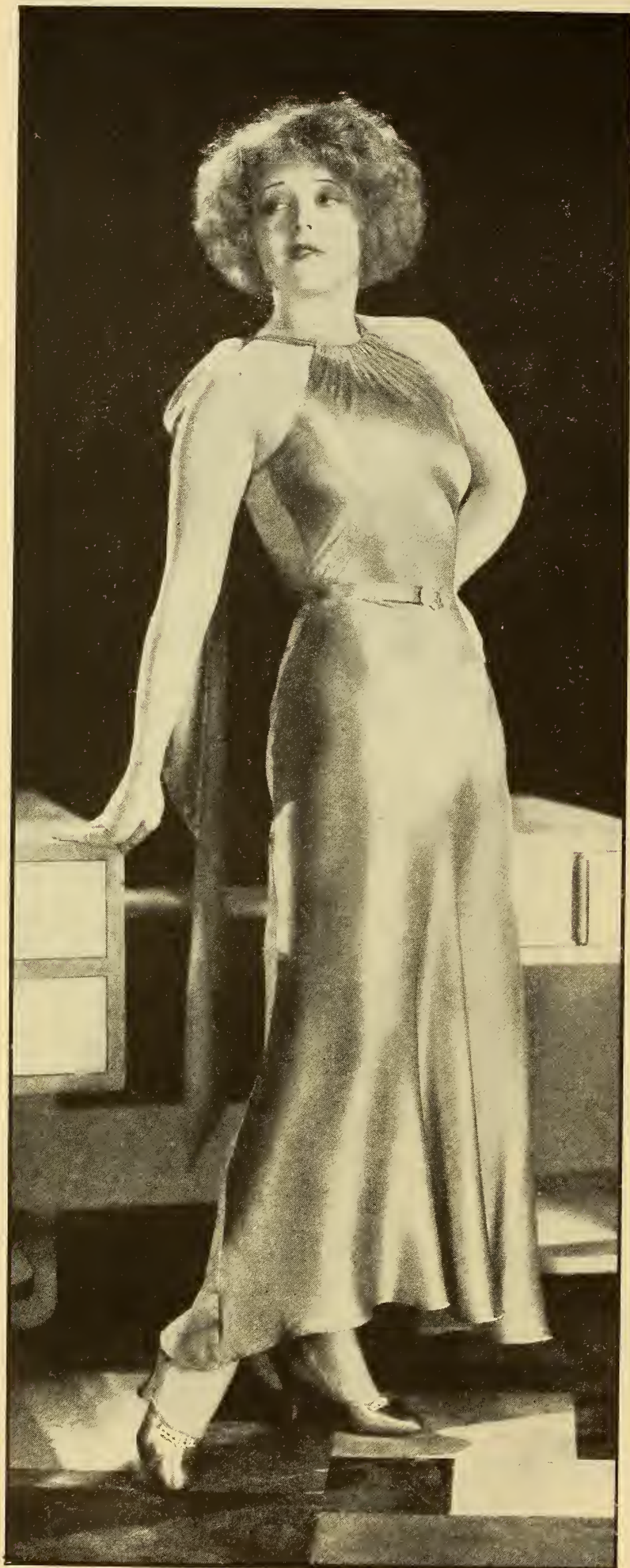
Yet it is my sincere belief that Clara Bow has never been in love. She has had nothing but synthetic imitations. She wants love. Her entire life for years has been surrounded by love, for Clara is one of the few screen stars who has definitely confused her screen personality and her real self. Yet somehow she has never achieved it.

Like a chemist working in his laboratory, Clara goes on experimenting in the laboratory of life, seeking to find love. And every once in a while she gets hold of the wrong combination and the whole works blow up.

The normal human being has a more or less definite balance between the emotional and the mental. The ability to feel and the ability to think. Having a brain doesn't necessarily imply the ability to think. You may own a Rolls-Royce, but if you don't know how to drive it you won't get anywhere.

Almost everyone varies somewhat from the normal in that the balance is stronger on one side than on the other. Clara's ability to feel has been raised to a very





high pitch. But her ability to think hasn't been developed at all.

**A**FTER all, you cannot ignore Clara. She was at one time the greatest box-office attraction the world has ever known, in that her pictures in one year played to more people than any other pictures have ever done. She should be the greatest dramatic actress on the screen, if Paramount would cease worrying about the Navy and give her stories worthy of her genius. Poor pictures have dimmed the blazing light of her success, but with one real story she would come back as Swanson came back in "The Trespasser."

I have studied Clara Bow closely. I have had opportunity to talk with her for hours. She has always interested me intensely, because, as I say, I honestly believe the girl has genius.

To me, all the strange things about Clara resolve themselves into one amazing fact.

She has limited herself to one dimension of time.

Did you ever stop to think what it would do to you if you actually considered only the present in your every act? If you had no past and no future?

Clara Bow always lives in the moment.

I think that came about because she found it necessary to shut out her memories of the past, if she was to live at all. In fact, at one time when in a fit of terrible depression, she explained to a close friend that when she thought about certain things which had happened in her childhood, she just felt she couldn't go on living.

**"T**HERE was one night in Brooklyn," she said. "It was snowing. My mother and I were cold and hungry. We had been cold and hungry for days. We lay in each others' arms and cried and tried to keep warm. It grew worse and worse. So that night my mother—but I can't tell you about it. Only when I remember it, it seems to me I can't live."

When you force her to talk of those early days, she begins to tremble and grow white.

For some reason, all her memories in those vital childhood years are unbearable. The little boy downstairs, whom she loved and saw burned to death. Her mother's long and desperate mental illness and her tragic death. The day she stood, a poor, emotional, nervous child, and watched them lower the casket that held her beloved mother into a grave.

Why, it happened that even her grandfather, who was her favorite playmate, dropped dead while he was swinging her in a little swing he had made in their tenement room.

Some great writer has said that the memory is the man. To some extent that is true of all of us. Take away memory and we have lost all that has gone to make us what we are.

Yet Clara Bow has deliberately and with that violent energy of which she is capable shut the door upon memory. To save herself, she has locked away the brood of dark and

evil memories which were her unfortunate heritage, and has refused to think of herself as having a past.

And because the human mind is so delicate and peculiar a thing, that seems to

(Continued on page 106)

The difficulty with analyzing Clara Bow is that, just as you think you have her safely pigeonholed, she breaks out with something totally at variance, and you have to start all over again.





Photograph by Hurrell

The life of a movie star isn't an easy one, despite all the fables written about screen success. Mr. Novarro, for instance, devotes several hours a day to his voice training. Then he spends several hours in his private gym, with special attention to that precious waistline. The remainder of Ramon's spare time can be his own, unless, of course, he wants to answer his vast fan mail.

**RAMON  
NOVARRO**



# Evangeline Adams READS The STARS

I WANT to say right away that Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, has a splendid horoscope. I don't know the young man. I have never seen him on the screen. If anyone had asked me yesterday morning what I thought of him, I would probably have said—without knowing anything about it—that he was just one more of these great men's sons trading on his father's name. But now, with his stars before me, I'll say with perfect frankness that I wouldn't swap young Doug's horoscope for his father's.

You may think that I am prejudiced. It is true that I have long been an admirer of Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, and have read his chart on many an important occasion; and like many millions of other such admirers, it is natural that I should find a warm spot in my heart for his son. Astrologers are human, you know! I have thought of all that—thought what you might think and thought what might be so—and I have found a way to protect both you and me against the possibility of prejudice.

In my studio in Carnegie Hall I have over four thousand typewritten sheets which I have written during my thirty-five years of astrological study. Each sheet tells what the effect is on a person's character or destiny if he happens to be born with a certain planet in a certain place in the astrological heavens. These sheets are arranged in racks so that any competent clerk—once I have drawn an individual's chart showing the position of all the planets at the time of his birth—can pick out the sheets which refer especially to him. The sum of these sheets constitutes an absolutely accurate horoscope.

WELL, what I did in young Doug's case was to hand his chart *without any name on it* to one of my trusted secretaries and tell her to prepare in this impersonal, scientific, and wholly unprejudiced way a horoscope for a person born December 9, 1908, in New York City between 3.30 and 3.45 in the morning.

Could anything be fairer than that?

And now, before I say anything more about Doug, Jr., I wish to quote freely from what was written—some of it long before he was born—about a person born at that time and place, which *must* be true of this young man regardless of name, fame, or previous condition of parenthood.

Here are phrases taken quite at random:

"Your greatest mistakes are likely to result through going against your intuitions."

I have since been told that young Doug's success in Hollywood was delayed several years by his being persuaded against his will that he should be "featured" in his first picture under his own name before he had had any experience as an actor—that he wanted to start as an extra under an assumed name but that he was talked out of it by one of the biggest men in pictures.

"Many actors, actresses, managers, playwrights, and producers are born under vibrations similar to your own. They are, however, often called upon to encounter long delays and many disappointments before meeting with ultimate success."

MY Hollywood informant—I know nothing about pictures myself!—also tells me that it has taken this young man, with all his father's prestige, six long years to make a real name for himself in the profession for which he was obviously intended, and that he had received his notice that his contract would not be renewed just before he made his first real success in "The Dawn Patrol."

"You have a sense of rhythm and are either musical or keenly intelligent in the appreciations of music."

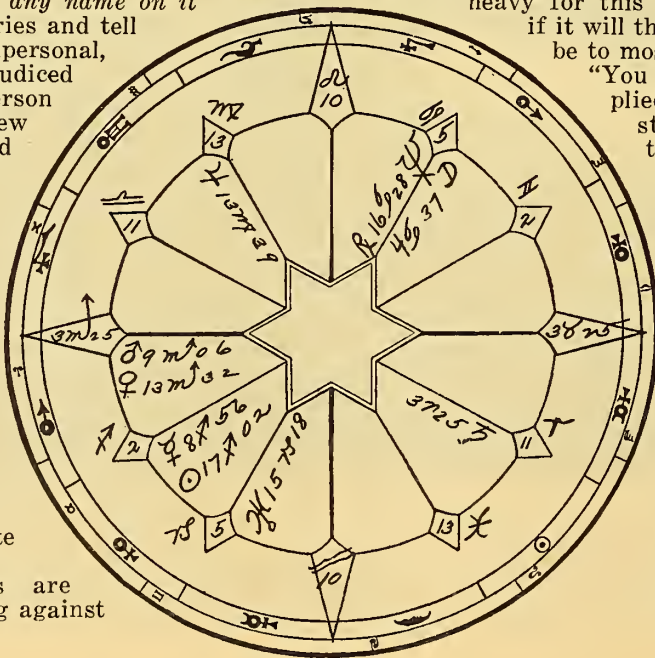
Doug is a great lover of music, especially of the vocal variety; and he plays the piano and sings very well himself.

"You have a side which will make you thoughtful, fond of dry subjects, and inclined to get at the root of any matter in which you are interested."

Doug's greatest ambition is to play "L'Aiglon" on the screen; and to prepare himself for the part he has devoted long hours of research to Napoleon and all matters relating to the First Empire. No tome is too heavy for this young man to wade through if it will throw more light on what would be to most youngsters "a dry subject."

"You are attracted by the applied sciences. Those who make a study of vibration as expressed through motion, color or sound respond strongly to the combination of planets under which you were born."

EVERY actor in the present colored talkies may be said to be making a study of "motion, color and sound," but this statement is true of young Fairbanks in a really remarkable way. During the making of his



Evangeline Adams' horoscope of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who was born in New York City on December 9th, 1908, between 3:30 and 3:45 a.m.



# The World's Most Famous Astrologer Interprets the Stars for December and Explains Their Influences

By  
**EVANGELINE  
ADAMS**

**E**VANGELINE ADAMS, who is a regular contributor to NEW MOVIE, is now broadcasting over a national hook-up of 44 radio stations, via the Columbia chain and Station WABC in New York. Watch your local radio programs for this highly interesting feature.

Letters may be addressed to Miss Evangeline Adams, in care of NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

father's film, "The Black Pirate," Douglas became interested in the then infant art of technicolor, made a thorough study of the processes involved, and is today a recognized specialist on the subject. He is also a costume designer of marked ability, and designed the costumes for "The Black Pirate."

"Some of your greatest successes in life will be due directly or indirectly quite as much to the instrumentality of friends as to your own efforts or 'luck.' You should have at least one happy marriage . . . and through marriage your finances should show improvement."

It has been young Doug's curse as well as his great good fortune that the first of these statements is true. Try as he will to stand wholly on his own feet, he has always benefited and always will benefit through people who are friendly to him because he is Doug Fairbanks' son. It is equally true—although this part is wholly blessing—that he is happily married to beautiful Joan Crawford; and it is no lessening of the blessing that she is one of the most highly paid young women in the world.

"Jupiter, being friendly to Neptune in your horoscope, increases the imagination and bestows creative power. To the artistic person it gives a touch of genius. Some

(Continued on page 130)



DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr.

## ARE YOU A SAGITTARIUS CHILD?

**I**F you were born between the 23rd of November and the 23rd of December, you are a Sagittarius child. Your sign is symbolized by the Centaur with bow and arrow. Your planetary color is blue. And the dominant influence in your life is the beneficent planet Jupiter, which rules money, honor, glory, position, success.

You have a strong power of intuition and insight into the future. You are at your best in a sudden emergency which might overwhelm a person who depended on logical thinking alone. You should learn to put your trust in this power. Encourage this great gift that nature has handed you. In other words, play your hunches. Do not carry the thing to the point of rashness, but think twice before you accept the advice of others when it runs contrary to your own instincts. When the flash comes, trust it implicitly.

You are high-strung, proud, and naturally fastidious. You are sensitive to slights, real or imaginary, and are easily injured: but on the other hand you are not as careful as you should be of the feelings of others. You are inclined to be blunt, sometimes brusque and tactless. You should cultivate more diplomacy and learn to respect the feelings of those with whom you are thrown.

You are capable of great concentration, but lose interest when what you are doing is interrupted. You should cultivate more patience and tenacity, and learn to finish one thing before starting on another. But don't try to make a plodder of yourself. You are not the plodding type. You will succeed by combining your intuitive powers and your brilliant nature on something that will grasp and hold your entire interest. If you succeed in achieving this co-ordination and concentration, you will go far.





He is Mr. John Coogan, Veteran of Films, Who Began Amassing His Millions at the Age of Four but is Still Happily Unaware of the Extent of His Fabulous Fortune.

THE years have touched him lightly. Save for a noticeably increased girth Jackie seemed remarkably well preserved. The abdominal distension, indicative of over indulgence, may be set down to nothing more sinister than the watermelon season, for my pal has never gone Hollywood, and by the time this appears he is no doubt in shape again.

Facing one another in the library of his seventeen-room mansion in Oxford Street, Los Angeles, we silently gripped hands across a span of ten years.

"You hold your age well, old man," I said a bit huskily.

"Well, except for my operation I've been pretty good," he smiled back. "Would you like to see the scar?"

Without waiting my pleasure, Jackie zipped up his shirt and exposed his stomach, the seasonal protuberance of which I have remarked. The gruesome scar looked to me more like a kitten's scratch than a surgical wound but I didn't let on because you know how touchy people are about their operations.

"Appendicitis," he said solemnly.

I passed it off lightly, assuring him that outwardly he was as hale as the day ten years ago when we played mumblety-peg on the floor together.

JACKIE smiled reminiscently. Nowadays he goes in for the quieter sport of fishing like Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge. When people used to ask him what he wanted to do when he grew up he always said, "Fish and play golf like dad."

But when a man has led an active life from the age of four it isn't easy to retire even with millions. Rockefeller may be content frivolling around a golf course, but Rockefeller, as Jackie observed, is an oil man; it's different with an actor.

"Once an actor always an actor, I guess," said Jackie a little ruefully. "Yes,

Jackie Coogan as he is today, at fifteen, a millionaire and a gentleman. "Children have been born princes," says Mr. Howe, "but only one has ever achieved by his own talent a throne of world prestige at the age of four and held it through all the revolutions of tumultuous Hollywood."

I'm going back to the grease paint—for one picture anyhow. It's a part I've looked forward through the years to playing."

"King Lear?"

"No, Tom Sawyer."

TURNING to his mother who had entered



# Famous Financier's Rules of SUCCESS

By HERBERT HOWE

the library he said, "By the way, mooney dear, will you give me six dollars and sixty cents? I want to go to the Hollywood Men's Shop after school and buy some cords. They's just got in some new ones—thirty-two inch bags—keen!"

"Don't you think you are a little extravagant, son?"

"But mooney dear, all the boys are getting them."

The boys to whom he referred are his colleagues in the Loyola High School.

"Perhaps they have more money than you have," said his mother.

"Say, I'll bet not one of them has saved as much as I have!" Jackie retorted with pardonable indignation. Then turning to me, "I am worth six hundred dollars."

I was overwhelmed. On rallying, I conceived a Bright Idea. . . . The Secrets of Success By a Famous Financier.

I know it doesn't sound so original but it has its original angle. Virtually every great man of wealth—or should I say every man of great wealth?—has given advice to the younger generation on making good . . . Rockefeller, Ford, Schwab . . . None of these, however, was a millionaire at fifteen. None is of the younger generation. Jackie is. In him I beheld a David slinging a reply to the old Goliath who sees the younger generation driving its roadster to inevitable perdition.

When I suggested the idea Jackie confessed he had never given a thought to his memories.

"He gets 'A' in English," his mother said encouragingly.

"And I got a prize for catching the bigger baracuda," Jackie appended.

That seemed to settle it. . . . Zane Grey does no more.

FOR the benefit of those who are too young to recall the beginning of young tycoon Coogan let me sketch briefly the rise of the most phenomenal figure in the phenomenal epic of Hollywood.

It is a child's history without parallel in world history.

Children have been born princes, but only one has ever achieved by his own talent a throne of world prestige at the age of four and held it through all the revolutions of tumultuous Hollywood.

Jackie was just four when the world focussed its favor upon him as "The Kid" in Charlie Chaplin's picture. His performance was of such sensitive beauty as to compete with that of the incomparable Charlot, who enthusiastically considered him a co-star while exer-

Remember the sensitive and arresting beauty of little Jackie Coogan's performance opposite Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid"? It projected Jackie into universal fame. He became the world's pet child. His career is without parallel.



cising restraint in the matter of billing.

The supposition naturally was that it was Chaplin's genius operating through the child. Charlie denied this, and subsequent films starring Jackie proved that The Kid was somehow greater than all other child prodigies.

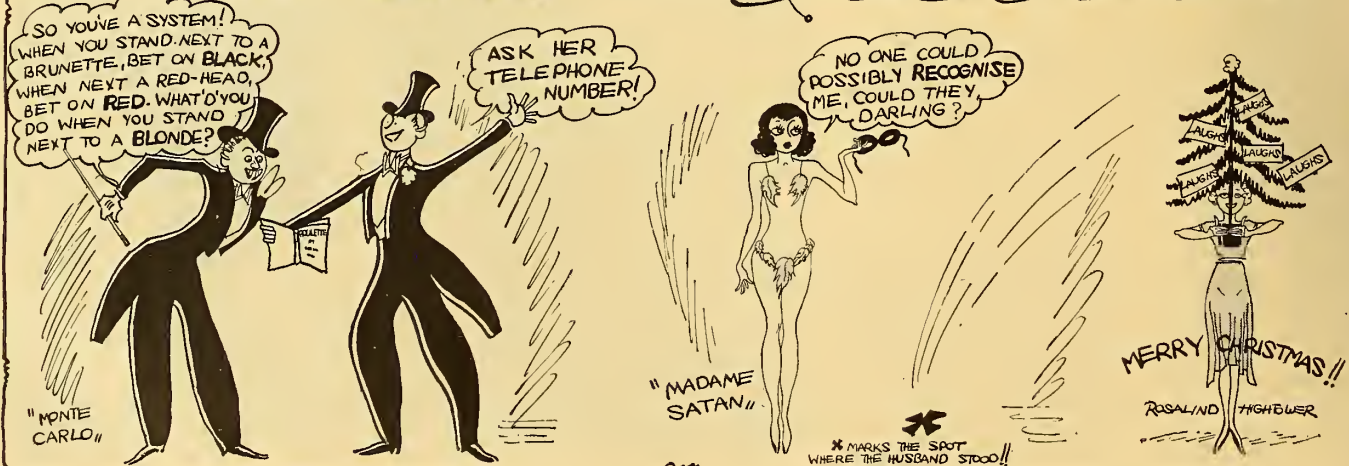
Chaplin had recognized the intrinsic quality of the child when seeing him in an act with his parents in Sid Grauman's Los Angeles theater. He signed him at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. Following the premiere of "The Kid" every company in Hollywood made a bid for the amazing youngster.

A CHECK for five hundred thousand dollars was handed at one time to Jackie's father by the Metro Company to bind a contract. Later Jackie received sixty per cent of the profits of each picture. He starred in fourteen during (Continued on page 128)





# LAUGHS of the FILMS





# ALMOST an ACTOR

The Further Adventures of the Popular Author as a Screen Player with John Gilbert in "Way For a Sailor"

BY JIM TULLY

**L**AST month, in NEW MOVIE, Mr. Tully started relating his adventures as an actor in the company of John Gilbert, making that star's newest film, "Way For a Sailor."

Mr. Tully's reactions as a player have unusual interest. Indeed, this author's broad and sympathetic knowledge of humanity is always of unusual appeal. It may interest our readers to know that Mr. Tully's newest book, "Beggars Abroad," is dedicated "to those on the journey, brigands and bruisers, writers and honest men, sailors on ships and vagabonds on shore." "Beggars Abroad" is written with the same arresting force that made "Beggars of Life," "Circus Parade," "Emmett Lawlor," "Jarnegan" and "Shanty Irish" so vigorous. Mr. Tully's contributions to NEW MOVIE have this same fine quality, too.

**I** ASKED Boasberg to tell me something of himself for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

"Gee, I hate to talk about myself," he said, at the table long past midnight while we were on location near the sea. "It really embarrasses me."

The waitress appeared. He ordered a stupendous meal with, "When the company pays for it I eat till I die." And then he began in one breath. . . .

"So long as you want a story for a magazine of such vast circulation, it's only my duty as a citizen to talk about myself even if it does embarrass me greatly—now don't interrupt me—"

"All I can tell you about myself is that I was born in Buffalo, New York, a couple of years ago. I have been in the picture business for five years, coming to it from the vaudeville end of the business where I got my start, and still do write the jokes for such celebrities as Phil Baker, Ben Bernie, Jack Benny, in addition to many of the comedy scenes for the various music-box revues when they were running in New York City. I have twenty-one vaudeville acts running now and my picture activities since the advent of talkies consist of putting the comedy into 'So This is College,' 'The Hollywood Revue,' 'It's a Great Life' with the Duncan Sisters, 'The Rogue Song' with Tibbett, 'They Learned About Women' with Van and Schenck, 'Free and Easy,' with Buster Keaton, 'Chasing Rainbows,'

Here's how Jim Tully will look when you see him in "Way For a Sailor", playing one of Jack Gilbert's sea-going pals.



and the current Buster Keaton story, in addition to the forthcoming Gilbert-Tully opus.

"My position at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio is twofold. I am general manager of the comedy pulmotor squad in addition to doing the original comedy stories at the rate of about six a year. My ambition is to own a country estate away from the noise of the world, looking out over a sea on which there are floating no actors or directors looking for jokes. My favorite woman is my wife for two reasons: firstly, because she has been a pal, an inspiration and a great cook; secondly, because all my real estate is in her name. My favorite man is Eddie Cantor because he laughs at my jokes, encourages me and writes a mean check. I don't drink but I am willing to start if somebody will present me with some real good stuff. I don't gamble because if I lose I feel bad and if I win I buy something for myself that I don't need and my wife, to get even, buys something that she probably needs. My favorite pastime is trading in automobiles or turning off radios. I don't like parties where anybody talks but me and I am the only man in the world who lived twenty years in Buffalo, New York, and never saw Niagara Falls. I have been four years at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. My first picture there was 'Rookies,' my funniest is the forthcoming Buster Keaton military satire, and my worst is nobody's business.

"I play the violin for amusement and the saxophone for revenge. I think weddings are sad and funerals are funny. My family thinks I am crazy, my wife thinks I am ideal, my lawyer thinks I am careless, my banker thinks I am smart, and I think I am damn lucky.

"I am a full-blooded Jew, look like an Irishman, six feet one inch tall, size 12 shoes hurt me, my tailor told me I ought to get ready-made clothes, I hate to shave, I don't shave, I am eccentric only to the extent that whenever I am in a theater, I always sit in a box with my back to the stage and watch the audience's reactions rather than the attraction on the stage or screen.

"I don't play miniature golf courses because I think they are draughty, but I do think they are a great break for the hunchbacks and midgets."

Sam Wood rescued me.

"**W**AIT, Jim," I could hear Boasberg yelling, "I'd like to tell you something about myself. These things embarrass me as much as they do you, but I've just got to have the millions and millions of NEW MOVIE readers know the truth."

(Continued on page 111)



# The First Film Star

On Its First Anniversary the NEW MOVIE Is Proud to Present  
Thomas A. Edison, and His First Star, James J. Corbett



**A**WAY back in 1895—or it may have been in 1894—there was a lot of talk about moving pictures, but no one had ever seen one. From what I read in the newspapers, however, it looked as if they were really going to do it—over in Mr. Edison's place in Orange, N. J., where I was told that the great inventor had at last made moving pictures a sure thing.

In those days the nearest thing we had to a moving picture was a lot of pictures on cards, a whole bunch of them—and by rapidly thumbing them over, they gave the suggestion of movement.

In 1895 I was playing the American Theatre in New York City in a play called "The Naval Cadet." My manager, William A. Brady, who is now the famous theatrical manager and the father of Alice Brady, came to me one day and said: "I have a proposition from Edison's place in New Jersey, saying they would like to have you go over there and box for them. They want to see if they can catch a knockout blow and reproduce it in moving pictures."

Well, of course I was very much surprised to think they had gone that far, and I said to Brady, "What shall I do?" He thought it over for a moment and then answered, "Well, I'd tell them, yes."

"How much do we get?" I asked.

"They'll give us a percentage of what the picture makes," he said.

And I can say now that it was fifteen thousand dollars that we made out of the project, which wasn't so bad thirty-five years ago!

**B**RADY continued the arrangements and one day said to me, "Now the important thing is, we must get a man that you can knock out with one blow as soon as they give the signal. If you miss him, you'll have to wait another day until they fix up the apparatus to take the picture all over again."

"Where are we going to find such a man?" I asked Brady. "He will have to look like a match for me or the picture will be no good. And at the same time he will have to be a fellow I am sure I can knock out when the signal comes. If I get some fellow who can't put his hands up, it will look very bad for all of us, and the whole thing will be a flop."

I had a sparring partner, who boxed with me in the show, by the name of Jack McVey, and we deputized McVey to go out and see what he could find in the way of a man who would fit the necessary requirements.

McVey's home was in Trenton, New Jersey, and he came up to the theater the next night and reported "I've got the man we want. His name is Courtney. He's a fighter and

James J. Corbett, as he is today, a trim, athletic figure despite his years. Mr. Corbett's adventures before Mr. Edison's first movie camera, told here for the first time, make fascinating reading.



# Tells His Own Story

BY  
JAMES J. CORBETT  
AND  
HUGH WEIR

he's as big as you are, Jim, but he's an awful boob."

"Well," I answered, "you bring him over tomorrow and fill him up with the idea that I've been dissipating a lot lately and just about all in. Tell him that a big husky fellow like he is could finish me."

(Don't forget that at this time I was champion of the world.)

I knew McVey well enough to know that he would carry out the instructions and he did.

But he certainly had his work cut out for him. Although Courtney lived in Trenton he had never been in New York City before. When he saw the elevated trains he started to run as if he thought the world was about to come to an end. McVey had to hold him by main force, and after that experience he decided that the only thing to do was not to let the man out of his sight until after he had finished his job for us. Finally he managed to get him to the theater and into a seat, looking scared to death although I have never seen a huskier or better built fellow. He seemed strong enough to throw an ox over his shoulder. And all this time McVey kept feeding him with stories about how much I had been dissipating and how easy it would be for him to knock me out.

AFTER the show McVey brought him back stage where we had arranged for a little informal boxing match by way of rehearsal. I saw Courtney eyeing me suspiciously and I could see that he was fast losing his nerve. I knew that if I didn't act up to the reputation McVey had given me our man would run out on us so I gave the best imitation I could of a fellow who was about half seas over. When we finally got the gloves on I made out that I was about ready to topple over and I let Courtney push me all around the stage. After about a half hour of this sort of thing his confidence had come back to such a degree that he whispered to McVey, "Say this is going to be easy! And I thought Corbett could fight!" "It's the booze!" answered McVey. "Didn't I tell you?"

Courtney didn't suspect a thing. He was absolutely satisfied by this time that he could handle me; and was in for anything we suggested. If we could keep him in this frame of mind until after the film was taken we were all sure we would have a real picture. But our date at Mr. Edison's place in East Orange

*Little Address "Edison, New York"*

*From the Laboratory  
Thomas A. Edison*

*Orange, N.J.* September 29, 1930.

Mr. Hugh Weir,  
Editorial Director,  
Tower Magazines, Inc.,  
55 Fifth Ave.,  
New York City, N.Y.

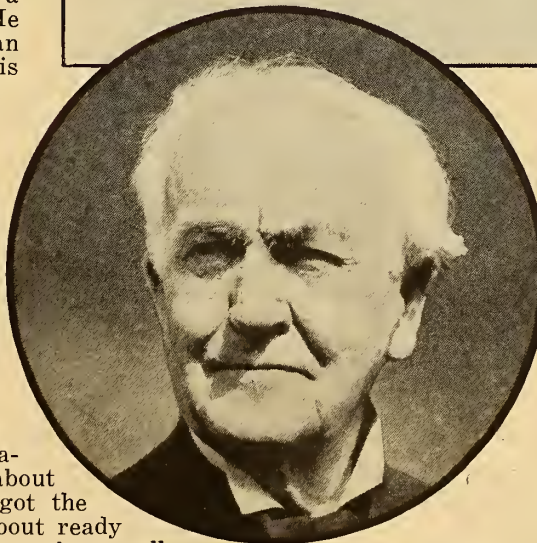
Dear Mr. Weir:

I remember Jim Corbett very well for he was a very important part of the first motion pictures that we made for public exhibition. Yes, he can justly claim the distinction of being the oldest living film star, and I extend him my hearty congratulations.

As I look back now, I realize that thirty-five years have passed since we made, with our crude equipment, that first modest picture of the world's champion delivering a knockout blow. Yet I doubt if any great world art or industry has developed further in that same period of time.

Yours very truly,

*Thomas A. Edison*



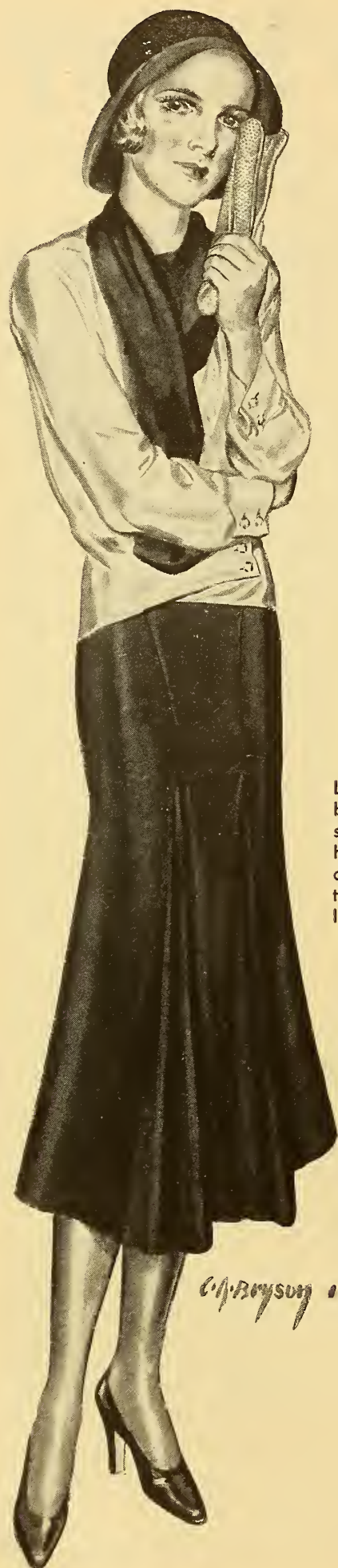
Above is reproduced a letter from Mr. Edison, which speaks for itself. Note the two interesting last lines of the letter. At the left is Mr. Edison's newest portrait, made a few months ago in Florida

was not until Thursday—two days off. "It's up to you, McVey!" said Brady. "Keep Courtney with you until we start for New Jersey if you have to handcuff him to you!"

I don't think he found that necessary, but he certainly looked about all in when our party assembled early Thursday morning for our trip to the Edison laboratory.

None of us had ever seen a motion picture, and when it came to knowing how one was made we might as well have tried to talk in Chinese. That was something we were leaving up to Mr. (Continued on page 97)





Linda Lacey was a beautiful and popular screen player. Luther had proposed to her on his knees so many times that his trousers looked like Al Jolson's.

# The Master MIND

A Hilarious Mystery Yarn with a Kick

By STEWART ROBERTSON

THE body lay horribly crumpled on the floor, ringed by an assortment of the half-awed, half-relieved persons that look upon a dastard's death, while the ticking of a clock seemed only to intensify the shocked stillness of the somber library.

But soon there arose a confused chorus of admiration as the butler, various relatives and a detective transferred their gaze to a nonchalant individual who swung a neatly trousered leg from the edge of a massive desk.

"So Barnaby was guilty after all!" blurted the man from Scotland Yard, outmumbling the others. "And me getting ready to slip the bracelets on the blooming valet! How did you figure it out, Mr. Wintringham?"

Somers Wintringham, amateur dabbler in criminology, favored the group with the tolerant smile of one accustomed to hearing wrong answers. "Quite simple, Inspector," he said silkily, "I'll admit that I had no suspicions after the first murder, but by the time the household had been reduced from fourteen to five it made things a bit clearer."

"Not for me, sir."

"Perhaps not, my good fellow, but then, your mind is unable to rise above the dust of detail. Now, two of the guests were suffering from puppy love but were otherwise normal, so I eliminated them. The valet looked evil enough, but I learned that his expression was due to a lifetime of trying to prevent his master from wearing cerise ties with a black suit. Motive there, I grant you, but for retail, not wholesale poisoning. A fourth was merely a hitherto respected art critic, driven slightly squiffy by the lopsided nudes of the modernists. So that brings us to Barnaby, who lies before you."

"Marvelous!" chanted the chorus.

"KINDLY do not interrupt me," drawled Somers Wintringham, waving a languid forefinger. "The rhythmic flow of pure mentality—well, probably that is beyond you, Inspector, but Barnaby, to the practised eye, was obviously our target. Jilted by his fiancée when she discovered that he was taking lessons on the cornet, Barnaby embarked upon his hellish purpose of doing away with everyone who said, 'I'll be seen' ya',

The Mystery of the Movie Star, the Nemesis and the Man Who Limp



# The Handsome Luther Martingale Had Played a Suave Super-Expert of Criminology So Long That He Tried to Live His Role in Private Life

a favorite remark of his once beloved. Armed with this clue I used the phrase in his presence and watched the green light of fury kindle in his eyes. As you saw, he offered me wine. I distracted his attention, then switched glasses. He drank. He died. I smelled the odor of bitter almonds. Prussic acid!"

The onlookers shuddered in sympathy.

"And so," smiled the jaunty gentleman, gathering up his hat and stick, "I will leave you, Inspector, to think over your absurd activities in this case. Scotland Yard may be capable of tracing runaway baby carriages, but remember to call me the next time anything serious crops up." He strode impressively to the door, said, "Wintringham never fails!", and apparently vanished into the dusk of London.

Once outside he waited for perhaps fifteen seconds until a winking crimson light above the door gave him the required signal, when he dashed back into the room which sheltered some of the best known faces in Galaxy Pictures.

"How was it?" he shouted.

"Smooth as a sophomore's chin," the director assured him. "On the level, Luther, when you tap that pencil against your teeth you really seem to be thinking. Quite a trick, my boy, and I appreciate it. You can go home tonight knowing that 'Steeped in Sin' is another triumph for Somers Wintringham. Hope you're not fed up with the character?"

MR. LUTHER MARTINGALE shook his handsome blond head. He was a tall, suave individual possessed of incredible assurance and the drooping eyelids of an affectionate beagle, who had skyrocketed to fame as a sophisticated sleuth.

"Not me," he replied thankfully, "or perhaps I should say 'I', but anyhow, this mystery-solving gag is right down my street. It's made a star out of me, Joe, so I'd be foolish to kick, and besides, speaking all those intelligent lines is having a psychological effect. Makes me feel extra brainy, which accounts for the thinking effect you noticed."

The director eyed him narrowly. "Look as wise as you like on the screen," he advised, "but don't take in too much territory. When it comes to real headwork I'll do all the skull practice around this madhouse. It's always a bad sign when an actor starts using big words, Luther, so you just be your own slightly dimwit self and save the brilliance for old Wintringham."

"Aw, Luther's not so wise," cut in the corpse, bounding to his feet and dusting himself off, "or he'd have proposed to Linda Lacey long ago. Say, was my death creepy enough, and how did you like my writhing?"

"Positively snaky," applauded the director, as Mr. Martingale turned a glowing



DRAWINGS  
BY  
C. A. BRYSON

Luther Martingale had skyrocketed to success playing Somers Wintringham, amateur dabbler in criminology who solved all the weird mysteries that baffled Scotland Yard.



# READ What HAPPENED When the MASTER SLEUTH of



vermillion, "and as for your gurgles, they'll keep me awake." The corpse, known as Bertie the Stiff on account of his celluloid demises, trotted contentedly away, obviously willing to wag a tail if he had owned one. Mr. Martingale's color deepened to a splotchy purple.

"Don't mind him," said Joe. "He's only voicing what the whole colony is wondering about. Linda's a gorgeous girl."

"My sentiments to a T," admitted the actor, "but what Hollywood doesn't know is that I've gone down on my knees to her so often that my trousers look like Al Jolson's. She won't have me, Joe, because she says I've changed since I became famous."

"I DON'T see any difference except that you're juggling a few extra syllables. That intelligentsia gabble may go over big with a flock of repressed females but it's not much of a lure for the One Woman who has to look at you over the eggs and bacon."

"Exactly what Linda says," groaned Mr. Martingale. "But why? All the success stories tell about a man developing his brains, even though it was only to marry the boss's daughter. What's the matter with me doing a little polishing?"

"Because you've arrived already, you sap," hissed the director, "and in love with one of the prettiest gals

in the village. What else matters? Look here, Luther, normally you're a likable chap, and even if you do think that syntax is a new name for retribution, what of it? Be yourself with Linda and quit trying to live your parts."

A thin layer of ice seemed to envelop the frowning Luther. "I've got brains," he said determinedly, "and you'll kowtow to me before I'm through. I can think up my own speeches outside the studio, and not bite the authors who feed me, like certain other actors, and—oh, what's the use, here she comes now!"

A mischievous-faced brunette in a rose and ochre sports dress came scampering across the stage toward them. One glance at her pert little nose and the delicate powdering of golden freckles testified that she would be enthralled neither by expert statistics on the private life of the caterpillar nor the theory that a week-end complex was responsible for the necking parties of Henry the Eighth. Linda Lacey was a lively and lovely human being, so she snuggled happily in her admirer's arms and eagerly raised her fulsome lips.

Mr. Martingale saluted her with the weariness becoming a great intellect. "Charmed to see you," he said tonelessly, but his eyes were warmer than his words.

"Charmed!" flashed the girl. "You've got to do



## the MOVIES Was CONFRONTED With a Real CRIME



better than that, my old clue chaser. I don't want a detective's kiss; I want private stock. Like this," and pulling down his head she smacked him loud and earnestly.

"R-Really," stammered the actor, breaking loose, "you should have a little more dignity, Linda. There's—ahem—a place for everything."

"This one's where you kiss your leading lady, isn't it? Then why not me?"

"Well—uh, you see—it's not done in—"

"LOOK at him put on the dog," pouted Miss Lacey appealing to Joe. "The master mind, from nine to five, and he's trying to stretch it into a home run. Isn't it disgusting?"

"Go easy on the whip," the director told her from the depths of his experience. "Too much opposition isn't good for mules, but I'm for you, Linda. It'll be two weeks before we start work on 'The Mansion of Mystery,' so for the sake of the industry that enables you to have artichokes for breakfast take this Napoleon away and marry him."

"It would be very sweet of me to do it, I think," tinkled Miss Lacey, appraising her scowling cavalier. "Perhaps a mere ingenue shouldn't aspire to such a serious thinker, Joe, but I knew him when he was

Luther stared wildly from The Nemesis to the smoking automatic, the horror of the situation growing stronger upon him. His life in a world of make-believe, where every action was planned, left him unfit to grapple with the grim and stalwart figure of reality. Smothered groans burst from The Nemesis' lips as he sagged lower and lower.

second assistant menace for Tom Mix. Just a big open-minded boy, with the accent on the open. I thought I'd die laughing when he saw his first casabas. 'Gosh,' he said to me, 'it wouldn't take many of them to make a dozen.'"

"Silence!" bawled Mr. Martingale, having regained his poise. "I'll admit I'm in love, but a man's got other organs besides just a heart."

"Certainly he has," agreed Linda, while the director watched her admiringly. "Ears, for instance. Well, go scrub off that ghastly ecru makeup this minute, you hear me? And hurry back to take me out for supper."

For one electric moment it seemed as though Luther would cave in like the eternal masculine, then suddenly his face took on the grimness of one who finds his back against the wall. "Never!" he cried, with a theatrical gesture. "I won't (Continued on page 98)





The Boulevardier chatter comes from Monte Carlo this month. "From my balcony I gaze down upon the familiar turrets and pale green dome of the Casino looking exactly as Von Stroheim built them on the Universal lot," says Herb Howe. "Every time I return to Monte Carlo I expect to find it struck, it's been used by so many directors."

## MONTE CARLO:

Here we are in the setting of the new Lubitsch pictures. Every time I return to Monte Carlo I expect to find it struck, it's been used by so many directors. From my balcony of the Villa des Fleurs I gaze down upon the familiar turrets and pale green dome of the Casino looking exactly as Von Stroheim built them on the Universal lot. To the left is the Café de Paris, likewise familiar to tourists of Hollywood's back lots. In the distance is a superb stock shot of the Mediterranean. I recall the host of Hollywood folk who have voiced their intention of retiring to little islands there. I fear they have it confused with the St. Lawrence River, for there don't seem to be many islands. There is one, however, which sort of figuratively suggests the place to which many stars are going these days. . . . I mean the island of Elba.

**The Gambling Industry:** Monte Carlo and Hollywood have something more in common. The climate is almost identical, the population polyglot and the leading industry of both is gambling. If you don't think pictures a gamble you haven't tried your chance in Hollywood (and if you haven't you are about the only one left) or invested in a movie production. . . . I have and I look upon the Casino here as a philanthropic institution.

I don't know a producer who isn't a good gambler.

One of the best of them plays pictures by day, poker at night and the horses at Tia Juana over the weekend. When his wife objected to his poker companions and asked why he didn't invite gentlemen to play with him he replied, "My dear, gentlemen couldn't afford to."

Hollywood needs heroic craps-shooters right now. She is playing for world stakes.

**Hollywood Loses Capital:** Hollywood was the cinema Rome before the screen started crowing. We ruled the world and sat on top of it. Our scepter was the dollar. Whenever talent raised a challenge over here we flicked the wand and presto'd it to Hollywood. The talent we couldn't use we shipped back steerage.

Then the infant industry started boop-a-dooping. Proud Mommer Hollywood became so domestic she forgot the rest of the world. Now the infant is squalling for its francs, marks, lire, pesetas. . . . If it doesn't get them it's liable to be critically croupy.

**Those Silent Earnings:** Silent pictures earned forty per cent of their profits abroad. Doug Fairbanks' "Thief of Bagdad" earned more over here than at home. Talkies raised a barrier of language more formidable than any tariff. This at first was ignored because of the tremendous increase in profits at home through the new invention.

"We didn't know there was so much money in the



# The HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER

By  
HERB HOWE

world," said Irving Thalberg in the first flush of talkie returns.

But curiosity has subsided. People are shopping for talkies as they did for silents. Hollywood now is marshaling her forces frantically to recapture the world she has all but lost. Over here they think the theme song has proved Hollywood's swan song.

**The Continental Tongue:** The French make four to five million francs on a talkie where with a silent they made only a million. French is more acceptable in Europe than English. It is understood not only in France and her African provinces but in Belgium, Switzerland, Roumania and Egypt. Thus the struggle for world film supremacy resolves into a battle of languages. The principal bout is French *vs.* English.

**Where Directors Come From:** In Paris while dining at Chez les Vikings, the Swedish restaurant of Montparnasse, I had the pleasure of meeting the original Tarzan of the Apes, Mr. S. S. Windrow. He swung out of the tree tops some time ago and is now a Paramount supervisor. This may shed some light on the mystery as to whence supervisors spring. At any rate, Mr. Windrow elucidated the movie battle that's going on.

Paramount has intrenched at Joinville (a thirty-franc taxi ride from Paris) at a cost of two million dollars and is laying down a barrage of ninety features and fifty short subjects in all languages this year.

## Mr. Howe Considers the Mediterranean from his Balcony Overlooking Monte Carlo—Hollywood is in Danger of Losing its Film Leadership to Europe

This far exceeds the old silent output of the Paramount Hollywood Studio.

Fox contemplates similar intrenchment near Paris.

Though American brains and capital may triumph, still

Hollywood's position as cinema capital of the world is threatened by Paris.

It was a fatal day for Hollywood when baby lisped "Mama," for it now appears that Paris is papa, and as with most movie parents the two are divorced.

**PESSIMISTS** think the business will suffer the same fate as the Tower of Babel. Some foresee the return of silent pictures, others the triumph of the stage. Personally I predict a synthesized entertainment of stage and screen, in the larger theaters, just as we were on the road to having with the prologues before the dumb drama spoke.

**The Cinema Napoleon:** Being in Monte Carlo I have the gambling spirit but I'm betting on neither Hollywood nor Paris as the cinema center. I'm betting on just one man—Charlie Chaplin: He doesn't talk, he acts.

Charlie enjoys comparison with Napoleon. Whenever a masque ball offers opportunity he arrays himself as the Little Corporal. Even at dinner in his own home he has been known to quit the table in a Napoleonic seizure and return wearing the bedspread draped over his shoulders and his hat on sidewise.

The films have Americanized the world. Americans abroad used to disguise their nationality by carrying sticks and yellow gloves. Now Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen and Italians ape the screen and wear horn-rimmed glasses and golf knickers

DRAWING BY  
KEN  
CHAMBERLAIN





# Herb Howe Continues His Continental Tour

Well, Charlie, now is your chance. You may be the cinema Napoleon (and I don't mean Elba).

NOT only language is causing difficulty but accent and patois too. A review of "The Big Pond" in a Parisian journal remarks Chevalier's "faubourg" intonation . . . in American we'd call it "bowery." Claudette Colbert on the other hand is commended for her impeccable French. As for the rest of the cast, all American, let us dash down to the Café de Paris and choke our laughter in a mug of something or other.

**The Café de Paris:** The moon in the sky is a sunkist orange and the orchestra, billed "The Smiling Boys," is playing "Singin' in the Rain." For a moment I'm homesick for Bes-sie Love and Cocoanut Grove. I'm quickly distracted. Opposite me a girl casts a wistful glance but she's with an old man and her wrists are handcuffed with diamonds. A French girl sits alone but before I can do anything about it an Argentine gigolo canters her off in a tango. A woman with huge arms and lips is erupting Danish. There is a rumble of German gutturals over many beers. And Russian volubility suggests another plot to overthrow the Soviets. My attention is drawn to a table circled by English women. They are joined by two English youths. One says he feels dismal. He objects to the chairs—too hard. He draws up one that seems a bit softer. His name is Bunny. He kisses the hand of Lady Rumblebottom whose high pitched hat resembles the Roman ruins of La Turbie on the hill above. The other two ladies are Mrs. Sqwaunce and Miss Crumblehome. Lady Rumblebottom orders a stinger. . . . She calls it a "Stingah." The *garçon* misunderstands. . . . He thinks she wants a cigar. The Roman ruins tremble in an earthquake of indignation. Oh, deah, deah, we are all convulsed.

Now fawncy if you can a talkie that would please all these people. Yet after the drinks they will all trickle off to the garden to view the silent "Ben-Hur."

**Ben-Hur Wins Again:** In the gloom of the talkie situation it is cheering to recall the pessimism over "Ben-Hur." Produced in muddle and squabble with everyone going a bit haywire, this picture cost somewhere between three and four million. A big loss was predicted. Today "Ben-Hur" rates a bread-winner



In a Paris interview, William Powell aroused to defend the American gangster. "He is not more than 50 per cent to blame," says Mr. Powell. "If he is a supreme product of lawlessness and immorality, it is because America today is lawless and immoral, chiefly as a result of the 18th amendment."

beaconed Britisher, "but similar."

**Those Yankee Tourists:** Before you begin getting an anti-British feeling which so often reduces Americans to the plane of absurdity with anti-American foreigners, let us join a group of charming English girls who speak the language musically (it can be done).

One of them tells a joke:

"One of those American women tourists was being shown about an old English castle. The guide said: 'This part here is twelfth century, this fourteenth century, this fifteenth.' The American woman with a disdainful glance at the ruins snorted, 'Well, thank God we ain't got any centuries in America.'"

Such are the observations that have gone to make the American obnoxious abroad. We are prone to take too much pride in our plumbing. Such American ladies as the one quoted above are to be deplored. They do so much to offset the noble work of Clara Bow in Americanizing the world.

(Continued on page 126)



Charlie Chaplin has the Napoleonic complex. Whenever a masque ball offers opportunity he arrays himself as the Little Corporal. Herb Howe says that, if Charlie's new all-silence comedy makes a big hit, it may make him into a real Napoleon.





Photograph by Don English

NEW MOVIE has published so many pictures of pink and gold boudoirs that, by special request, we present a real he-man's boudoir, graced by stuffed eagles, Indian bonnets, real Navajo rugs, skins, and pictures with the spirit of the outdoors. The owner is Gary Cooper, who was born and raised in Montana.

**GARY  
COOPER**





# DECEMBER



## Merry Christmas

| M  | W      | Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.                                                                   | M                                  | W      | Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.                                                                        |
|----|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|--------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | Mon.   | 1859: John Brown hanged at Charleston, W. Va. 1921: Will Hayes invited to take leadership of movie industry. | 17                                 | Wed.   | 1895: Thomas A. Edison gets first motion picture fan letter.                                                      |
| 2  | Tues.  | 1920: First beret seen on Hollywood Boulevard.                                                               | 18                                 | Thurs. | What, only 5 shopping days left!                                                                                  |
| 3  | Wed.   | 19 shopping days to Christmas.                                                                               | 19                                 | Fri.   | 1925: Barbara LaMarr's salary becomes \$3,000 a week. New moon tonight.                                           |
| 4  | Thurs. | 1919: First Hollywood star buys car with aluminum trimmings and gold monogram.                               | 20                                 | Sat.   | 1860: South Carolina secedes and makes possible "The Birth of a Nation" for D. W. Griffith.                       |
| 5  | Fri.   | 1910: Virginia Lee Corbin born at Prescott, Ariz. Full moon tonight.                                         | 21                                 | Sun.   | 1900: Swell crop of sage brush in what is now Beverly Hills.                                                      |
| 6  | Sat.   | 1874: William S. Hart born. 1922: Distinguished authority declares Westerns are dead.                        | 22                                 | Mon.   | 1912: Distinguished authority declares foreign actors haven't a chance on American screen.                        |
| 7  | Sun.   | 1923: Success of "The Covered Wagon" becomes the sensation of industry.                                      | 23                                 | Tues.  | 1913: Valentino arrives in New York during typical winter fog.                                                    |
| 8  | Mon.   | 1923: Colleen Moore has hair cut and 1,210,008 girls follow with Dutch cut bobs.                             | 24                                 | Wed.   | 1928: Fred Thomson died. 1893: Ruth Chatterton born in New York City.                                             |
| 9  | Tues.  | 1913: Valentino sails from Italy. 1908: Doug Fairbanks, Jr., born in New York City.                          | 25                                 | Thurs. | 1776: Washington crosses Delaware. 1888: John Bowers born at Garrett, Ind.                                        |
| 10 | Wed.   | 1903: George Lewis born.                                                                                     | 26                                 | Fri.   | 1920: Double wedding at Greenwich, Conn., of Connie Talmadge and John Pialoglo and Dorothy Gish and James Rennie. |
| 11 | Thurs. | 1888: Victor McLaglen born in London. 1905: Gilbert Roland born at Juarez, Mex.                              | 27                                 | Sat.   | 1929: Bessie Love and William Hawks married. Moon in first quarter.                                               |
| 12 | Fri.   | 1915: Bill Hart kisses pinto pony good-bye for first time. Moon enters last quarter.                         | 28                                 | Sun.   | 1856: Woodrow Wilson born. 1908: Lew Ayres born at Minneapolis, Minn.                                             |
| 13 | Sat.   | 1911: Lillian Roth born at Boston, Mass.                                                                     | 29                                 | Mon.   | 1926: Davey Lee (Sunny Boy) born. Which means that the singing screen was also born.                              |
| 14 | Sun.   | Heavens! Only 9 shopping days to Christmas.                                                                  | 30                                 | Tues.  | 1915: "A Fool There Was," starring Theda Bara, scores sensational hit.                                            |
| 15 | Mon.   | 1920: Theda Bara getting \$4,000 a week.                                                                     | 31                                 | Wed.   | 1906: D. W. Griffith playing Sir Francis Drake in Nance O'Neil's play, "Elizabeth," on tour.                      |
| 16 | Tues.  | 1909: Barbara Kent born at Gadsby, Alberta, Canada.                                                          | Watch for This Feature Every Month |        |                                                                                                                   |

December birth stones: Ancient, the ruby. Modern, the bloodstone. The ruby typifies a contented mind. The bloodstone endows its wearer with courage and truthfulness.





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG





RUTH CHATTERTON





RICHARD DIX





Photograph by Preston Duncan

NEIL HAMILTON





Photograph by Hurrell

LEWIS STONE





Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Corinne Griffith is one of the two great beauties of the screen, says Adela Rogers St. Johns. Miss Griffith makes a fetish of simplicity, which shows her great wisdom. Her loveliness needs nothing. She knows that its sincere simplicity, which is so rare and so complete, would be destroyed. Miss Griffith takes the utmost care of her beauty; in diet, exercise, and regularity.

**T**HE motion picture has produced two great beauties.

Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith.

But it has produced much beauty and it has widened the definition of beauty and brought it into position as a goal toward which every woman may strive, an achievement rather than an impersonal gift.

For years, the screen has displayed beauty of every possible type. Each department of beauty has been studied. Experts have been hired from all over the world to develop them. Clothes, grace, face, figure have been enhanced and presented to the public. The screen and its beauties have been inspiration, example and guide.

Above all things it has segregated types in so positive a manner that no girl can go far wrong in estimating her own type and knowing how to make the most of it.

**T**HERE has never been a time since the world began when you could discount beauty.

Anne Boleyn's face changed the map of Europe and the history of religion. Lord Nelson dedicated the

## The Films Have Produced Only Two Great and Indisputable Beauties, Just Two Successors to the Crown of the Immortal Helen of Troy

British navy and his great victories at sea to his divine Lady Emma Hamilton. The D'Este sisters inspired the Renaissance.

Poets and painters have struggled to define beauty and never quite succeeded. Beauty wears many faces and is still, to some extent, in the eye of the beholder.

There is, of course, a beauty that is indisputable. It doesn't happen often but, when it does, all argument ceases. It is the beauty legend concedes to Venus and to her earthly counterpart, Helen of Troy. When Paris was selected to give a golden apple to the most beautiful goddess, Minerva and Diana tried to confuse the issue by talking about power and personality and brains. But Paris knew better. He gave the apple to Venus, who was beauty.

There is such beauty. It strikes straight at every heart. No one can deny it. No one is proof against it. "The face that launched a thousand ships" was so lovely that even the men of

Troy, to whom it brought war, destruction, and disaster, blessed the name of Helen. Paris looked upon that face and desired it more than honor, peace and plenty. Even Menelaus, the betrayed husband, and his brother, the warrior Agamemnon, who found her after Troy had fallen, looked upon that face and could not mete out the death that should have been her portion.

**T**HE golden chain of such beauty passes in magic weave through the centuries. Flashes before our dazzled eyes in pure radiance. Thus we see the elder Gunning sister rising from the tenements of Dublin to be twice a reigning duchess. We see men powerless before Mary of Scotland. And the little milliner Du Barry become uncrowned queen of France.

Our fathers and mothers who saw Lillian Russell in her golden heyday swear that she, too, carried that priceless chain.

The screen has produced two beauties of the line of Helen of Troy.

Within that company of the elect we find only Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith.



# The Screen's SEARCH for BEAUTY

By ADELA ROGERS  
ST. JOHNS



Albert Davis Collection

Barbara La Marr's beauty was great enough to surmount death itself. As she lay upon her white satin bier, she made even the morbid throngs who passed pause in silent and astonished tribute. Hers was such beauty as brought war, destruction and disaster to the ancient city of Troy.

That beauty is all-encompassing. It includes the fascination of sex, the charm of personality, the promise of delight, the enchantment of thought and imagination, the delicacy of grace, as well as perfection of face and body. Real beauty is inclusive of every separate magic which has also a beauty of its own. In simple words, it has everything.

Other women have touched the chain, but they lack some essential element.

**N**O face could be more beautiful than Mary Nolan's. But her body could never measure up to the test.

Billie Dove has a divine face and a body which could pose for the Venus of Milo. But she misses in some emotional appeal, some vital allure. I think it is because she is too modest, too unsure of herself. She originally accepted the careless slogan that she was beautiful but dumb, which she isn't. But that quiet sense of inferiority has kept her from having the punch which beauty must have, and from developing her mental appeal.

Florence Vidor was a shade too cold and much too artificial in manner. Beauty must be sincere. Vilma Banky was beautiful but one missed in her the necessary simplicity of Helen. Give her the right costumes, the right backgrounds, and she could vie with anyone who ever lived. But could she walk ashore after a shipwreck in an old white tunic as Helen did and have the sailors fall at her feet in worship? Not quite.

La Marr could have. In the end her beauty proved real enough to surmount death itself. As she lay upon

her white satin bier, she made even the morbid throngs who passed pause in silent and astonished tribute. I saw many men and women who had come there seeking sensation, curious to see the once-great star about whose name so much gossip had gathered, uncover and kneel when their eyes rested upon that still face. The mob recognizes a masterpiece.

**M**AY McAVOY was the most beautiful young girl we ever had in pictures. But it was the beauty of extreme youth which cannot be compared with full-blown womanhood. It didn't stand the test of years. Pauline Frederick had everything except a certain loveliness. Physically she qualified, but her beauty dazzled without warming. For some reason she stirred admiration rather than love.

There was a proud something about Frederick that suggested hardness. On the other hand, Dorothy Dalton, when she made "The Flame of the Yukon," missed in just the opposite way. Just a trifle too exotic, too warm, to fit the lines of perfect beauty. There was too much roundness in her

**"There is beauty that is indisputable. It doesn't happen often. When it does no one can deny it. The golden chain of such beauty passes in magic weave through the centuries. The screen has produced two such beauties—Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith."**

face to attain the standard.

Looking back, I remember Clara Kimball Young as beautiful. Only fashions change beauty. If we have widened our definition to admit more girls to approximate beauty, we have also added certain requirements to the 100 per cent. real thing. Memory records Clara Kimball Young as too big and too immovable. The freedom and grace which is Marilyn Miller's type of beauty now becomes one of the qualifications for the golden apple. Miss Young didn't have it. The statuesque type



# MILLIONS ARE SPENT EACH YEAR IN BEAUTY'S QUEST

of beauty is gone. We demand movement in everything nowadays.

These women I have mentioned seem to me the only candidates for the diadem of Helen. I will tell you more about them later.

**B**UT there are many other kinds of beauty which we are recognizing and rightly so, all the time. Our definition now takes in each special attribute, names many types. Cleverly, carefully, the girls and women of this generation have learned to give off some measure of beauty, to create an eye-pleasing illusion of beauty. They have developed the power of attraction to such a point that it is difficult to exclude it in speaking of beauty.

A lovely art. A tremendous commercial industry through which filter millions of dollars a year. Beauty is an objective to every woman, at home and abroad, and she needs it more than she ever did. The competition is keener, the comparisons more trying every year.

So, now, each girl studies her type, thinks logically and clearly about this thing she must do. She knows how to recognize it, knows its advantages, classifications, detriments.

We have seen the all-encompassing beauty. Let us look upon the beauty that reveals a distinct type.

There is what, for lack of a better word, we may call allure. *I do not mean sex appeal.* We'll come to that later on.

To allure means to tempt or draw by a lure or bait; that is, by the offer of some good, real or apparent. To invite by something flattering or enticing. To attract.

There comes into my head the line of some old poet who said of the Lorelei that she "with promised joys allured them on."

Now that allure is different from beauty, but I do not know that it is any the less effective. It is a form of beauty. A distinguished attraction, inspiring to everyone, holding out thoughts of delights both mental and physical. Your eyes are feasted, your imagination is stimulated, your desire is awakened.

Since all encompassing beauty is so rare, I firmly believe that this particular quality is its best substitute, its nearest approach. Better than prettiness, more distinctive than the beauty that just misses.

**I**TS two great exponents in screen history are Gloria Swanson and Greta Garbo.

There is a heady, intoxicating quality about these two women. They are like opals. You can go on looking at them forever and not grow tired. Diamonds bore me after a while. Even pearls grow a little tiresome in their delicate perfection. But opals possess the never failing charm of infinite variety, that quality which they tell us made Cleopatra empress of the world and the greatest lover in history.

You can sit and watch Gloria



Albert Davis Collection  
Florence Vidor: "A shade too cold and much too artificial. Beauty must be sincere."



Albert Davis Collection  
Clara Kimball Young: "Statuesque but lacking freedom and grace now essential."

and never grow tired.

In her great novel, "A Lost Lady," Willa Cather says of her heroine: "Her eyes, when they laughed for a moment into one's own, seemed to promise a wild delight that he had not found in life. 'I know where it is,' they seemed to say, 'I could show you!' He would like to call up the shade of young Mrs. Forrester and challenge it, demand the secret of that ardor; ask her whether she had really found some ever-blooming, ever-burning, ever-piercing joy. Probably

she had found no more than another. But she always had the power of suggesting things much lovelier than herself, as the perfume of a single flower may call up the whole sweetness of spring."

There you have, to me, a perfect description of the lure that is Gloria Swanson. Promise. Isn't that what leads men to fly the ocean, to seek adventure, to attempt the impossible? Isn't it the thing that stimulates life and keeps us young and happy under disappointments? No woman I have ever seen so stimulates the imagination as Swanson. Her eyes hold some secret that is wistful and yet glorious.

**H**AVING no Willa Cather to help me, I cannot equal that analysis concerning Garbo. To me, she is the mystery of womanhood. Whether there is such a mystery, I don't know. Maybe it's only a mirage. Maybe it's like heaven and a future life—something we do not really know about but imagine must exist. Maybe man, being disappointed in us as we are, has created a mystery of womanhood which he always hopes to solve. I have known old prospectors who spent their lives seeking gold in the hills, ecstatically happy in the sweet dream of hope that they are sure will be crowned on the morrow. Of all lovely music, hope is the most beautiful. Reality can never touch it, since reality is earthbound and hope is the stuff of which dreams are made.

Do you remember Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem called "Feast"?

*"I drank of every vine,  
The last was like the first.  
I came upon no wine,  
So wonderful as thirst.*

*I gnawed at every root,  
I ate of every plant,  
I came upon no fruit  
So wonderful as want.*

*Feed the grape and bean  
To the vintner and monger;  
I will lie down lean with my thirst  
and my hunger."*

Garbo awakens a divine hunger and a radiant hope. Perhaps this mysterious cream of womanhood is a fact, since there she is. Hope may sing anew at sight of her face. Hunger may become a divine flame when one looks at her.

There (Continued on page 122)



May McAvoy: "The film's most lovely newcomer but her beauty didn't stand the test of years."





Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

HARRIET LAKE





Charming Jeanette MacDonald, heroine of "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo," in pajamas on the edge of her Hollywood bathing pool. Did you hear Miss MacDonald sing "Beyond the Blue Horizon" in "Monte Carlo"? Here is the lady herself—just beyond the blue horizon.



Above, Ramon Novarro in the plunge of his beach house near Laguna, California. At the left, Irene Rich and her two daughters at their pool. Frances Rich is at the right and Jane at the left.



# POOL

Presenting the  
Favorite Outdoor  
Sport of Holly-  
wood and Beverly  
Hills Natives

Suave Clive Brook has his bath-  
ing pool, too. At the right, you  
see the popular Englishman  
surveying his pool and our  
cameraman.



Below, Buddy—beg pardon, Charles—Rogers resting beside his Beverly Hills pool.







Photograph by Hurrell

KAY JOHNSON



# Sure of Himself

Bob Montgomery Is a  
Self-Confident Young  
Man of Hollywood

BY DICK HYLAND

**I** DON'T like him. Robert Montgomery knows too much to suit me." That was one answer, from one person.

"If he says he can jump off the top of the Times Tower and land on the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway without hurting himself, even if he uses Damon Runyon's hat for a parachute, don't bet him that he can't. Because he'll try it." That was another answer, from another person. Both to the question, "What kind of a gent is this Bob Montgomery?"

I'd talked to him only once, and that for but an instant in between shots on a set. He was tickled to death and all aglow because a sporting goods company had just presented him with a set of matched golf clubs. Bob was doing a picture and they thought it would be good advertising.

That day he appeared to me to be a tall, clean-cut kid with an infectious smile and the devil in his eye. I liked his walk. It was free and easy, the gait of a body well under control. He reminded me of football players I have known who can appear to be relaxed and unready one moment and a bundle of steel springs an instant later.

**BOB MONTGOMERY** came to Hollywood from the New York stage, where he had landed after a brief career as a railroad man and deckhand on a steamer plying up and down the Atlan-

Believe it or not, Bob Montgomery did ride that surf board, just as he relates in this story. Taking a dare, he went right out and demonstrated on his first ride that he could master this tricky sport without effort.



Robert Montgomery came to Hollywood after a brief experience on the stage. Before that he had a short but adventurous career as a railroad man and a deckhand on a steamer plying up and down the Atlantic coast.

tic coast. His father had died when Bob was in his early teens, and such things as expensive prep schools and vacations in Europe (which his father had been giving him) were suddenly jerked out of his life. Anything young Bob Montgomery has received since that date he has taken for himself. No one has given him anything. It is a lesson of life he learned early.

In the brief time he has been in Hollywood he has carved himself a niche and a popularity which is ever growing. He filled a great need on the M.-G.-M. lot for a young leading man. Only, as Bill Haines actually did, he threatens to step out of this class in a hurry and take upon himself the glory of full stardom.

**I**T was about half way through lunch that I broke into the conversation we were having with a sudden  
(Continued on page 119)







Two views, taken at dusk, of Hollywood Boulevard, looking eastward from the neighborhood of the Hotel Roosevelt. Only a few years ago a wasteland of wild brush, this street has taken its place beside the great thoroughfares of the globe—Broadway, the Rue de la Paix, the London Strand, the Bund of Shanghai. It is at dusk, says O. O. McIntyre, that Hollywood Boulevard takes on its patina of pomp, its grandiose manners of a duchess.

Special Photographs  
for NEW MOVIE  
by Stagg



# VIGNETTES OF HOLLYWOOD

Strange Stories of the  
Odd Folk Who Walk  
Its Boulevard, Seeking  
the Bubble of Fame

By O. O. McIntyre

**M**OST of us who are not as yet quite ripe for the ether cone remember when Hollywood Boulevard was a jungle of wild brush in that forlorn strip of wasteland that Los Angeles forgot. Slowly and skeptically we watched it burgeon and bloom into one of the great cross-roads of the world.

Just fourteen years ago this sad-eyed chronicler was offered one of the choice lots, the dimensions of which escape me, on the site where the Warner Brothers' Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard stands. The price was something less than \$500. Four years ago it would have brought \$250,000. Today—but what's the use?

It epitomizes only one of the miracles of a commonplace village street that takes its place among the great thoroughfares of the globe—London's Strand, the Bund of Shanghai, that four-block strip that is the Rue de la Paix and "the street that whips the universe"—old Broadway.

**I**N this year of 1930, indeed, Hollywood Boulevard is more of a Rialto than Broadway was in the flourishing days when John Drew held forth at the stately Empire and Weber and Fields were choking each other silly at the Broadway.

One thing is certain, no street so grips the youth of the land. It encompasses a frozen bubble at which thousands clutch, miss to vanish into the obscurity from whence they came. It has also lifted its fortunate quota of those who cried "Cash!" in many a small-town store to undreamed palaces on the cowering pinnacles of Beverly Hills.

It is a delicately flanged bowl of champagne with roses on top and piercing thorns underneath—a high-ball and a headache! From all four corners of the world they drift there to sink or swim. No one knows its future or no one knows its past. Like the Sphinx, it remains inscrutable.

All we see is its outward splendor and surface tragedies. When I think of Hollywood Boulevard I somehow think of "Memphis," a blond young newsboy



Everybody goes to Henry's—the stars, the near stars, the extras, the sightseers—says Mr. McIntyre. It is noisy but it has a bonhomie that few eating places have achieved. Henry was a character actor and his restaurant is reputed to have been backed by Charlie Chaplin.

who came to Hollywood from some forks of the creek hugging his Big Dream and who is now snagged on a boulevard corner crying "Extras!" of murder and a world wet with tears and who reads in off hours consoling thoughts of Epictetus. He typifies in a measure the spirit of Hollywood Boulevard.

**I**T is at dusk that the boulevard takes on its patina of pomp—its grandiose manners of a duchess. The pink neon lights of Montmartre café, which carefully advertises its pronunciation of "Mo-Mart," cast their soft effulgence. Debonair Eddie Brandstetter takes his stand at the silken ropes to welcome the white-



# FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE EARTH THEY COME TO



Hollywood Boulevard looking west from Cahuenga. All about you may be found the folk who come to Hollywood from all corners of the globe, in quest of the fabulous fortune of the films. The lucky ones pass in limousines, the unlucky sell you your evening newspaper.

ermined ladies and the silk-topped gentlemen who constitute Hollywood's Who's Who.

A few blocks away is the incoherent clatter of Henry's, a place reputed to have been backed by Chaplin. Henry is an old character actor with a leonine head and a great shock of white hair. Everybody goes to Henry's, the stars, the near-stars, the extras and the visiting yaps from Hickory Corners. It is noisy but it has a bonhomie that few eating places have achieved.

Over there is Bessie Love and Mary Astor. At another table Jack Holt. At still another Tom Mix, Fatty Arbuckle, and Lew Cody. And always some time during the evening Charlie Chaplin himself comes mincing in to take a chair and swap gossip—Charlie is a hound for gossip—with Hollywood's entrepreneur extraordinary, Sid Grauman. Grauman is the little 'Frisco newsie with the mop of wild hair, who is as much an integral part of Hollywood Boulevard as the Times Building is of Longacre Square.

**I**N a single evening at Henry's I have bowed to Adela Rogers St. Johns, that irrepressible tattler; Louella O. Parsons, the sober-sided Conrad Nagel, Al St. Johns, who may walk out on his hands just for a laugh, smiling Norman Kerry, Mike Donlin—and who can forget his strut when he knocked the apple over the garden wall? Watterson Rothacker, buxom Marie Dressler and sloe-eyed Bebe Daniels.

Henry's is the evening town pump, the open forum and the clearing place for the gossip of the studios. After the stars come out, figuratively and literally, of course, Montmartre is the high spot. Montmartre—pronounced "Mo-Mart"—where a jazz band, colored

balloons and confetti give the glamour of a nightly Mardi Gras.

If you are famous you are spotlighted and introduced by the Maestro Ben Bernie at the moment to take a bow. And you will always win a big hand at Montmartre no matter who you are. Montmartre patrons are that way. The world has been good to them and they are grateful.

Every Friday night is "celebrity night" at Montmartre and the guest of honor for the evening has a special ringside table and presents a cup to the winners of the elimination dance contest. The luncheon hour at Montmartre is a mixture of cinema and the literati. Big guns and big shots!

Rupert Hughes and his titian-haired wife, once a comedienne, are usually there. Also Ted Cook, the humorist. Once in a while David Wark Griffith strolls in. And Douglas Fairbanks, William Randolph Hearst and Peter B. Kyne.

Then there is on Hollywood Boulevard Musso-Frank's interesting café—a favored eating place of transplanted foreigners. The great Lubitsch is there often. It has the informality of the circular bar at a Paris bistro and is famous for its flannel cakes, *i.e.*, batter cakes as thin as wafers and the size of a huge plate.

**T**HE Pig 'n' Whistle, decorated in Chinese red, is for those who take their Hollywood seriously, dine quietly and disappear early to study and be up at the first flash of the sun. Attractive little girls circulate among the tables and pour you a second cup of coffee without being asked. They too look with longing eyes toward the studios.

Interspersed here and there in the medley are gypsy tea rooms, dim lit and including tea or coffee-ground



# HOLLYWOOD'S BOULEVARD OF HOPE AND TRAGEDY

readings in the *prix fixe*. There may be a dark handsome director in the bottom of the cup! Too, there are "horoscope" pitch men clotted along the curbs who will read your future for a dime.

Newcomers to Hollywood, as well as the old-timers, are "fortune-telling" conscious. The extravagant legends of the seers are thick. Valentino was told he would meet a mysterious death in New York the day before he started East. Mabel Normand was informed she was facing a lingering illness. Mary Miles Minter was warned of "a dangerous plot." Or so superstitious Hollywood foolishly believes. Not realizing that crystal gazers are the shrewdest of all propagandists.

**H**OLLYWOOD has the manner of a small factory town in the pink of early morning. Everybody is up at 6 A. M. to be off to the studios—the extras with actual jobs as well as the stars. The street benches fill with those who await "the lucky break." They have faced a thousand casting offices: "Sorry, but nothing today"; but they are the incurable optimists who never lose hope. They can reel off a hundred epics of famous stars who met every discouragement for months and years but waited—and won. And so they wait, gangly legged girls and freckled drug-store sheiks from the prairie cottage and village street, incredibly old women, gnarled old men, and living skeletons.

In the mid-center of Hollywood Boulevard is that faded, old stucco building with its shabby patch of lawn, a relic of old Hollywood and its briar patches. It is the only place the entire length of the boulevard where one may find ladies who do not resemble expectant actresses.

Otherwise every man, woman and child in the section is "cinema crazy." The butcher shop has an autographed picture in the window of Tessie Tottle proclaiming: "I like your meat" and he does a thriving business. An autographed picture of Greta Garbo in a millinery shop window would make any milliner independent for life. And you may quote me freely on that!

(Continued on page 127)



Above, the Montmartre as its first lights confront the soft California sunset. Here come the white-ermined lodies and silk-hotted gentlemen who constitute Hollywood's Who's Who.



Left, the Pig'n Whistle, decorated in Chinese red, is for those who take their Hollywood seriously, dine quietly and hurry home. Even here, says O.O. McIntyre, you find that the pretty girls who pour your coffee look with longing eyes toward the studios.



## Hollywood Falls Under the Seductive Spell of the Empire Influence

Special Photographs  
For NEW MOVIE  
by Hurrell and Richee



Just above Clara Bow is wearing a chic frock of black crepe, accented with dots of silver and gold in mass design. This high-waisted dress, by the way, is worn by Miss Bow in the restaurant scenes of her new picture, "Her Wedding Night." At the right Joan Crawford is attired in glittering, shimmering satin that gives an appearance of patent leather. This form-fitting evening gown was originated by Adrian expressly for Miss Crawford. Cut in an intricate pattern the dress displays the approved lines for Fall and early Winter evening wear.





# When WINTER Comes



Black satin pajamas, such as Clara Bow is wearing in the picture above, are just the thing for the afternoon in the drawing room. Over the pleated trousers and basque Miss Bow dons a white shawl fringed in white silk and embroidered in black jet. The stunning evening gown worn by Joan Crawford at the left was designed by Adrian. Made of crepe Elizabeth, this gown is fashioned with a slenderizing waistline and curved hipline pattern. The dress ends at the floor in front and has a sweeping train at the back. Beads, hand sewn onto the cowl neckline and adding weight to the drape at the back, lend a delicate richness to the costume, as well as causing weeks of extra work for the costume maker. The wrap worn with this dress is of crepe Elizabeth and is knee length, with flaring sleeves.





A charming retiring outfit is demonstrated by Miss Bow left. It is created of pink satin, lace and ermine. A short sleeved jacket bound with ermine is worn over the one-piece pajamas. The pajamas are girdled with silver and trimmed with ecru lace.



The tailored girl will continue to lend her capable appearance in contrast to her fluffier neighbor during the coming season. At the right Miss Crawford presents the newest thing in woolen frocks. Here Miss Crawford has chosen a Forstmann's chiffon worsted material done in the approved tunic style with touches of white on the collar, belt buckle and cuffs. A close fitting styled hat becomes this type of dress.



The Empire influence again is apparent in the hostess gown worn by Miss Bow at the right. The high waist line, accented with blue velvet ribbon and flowers, allows the narrow pleats of the blue chiffon skirt to fall straight to the floor. A striped metal jacket with jaunty fox-trimmed sleeves gives added effectiveness to the costume.



Russia is the inspiration of the smart suit worn by Miss Crawford at the left. Made in the Russian manner of Forstmann's Zenita, a novelty fabric, the suit reveals cartridge trimmings on the sleeves and at the front of the belted-in knee-length coat. All this lends a military air, while the skirt blends with the tailored style.



# HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY  
EVELYN GRAY

Special Photographs for NEW MOVIE

## Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders Give a Real Ping-Pong Tournament and Entertain at a Buffet Supper

VISITORS from all over the United States saw how Hollywood can entertain its guests when Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders—Mrs. Saunders is Fay Wray—gave a party for the tennis champions who came West to compete in the famous Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament, held at the Los Angeles Tennis Club.

Fay and her husband, a well-known author, have a lovely tennis court and are intense tennis fans. They had a box for the tournament and met some of the players. So on a Saturday evening, following the matches, they entertained with a delightful dinner dance at their home in the Hollywood foothills.

The beautiful gardens, patio and tennis court, surrounded by acacia trees and covered with honeysuckle, were lighted with colored rays and bright lights played upon the playing court. The main feature of the affair was a real ping-pong tournament, which was very amusing. Wilmer Allison, who beat Bill Tilden at Wimbledon, Sidney Wood, George Lott, Marjorie Gladman and

Marjorie Morrill, all ranking stars of the court, took part.

THERE was a buffet supper, of course. You never see a sit-down dinner in Hollywood any more for over twelve people except at Marion Davies' residence. Long tables were set in the beautiful, wood-paneled dining room and small tables were arranged in the drawing room, the pretty green-painted library, and in the flowered patio.

After dinner the ping-pong tournament started. Three tables had been set on the tennis court, and the playing had been arranged by seeding, exactly as done in the big tennis tournament itself.

Charlie Chaplin, Eddie Lowe, Dick Arlen, Ronald Colman, Bill Powell, Jack Mulhall and Clive Brook were among the men who took part. But the amateur champions were too good for them. The only outsider who reached the finals was Bill Hawks, Bessie Love's husband. He used to be a great tennis player himself.

Across the ping-pong tables at Fay Wray's party. Miss Wray is presenting one cup to Sidney Wood, while Lilyan Tashman is presenting another—and smaller—cup to Cliff Setter. In the group are Georgia Hale, Charlie Chaplin, John Monk Saunders, Richard Arlen, Jobyna Ralston and Bessie Love.







An all-star party, given by Fay Wray and her husband. In the group above you can find, if you look closely, such famous folk as Richard Arlen, Eddie Sutherland, Marshal Neilan, Edmund Lowe, John Monk Saunders, Jules Furthman, Lilyan Tashman, Jesse Lasky, Jr., Fay Wray, Charlie Chaplin, Jobyna Ralston, Bessie Love and Jack Mulhall.

THE finals were between Bill Hawks and Sidney Wood, Cliff Sutter and Allan Herrington — who had played exhibition singles against Helen Wills Moody that afternoon. Sidney Wood was the final winner.

The girls' entries included Marjorie Morrill, Midge Gladman, Georgia Hale, Fay Wray, Lilyan Tashman, June Collyer, Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Estelle Taylor Dempsey, Jobyna Ralston Arlen and Mrs. Clive Brook.

Midge Gladman and Marjorie Morrill played the finals and Midge won.

After the tournament there was dancing and bridge.

FAY WRAY, as hostess, wore a simply cut frock of pale blue, embroidered in gold. Janet Gaynor was in ivory chiffon, with a plaited skirt and a winged cape.

June Collyer, looking exceptionally beautiful, had a dance dress of blue net, with a full, flowing skirt that just cleared the floor. And Jobyna Arlen (Mrs. Richard Arlen) was in white satin, trimmed with real lace.

Lilyan Tashman wore a backless, powder blue lace gown, belted tightly at the waist line with a narrow satin band, ornamented with an exquisite buckle of star

sapphires and diamonds. Bessie Love was in ivory satin and Clive Brook's pretty English wife wore ivory white crêpe, with jewelry in a lovely shade of blue.

MRS. JACK MULHALL was in black lace and net, embroidered in brilliants, and Estelle Taylor wore white satin, heavily trimmed in gold metal.

Georgia Hale, who came with Charlie Chaplin, was in eggshell chiffon, belted with velvet of a deeper tone. Nearly all the new dinner-dance frocks seemed to have this narrow belt exactly at the waist line.

(Continued on page 105)



Just before the guests arrived, Miss Wray looked over the prettily decorated tables arranged for the buffet supper.





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

ONA MUNSON



# REVIEWS: By Frederick James Smith

## THREE FACES EAST

Warners

Directed by Roy Del Ruth.  
The cast: *Frances Hawtree*, Constance Bennett; *Valdar*, Eric von Stroheim; *Arthur Chamberlain*, Anthony Bushell; *Mr. Yates*, William Countenay; *General Hewlett*, Crauford Kent; *Lady Chamberlain*, Charlotte Walker; *Sir Winston Chamberlain*, William Holden.

The combination of two such troupers as Eric Von Stroheim and Constance Bennett is unbeatable. Couple two stunning performances with an excellent spy melodrama of the World War—and you have corking entertainment. Von Stroheim plays a butler in the household of Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty. Despite his obvious Teutonic nationality, the fellow is a trusted servant. Of course, he is a spy. Miss Bennett in turn is a British spy, who has worked her way into the good graces of the German headquarters staff. She is sent to England by the Germans and the ensuing battle of wits between the spies is thrilling melodrama. A swell thriller.

Best—Eric Von Stroheim



## WHAT A WIDOW!

United Artists

Directed by Allan Dwan.  
The cast: *Tamarind*, Gloria Swanson; *Gerry*, Owen Moore; *Victor*, Lew Cody; *Valli*, Margaret Livingston; *Mr. Lodge*, William Holden; *Jose Alvarado*, Herbert Braggiotti; *Bastikoff*, Gregory Gaye; *Paulette*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Marquis*, Nella Walker; *Masseuse*, Daphne Pollard.

Quite a step from "The Trespasser." Here Gloria Swanson does a lively slap-stick farce. She plays Tamarind Brooks, a young widow who is bequeathed five millions. She starts out to see life. Her adventures of the heart lead across to Paris, where she becomes involved with an eternally inebriated ballroom dancer. She herself drinks until she passes out and the chap puts her to bed. This is the scene that will get a gasp or two. However, as the dancer steps from the room, the door snaps locked and our widow is safe. The tempo of this comedy is fast and Miss Swanson is sartorially and dramatically effective as she blossoms forth from timid widowhood.

Best—Gloria Swanson



## THE BAD MAN

First National

Directed by Clarence Badger.  
The cast: *Pancho Lopez*, Walter Huston; *Ruth Pell*, Dorothy Revier; *Gilbert Jones*, James Rennie; *Henry Taylor*, O. P. Heggie; *Morgan Pell*, Sidney Blackmer; *Angela Hardy*, Marion Bryon; *Red Giddings*, Guinn Williams; *Pedro*, Arthur Stone; *Hardy*, E. Aldersen; *Jose*, Harry Semels.

The exceedingly versatile Walter Huston does his stuff again. Here he is the gay, amorous, barbarous, but bluntly honest Mexican bandit, once played so well on the stage and in the silent films by the late Holbrook Blinn. The play itself was a satirical comedy melodrama contrasting the close-to-the-soil naturalness of the Mexican with the devious civilized manners of Americans. The swaggering Pancho Lopez, who adjusts his problems with his six-shooter, is done with color and vigor by Mr. Huston. It's quite a striking contrast to his Abraham Lincoln. This talkie version, on the whole, is quite good.

Best—Walter Huston



## LILIOM—Fox

Directed by Frank Borzage.  
The cast: *Liliom*, Charles Farrell; *Julie*, Rose Hobart; *Madam Muskat*, Estelle Taylor; *The Buzzard*, Lee Tracy; *Linzman*, James Marcus; *The Carpenter*, Walter Abel; *Marie*, Mildred Van Dorn; *Hollinger*, Guinn Williams; *Aunt Hulda*, Lillian Elliott; *Wolf*, Bert Roach; *The Chief Magistrate*, H. B. Warner; *Louise*, Dawn O'Day.

The screen steadily grows more venturesome. Some years ago Franz Molnar's "Liliom" was turned into a silent picture—and murdered in the process. Now the talkies take over this strange fantasy—and develop it into an absorbing talkie. Borzage, the director, has moved out into the realm of imagery merely suggested by Molnar's drama and, aided by ingenious camerawork, produced some fine flashes of pictorial fancy. Thus we trace the hero who commits suicide, from the train to heaven to an express to hell; then back to earth for a brief period of regeneration. Charles Farrell's performance of the waster, Liliom, is flat, but Rose Hobart is sympathetic.

Best—Rose Hobart



## THE SPOILERS

Paramount

Directed by Edwin Carewe.  
The cast: *Roy Glenister*, Gary Cooper; *Helen Chester*, Kay Johnson; *Cherry Malotte*, Betty Compson; *McNamara*, William Boyd; *Herman*, Harry Green; *Slapjack Simms*, Slim Sumner; *Dextry*, James Kirkwood; *Judge Stillman*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Struve*, Oscar Apfel; *Voorhees*, Jack Holmes.

Way back in—let's see—1913, Rex Beach's Alaskan gold rush story, "The Spoilers," was filmed. That film set a mark at which pictures shot for years. It had a great fight scene, graphically done by William Farnum and Tom Santschi. Just as the immortal Dempsey-Firpo battle gains with the years, this combat grew to heroic proportions in the memories of fans. Here is the same old melodrama, dusted up a bit, with Gary Cooper and William Boyd as the combatants. It's a fair enough fight but somehow the story has aged terribly. Indeed, the yarn wheezes along at snail's pace, completely outdated. How dramatic fashions change!

Best—Gary Cooper



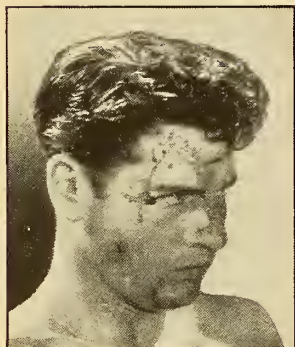


# ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW



The Warners found a new and stunning newcomer, Claudia Dell, for the rôle of the belle of old Bath in the 17th Century. This is a mild and gentle-mannered costume story done in pastel color photography. Although all the young blades pay court to her, Kitty Bellairs has lost her heart to a mysterious masked highwayman. Signs, sword play, and furbelows—and little action. There are a few songs. Such well-known players as Ernest Torrence, Walter Pidgeon, and June Collyer seem lost. Altogether, a pretty but weak costume film of mild merit. However, Miss Dell has a certain promise if she gets an opportunity.

Best—Claudia Dell



Adapted from one of John Russell's South Sea yarns. A handsome ne'er-do-well, a stowaway girl and a pearl-hunting expedition. When the girl is captured by cannibals, our hero (at the moment in a diving suit on the ocean floor) strides ashore and scares the natives into believing he is a god. All this makes for thrills, even if they are hardly believable. Still, the photographic sweep of the tropic sea has its appeal and the plot is ingeniously contrived to be theatrically effective. Richard Arlen is ingratiating as the adventurer and Fay Wray is very much the lady as the waif of the islands.

Best—Richard Arlen



What's this? The famous Frankie and Johnnie of lyric fame (very much adulterated, we hasten to add), before the background of a Havana dive. Frankie, in this expurgated adaptation, is enslaved by the dashing racketeer, Johnnie, but the handsome and honest sailor, Dan, comes along and carries off Frankie to a better life. Helen Twelvetrees is a surprisingly appealing Frankie while Dan is done well enough by Phillips Holmes. Marjorie Rambeau plays a small rôle, of a derelict, and the ornate Thelma Todd is Nellie Bly. This film has a certain theatrical effectiveness, largely due to Miss Twelvetrees.

Best—Helen Twelvetrees



This was a highly successful stage musical comedy. Now, however, producers believe that the public is afraid of musical films. Box-office reports certainly indicate a general public timidity when song films come to town. In filming, "Follow Thru," its Hollywood makers decided to play up the weak and wobbly plot of a young golf pro and a pretty golfer—and to play down the musical numbers. The result is pretty dull, even with Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers as pleasant co-stars. The original hits—including "Button Up Your Overcoat"—are pleasant if familiar melodies.

Best—Nancy Carroll



After you have read Adela Rogers St. Johns' analysis of Clara Bow elsewhere in this issue, you surely will want to see her in her newest screen effort. The star deserves better of her employers than this undress bedroom farce with obviously racy intentions. It is based on an Avery Hopwood farce, "Little Miss Bluebeard," and hurries in and out of boudoir doors in relating the yarn of a young woman who discovers she is married (accidentally, Mr. Hays, purely accidentally) to two men at once. Miss Bow works hard to please and the redoubtable Charlie Ruggles—first aid to many 1930 films—is gorgeous in the rôle entirely too brief. You must see his imitation of a cat.

Best—Clara Bow

## SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

Warners

Directed by Alfred E. Green.  
The cast: *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, Claudia Dell; *Sir Jasper Standish*, Ernest Torrence; *Lord Verney*, Walter Pidgeon; *Captain O'Hara*, Perry Askam; *Julia Standish*, June Collyer; *Colonel Villiers*, Lionel Belmore; *Captain Spicer*, Arthur E. Carew; *Gossip*, Flora Finch; *Tom Stafford*, Douglas Gerrard; *Lydia*, Christiane Yves.

## THE SEA GOD

Paramount

Directed by George Abbott.  
The cast: *Philip "Pink" Barker*, Richard Arlen; *Daisy*, Fay Wray; *"Square Deal" McCarthy*, Eugene Pallette; *Schultz*, Robert Gleckler; *Pearly Nick*, Ivan Simpson; *Abe*, Bob Perry; *Rudy*, Maurice Black; *Bill*, Fred Wallace.

## HER MAN—Pathé

Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Frankie*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Annie*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Johnnie*, Ricardo Cortez; *Dan*, Phillips Holmes; *Steve*, James Gleason; *Eddie*, Harry Sweet; *Al*, Stanley Fields; *Red*, Matthew Betz; *Nelly*, Thelma Todd; *Sport*, Franklin Pangborn; *Bartender*, Mike Donlin.

## FOLLOW THRU

Paramount

Directed by Schwab and Corrigan. The cast: *Jerry Downs*, Charles Rogers; *Lora Moore*, Nancy Carroll; *Angie Howard*, Zelma O'Neal; *Jack Martin*, Jack Haley; *J. C. Effingham*, Eugene Pallette; *Ruth Van Horn*, Thelma Todd; *Mae Moore*, Claude King; *Mrs. Bascomb*, Kathryn Givney; *Babs Bascomb*, Margaret Lee; *Dinty Moore*, Don Tomkins; *Martin Bascomb*, Albert Gran.

## HER WEDDING NIGHT

Paramount

Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Norma Martin*, Clara Bow; *Larry Charters*, Ralph Forbes; *Bertie Bird*, Charlie Ruggles; *Bob Talmadge*, Skeets Gallagher; *Gloria Marshall*, Genevieve Mitchell; *Lulu*, Rosita Moreno; *Eva*, Natalie Kingston; *Smithers*, Wilson Bengie; *Mrs. Marshall*, Lillian Elliott.



# ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

## OUTWARD BOUND

Warners

Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: *Tom Prior*, Leslie Howard; *Henry*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Ann*, Helen Chandler; *Mrs. Midget*, Beryl Mercer; *Scrubby*, Alec B. Francis; *Mrs. Cliveden-Bank*, Alison Skipworth; *Rev. William Duke*, Lionel Watts; *Mr. Lingley*, Montagu Love; *Thompson*, the Examiner, Dudley Digges.

Really the mental wanderings of a young man who has attempted suicide by gas beside his sweetheart in a tawdry London flat, this dramatic oddity unfolds on a strange and macabre ship. The vessel, it develops, is a phantom one, peopled by souls who have departed from this earth but who do not realize that death has overtaken them. As the Great Examiner boards the ship, the vessel's whistle dissolves into an ambulance siren. Henry and Anna are being rushed across London for treatment and—life. A strange drama, intelligently handled. Not likely to be of wide popular appeal but a highly courageous production adventure.

Best—Doug Fairbanks, Jr.



## BIG BOY—Warners

Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Gus*, Al Jolson; *Anabel Bedford*, Claudia Dell; *Mrs. Bedford*, Louise Closser Hale; *Jack Bedford*, Lloyd Hughes; *Coley Reed*, Eddie Phillips; *Doc Wilbur*, Lew Harvey; *Jim*, Franklin Batie; *Joe*, John Harron.

This is the Mammy Singer's last Warner Brothers' effort. Al Jolson is now a United Artist. This is Vitaphoned from a musical show done on the stage some time ago by Jolson. He is a blackface all through, playing a Negro stable boy—sentimental, oppressed, misunderstood, but always ready to burst into song. Eventually, Gus (that's Jolson) rides his colt to success in the Kentucky Derby. This, too, despite the best efforts of some wicked gamblers who stop at nothing. Somehow "Big Boy" doesn't lift itself, despite Jolson's strenuous efforts. Can it be that his particular vein of sentimentalism is exhausted?

Best—Al Jolson



## THE OFFICE WIFE

Warners

Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Anne Murdock*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Lawrence Fellows*, Lewis Stone; *Mr. McGowan*, Hobart Bosworth; *Kate Halsey*, Blanche Friderici; *Catherine Murdock*, Joan Blondell; *Linda Fellows*, Natalie Moorehead; *Mr. Jameson*, Brooks Benedict; *Miss Andrews*, Dale Fuller; *Ted O'Hara*, Walter Merrill.

Built from a current magazine serial by Faith Baldwin. Sure fire box-office hit. Here is the problem of the absent-minded big business man, the faithful and decorative secretary and the charming and expensive wife who philanders when opportunity presents itself. So the office wife eats her heart out while the boss goes on oblivious to things about him. In the end, the girl who has shouldered the boss's office problems gets his domestic ones as well, for his wife asks a divorce. Dorothy Mackaill (herself excellent) heads a splendid cast with Lewis Stone as the boss and Natalie Moorehead as the wife.

Best—Dorothy Mackaill



## DIXIANA—RKO

Directed by Luther Reed. The cast: *Dixiana*, Bebe Daniels; *Harold Van Horn*, Everett Marshall; *Pee Wee*, Bert Wheeler; *Ginger*, Robert Woolsey; *Cornelius Van Horn*, Joseph Cawthorne; *Mrs. Van Horn*, Jobyna Howland; *Poppy*, Dorothy Lee; *Royal Montague*, Ralph Harolde; *Blondell*, Edward Chandler.

Pretentious but dull musical extravaganza. Bebe Daniels is a New Orleans circus beauty. She is loved by the handsome and wealthy son of a plantation owner but the lad's parents do their best to prevent the match. Indeed, the beautiful Dixiana is almost captured by a sleek, unscrupulous gambler. Miss Daniels does well enough but Everett Marshall (as the stalwart hero) acts as badly as all the rest of the Broadway singing importations. Among the comedians present are Joe Cawthorne, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey—and they are all pretty poor here. The Mardi Gras is Technicolored.

Best—Bebe Daniels



## MADAM SATAN—M-G-M

Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: *Angela Brooks*, Kay Johnson; *Bob Brooks*, Reginald Denny; *Tricie*, Lillian Roth; *Jimmy Wade*, Roland Young; *Martha*, Elsa Petersen; *Officers of Zeppelin*, Boyd Irwin, Wallace MacDonald, Maine Geary, Allan Lane, Kenneth Gibson; *Guests at Masked Ball Aboard Zeppelin*: Wilfred Lucas, Tyler Brooke, Lotus Thompson, Vera Marsh, Martha Sleeper, Doris McMahon, Marie Valli.

The man who revolutionized American plumbing is back again with a new tinselled shocker. I refer to Cecil De Mille and his latest film, "Madam Satan." The old boudoir and bath wizard, I regret to report, seems to be losing his cunning. This one hits a pretty preposterous note. The involved plot concerns a husband, a wife and the inevitable other woman. Wifey finally wins her husband back during a lavish orgy on board a Zeppelin when—zowie—the aircraft is struck by lightning. Everybody has a parachute but our hero. You will have to see "Madam Satan" to learn the remainder of the pretentious thriller. The cast is buried under the De Mille trappings.

Best—Kay Johnson









# The Star Without Illusions

Richard Barthelmess, film idol—business man, analyzes his career cold-bloodedly

By SAMUEL R. MOOK



"THE average life of a film star is five years."  
"The talkies will bring in a complete new set of stars."

"When the talkie turmoil subsides the old favorites will still reign supreme."

These and similar headlines have graced innumerable articles appearing in magazines for the past two years. Reading them and looking at the present line-up one may be forgiven for a sarcastic "Oh, yeah?" or "Is that so?"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has been a star for ten years.

With the exception of Ruth Chatterton and possibly Ann Harding, where are the new stars the talkies have brought in?

The turmoil has subsided, most of the stage actors have been sent back to New York, yet where are the old favorites who were to reign supreme once again? True, Novarro, Colman, Garbo and Shearer are still going strong but none of them has been a star as long as Barthelmess.

What of the old favorites—Mary Pickford, the Tal-madges, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Thomas Meighan, Doug Fairbanks and Lillian Gish and others who shone in the cinematic skies at the time the Barthelmess orbit became ascendant? Their stars have waxed and waned while his has lost not one figurative candlepower.

Surely the fates the gods mete out are based on something more than a hit-and-miss idea. It must be something that goes deeper than that. And a person who talks to Barthelmess for five minutes is pretty apt to know what it is.

He is a man without illusions—at least as regards his career. He will take his screen work from

One of the reasons why Dick Barthelmess has steadily advanced in motion pictures, silent and noisy, lies in the fact that he is not afraid of having a capable cast beside him. No star has given wider opportunities to his fellow players or so much footage to their best scenes.

start to finish and analyze it cold-bloodedly for you. Analyze it without letting his personal likes and dislikes influence his judgment.

"When you are in the midst of a production," he says, "you lose all sense of perspective. Either the new picture is great or you find yourself, unconsciously, comparing it unfavorably to past vehicles. But looking back at your pictures after a lapse of time, you can view them dispassionately. Have you ever noticed, for instance, when a person lights a cigarette in the dark how the match casts shadows and high lights, illuminating prominent features? Well, that's how it is with pictures. Time is the match that makes their faults and merits stand out in bold relief."

Below are the pictures he's made since he first became prominent, with the ratings he himself gives them as entertainment values. AA is exceptional, A good, B fair, and C poor.

## D. W. GRIFFITH PICTURES

|                       |    |
|-----------------------|----|
| Scarlet Days .....    | B  |
| Broken Blossoms ..... | AA |
| The Idol Dancer ..... | A  |
| The Love Flower ..... | B  |
| 'Way Down East .....  | A  |

## INSPIRATION PICTURES

|                          |   |
|--------------------------|---|
| New Toys .....           | C |
| The Beautiful City ..... | C |

(Continued on page 123)



# HOME TOWN STORIES OF THE STARS

BY ROSEMARY BURROWES AND MARTHA INGE

of The Sedalia, Mo., Democrat



Lewis De Laine Offield at the age of eighteen months. Lewis—now Jack Oakie—was born in the Queen City of the Prairie on November 12, 1902.

**H**URRY, Mary, the silver isn't on the table and it's almost time for the guests to arrive."

"But the silver's on, ma'm. I placed it there myself ten minutes ago."

A charming woman, living in Sedalia, Missouri, who was entertaining dinner guests that evening, about twenty-five years ago, walked back into her dining room, thinking she must have been mistaken. But she wasn't. There were no knives, forks, or spoons on the table.

"Where is the silver, Mary? I'll help you, it's getting late."

"But, ma'm," insisted Mary, "the silver is there, on the table."

"Come, Mary, see for yourself. It isn't there and we have no time to waste."

Knowing she had placed the silver on the table, Mary walked into the dining room with a feeling of assurance, but at the first look she turned pale. There were no knives, forks, or spoons to be seen.

**S**HE wondered if she had been dreaming, or just what had taken place.

She looked in the drawer where the silver was kept. It was gone. Again she looked on the table. Not there! Then she did get worried. She looked everywhere. It was time for the guests to arrive, and still no silverware.

What could have happened to it? There had been no one in the room except a neighbor's child, Lewis Offield, who had been pottering around while she set the table.

He couldn't have carried it off. It was gone nevertheless. Some of the guests who attended that dinner never did know that it was served thirty minutes late because the hostess had to call on the neighbors for silver to take the place of her own which was missing.

Meanwhile, the mystery of the lost silver was not solved for two days when the neighbor boy, Lewis De Laine Offield, now the famous Jack Oakie, toddled into the house, turned over a sofa pillow, and there, bright and

shining, was the missing silver—just where he had placed it two days before. He looked up, his freckled face covered with a grin—and that grin alone saved him from the spanking he had so truly earned.

**I**T is just such incidents that Sedalians remember of this now famous movie star, who was born in the Queen City of the Prairie, November 12, 1902, but left at the age of four years with his parents, to reside in Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Then again there was the time his mother took him to a club meeting. It was one of those meetings where some one reads a paper, usually one of considerable length, and certainly uninteresting to a small child.

Lewis tried his best to sit still. It was pretty hard. He squirmed and twisted. His mother sh-s-shushed him several times. Finally the reader paused to turn a page. Lewis thought she was certainly through and a sigh of relief was heard accompanied by, "Well, fank doodness, she's free." But she wasn't. She went right on, much to the child's astonishment, and no wise-crack Jack Oakie has ever made to the millions of stage fans could ever be any more amusing than was his "Oh, my doodness, she ain't!" at that moment.

**S**EDALIANS love Jack Oakie. They crowd the theater when he appears. They watch his expression and applaud his wise-cracks. He looks like his father and acts like his mother. He brings back memories. They have watched his career and are proud of him because he is a native son.

They remember when he went to Muskogee from Sedalia. How he attended school there and in Kansas City. They'll tell you of the story brought back from Muskogee of how he told the government officials he was a Creek Indian.

There were many Indians living in his school district, and much talk about Indian allotments and reservations. Lewis was interested in the Indian children and felt badly because he was not of their clan.

One evening he came home from school and announced that when a man had come into his school room and asked all the Indian children to rise, he stood up.

"You are no Indian," said his mother, "why did you stand?"

"I thought it would be nice," he said. "There were only two boys stood up, so I helped them out. They said they were Cherokees but I

told the man I was a Creek."

Jack Oakie, then Master Lewis Offield, at the age of four. Mrs. Offield, Jack's mother, conducted the Offield School of Expression at Sedalia in those days.

"But why in the world did you say you were a Creek?" asked his





# Missouri has Happy Recollections of Lewis Offield, now a Famous Hollywood Notable Named Jack Oakie

astonished and horrified mother. "I decided to be a Creek," he told her, "because they have more money than the Cherokees, and I wanted to be a rich Indian, if I was going to be one at all."

**J**ACK'S father, J. M. Offield, died in Muskogee and was buried in Sedalia. It was then the mother took her two small children, Alice Evelyn, better known as Sally, and the son, a few years younger, to New York.

Mrs. Offield was the daughter of a Methodist minister, Rev. Albert Jump. She had a college education and had taught school. She was especially trained in expression and in Sedalia conducted the Offield School of Expression.

In New York she placed the two children in school. Jack attended De La Salle High School, New York City, a school conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, and was graduated with high honors.

After leaving school Jack became a board marker and telephone order clerk in a Wall Street brokerage firm. He was a hard worker, and he loved the Wall Street game, but he loved to sing and dance, too.

He had inherited from his talented mother a charming personality. He was witty. He made friends quickly and kept them. He liked people and people liked him. He was a sunshine around an office.

One day his boss, with whom he was a favorite, asked him to do a little stunt in a Junior League Frolic. There was nothing he liked better. He went over big and other invitations came. He took part in many charity functions, but all the while continued his duties as a clerk for the brokerage firm.

**W**HEN an opportunity came to take a small part on the stage, his mother opposed it. She had worked hard to put him through school, he had a chance to rise in the business world, and she did not believe the stage offered much for her son. He thought it might, and he persuaded her that he was right.

Other offers came. His natural talent, his ready wit and constant jokes were a relief to

Jack Oakie used to appear in vaudeville with Lulu McConnell. They are shown at the right. The time is 1926.



How did Lewis De Laine Offield get the name of Jack Oakie? He came to New York from Oklahoma and had a habit of using the expression, "O.K." Thus the cognomen of Oakie grew.



the tired business world. He went into pictures.

Many have wondered why he changed his name. Why should he be known on the stage as Jack Oakie, rather than as Lewis De Laine Offield, and why did he select such a name as Oakie?

Most movie stars use an assumed name. The name Oakie was selected for two reasons. In New York he was hailed by many business associates as "Oklahoma," the name of the state from which he came. That was shortened to Oakie, and this nickname, coupled with his pet expression, "O. K." (and everything was O. K. to him) caused that name to be selected.

**I**N the picture, "Fast Company," which has been so popular, friends of the Offield family wonder if there is anything significant in the fact that the home town of the young baseball player (Jack Oakie), is  
(Continued on page 121)





The newsreels recently brought John D. Rockefeller to the screen. These sound films revealed that the famous financier possesses a singularly vivid personality.

## The Film Presenting World Events and Famous People Achieves New Importance with the Dawn of Sound

BY  
LOUIS REID

**W**ERE the restless rajahs of the newsreels to gather around an incredible conference table to decide who in all the world is most deserving of their salaams as well as their shekels, their task would not be as difficult as you might imagine. The meeting would be over as quickly as they could say "George Bernard Shaw."

Shaw is to the talking newsreel what Massa Jolson is to the talking pictures. He put them where they are today and the rajahs are more than satisfied.

Just as Massa Jolson swept out of the Hollywood goldfields with a tear in his voice for sonny boy and caused the croupiers of the cinema to rake in the money as it was never raked before, Britain's most provocative man of letters, airing his attitude on manners and morals for the benefit of the sound cameras of the headline hunters, put over the talking newsreels in what the boys still call a great big way.

The sprightliest of philosophers, he is also the big It-man of the newsreels, presenting that rarest of combinations—brains and sex appeal. It's hard to believe, Madame Glyn, but it's true. It is cause for dancing in the streets of Hollywood. The long-awaited dream come true. The complete and perfect answer to the picture-men's prayers.

**T**HE fates are ever kind to the movie men. They produce a Jolson at a time when a national yawn was stretching from Gotham to the Golden Gate over the apparent halt in the progress of the screen—a restless and independent Jolson growing more and more indifferent to the irksome, if profitable, labors of lifting a footlight voice to mammy. Forthwith, their problems are solved. Forthwith Hollywood becomes again a promised land, promising untold riches, untold dominion over the seats of the mighty moviegoer.

Chaos, you will remember, stalked for a time while the wiring of theaters became the order of the day. The newsreel men

were concerned with silent representations of the highlights of the world's events, were caught in the whirlpool of feverish confusion. What to do? What to do? Why, of course, they would go talkie too. They could not do otherwise and continue on speaking terms with their bankers.

Overnight they scrapped the work of years, work which ever had a glamorous strife of completion, and began to record the voices of their subjects. Fate suddenly, smilingly handed them Shaw on a golden platter—Shaw all undressed and nowhere to go but the films. They shot him on the seaside strands, shot him defiant in an ill-fitting bathing suit, shot him with the remorseless march of time upon his legs and whiskers—scrawny legs, patriarchal whiskers—and bade him talk.

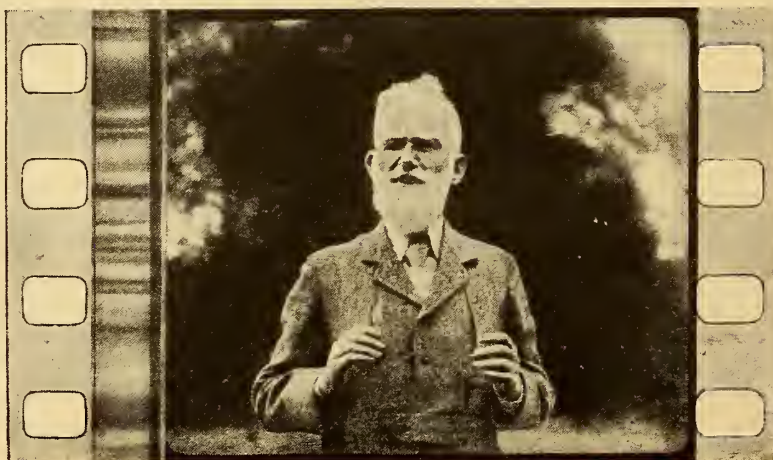
**T**HE signal was right up the Shavian alley. Asking Shaw to talk is like asking an actor to act. He opened his mouth and personality—the rarest personality yet uncovered by the newsreel—leaped across the screen. You absorbed a vital, vivid figure with a superb voice, superb delivery, superb sentences. You saw a magnetic face, with eyes that revealed by their luminosity and depth a profound mind. The effect, in a word, was startling. The word passed up and down the highways that Shaw was not to be missed. Better to miss the Pulitzer prize play, the latest detective novel, the youthful houris of Dr. Ziegfeld.

And so the talking newsreel got off to a winning start that has gained momentum ever since and has placed them among the most alluring accomplishments of the electric age. Gaining experience, the newsreel nomads have left no part of the world untouched by

their roving cameras and sound recorders and today they sit serene and confident atop the amusement mountains.

They worked fast to perfect their new art, the newsreel men.

George Bernard Shaw has been to the talking newsreels what Al Jolson has been to the film drama. Britain's popular man of letters praved just as provocative as Al's best vocal plea for Sunny Boy.





# The Newsreel Comes into Its Own

The spectre of fierce and furious competition faced them on every side. There was no time to lose. It meant complete reorganization in their ranks. Their battalions of cameramen, long trained in grinding silent news subjects, were literally forced overnight to become voice recorders as well. Other field workers had to be recruited and instructed—liaison officers, contact men, microphone operators—a vast army that could keep pace with the latest event, the latest personage in the day's news and capture them for the theaters that dot the earth.

In the background were the generalissimos who mapped out the action of the day—men with discerning eyes and even more discerning minds, men who could anticipate who and what would be the big news of tomorrow and next week and even next month, men who knew how to go places and do things, men experienced in newspaper city rooms, men who when news was scarce tracked down the novel and unusual and that quality known as human interest.

**S**OON they were ready and those who went down to the theater with incredulous ears began to realize that the newsreel was no longer a mere filler on a movie program but that it was good enough to stand by itself, an attraction which spectacularly vitalized the news of the day for all to hear, for all to see. Feeling the public pulse, the newsreel men set about fulfilling a long-cherished dream. They established an exclusively newsreel theater on Broadway. With an admission fee of 25 cents and a continuous program they set out to catch the casual passerby, the transient pedestrian, the person with a few minutes to spare who might like the effect

A perilous climb along the steel framework of Eiffel Tower is just part of the daily job of the newsreel cameraman. Here John Sorel (center) is getting into position to photograph Paris from the dizzy tower heights.



Keystone View Company

H.R.H., The Prince of Wales, has always been an important figure in the newsreels, both silent and noisy. He is the most photographed young man in the world, save our own Lindbergh. The sound newsreels appear to have added to the Prince's world popularity.

of a newspaper or magazine recorded on the screen.

Again they struck gold. The Embassy proved a hit from the start. It provided startling entertainment at a figure ridiculously low. Its schedule, moving on a fifty-minute basis, brought a ceaseless flow of money to the coffers, and it became at once a new and unique institution.

Across its silver screen passes everybody—well, most everybody—in the day's news. No sooner does the aged



© by Paramount News and Associated Press



# The Adventure and Thrill Behind the Newsreel

Poultney Bigelow visit the lonely Hohenzollern at Doorn, to apologize for some ugly words which he heaped on his one-time friend when ugly words were as common as cannon shells, than the newsreel men pounce upon him for his impressions.

No sooner does the Emperor Jones return from his far-flung golf dominions than he is revealed in that becoming modesty which has caused him to be hailed as one of the three most popular young men in the world. No sooner does Amy Johnson complete her flight from England to Australia than she is right before the mike and the camera, expressing in tones vivid, vivacious and to the point: "I'm delighted to be here in Sydney—it was my objective."

**T**HE great, the near great, those who by no stretch of the imagination can ever be great, but who figure in the odd and unusual news of the day—all pass before your eyes, all penetrate the eardrums.

Not so long ago, as the sound waves travel, who should the newsreel men bring into their corral but the venerable figure of John D. Rockefeller? A signal victory for the newsreel men, considering John D's traditional reluctance to let the white light of publicity beat down too heavily upon him.

His face, wreathed in a thousand and one wrinkles, stared across the silver sheet. His voice, strong in spite of its age, leaped across the theater, a dominant reminder of a day when it issued orders that brought into being the colossal organization of which the lonely overlord of Pocantico Hills is the head. It did not utter commonplaces upon thrift. It did not express a recipe for longevity—John D. is 90 years old—nor did it repeat that stimulating cry which echoed across the hills last November when the Wall Street pack was in its most headlong rush to cover—"my son and I are buying."

You, of course, remember that cry. It rolled out of Pocantico with the force and volume of that gargantuan gun of the Germans which at intervals during the late unpleasantness pelted the chimney pots of Paris. It reassured a nation. It would have been good to have heard it again—on the news sound cameras. It would have sounded well upon the air had the aged Croesus given it voice as he



Associated Press Photos

Willard Vanderveer (left) and Joseph Rucker (right), the cameramen who filmed the Byrd Expedition during its many lonely months in Antarctica, with Emanuel Cohen, Paramount editor, in the center.

stared intently at you with his shrewdly quizzical eyes. It would have been even more to the ears than it was to the eyes which read it in the newspapers.

It was just not to be. After all, what he talked about was not so important to the newsreel mahatmas as the fact that they had finally captured him after two years of persuasion. The glamorous figure whose greenbacks long ago all turned to yellow finally agreed to emerge for a few minutes from his cloistered retirement in order that his voice and features might be carried to the six-

tieth anniversary celebration of the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland as well as to the rest of the world. His remarks were a greeting to the executives of the mighty organization he brought into being.

The newsreel men on the payroll of the Hearst Metro-tone News were justified in the pride of their achievement, for John D. was an exclusive feature in a field where exclusive features are few and far between. They rushed their films from Ormond Beach, Fla. by air mail to Cleveland but they did not neglect to rush a print to the Embassy Theater. And Broadway stopped to look and listen.

**I**T kept on looking and listening and the more it continued the more it became convinced that like Shaw, Rockefeller also possessed a vivid personality, also possessed, believe it or not, that precious little thing called "it." One could not escape the impression in cupping the ear and squinting the eye at the old man that he would have been a success in whatever walk of life he chose to follow. I wonder how he would have been as an actor. Probably in his younger days a star of "The Count of Monte Cristo" and later in life turning his attention to more serious things, to say, "The Merchant of Venice."

The New York Newsreel Theater is now playing to larger audiences than at the beginning. As many as 48,000 persons have passed through its portals in the course of a week, and the theater's seating capacity is only 568 persons.

(Continued on page 108)



Bixio Alberini risks his life to picture the eruption of Mt. Etna. Burning lava has just struck the building close in front of Alberini and, at the moment this shot was made, is pushing it from its path.



# Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 31)

ing car drew alongside, slowed down and the ugliest, toughest face in the world was pushed out of the front curtain. Bill and Vic were *sure* something was the matter after one peek at that face.

The face opened. That is, one corner of the mouth in the face opened. "You Bill Powell?" came the words.

"Yes," said Bill and took a deep breath. If it was coming it was coming and it was too late to do anything about it now. Then the face beamed into a broad smile.

"Well I seen you last night in a pitcher, Bill. You done good." The gent waved his hand, pulled his head inside the curtain again, and the car shot forward, leaving two very, very relieved persons from Hollywood to go their own way up Michigan Boulevard.

\* \* \*

"I'm tired of France, men, myself, and the world in general. So I'm going to Hollywood." So said Peggy Hopkins Joyce in London and she added, "I'm still looking for my ideal man—someone about thirty-five, tall, dark. But I'm not going to get married again in a hurry." A scout sent out in Hollywood reported that the much-married and far-famed Peggy really is coming to Hollywood. Tall, dark men about thirty-five will please duck for cover.

\* \* \*

HOOT GIBSON finished second in an air race at the National Air Derby held in Chicago. Hoot is the best pilot among the Hollywood airmen and a first class pilot in any league. He has a great eye, perfect control over his muscles, and is as steady as the Rock of Gibraltar.

\* \* \*

BLANCHE SWEET, who has been signing her checks Blanche Neilan for a long time (she was the wife of Micky Neilan), has had her name legally changed back to Blanche Sweet.

\* \* \*

THE population of the United States is 23,191,876.

There are thirty-one states in the Union.

The nation has had thirteen presidents.

The President of the United States is Millard Fillmore.

Easy, easy, we're not crazy. These are the facts as taught in the school room in Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," Jackie Coogan's next picture. Because that's what they were when Tom was roaming the creeks and looking for birds' nests. The date was 1850.

MARLENE DIETRICH, the Berlin beauty now in Hollywood making movies, who has the lead opposite Gary Cooper in "Morocco," says that the happiest women in the world are found in America.

Sea pictures are coming in again.

RUTH CHATTERTON is going to play four rôles in her next picture, "The Right to Live." She will be seen as a young girl, then as a mother, then as a young daughter, then as that daughter grown older. And *that* is going to take acting that only a Chatterton could give.

PRODUCERS in Hollywood say that writers are the hardest people in the world to separate from a job. A writer will be given a script to do, he will take it home and do it in three days—and then put it under his mattress for three weeks. At least, the producers who pay the writer three weeks' salary for what he accomplishes in three days, say so. Hence Harry Rapf, producer at M.-G.-M., was knocked right out of his seat the other day when writer Paul Scofield signed a contract to do a story for Joan Crawford, took it home with him, read it all over again, did some thinking, and then handed it back to Rapf. "Sorry I took it," said Paul. "It's not my kind of a story. Someone else can do it better than I can. No use me working on it for a month and then turning out a bad script."

"Believe me," said Rapf, "most of the boys would have sat on that one and drawn salary for weeks before they turned it back. I'll remember Scofield."

HOLLYWOOD covers about twenty-five square miles. It has sunshine 334 days a year. It is twelve miles from the Pacific Ocean. Its average daytime temperature in winter is 62 degrees, in summer 75.2 degrees. It is about twenty degrees colder at night than it is in the daytime, both winter and summer.

*Clara Bow very, very seldom wears a hat. Even when driving in her open car she merely ties a scarf around her flaming red hair and lets the wind do its worst.*

WILLIAM HAINES always drinks milk for lunch and always wears a silk handkerchief around his neck on the set in between scenes.

THE first Friday night after Lon Chaney died the announcer at the Hollywood American Legion boxing contest called attention to a vacant seat at the ringside. It was Lon's; he had sat there every Friday night. Then the lights were dimmed and Alan Hale climbed into the ring and recited a short poem in memory of their departed friend. The lights were dimmed while Alan spoke and the response of the crowd when they went up again was ample proof of what the "fight crowd" thought of Lon.

BUSTER KEATON started his professional career as an acrobat in vaudeville. That's why he can take those terrible spills he does and not get hurt.

ALICE DUER MILLER, one of the most prominent of women writers in America, is in Hollywood doing some original screen stories for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THE United States Navy is installing talkie equipment on more than two hundred vessels, including dreadnaughts, destroyers and airplane carriers. It will cost about \$5,000 to install talkie equipment in the larger ships and about \$3,000 in the smaller ships. About \$500,000 in all will be spent.

THE Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament held at the Los Angeles Tennis Club drew a great attendance from the motion picture colony. Corinne Griffith was there nearly every day watching the matches and trying to improve her own game by studying the methods of Helen Wills and other ranking tennis stars. She looked particularly lovely in a woolly sport dress of purple-blue and a silk knit hat to match.

William Powell had his mother and father and his aunt and uncle as his guests in his box on several occasions. Ronald Colman had the adjoining box and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess were his guests on the big days of the tournament. Saw Eleanor Boardman in a dark blue polo coat, a beret to match, and a brilliant varicolored silk scarf around her neck.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd had a box and on the final Sunday Mrs. Lloyd wore a suit of pale pink silk, trimmed with ermine. Mr. and Mrs. William de Mille were frequent attendants and had two sets of newlyweds in their box. Mr. de Mille's daughter just married Bernie Fineman and Mrs. de Mille's daughter, who is a coming young actress, became the bride of Donald Cook, stage leading man, the same week. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hobart shared a box with Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud. Bessie Love was there often, looking very pretty in one of these new black hats that are worn back off the face. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes had Aileen Pringle, in severely tailored gray, as their guest. Charlie Farrell attended many matches—and his friends hardly knew him now that he has a regulation hair cut after weeks as "Liliom." Jean Bennett was accompanied by John Considine, Jr., and she wore a three-piece suit of wine-red, trimmed with sable. Gloria Swanson came to see Miss Wills' exhibition matches, and wore a dark blue sport outfit. Gene Markey was her escort. John Gilbert was also there many times during the ten days the tournament lasted.

*Almost all actors and actresses, as well as all people on the sets, are requested to wear rubber heels. That because the sound technicians raised merry Ned about the clack-clack noises made by leather heels.*

THE University of Southern California (which is in Los Angeles, within shooting distance of Hollywood) is giving a course this year in love. It is a psychology class and has to do with human emotion when said human is in love, trying to be, trying to get out of being, or trying to get someone else out of being or into being in love. And the professors do say that the lads and lassies show more enthusiasm for their homework and laboratory work in this class than any other in the university.

DON MARQUIS, playwright and author, is in Hollywood where he is planning to stay for a year or more. Don says he is out here for his health.

(Continued on page 100)





Mary Brian luxuriates in her Louis the XIV bedroom, with its paneled walls, covered with orchid brocade and its dove gray woodwork. The furniture of the bedroom is typical of this period, with occasional hand-decorated pieces. Miss Brian's comforter is in brocaded orchid satin, with a wide border of the plain material. In the far corner is a lamp with a shallow hand-painted shade of pale green.

In the picture at the right Miss Brian is wearing her favorite pajamas of jade green velvet. The low flat topped Louis the XIV dressing table has an overhanging mirror of beveled glass in an ornate frame. The twin lamps have Dresden stands and the shades are of pale green cretonne, sprinkled with orchid flowers. The side lights have flat shades of orchid taffeta. Her dressing table chair has no arms but the low back gives the necessary support. Like the easy chairs it is upholstered in pale green taffeta, figured with orchid sprays.





Miss Brian keeps her favorite books in her bedroom, so that, if she feels the urge to read before retiring, she can recline in comfort upon the soft white fur floor rug. The bookcase is hand decorated with sprays of flowers and fits admirably into her boudoir arrangement.



At the left is another view of Miss Brian's boudoir and still a better one of the young actress's pajamas. This picture, too, gives an excellent idea of the chair upholstery, which has the quaint floral design of the period.

# MOVIE BOUDOIRS

MARY BRIAN



# Christmas in Hollywood

(Continued from page 34)

and Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge) with their two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge), and Mrs. Peg Talmadge. They live next door to Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, so naturally there will be a lot of "visiting" back and forth.

Anna Q. Nilsson is going back to Sweden to spend Christmas with her family. Isn't that good news? Her doctors have told Anna Q. that she is well enough to travel, so she expects to spend some time at home, getting well and strong in the bracing climate of Sweden. Her family has made all sorts of wonderful plans to celebrate her return.

St. Moritz will probably see Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith) at Christmas time. They have definitely planned to go over for the holidays. Now that Corinne isn't working, she can do as she pleases. And how she enjoys it.

For the first time in years, Beverly and Hollywood will miss Colleen Moore. She'll be opening her new play in New York.

**JANET GAYNOR** and her husband, Lydell Peck, will also be at their beach house, near Santa Monica, for Christmas. Mr. Peck's family expects to come down from San Francisco. Mrs. Gaynor lives only a few doors away from her daughter. And there is "Tommy," the little Englishwoman who is guide, friend, secretary and everything else to Janet. She and her two sons will be at Janet's for Christmas.

The Farrells also have been invited for Christmas dinner at Janet and Lydell's, for Mrs. Gaynor and Mrs. Farrell, Charlie's mother, are very close friends, and Charlie's sister and her little boy and husband, have been friends of the Gaynors for years. But the Farrells may decide to have Christmas at home, with just the family.

Gloria Swanson, of course, will spend the entire day with her children. She is planning all sorts of surprises for them, including Christmas carols on the eve of the great day, a real Santa Claus and many charming reminders of the day's real meaning.

**THE Lloyds** will have family and friends in their wonderful Beverly Hills estate. Mr. Lloyd's mother lives close by, and so does Mildred's. And Mildred has a kid brother who will be home from military school. This year, the new little adopted daughter, Peggy Lloyd, will spend her first Christmas with her new family. Every year Mildred Lloyd dresses hundreds of dolls for the Children's Hospital, doing the majority of the work herself. She will do the same this year, and also intends to dress two lovely dolls completely for Gloria and Peggy.

Six thousand miles separated Marlene Dietrich from her husband and baby in Berlin, but she thought nothing of that when Christmas came near and traveled back to her home for the holidays. She'll be right back, because she has made a great hit in her first picture, "Morocco."

Greta Garbo is insisting upon a "white Christmas," so she and one or two very intimate friends of hers are planning to spend the holiday in the high Sierras where the snow and cold are abundant. Greta says that is the closest she can get to home and Sweden this Christmas.

**MARION DAVIES**, as usual, will hold open house for her friends in her place at Santa Monica. In the morning she will give the children at her clinic, in Sawtelle, a real Christmas with a real Santa Claus who will distribute truck-loads of presents to the kiddies. Marion does this every year.

Billy Haines will have a Virginia Christmas in Hollywood. His entire family is now living in Hollywood and they will be together once more for one of those gatherings which so delighted Billy and his sister when they were children in Virginia.

You know, it just occurs to me that more kinds of Christmas will be spent in Hollywood than anywhere in the world. That's because there are so many people here from so many different sections of the country and nations of the world—and they all love to have Christmas just as they did when they were children.

**CHARLES BICKFORD** is certain of doing what Ramon wants to do—spend the Christmas holidays in Mexico. He is going to Mexico City.

And Johnny Mack Brown is going home to Alabama. It will be the first Christmas he and his wife have spent in the South since they came to Hollywood three years ago. They will take their little daughter with them, to get her first look at a real Southern Christmas.

Leila Hyams is also going home—to Long Island where her famous father and mother, the Hyams and McIntyre team of old vaudeville days—will welcome her and hang up a stocking for her just as they did years ago before Leila was a motion picture star.

**ROBERT MONTGOMERY** is going to fly East to New York and says that no storms can stop him. He, also, insists upon a "white" Christmas.

Conrad Nagel is planning one of the most different of all Christmas days. He will spend it with his family on their yacht and is going to have the tree, lighted with tiny electric bulbs, the presents, a Santa Claus who comes through a porthole, and all. The Nagels will be on a cruise off the coast of Southern California.

All in all this one is being planned as the best Christmas ever. The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is going to spend over twenty thousand dollars in decorating the streets alone. They are having specially designed Christmas trees constructed to fit around all the electroliers on Hollywood Boulevard. These will make the Boulevard look like one long row of old fashioned Christmas trees with a golden glow in their center.

The stars are more secretive than they ever have been about what they

are planning for their friends. Until this year the word would leak out that so-and-so was going to give her friend this or that for Christmas. But this year no one knows who is going to give who what. But it is certain that a great deal of giving will take place on Christmas Day in Hollywood. All the stars are thankful for what they have received during the year and feel that on this day, Christmas, they can be Santa Claus all they care to be.

**PHILLIPS HOLMES** will go to New York to join his father and family. His father, Taylor Holmes, is doing a play in New York. He will give his father a watch and a friend of his is bringing some perfume back from Paris which Phil will give his mother.

Dick Arlen and Joby Ralston say they want to spend the day on their boat, but will most probably stay at home and have a large tree. Dick is going to give Joby an emerald and sapphire ring for Christmas and Joby is giving Dick a new Packard phaeton.

William Powell will have Christmas dinner with his father and mother in Hollywood. He plans to give his mother some new furs and his father an order on the best tailor in town for several suits.

Mary Brian will return from New York to Hollywood and have a small tree with her brother in their apartment. Mary always sends greeting cards to every prop boy, grip and electrician she knows in Hollywood. She sends more than one thousand cards.

Fifty Dorsay says that she has worked on Christmas Day for years. But this year will be different. She will have a large decorated tree in her home in Hollywood and will have her brother and sister, all that remains from her large family, with her. "I'm going to have lots of presents for them," she says, "and a big dinner—more than anyone can eat. I want my friends to drop in and see us. I'm going to be happy, this Christmas, and not working, you bet."

**WARNER BAXTER** says Christmas is too far away to know what he and his family will do. "We never know from one day to the next what we will do," he says, "and when you get more than a week away, it's impossible to guess. If it's a nice day we'll probably go down to Malibu for a swim and come back home to as big a turkey as the cook can get into the oven."

Lois Moran wants to spend the holidays in Yosemite with its snow and towering cliffs. She adores the winter sports.

Marguerite Churchill wants to spend Christmas up in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. She was there on location with "The Big Trail" and fell in love with the place. "Teton Lodge—and the snow—is my ideal," she says.

"Just an old fashioned western ranch Christmas right here at home," says Will Rogers. Will's ranch is in the Santa Monica foothills near Beverly Hills.



# The First Film Star Tells His Own Story

(Continued from page 49)

Edison. I had never met him, but I knew that the man who had invented the electric light and the phonograph could do almost anything he set out to do, and that if he said he could make a picture in motion he could do it. In fact if he had announced he could fly to the moon I, for one, would have believed him!

I was concerned only with my end of the proposition, that is, giving the Edison people something that was worth photographing.

I was living in Brady's house at the time and as my dresser was packing my bag, and putting my gloves in it, an idea struck me, which seemed important. I said to Brady, "I've got big gloves here—eight-ounce gloves." (With eight-ounce gloves you could hit a fellow as hard as you liked and if he was a healthy chap it wouldn't hurt him so much.)

"WE'VE got these big gloves," I explained to Brady, "but supposing Courtney turns out to be a game fellow, with a lot of vitality, and if these gloves are too big to stop him, what will we do? We'd better pack some five-ounce gloves to take with us, to be on the safe side."

And that was what we finally did, and as it turned out it was a good thing.

We reached the studio in Orange about nine o'clock in the morning, and found it was almost a gala day with much bustle and excitement. When they took us to where they were going to make the motion picture we found the queerest looking little frame contraption I have ever seen in my life. It was painted dead black, outside and inside, with a skylight for a roof, and was mounted on wheels. They explained to us that was so that the camera inside could follow the course of the sun and have all of the light possible for making the pictures. They could not move the camera, itself, and it could focus only on one spot at a time so that unless special care was taken in placing the people to be photographed, the whole thing would have to be done all over again. They called the little studio "the Black Maria," and it certainly did look like an old-fashioned police patrol wagon. And we hadn't been inside very long before most of us would have preferred a police patrol at that—for that little movable studio was the hottest, most cramped place I think I have ever known!

We were gathered around the director—I forget his name—in an excited group, everybody talking at once, when Mr. Edison strolled out of the laboratory. Somebody said that he had been working there for thirty-six hours without sleep on some improvement he was trying to perfect in the movie camera. And from all I had heard of his tremendous work, I would not have been surprised to see a disheveled, wild-eyed genius tearing his hair. But nothing of the sort!

Mr. Edison at that time was probably about forty-five years old, maybe fifty, but his face and eyes were as

fresh as a boy's, and with the exception of the fact that his hair was somewhat rumpled he might have just come from a comfortable, leisurely breakfast after a ten-hour sleep. What impressed me the most was that there was nothing awesome about him, nor high-hatty, as we would say today. He immediately became one of us, laughing and joking with us, and evidently enjoying himself more than anybody there.

Since then I have heard many people talk about his wonderful democracy. And after my first day as a movie actor, I can well understand it. Mr. Edison seemed much more interested in the humor of the problems we were facing than in the fact that he was the father of another great world invention. And how great or how far-reaching it was to be none of us, of course, had any conception!

THEY put us in the ring, and I do think without exaggeration that it was not more than eight feet square. But we had a referee and all the props of a real fight, and they called time.

Before we started the director told me that the sixth round was the one in which he wanted me to give the knockout but Courtney was not to know it. He said, "When I give you the signal you must act at once. Don't wait!"

Courtney began swinging and fighting like a mad man, and I was pretending to fight, pulling my punches and doing a lot of stuff that wasn't much but which I hoped would look all right in the picture. I figured that I'd have Courtney pretty tired by the fourth or fifth round and he wouldn't have much chance to get out of my way when the signal came for the knockout.

It seemed that we were only starting the first round when they called "Time." We stopped, and I said to the director, "What's the idea? We've only gone about a minute."

"You've gone a minute and twenty seconds," he answered. "That's as far as we can take, and we'll have to call it a round."

I found that sometimes the camera could go as long as a minute and forty-five seconds, but a minute and twenty seconds was about the average we could expect.

Well, that, of course, brought another thought to me. I had figured on getting Courtney tired, counting on a round of three minutes each and one minute to rest. So I saw I'd have to work a little faster. And then to my dismay I found it took two hours before they could get ready to take the next round. By that time Courtney was pretty fresh again.

SO we went on for the second round. McVey was in his corner giving Courtney a lot of confidence, and the poor fellow thought he was giving me a real battle. I was doing a lot of things that I thought would look nice in the picture and pulling in my punches, and all the time feeling the heat more and more. I didn't know it could be

so hot as it was that day.

We had started camera work about ten o'clock in the morning and at four in the afternoon we had taken only five rounds. It had needed all day to photograph twelve or fourteen minutes of action, with an hour and a half between each round.

I began to get really frightened that when the signal for the knockout finally did come, I wouldn't be able to make good. So Brady had a conference with McVey over in Courtney's corner, and told him that we would have to change to five-ounce gloves. He asked whether Courtney would do it, and he said, "Sure, he thinks he has a cinch."

So we switched the gloves. While I was in my corner, before we went up for the final round the director said to me, "Be sure, Jim, when you do hit him to stand on this chalk mark. Otherwise, you won't be in focus." So I had to remember that Courtney should be in focus, too, at the time I was to knock him out. I didn't think that it was all going to be so difficult.

THE sixth round started, the round where I was to put over the knockout—the first one ever shown in a moving picture. I worked Courtney up to the chalk line where they said we would be in focus for the blow. I got ready for a right-hand punch, with a little feint previous so that he would be in front of the camera, and I let it go. But in my excitement I aimed a little too high so that the blow didn't drop him. It did stagger him, though, so much that he fell back with everybody yelling at him, "You're out of focus!" McVey was shouting the same thing to him but Courtney, of course, didn't know what focus meant.

Finally we managed to get him back on the line and into focus again, pretty groggy, but still full of fight.

The director gave me the signal again and this time I measured my blow better.

It was a clean knockout, and Courtney dropped cold, but of course I knew he would be all right in a minute. And he was. I tended him myself, and he soon managed to get back to his feet. Then, to my surprise, he took me by the hand and said, "Say, Corbett, you're pretty good! But I don't think you could do it again!"

The pictures were only about six inches high, and you looked at them through something that resembled binoculars. But you could distinguish all the details of the action. I believe Mr. Edison called the invention Kinetoscope. You would often find it in front of stores. You'd drop a coin in the slot, and the movie would flash on before your eyes.

This is the true story of my engagement as the first star of the films. And I am very proud of the fact. Although I have played in the movies many times since—and in some elaborate pictures—I have never had the same thrill that came to me that day at Mr. Edison's laboratory thirty-five years ago when I first saw the "Black Maria."



# The Master Mind

(Continued from page 53)

do it; that is, unless you admit I'm clever."

"Before the camera, yes. Away from it you're just one of the common people, and that's good enough for me."

"Then I'll find somebody who will appreciate me. I'm brainy all the time, I tell you!"

A momentary fear flickered in Miss Lacey's heliotrope eyes, but a whisper from the director transformed her into a seductiveness quite equal to melting even the bane of Scotland Yard. "I—I guess you must be, darling," she said smoothly, "because—"

"Aha!" smirked Mr. Martingale, shooting his cuffs, "that's better. I thought you'd agree with the rest of the world."

"Otherwise, darling," ended Linda, smiling her dreamiest, "you wouldn't be courting me."

\* \* \* \* \*

THE brief space of a week turned the pompous Luther into a walking encyclopedia. While Linda toiled on her current picture he haunted museums and libraries, attended musicales and ate his luncheon at an artists' *rendezvous* near Westlake Park, where eighty per cent. of the customers were agreed that the moon was triangular.

The inevitable result of taking culture on the fly was that Mr. Martingale grew slightly foggy on such details as whether *appoggiatura* was a musical term or the scientific name for the seven years' itch. In his early days he had taken a course in showcard lettering at one of California's gigantic universities, from which he had resigned in confusion at the complexities of the Old English W, but now he was made of sterner stuff. Consequently, when delivering misinformation backed up by his "thinking manner," it would have

taken a less amorous person than Linda Lacey to contradict him.

Every evening that lustrous lady gazed deep into his eyes, letting the flood of language skim past her jade earrings and never giving a sign that silence would have been as welcome as intermission at a Junior League entertainment.

"See?" beamed Luther, coming up for air as they dined at the Crowned Heads Beach Club. "I'll bet you're surprised at all I know, but it's really quite simple if one uses the intellect one is blessed with."

"Yes, darling," cooed Linda dutifully.

"Listen," said Mr. Martingale, suddenly slipping into the likeness of a lovesick young man, "what about marrying me? Tomorrow. I'd do it without even giving notice to the publicity department."

"We-e-el," faltered Linda, toying with the string of pearls at her throat, "when you look at me like that I—but no, ask me some other time, honey."

"Righto," agreed Luther, sensing gradual surrender. "Shall we wobble about a bit at what the public calls dancing?"

Miss Lacey slid eagerly into his arms, and for an hour or so they swept around the broad verandahs as a concealed orchestra beat its syncopated way into the soft California night. Coming to rest against a marble railing that curved out over the ocean, the girl looked starry-eyed out into the violet blur that stretched away toward Asia.

"Japan's out there," she said softly. "Wouldn't it be a gorgeous place for a honeymoon?"

Mr. Martingale assumed a professorial stance. "The population of Tokio," he announced, "is increasing at—why,

sweetheart, what's the trouble?"

LINDA'S heliotrope eyes had doubled in size and her mouth was rounded in astonishment. "Help!" she shrilled. "Thieves! Burglars! My pearls are gone!"

"Baldheaded Moses!" croaked Luther, forgetting his poise. "What, the ones I gave you for Christmas? How could they—er, I mean—"

"Don't stand there like a tailor's delight; do something!"

"Huh?" said the master mind dully. "You mean notify the police?"

"This is what I get for being in love with you," wailed Miss Lacey. "There we were, goggling at each other for hours, and I suppose someone snipped them without us noticing it. The police, says you, the same as any dumb-bell! Where are all those brains that you were overstuffed with?"

"Well, give me a little time for reflection."

"Time! What I want is action. What about that 'rhythmic flow of pure mentality'? Pooh, I don't believe you can register intelligence without a watered silk dressing gown and the light from a phony fireplace shining on your masterful profile."

"Is that so?" shouted Luther, stung to fury. "I'll show you! Do you suppose I'm going to see a month's salary vanish without a battle? I'd know that necklace among a thousand, especially that octagon diamond clasp, and I'll recover it somehow."

"Oh, please do, darling," begged Linda, weeping on his lapels. "I don't mean to be disagreeable, but it's the only link I had left with the old Luther I used to love. If you'll get it back I'll admit you're brainy and never make fun of you any more. In fact, I'll



Gangway! The ice cream man has just come into view. Left to right you see agitated members of Our Gang: Chubby, Farina, Echo, Wheezer, Mary Ann, Shirley and Jackie. The newest comedy of "Our Gang" is called "Love Business."





Two pretty stars of Educational comedies, Marian Shockley and Estelle Bradley, pose for a summer scene. If you live in the blustery portion of America, forget your chills and think of these pleasant California moments.

marry you on the spot, but otherwise, well——"

"Don't say it," pleaded Luther, "there isn't going to be any otherwise," and from that moment the Crowned Heads Beach Club was treated to the snappiest display of criminal investigation of which Somers Wintringham was capable. Guests laughingly turned out their pockets, the house committee posted a reward, but the Santa Monica police, arriving on the scene with a pair of bandit chasers, received the news with insulting scepticism. The yarn of an actress losing her jewels was a bit too frayed at the edges for them to take seriously.

**B**Y two A.M. the clubhouse was almost deserted, and the tearful Linda slumped on a settee, watching Mr. Martingale as he went sniffing hither and yon.

"You look exactly as you did in 'Gaping Throats,'" she declared. "Remember the scene where you retraced the heroine's footsteps—that's what you're doing now, isn't it, dear?"

"Huh?" asked Mr. Martingale, who was thinking of precisely nothing. "Why, yes, you've hit it right on the nose." He commenced to walk slowly around the room. "Let's see, we dined and danced, and then I remember kissing you by this tub of cactus—well, may I be a master of ceremonies if there aren't some footprints on the floor. Red ones!"

Miss Lacey almost fell off the settee in her eagerness to reach his side and gazed curiously at several corrugated outlines. "Why, they're tennis shoes," she twittered. "Imagine anyone trying to dance in them."

"He wasn't dancing," said Luther with a superior smile. "He was sneaking around, my dear girl. These marks were made by the thief; let's follow them."

The trail ran by the wall, as if the maker of it had slunk close to it to be inconspicuous, and then led through a doorway, across the verandah, where it

vanished by a large pillar.

"Slid down it," bayed the bloodhound. "It's no trouble at all for me to see that, and now I'll measure them, which is all any expert could do."

"It sounds so hopeless," sighed the girl, "but still, it might help. They look rather queer, don't they, darling; see how every other one is heavy and smudgy? What makes a man walk like that?"

"A mere detail of no importance. Just you pay attention to the way I'll unravel this. Now——"

"Well, he *was* leaning over for some reason. Oh, dear, it's too much for me, but *you* should be able to find the answer. All bent over—could he be hurt—or——"

"Wait!" commanded the fairly sizzling Mr. Martingale. "I have it, or may I spend the rest of my career in an all-star cast. Your pearls, my child!"

"Yes, yes; hurry, darling."

"You will have them," announced the actor, by now so thoroughly professional that it was Somers Wintringham himself who pierced her with a glance, "as soon as I lay my hands upon *The Man Who Limp*!"

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**WENTY-FOUR hours later Mr. Martingale could sympathize with Sherlock Holmes in his most frustrated moments. True, he had done nothing but sit waiting for brilliant ideas on snaring cripples to assemble themselves, and these moments of agony had been coupled with telephone calls from the tearful Miss Lacey. At present, Mr. Martingale, somewhat exhausted and dubious about the exact caliber of his brain, was mangling an avocado at breakfast on his front lawn, when his mouth fell open in a vacuous expression quite foreign to a genius.

A sketchy and unlovely face was sticking up above the hedge, watching his every move with vulgar interest, and as Luther looked up, the apparition backed away a little, still staring.

"Wortle," said the star to his butler, "tell that person to haul in his anchor. Good heavens, but Beverly Hills is getting common; I've no more privacy than a Siamese twin."

The butler started forward, but the watching man began to drift across the pavement and was under full steam by the time Wortle reached the hedge.

"Just as well I didn't have to be harsh, sir," said that worthy. "There he goes, pretty fast for a lame chap, getting into a car."

An undignified rush took Mr. Martingale through the flower beds and into the drive just in time to see a foot being withdrawn from the running board—and on the foot was a canvas tennis shoe. Trembling with excitement, he went into conference with himself regarding the proper method of following up this clue, but the idol's mind was still idle even by the time the sunset afterglow was gilding the library windows.

Linda's mournful little face rose before him and Luther groaned in anguish. He was failing her! His head drooped lower in the dusk, and then, just as he was ready to telephone a detective agency, there came a tap on the sill and a hoarse whisper cut through the silence.

"I say, guv'nor," it rasped.

Mr. Martingale exhibited considerable fright for a disciple of Old King Brady, but theatrical etiquette assumed the upper hand.

"Who speaks?" he quoted from "Gaping Throats." "Show yourself, or by gad, I'll drag you into the light of day—I mean, I'll switch on the bridge lamp."

"**N**IX on the glim," begged the voice, and a shadowy form began to climb through the window. "If I was seen talking with you it'd be all off. Listen, guv'nor, I'm Minneapolis Pete." The figure came limping painfully across the room while the actor felt a curious prickling down his spine. "It's

(Continued on page 101)



# Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 93)

and not to do motion picture stories. His wife and their three children are with him.

*Jean Arthur has three dogs. A chow, a wire-haired fox terrier, and a great big St. Bernard.*

**G**LOWING reports drift out on "Cimarron," which Wesley Ruggles is directing with Richard Dix and Estelle Taylor. It is said that Dix is giving the greatest performance of his career.

**S**IX years ago a man was eating lunch in a drugstore. A girl came in holding a three weeks' old puppy in her arms. She was crying because her mother told her to take the dog out and give it away. The man liked the looks of the pup and gave the little girl thirty cents worth of drug store candy for the dog. The dog, King Tut, is now valued at fifty thousand dollars by the man, E. G. Henry. Because King Tut took to training like a duck takes to water, and is now a high-priced movie dog.

**A**MOS 'N' ANDY have left Hollywood for Chicago. But they'll be back. Their first picture, "Check and Double Check" has been previewed and everyone agrees that it is simply a "wow."

**A**NNA Q. NILSSON spent a weekend at Malibu with Corinne Griffith, and everyone on the beach dropped in to see her. She looks wonderful and expects to leave soon to visit her folks in Sweden.

## Congratulations to New Movie

(See other Telegrams on pages 35-37)

**A**MONG the many messages of congratulations received by NEW MOVIE, were the following:

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FIRST BIRTHDAY OF NEW MOVIE BEST WISHES FOR LONG AND HAPPY LIFE

LORETTA YOUNG

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUCCESS

WALTER HUSTON

THERE IS JUST ONE THING THAT IS WRONG WITH NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE WHICH HAS ONE CANDLE ON ITS CAKE THIS MONTH STOP DID YOU EVER TRY TO BUY ONE STOP WHERE DO THEY ALL GO SO FAST STOP FROM TWO WOULD BE NEW MOVIE READERS TRYING TO GET ALONG IN HOLLYWOOD

OLSEN AND JOHNSON

CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND THE MEMBERS OF YOUR STAFF WHO IN ONE YEAR HAVE BUILT NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE TO ITS PLACE AS ONE OF THE UNDISPUTED LEADERS IN ITS FIELD I HOPE EVERY SUCCEEDING YEAR IS MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN YOUR FIRST

ERNST LUBITSCH

YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING OUT A GRAND PUBLICATION WITH A WORLD OF NEW IDEAS ABOUT THIS INDUSTRY OF OURS STOP MAY THIS FINE STARTING YEAR OF YOURS BE ONLY THE BEGINNING OF AN EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE MAGAZINE FIELD

REGINALD DENNY

THERE IS ONE CANDLE ON THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S BIRTHDAY CAKE AND I WISH I WERE THERE TO LIGHT IT

SUE CAROL

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES ON THE FIRST BIRTH-

DAY OF NEW MOVIE IT IS A GREAT MAGAZINE

LILA LEE

IF YOU THINK NEW MOVIE ISN'T THE FINEST UP AND COMING LITTLE OLD PUBLICATION YOU ARE HALF SHORT ON SUNRISE NOT TO SAY CUCKOO CONGRATULATIONS

BERT WHEELER AND ROBERT WOOLSEY

BEST WISHES ON YOUR FIRST BIRTHDAY STOP YOU HAVE A GREAT MAGAZINE AND ONE THAT IS HIGHLY RESPECTED IN THE FILM COLONY STOP kindest personal regards

BEN LYON

PLEASE ACCEPT THE WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS FROM ONE OF YOUR MILLIONS OF READERS STOP WITH ALL GOOD WISHES

CLAUDIA DELL

EVERYBODY IN HOLLYWOOD ENJOYS AND LOOKS FORWARD TO EACH ISSUE OF NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE STOP MAY IT HAVE MANY HAPPY BIRTHDAYS

IRENE DELROY

MY WISH FOR NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE IS FOR MANY YEARS OF SUCCESS AND PROSPERITY ON THIS YOUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY

GRANT WITHERS

BEST WISHES AND HAPPY FELICITATIONS ON YOUR FIRST BIRTHDAY MAY THE MAGAZINE GROW MORE THRIFTY WITH AGE AND ENJOY A LONG LONG LIFE

DAVID MANNERS

I HAVE WATCHED WITH GREAT INTEREST THE PROGRESS OF NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE AND ON THIS OCCASION OF YOUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU SINCERELY ON BOTH THE EDITORIAL CONTENT AND PHYSICAL APPEARANCE OF THIS MOST INTERESTING MAGAZINE STOP MOST CERTAINLY

YOU RICHLY DESERVE THE GREAT CIRCULATION YOU HAVE ATTAINED DURING THE YEAR JUST PASSED STOP SINCERELY YOURS

COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP

JOE BRANDT  
PRESIDENT

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS ON FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF YOUR ASSOCIATION WITH NEW MOVIE WE BELIEVE MAGAZINE IS REALLY IMPORTANT FACTOR TO FILM FANS AND LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR GREATER SUCCESS IN YEAR AHEAD THANK YOU cordially for your interest in FOX ACTIVITIES AND PERSONALITIES kindest regards

VICTOR M. SHAPIRO  
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY  
FOX FILM COMPANY

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE ENTERED THE FAN PUBLICATION FIELD UNDER STRONG SPONSORSHIP AND ITS FIRST YEAR IS ONE OF WHICH IT MAY WELL BE PROUD

CECIL B. DE MILLE

PLEASE ACCEPT SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE STOP WE HAVE FOLLOWED EACH EDITION WITH INTEREST AND FEEL YOU ARE ENTITLED TO COMPLIMENTS OF THE INDUSTRY AND THE PUBLIC ALIKE STOP warmest personal regards

WILLIAM LE BARON

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE IS ONE YEAR OLD AND YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF THIS LUSTY INFANT STOP IT REFLECTS THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS IN TERSE AND INTERESTING STYLE KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK

DARRYL ZANUCK  
ASSOCIATE EXECUTIVE WARNER BROS. PICTURES INC.



# The Master Mind

(Continued from page 99)

just something about them poils."

Mentally sterile as he was, Luther was no coward, and the next moment he was sitting on top of the intruder, who made but puny resistance. "You thief!" he said bitterly. "Hand them over or I'll make you think you've been playing Puss in the Corner with the Broadway Limited. Come on, shell out!"

"I ain't got 'em now," whined the under dog. "I pinched 'em, right enough, but only for me boss, see? I takes 'em back to him, and then he won't give me the split he promised, so now I've come to you. It was me you seen this morning, but I didn't want no witnesses, so I blew."

"Who is your master?" thundered Luther, dragging the little man to his feet.

"We just know him as The Nemesis."

"That means nothing to me, you scoundrel!"

"It does to me," husked The Man Who Limp, "and to all the gang that works for him. He's got a mob of us preying on the movie colony, and you're going to be next unless—unless—"

"Do I have to choke it out of you?"

"Ouch! Listen, guv'nor, I've seen your pictures and I should say you're a smart bit of goods, so maybe you're game enough to come with me to The Nemesis' headquarters. He can't suspect me yet, and I can sneak you in where you can hold him up. Of course, a gent like you will be willing to gimme a grand for the info?"

"Lead on!" thrilled Mr. Martingale, glorying at the chance to redeem himself. "Some sort of mysterious leader, is he? Well, I've dealt with his breed before, my man."

"Gee, guv'nor, you're quick as a steel trap. Let's go, and don't forget your automatic."

Luther blushed in the gloom, knowing only too well that his weapons reposed in the Galaxy properties department. "M-my guns are being cleaned," he faltered.

"Here, take mine," said Minneapolis Pete, shoving a stubby Colt into Luther's pocket, and together they edged out of the library and over to where a limousine lay waiting. For a fleeting second Luther recalled that Somers Winttingham was wont to leave some cryptic message before embarking on a perilous exploit, but there was no time to be lost. He imagined Linda's delight at his success, her shy answer to his next proposal . . . he roused himself to notice that the car was speeding steadily southward.

ONCE outside Beverly Hills Minneapolis Pete halted in a darkened street and produced a large bandanna handkerchief.

"Have to blindfold you, guv'nor," he apologized, "so you can't tell where the place is, but you can slip it off the second you're inside. It ain't as if I was leaving The Nemesis for good; I just want to teach him a lesson without him suspecting me. It was a dirty trick at that, swiping them poils off a neck as lovely as your gal's."

"Slap it on," said the reckless Luther, and for the rest of the journey he reviewed his little drama with incredulous wonder while the limousine lurched through the night. There *had* been rumors of a band of jewel thieves . . . some panicky damsels had quit wearing any . . . a faint clang and creak indicated the opening of a gate, some muttered words, and then he was helped to the pavement and up some steps. Minneapolis Pete's key scratched in the lock.

Luther tore off his bandage and gazed sternly before him. The entrance hall was almost in darkness, only a single bulb shone redly at the foot of a wide staircase, throwing evil highlights on the banisters and a huge grandfather's clock.

"Up them stairs," whispered the thief, his face pallid with nervousness. "Second room on the right, press the admiral's left eye. Easy does it, guv'nor, and—" There was a click, a choked gurgle, and Mr. Martingale swayed dizzily against a chair. Minneapolis Pete had fallen backward through the grandfather's clock, snatched by unseen hands!

Suddenly a haunting shriek rang through the house; not the high-pitched wail Luther had heard in pictures, but the deep cry of a man in agony. On the heels of it came silence, clammy and oppressive. He threw himself against the clock, shouting incoherent threats, but it stood firm. The front door and the others opening off the hall were equally impassable, and Luther crept softly up the stairs.

Even the whirl of emotion he was in did not blind him to the fact that his mind was incapable of developing one single sensible idea. But now, too upset to rely any longer on Somers Winttingham, too fighting mad to turn back, Mr. Martingale carried on bravely into the unknown.

THE upper floor was in darkness but a chink of light showed under the second door on the right, and in a jiffy Luther, the nose of the automatic poked ahead, oozed silently into the room, half expecting the ceiling to drop on him. But the place was empty save for the ornate furnishings, and then his heart thumped even faster as he saw a portrait hanging on the wall. A ruddy-cheeked sailor in blue and gold, one eye concealed by a patch and the other gleaming with malignant intensity, stared down at him. Minneapolis Pete's muttered instructions were clear—"Press the admiral's left eye!"

Luther advanced until he saw that the orb was a cunningly painted ivory button imbedded in the canvas, and after a hurried glance behind him he laid his finger upon it. There was a gentle whirr, and a rosewood panel directly below the portrait rolled aside, revealing a welter of jewelry heaped carelessly together. Crimson, green and blinding white stones flashed their splendor, and in one corner, softly pinkish, lay a pearl necklace.

One glance at the distinctive octagon diamond clasp assured Mr. Martingale that his search was ended and he stowed it away in a breast pocket, mar-

veling the while at the uncanny stillness of the house. Was he being watched? Would he be able to get away and notify the police to rescue the tortured Pete or—a muffled sound froze him with dread.

Again that agonized cry rose throbbing from the lower floor, and in that same instant Luther felt the rug collapse as he dropped heavily into a pitch black hole, while a mocking laugh issued from the aperture above. He had been spied on after all. Seething with rage and the shock to his dignity, he drew his revolver and fired three shots in the air, and in reply the laugh turned to a snarl.

"You'll rot there, my handsome camera hound," said a threatening voice, "unless I decide to give you a taste of what Pete is enjoying. What good are the pearls to you now?"

"You can't do this to me!" shouted Mr. Martingale in the inane manner of the films, disregarding the fact that it had already been done. "I'm entirely too famous! Scotland Ya—, I-I mean the Los Angeles police, will lay you by the heels before another sun has set."

The slam of the trapdoor was his only answer, and after severely bruising himself on various objects, it occurred to the actor to strike a match. His prison turned out to be some sort of a doorless cubbyhole, its walls hung with several lengths of rusty iron chain, and just as Luther was becoming desperate enough to try another spell of thinking, he noticed that a small section of the wall failed to meet the floor by about six inches. Here, without doubt, was a panel which had failed to slide back into place.

A FEW minutes of wriggling took him through to a stuffy recess entirely filled by a tiny flight of stairs that spiraled upward. Slowly he felt his way, step by step, until he reached the top, when a loose board squeaked loudly. As he shrank fearfully in the narrow space the snarling voice spoke beyond a thin partition.

"I've caught that pompous fool Martingale," it said, apparently conversing over the telephone. "Came sneaking in here with a traitor, and at that, he was the only one of the Hollywood heads with nerve enough to try it. Now, what you're to do is entice that Lacey girl to the house, and I'll teach her to squeal about her pearls. Tell her that Martingale wants to see her."

The rest of the sentence was never uttered, for Luther, his hand having groped against a lever, staggered into the room from behind a shelf of imitation books, his revolver ready for action.

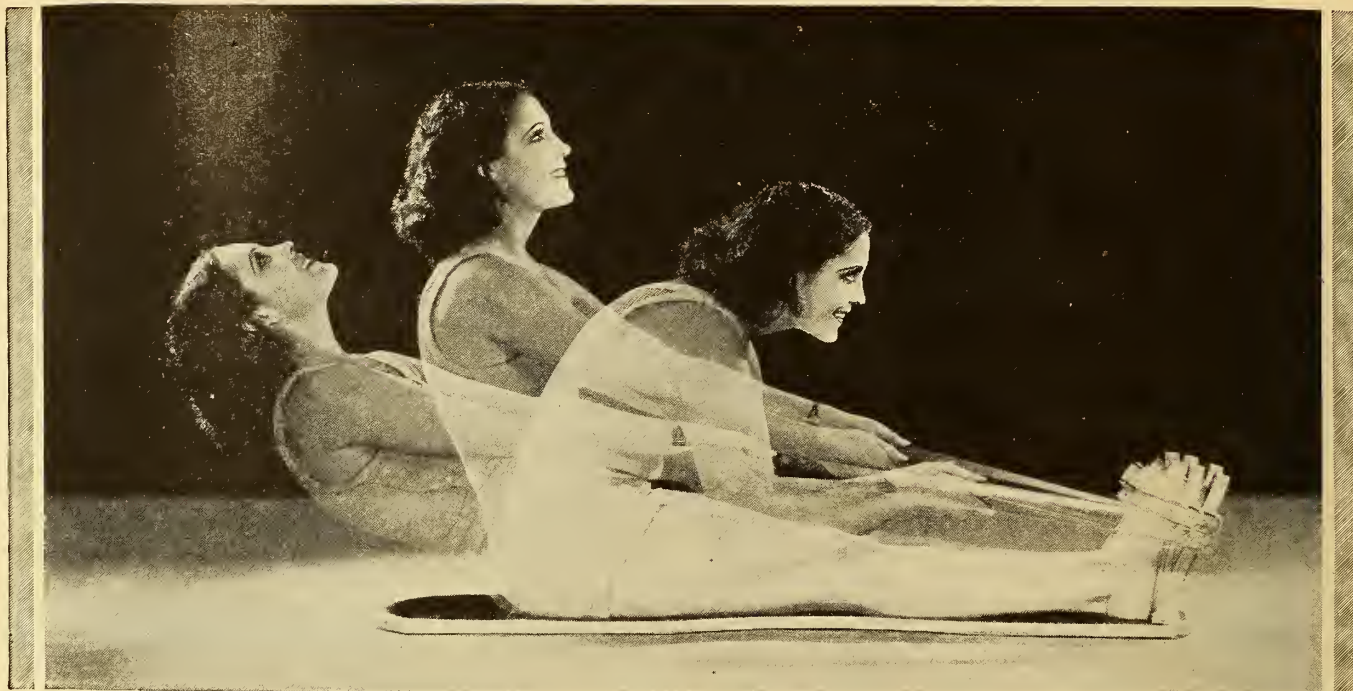
"Hands up!" he gritted, quite certain that he was facing The Nemesis.

A bent figure all in black rose in swift alarm from a heavily carved desk and hunched above it like a raven poised for flight. A black silk skullcap covered its head and a mask of the same material disguised all features save the maniacal eyes.

"Blast you!" cackled the figure. "How did you escape? Some one has

(Continued on page 104)





Raquel Torres demonstrates how to use an exercise board, made with rubber reins to permit the stretching of the body muscles without producing fatigue.

# FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

Solving Our Readers' Problems of Make-Up and How to Dress in Proper Colors—Rules for Charm and Attractiveness

By ANN BOYD

**M**OST of my letters this month seem to be from young business girls in large cities, who, you will admit, have their own particularly vexatious beauty problems. For instance, Evelyn M., of New York, has a beautiful and delicate skin and wants to know how she may keep it that way, in the dust and the grime of the city. Her skin is developing a tendency toward large pores and the astringents she has been using have done little good. Evelyn's skin, like all delicate complexions, requires special care.

If I were you, Evelyn, I would buy myself a good, mild cold cream and I would use it often for cleansing purposes. Do not use very hot water or a very rough wash cloth. You need to select a bland soap and proceed with care. I would rely on my cold cream for most of my face cleansings. There are good remedies for large pores that come in cream form which may be applied before you go to bed and left on all night. I think a treatment of this kind would suit your skin better than ice applications.

With your coloring, Evelyn, you would look well in rose, in Nile green, in tans and browns with plenty of gold tints and in black, relieved with some bright color. Both your rouge and your lipstick should be very light, to bring out the best in your fair skin.

**T**HERE are plenty of inquiries about powder bases. For E. K., of Omaha, I shall say that the foundation cream or lotion comes first, then the rouge is applied and then the powder is put on smoothly and evenly to blend the rouge with the natural complexion. E. K. is another business girl and she has a problem that, I am sure, all office workers face. E. K. is an early riser and eats an early breakfast and she has developed the

habit of nibbling food in the middle of the morning. She is five feet six inches tall and weighs 138 pounds, so she isn't actually stout. But she is afraid of getting fat, as she surely will do if she encourages the eating-between-meals habit.

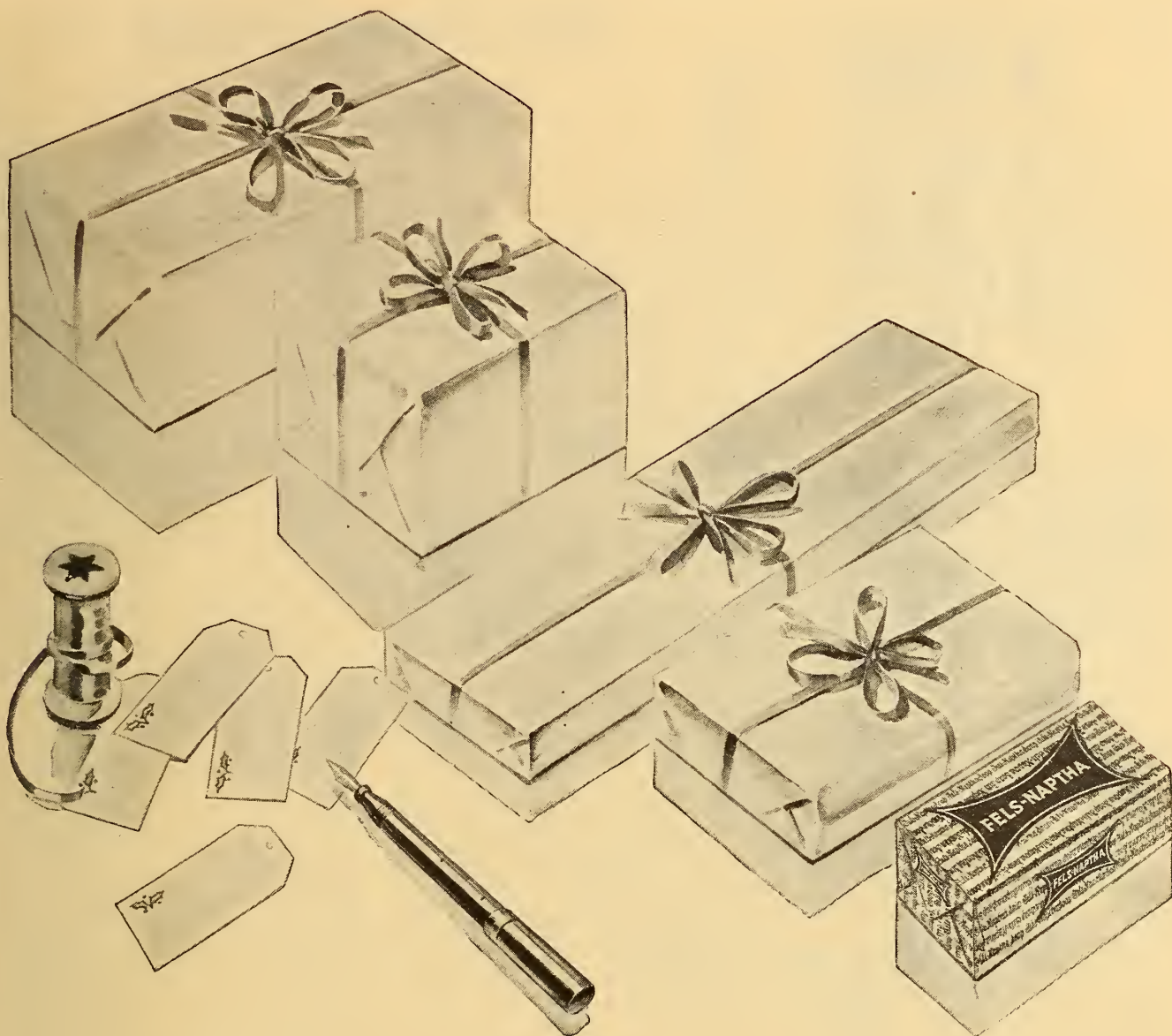
E. K. ought to drink a cup of tea with lemon in it when she feels hungry. Or perhaps a glass of orange or tomato juice. All fresh fruits are slightly fattening, but I do not think that they would put on any serious poundage and they are refreshing and sustaining to eat between meals.

M. G., of Revere, Mass., wants to know how to attain that smooth-looking make-up which really defies detection. Some girls naturally have a smooth, ivory skin that takes make-up easily and naturally. Others must use a powder base in some form. You may either apply liquid powder—which is best when used for the arms, neck and shoulders when you are wearing evening dress—or you may resort to a cream or lotion base. If your skin doesn't take a cream base easily and smoothly, it is best to use a lotion which, besides acting as a foundation for powder, is soothing and protecting to the skin. Since M. G. evidently has a sensitive skin, she will probably find a lotion most satisfactory.

**I**T is quite a trick, too, to blend make-up successfully. The rouge should follow the line of your natural coloring and the powder should be put on evenly and thoroughly, not in little dabs and dashes. Given the right shade of powder and rouge, M. G. should practice making up carefully before her own mirror.

Margaret B., of Toledo, O., wants to bob her hair again, but she is afraid that the bob is "out." As a matter of fact, the bob is (Continued on page 107)





## ...and what is that one on the end for?

THAT big package is easy to guess. It's a pair of slippers for Grandpa. Hope they're big enough. And that next gift is a collar-box for Dad. Maybe he'll be able to find a clean collar now without the help of the whole family. Then there are silk stockings for Sally. And a book for Cousin Clara.

But that bar of Fels-Naptha. Of all things! Standing there with those other gifts as though it belonged with them. Surely you're not giving that to Mother?... No, I didn't think so. She deserves something expensive, sort of luxurious.

But you say that this bar of Fels-Naptha is really a gift? For whom? . . . Oh, ye-es. Say, that's cute. And thoughtful, too. Giving the family clothes a Christmas present! That's splendid!

The clothes have done their best—they've looked as well as they could under the circumstances. But watch them now! With the good soap and

plentiful naptha in Fels-Naptha working together to loosen the dirt and wash it away—the family wardrobe is in for a sure-enough happy New Year!

Mother will be pleased, too, with Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. Clothes clean and white and sweet—without hard rubbing. Dad's shirts will last longer now. Junior'll get more mileage from his rompers.. Fels-Naptha, move right up to the head of the line! You *are* a gift—even if you're not a Christmas gift!

Seriously, we hope this coming year you'll give *your* clothes the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha's generous bar. You'll get a lovely wash without hard rubbing—whether you use washing machine or tub; whether you soak or boil the clothes; whether you use hot, lukewarm or cool water. And Fels-Naptha will help keep your hands nice! And now . . .

### FELS-NAPTHA HAS A GIFT FOR YOU!

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Send only four cents in stamps to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Write to-day! © 1930, FELS & CO

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| TXNM-12-30<br>FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.<br>Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose 4 cents in stamps to help cover postage.<br>Name _____<br>Street _____<br>City _____ State _____<br>Fill in completely—print name and address |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|





## LOVELY NEW COLOR FOR DRESSES, DRAPES AND LINGERIE

It's simple the Tintex Way!

Pastel-colored frocks are made the newer, dark shades... home decorations are transformed to rich color-brightness... faded "undies" renew their original delicate color—when you know the secret of Tintex.

And Tintex-ing is so easy, quick and safe. It takes only a few minutes to transform everything washable to new beauty and usefulness. And such smart colors to choose from! 33 Tintex shades in all... including the six newest Paris-sponsored colors—Wine—Rust—Beige—Seal Brown—Turquoise and Royal Blue.

Have you tried Tintex for curtains? It restores faded color or gives bright new color... ecru, maize, tan, green or gold—the fashionable Tintex curtain-colors.

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**Tintex Gray Box**—Tints and dyes all materials.

**Tintex Blue Box**—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

**Tintex Color Remover**—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

**Whitex**—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

PARK & TILFORD, ESTABLISHED 1840,  
GUARANTEES TINTEX

On sale at drug and notion  
counters everywhere

# Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

# The Master Mind

(Continued from page 101)

bungled, but you will never leave this room alive."

"Won't I?" mocked Mr. Martingale, noting the one door and the absence of windows. "We'll see about that. Come on, out you go, hands in the air, and you can tell your tale to the sergeant down at the Irish clubhouse."

"That door is solid steel," snarled The Nemesis, waving a small shiny object, "and here is the only key. Do you think I'm fool enough to open it and let a ham actor turn me over to the law? Faugh! Why, you dolt, I could blow this house to atoms with a flick of my finger."

He made a sudden spring toward the wall and Luther, closing both eyes with the shock, fired twice at the crouching figure. The man in black swayed, dropped to one knee and then, with a convulsive movement, popped the key into his mouth. Smothered groans burst from his lips as he sagged lower and lower until he lay prone in a slowly widening pool of blood.

LUTHER stared wildly from The Nemesis to the smoking automatic, the horror of the situation growing stronger upon him. His life in a world of make-believe where every action was planned left him unfit to grapple with the stalwart figure of reality. Here he was, alone with a dying or already dead man, in a room that defied escape. Even if he descended the spiral staircase he would only find himself in another prison. Where were his so-called brains? Somers Winttingham would surely have devised some scheme to trick The Nemesis before he swallowed the key, but he, Luther the Sleuth, was what he had been called—a dolt.

"What an idiot I am!" he cried in anguish. "Not enough brains for a decent headache! What would my public say if they knew I was nothing but a mental midget. Just a fathead, after all!"

"Do you really mean it, darling?" inquired a creamy contralto, and Luther wheeled to find Miss Linda Lacey standing in the supposedly impregnable doorway.

Mr. Martingale's large brown eyes protruded like those of a stag at bay. "I'll say I mean it!" he shouted fervently. "And now they've lured you here! Back, get back; you're in danger!"

"No, honey, I'm in luck," said Linda, coming fearlessly to his side. "Aren't you my own real Luther once more?"

"You don't understand! Behind that desk lies a fiend. This house isn't what it seems to be, Linda. Somebody lured you here, didn't they?"

"Sure," boomed the director, ambling in from the hall, "I did. We've both been here for an hour trying to keep from having hysterics at your detective work, but it was worth it to hear you deliver that line about being a fathead. I'm a witness, remember."

"Me, too," cackled The Nemesis, rising shakily, his mask awry to reveal the features of Bertie the Stiff, "even though it meant wallowing in half a pint of the best beef blood. It's all for Art," he went on, dragging a punc-

tured bladder from under his coat, "but chewing tinfoil doorkeys and getting shot at with blanks is kind of strenuous. Say, Joe, how did you like my writhing?"

"Blanks?" echoed Luther. "You mean—"

"I SLIPPED you a load of dummies," put in Minneapolis Pete, edging around the door. "A man of your perception must have noticed they had almost no kick on firing. No? Still, that's not surprising when you weren't suspicious of me. Those footprints I made were heavy on the left foot, but all the time I was with you I limped on my right."

Mr. Martingale gamely tried to muster a grin. "Here are your pearls," he said confusedly. "I guess you'll want them, Linda."

"She'll take the clasp," the director replied for her. "That's real enough, but you don't need any more evidence, just as we hoped. That string's worth about a dollar, Luther; didn't you notice how heavy and irregular they are? The real ones are at home, where they've been all the time, so the laugh's on you."

"Leave him alone," ordered Miss Lacey, her tanned satin arms about the foundered sleuth. "The hoax is over, though I hated to be a party to it, but I simply had to save you, darling."

"But this house," Luther wanted to know. "How could anyone have built such a place innocently? Where is it—out in Pasadena?"

The director chuckled amiably. "We're right on the Galaxy lot," he announced, "which is why you were blindfolded. This, old sock, is nothing less than 'The Mansion of Mystery,' the scene and title of your next picture. Bertie will kick off as usual; Pete, here, is a newcomer imported from Broadway, and Linda will be your leading lady."

"She'll be more than that," promised Luther, "providing I've brains enough left to think of the proper words."

"You'll only have to ask once," said the grinning Joe, waving the two celluloid crooks from the room. "Whew! What a time we had to make you admit you're ordinary, but don't worry about us broadcasting the news. Now, what about a little rehearsal? This is the spot where you meet for the final clinch, so you, Linda, snuggle up against your life preserver and gaze into his eyes. Perfect! And you, Luther—well, I see you're doing it already, so I'll have to be satisfied with remote control. S'long," and the counterfeit steel door closed upon the lovers.

Mr. Martingale was kissing his fiancée with a devotion to detail that proved his mind was decidedly a single track one.

"It's so much nicer using your heart instead of your head," he murmured. "Do I make the grade there, honey?"

"Almost," crooned the radiant Linda, "but you know how hard I am to please. So darling, as the director would say, let's have a retake on that last one!"

THE END.



## How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 81)

THE tournament idea was really grand fun. While the matches were going on, all the other guests stood about, watching and cheering. I think a tournament party of any kind would be grand fun. Because no one takes it seriously, anyway, and it is a good foundation for lots of laughs and competition.

Fay served a wonderful dinner. Of course, everyone was hungry—the tennis guests had nearly all played a lot of hard sets that afternoon and the others had been outdoors all day watching them. So it had to be a real dinner.

There were platters of fried chicken, turkeys and delicious baked ham. Fay has a special recipe for this. After the ham is boiled, she rubs it thickly with brown sugar, fills it with cloves and then uses apple cider to baste it with.

All the salads were specially delightful. One was of Chinese lichee nuts, which you can buy in cans everywhere nowadays. They were stuffed with grapefruit, served with romaine lettuce and a French dressing. There was another of avocado, chicken and celery.

FOR dessert, which was served at the tables, there was an ice cream pie which was a great hit. On a foundation of lady-finger crust, ice cream had been placed. This was covered with a meringue, put in the oven just a few seconds to brown the meringue, and it was a triumph.

The tennis guests for the evening included Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Allison, John Van Ryn, Marjorie Gladman, Marjorie Morrill, George Lott, Keith Gledhill, Gregory Mangin, Josephine Cruickshank, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Stratford, Allan Herrington, Sidney Wood and L. A. Hall.

The Hollywood contingent to gather to meet these celebrities of the sport world included Charlie Chaplin, Ronald Colman, William Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford, Mrs. Jack Dempsey, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. Lydell Peck (Janet Gaynor), Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick (Irene Mayer), Mr. and Mrs. William Hawks (Bessie Love), Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hawks, June Collyer, Jesse Lasky, Jr., and June McCloy.



## What bath to give me energy?

Do you, now and then, have hard-to-wake-up mornings, "no-account" work days, and tired, spoiled evenings? Then you should read the booklet described below... should learn how remarkably, simple baths often can help in these too-common complaints.



## What bath for quick, sound sleep?

Nervous fatigue, they say, is an American tendency. When over-tired or too keyed-up to get to sleep, try the magic of the bath that's only mildly warm. (See booklet).



## What bath to avoid sore muscles?

When physically exhausted never take a cold bath. Make it hot. Drink a glass or two of water, and then soak for a full ten minutes. You'll fairly feel the soreness going.



## What bath to head off a cold?

The quite hot bath is the one to take, too, when you've come home thoroughly chilled or with wet feet. But don't put it off... And don't delay either, sending for this instructive highly interesting booklet, "The Book About Baths."



## Send for "The Book About Baths"

Why is it that so many people have tended to think **it's FREE!** of the bath in terms of cleanliness alone? One reason, no doubt, is that they've never before been offered, free, a booklet just like this one. So get your copy. Use the coupon. You'll be glad you did.

## CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock," or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free... a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

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Please send me free "The Book About Baths." It sounds interesting.

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### Every Month—

### NEW MOVIE

tells you how the famous folk of Hollywood entertain. Full details of the formal and informal affairs are given, together with the favorite recipes of the celebrated stars, so that you can give a party in the Hollywood manner. Next month NEW MOVIE will tell you all about another movie colony party. Watch for this regular feature!



# The Salvation of Clara Bow

(Continued from page 40)



## Prevention . . . the best cure for colds

Why worry if the city air IS loaded with germs? You must breathe, and far be it from us to play bogey-man!

But on the other hand, unless you enjoy sneezing and sniffing and coughing through the winter, you really should follow the advice of doctors, who know that prevention is the best cure for colds. All that's necessary is a daily lubrication of the membranes of nose and throat. At bedtime, simply snuff a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly into the nostrils. It coats the throat and nose with a film of Jelly which prevents germs from getting a foothold in the sensitive tissues. If you spend much of your time in a very warm, dry room, do it oftener. For a raspy throat swallow a spoonful of "Vaseline" Jelly—it is perfectly safe to take internally.

You can buy "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly at any drug store for a few cents. And remember when you buy that the trade mark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

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# Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
PETROLEUM JELLY

have closed the door upon the other dimension—upon the future.

CLARA BOW never looks one moment into the future.

"I don't want to," she told me once. "I don't dare. I distrust the future. If someone would lift the veil for me, I wouldn't let them. It is better not to look ahead and not to look back. I will not look back. I must not. And I dare not look ahead. I am afraid."

So we find her living only in the moment, only in the present. Can't you see how that must change every action? The whole balance and accustomed values of life are destroyed.

Of course, that is what makes her a very great actress. Since only the moment has reality, her acting becomes intensely real to her. She is so glad to get away from reality that her parts seem real to her. She loves to have them seem real. Her greatest joy is in her work, when she is being someone else, living vicariously, getting away from herself and being some girl whom she would much rather have been.

The drama of a love affair, of men, is another escape from that reality, an escape we may all crave at times, but Clara more than anyone, because reality has shown her so much horror. The passion and excitement of a love affair—and in Clara's mind a love affair is about fifty per cent of each—are intense enough to hold her vitally in the present.

It also does another thing. It keeps her from being alone. And she simply will not be alone, ever, even for a moment. Those quiet hours which most of us crave, when we can take stock of ourselves, when we can rest and read and think things out, are not for Clara. She doesn't want to think. She must occupy herself with something outside, something definite all the time. Naturally, a love affair is the perfect answer to that.

SO Clara has had a long list of them. And in this connection it isn't possible to forget that her plastic mind, living so vitally in the present, has accepted the estimate of herself as the "It" girl.

There was Gilbert Roland, Gary Cooper, Vic Fleming and a few others. But they always seemed surface things to me. It will take a very strong man to break through Clara's shell of self-centered egotism, her fears and fancies about life. That fear makes her pull back, hesitate to allow anyone to enter too deeply into her heart.

Then, when you live in the moment, you must tire of things very quickly. So much of enjoyment, of permanence is built upon memories and anticipation. Clara has neither.

Clara met Harry Richman. She was jockeyed into the engagement. No matter what comes, I think it would be only fair of Mr. Richman to let Clara keep the \$10,000 diamond. He surely had more than \$10,000

worth of publicity from his engagement to the "It" girl. However, they grew very fond of each other. Then Clara got a little tired of Richman, too. The big kick of a love affair to Clara is its beginnings. That is true of many women. Beginnings and endings embody the most drama. The most excitement. That is why Clara seeks them.

Rex Bell, a stalwart and handsome young cowboy, was seen about with her for a time.

You see, Clara Bow doesn't do these things from any inner conviction, with any courage to live up to her own beliefs. She has no inner convictions—only warm-hearted impulses. She acts entirely upon these. They are often honest, often generous, often emotionally terrific, but they are sometimes unwise.

Now all this is important only for one reason. It is childish to be sentimental about people, to start attempting to help them, even to discuss their mental processes, unless they belong to your actual orbit, or unless they belong to the universal orbit.

I believe that Clara Bow as an artist is being menaced by her uncontrolled actions. None of us wants to see the waste, the tragedy, of a Barbara La Marr, a Mabel Normand, to happen again.

If her work were big enough to absorb that surplus of nervous energy, that tremendous vitality, for which she now finds outlet in the excitement of men and synthetic love affairs; if her emotional force could by some engineer, dealing in human power instead of forces of nature, be turned into the proper channel of her art, Clara might contribute great things to the theatrical history of our generation.

I BELIEVE her capable of reaching heights as an actress not yet reached by anyone in pictures. Her day as a mere personality, as the "It" girl, is over. But in its place, were she given proper stories, proper direction, would be found the day of a great dramatic actress.

Clara is a hard worker. Loves to work, will work, any hours, under any conditions. Work would be her salvation. Not these silly little parts which she can do without expending one-tenth of her powers. But real parts that demand finesse, strength, characterization. In a new tempo, and a new medium, but such parts as made Bernhardt and Duse famous.

There is a feeling that the public would not accept Bow in anything but "It" rôles. I believe that the public will accept fine work and good strong drama from anybody. I believe no great artist on the screen can fail of a public, if given suitable vehicles.

Art is always above personality. We are concerned with Clara Bow as an artist. And upon her chance as an artist depends her salvation as a person.

Next Month ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS tells you all about  
KAY FRANCIS



## First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

staging a triumphant return and many girls who allowed their hair to grow, are now having it cut off again. But they aren't going in for the shingle or the boyish clip, but are cutting their hair just off the shoulder. Long hair and elaborate coiffures never really did come back into fashion and I doubt if they will for many seasons. Long hair must be arranged with meticulous care, else it looks simply dowdy, and, in most cases, it requires the artful aid of false hair in some form to build it up. I very much suspect that the modern girl has no time for such things and too much sense of humor to go back to "rats." The new hats, too, almost demand a bob—either short or shoulder length.

Frances H., Dallas, Tex. Vaseline will make your eyelashes grow. Apply it every night before you go to bed and leave it on all night.

**G**IRL of Sixteen, Scranton, Pa. Massage your elbows every night with warm olive oil, using a bit of cotton to apply the oil. If, at your age, you have wrinkles on your neck and around your eyes and mouth, you probably are under weight or your skin is undernourished. Get a good cold cream, asking for a heavy skin food, and apply it to those disturbing wrinkles.

Rose W., Chicago, Ill. Don't be sensitive about the fact that the conformation of your lower teeth gives you a slightly heavy chin. Teeth may be corrected in the very young but, in your case, I doubt whether straightening bands would have done much good. Slight variations from normal facial structure usually annoy ourselves more than they annoy others and too many girls have a habit of brooding on noses that are a little too large or cheekbones that are too high or chins that either thrust out too much or curve in too much. You can help a little if you avoid using too much heavy white powder on your chin. That is to say, don't accent what you think is a defect by make-up. If I were you, I would forget about it.

H. K., New Haven, Conn. Red hands are caused either by poor circulation or by careless washing. Use a soothing lotion after washing your hands and wear gloves out of doors. But first find out if you have poor circulation and what causes it and how it may be treated.

Send Your  
Beauty Problems  
to ANN BOYD

Read Miss Boyd's Advice  
Every Month in  
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# Be Smart *indoors* with a radiant "OUTDOOR" Skin!

Use this marvelous  
OLIVE OIL powder to  
accent the radiant  
tones of your complexion!



HELEN TWELVETREES, featured in "Beyond Victory," a new Pathe Production

**T**ODAY it's fashionable to have a skin that glows with *outdoor* beauty—even under ballroom lights. It's smart to look natural and morning-fresh at all times. And now, it's so easy! . . . The answer is OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder—utterly different from any other you have known!

Because of its unique olive oil base (found in no other face powder) OUTDOOR GIRL imparts to the complexion the warm, healthy tones of youth. Satiny in texture, it *clings* . . . fresh and sweet, for hours . . . and keeps the skin young and alive. Protection against winter's biting winds and cold, OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder is the perfect choice of the modern American girl.

Try this unusual powder! . . . Its seven enchanting tones include *Lido*, a gypsy tint for brunettes, and *Boulevard* for those of fairer skin. Generous acquaintance packages of this unusual powder are available at the 10c counters of F. W. Woolworth and other leading chain stores. Larger boxes at 35c and \$1.00 may be had at leading drug and department stores. Z. B. T. Products Co., 138 Willis Avenue, New York City.

**LIGHTEX**  
for Oily Skins  
in the Red Box



With  
**OLIVE OIL**  
for Normal Skin  
in the Purple Box

Buy these other smart OUTDOOR GIRL  
Beauty Aids at your favorite 10c counter!

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Vanishing Cream {in tubes}. Olive Oil Cream {in tubes}.

Lightex Face Powder, in 7 shades, for the oily skin.

Lipstick, in 4 shades. Cold Cream {in tubes}.

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Nail Beautifiers and Cosmetique.

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OLIVE OIL

## FACE POWDER

By the makers of Z. B. T. BABY TALCUM  
Fine for Baby's Body—Fine for Everybody!

A New and Exciting Vogue!—  
Blend Your Own Powder Tone

The Special 10-cent packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder make "shade-blending" simple and inexpensive. Choose two or more tints and with them make your own private powder. Use the darker tones to heighten the color—the white to subdue it.



# Cooked in Patapar . . . vegetables are more tasteful

HERE'S the way to enjoy the full, true flavor and nourishment of fresh vegetables. Just cook them in Patapar, the household form of Paterson Vegetable Parchment. You will be amazed and delighted at the wonderful results. Try it!



## Season First

Place prepared vegetables on a moistened sheet of Patapar and add seasonings (butter, salt, pepper, etc.)



## Tie Up Corners

Then take up corners and tie with string to form a bag.



## Boil as Usual

Place in ordinary pot of boiling water and cook as usual. No water enters; no juices escape.



## Save Juices

The vegetables have cooked in their own juices, saving all their flavor and nourishment. (Note: These juices make delicious vegetable cocktails. Serve them hot to the whole family!)

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Patapar comes ten large sheets to the package. Costs only 35c per package (40c, Denver to Pacific Coast). In each package you will discover a free 24-page booklet: "Little Ways to Lighten Housework with Patapar." Ask at your housefurnishing, hardware, stationery, drug, grocery or department store.

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108

# The Newsreel Comes Into Its Own

(Continued from page 92)

Unquestionably, the human interest character of the program is to a great extent responsible for its success. Each bill contains from twenty-six to thirty subjects—subjects from the most remote corners of the earth, subjects from every country known to man and Byrd.

Because of the educational value of the offerings a large number of children are brought each week to the newsreel theater. Churches also endorse it. Recently more than 500 priests in the metropolitan area visited it to see and hear Cardinal Hayes speak in Rome.

Probably no branch of the motion picture industry has moved forward with such rapid strides during the past year as has the newsreel. Not so very long ago the bishops of the cinema cathedrals regarded it with none too kindly eyes. If the feature picture and perhaps the stage show ran five minutes short of the desired length, audiences would be given five minutes of newsreels—five minutes (they seemed like fifty) devoted chiefly to military and naval maneuvers. Newsreel editors pleaded for better treatment of their product, upon which vast sums of money had been spent. They wanted a longer and more varied representation. Occasionally they got it. But for the most part the poor old newsreel was just so much parsley on a movie program.

EDGAR B. HATRICK was responsible for issuing the first actual newsreel in the world. As far back as fifteen years ago, he told me, he envisioned a theater that would be devoted exclusively to the showing of newsreel subjects. He talked of it and dreamed of it.

"Every time," he said, "an important subject was mutilated in the theater's cutting-room, every time a 'special' that had entailed enormous expense and effort had been rushed to the theater only to be allowed to lie upon the shelf I fumed and fretted and declared the day would come when the newsreel would be regarded as an important part of a movie theater program."

"The day has come. The newsreel, thanks to sound, is no longer looked upon as just so much filler. Today it is as welcome on the bill as the feature itself. It has humanized the great figures in the world's news. It has brought within hearing, within sight such figures as the Prince of Wales, King Albert of Belgium, King George, Mussolini, Emperor Hirohito of Japan, Briand, Andre Tardieu, President Rubio of Mexico, Lindbergh, Henry Ford, Edison, President Cosgrave of Ireland, Einstein, President Hoover, Babe Ruth, the King of Afghanistan, King Gustave of Sweden, the King and Queen of Italy, Al Smith, Mayor Walker, Chief Justice Hughes, Charles M. Schwab, Helen Wills, Glenna Collett, Calvin Coolidge and Nicholas Longworth."

Whom hasn't it brought? They come and they go, these people of the headlines, and a nation looks and cups its colossal ear.

AND who are the best subjects for the sound cameras? Always, my comrades, those of the most vivid personalities. The Prince of Wales is a favorite with the newsreel audiences. So also are Al Smith, Babe Ruth and, to a lesser degree, Lindbergh. The sound cameras reflect unerringly the dynamic force of Mussolini, the quiet force of Henry Ford; the rugged conservatism of the good Calvin invariably gets a big hand, I am told, though I'm inclined to believe that as much of it is due to the halo of prosperity which surrounded his reign as to the old-fashioned common sense so unmistakably suggested in his face and voice.

The Prince of Wales attracts mostly by his ever-present air of jauntiness, the good humor and good fellowship that rests in his eyes. The sound cameras bring out the humanness and glowing sincerity of Al in a way that testifies eloquently to the reason for much of his political success. . . . Moreover, he has a good speaking voice. For that matter so has Hoover, though until recently he was not microphonically wise. With experience, Hoover has overcome his tendency to clear his throat and end his sentence upon the wrong inflection.

For the most part the celebrities of the day appear the same upon the sound screen as in the rotogravures. Helen Wills changes her poker face for the newsreels no whit more than James J. Walker alters his expression of quizzical sophistication. Sir Thomas Lipton is the same genial sportsman on the screen that he is in the pages of the newspaper. Incidentally, the newsreel men tell a story of Sir Thomas.

He was taken to the home of Paramount Sound News. It was his first experience inside a modern movie plant and he was keenly interested in the devices which form a part of sound equipment. His biggest thrill, however, came just after his voice was recorded. He was asked to listen to the "play-back." He seemed amazed he could hear his own voice so quickly and sat listening intently. At the end he shook his head gravely for a moment and then said:

"It's quite remarkable, but hasn't it a terrible foreign accent?"

THE cartoonist, concerned with the thrills that come once in a lifetime, cannot be thinking of the cameramen on the payrolls of the newsreels, for their lives are just a succession of thrills. The newsreel cameraman's life is probably the most hazardous of any in the world—and the least exploited. Day in and day out they are sent on dangerous assignments in all parts of the globe. Let Vesuvius or Etna break loose and a few minutes later a newsreel man is on his way to record the event.

Let a sea disaster occur or transatlantic flyers land in the wilds of Labrador and cameramen by specially chartered planes and trains and ships are speeding to the scene, hoping, of course, to get a beat upon their competitors but hoping, beat or no beat, to



return with pictures. Swift and reckless and tempestuous is their routine. It makes the life of a war correspondent seem as safe as a florist's in comparison.

In the last eruption of Mt. Etna, for example, a Paramount News cameraman named Bixio Alberini, managed to make not only the first moving pictures to reach this country, but also one of the most striking records of a greater disaster that has ever been filmed.

Alberini managed to obtain a fifteen hour lead on his rivals by flying from Rome to Palermo and then working his way back across the island of Sicily while his competitors were making the long train trip from Rome to Messina. Before he left he borrowed from the army a gas mask equipped with an oxygen respirator which was to prove nearly as valuable to him on the assignment as his camera.

Once in the threatened area, he made his way up the volcano's slopes to meet the stream of molten lava. Priests and peasants watched him pass aghast at his fool-hardiness. Climbing ever higher he came upon deserted villages black with volcanic dust and half-hidden by drifting clouds of sulphuric smoke.

When Alberini finally reached the lava flow he pulled on his mask and worked his way in among the fumes and as close to the stream as its heat made possible. Then, as a river of burning earth poured down the mountainside he made one of the most spectacular moving pictures ever filmed.

ON the biggest sea disaster of recent years, the sinking of the S.S. *Vestris* with a loss of more than 100 lives, Paramount News came through with the first pictures of the event and a special that was chosen for showing by most of the nation's picture theaters, regardless of their affiliations.

Emanuel Cohen, Paramount editor, in describing how the beat was put across explained:

"Unfortunately sea disasters are none too rare and we have learned from grim experience the one way of handling them. In this case we proved that it is not the newsreel that gets up earliest in the morning that gets the pictures. Rather it is the one that does not go to bed at all.

"We received a flash on the *Vestris* a few seconds after she sent out her S. O. S. A plane was hired at once to rush one of our men down to Norfolk, the nearest point for rescue ships to put out from. We also radioed the different ships steaming to the scene of the disaster in an effort to locate moving pictures.

"The following night a good sixteen hours before the first of the rescue ships was due in New York, I put one of our editors on board a tug with a squad of cameramen and sent them down the bay. All night our tug kicked around the lower bay, patrolling back and forth between the Quarantine telegraph station and the channel. Finally, shortly after daylight and hours before she was expected, the S.S. *Berlin* slipped into the harbor. Ten minutes later our tug picked her up."

Then, Cohen explained, began a search for moving pictures of the rescue of the survivors, conducted through a megaphone with the passengers of the *Berlin*. After half an hour of shouting in German and English, of waving ten dollar bills, a

(Continued on page 110)

# Have You Bought Your Copy of the New WHO'S WHO OF THE SCREEN?



## THE SECOND ALBUM OF STARS

IF YOU are as interested as most people are in the lives and careers of the film famous, you'll not want to take a chance on missing this new pictorial directory—"Who's Who of the Screen". It's the second New Movie Album—and just off the press.

"Who's Who of the Screen" gives you all the facts you like to keep for reference on your favorites—and sixty-two specially posed new photographs of the most popular stars of the year.

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## TOWER BOOKS, INCORPORATED

55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.



GARY COOPER



NORMA SHEARER



LEILA HYAMS



# The Newsreel Comes Into Its Own

(Continued from page 109)



**\$1500 for Pearls  
but only  
10c for Her Rouge**

Looped around her lovely neck is a strand of matched pearls that adorn her beauty with their cool, restless fires. They are worth a king's ransom. She is a woman of wealth and of discriminating taste. Yet... she pays only 10c for her rouge. To her cheeks it brings just the right tone... an alluring, harmonious shade that never varies. Its texture is cobwebby and it is so pure that it cannot harm the most delicate skin. Her rouge is Heather Rouge.

This rouge that has been popular for 25 years is sold by all 5 and 10-cent stores. From among its numerous shades select the tint that flatters your type of beauty. If you want the loveliest complexion use it faithfully.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE

**HEATHER**  
**10c NATURAL**  
**everywhere! ROUGE**  
(15c in Canada)

Other famous Heather Cosmetics of fine quality and low price are: Lip Stick... Cosmetiko, a mascara... Eyebrow Pencil... Eye Shadow... Powder Compacts... Puffs.

German banker, whose hobby is motion picture photographs and who had a standard sized camera with him, was dug out of his berth and dragged on deck by an English-speaking friend. Negotiations then began and were completed with promises of a bargain struck on both sides.

**N**EWREEL gathering contains all the competitive thrill that was once the special pride and glory of the newspaper. All newsreel men can point to spectacular beats. All of them can point to exclusive stunts which, while having no news significance, are none the less among their outstanding achievements. Of the latter classification Cohen is particularly proud of a picture which Tom Cummins of his London office took on a ride around a five hundred foot high ferris wheel while lashed upside down to its rim.

The pictures that Cummins made are sufficiently unusual to deserve a place in any newsreel. They give the impression of having been made from a stunting airplane, which had done a combination of loop the loop and falling leaf. The world starts by being spread out beneath the camera in a great panorama.

An example of a newsreel that combines the best features of spectacular news and a special stunt is that of the pictures which Vanderveer and Rucker took of the frozen wastes of Antarctica while members of the Byrd expedition. For eighteen months they took their lives literally daily in their hands as they shot the treacherous peaks and ice-packs of the polar region.

They will tell you, if you ask them, that they would not trade the memories of their hazardous experiences in Antarctica for a bag of gold, but they will also add they would not undertake a similar assignment again for all the money still in Monte Carlo. Not that the dangers were too horrifying. Rather, that the isolation was maddening.

When Vanderveer and Rucker returned to New York they were guests of honor at a dinner of fellow cameramen. Special homage was paid to them, not so much because of their signal courage—for all newsreel men must possess courage—but because they had been where no newsreel men had penetrated before. That was distinction. That was something worth sitting around a banquet board and talking about.

**I** TALKED with Vanderveer after he had recounted the major portion of his adventures for the benefit of his comrades of the camera. His most startling statement was that no member of the expedition was sick during the entire sojourn in the polar region. I could scarcely believe my ears. It speaks wonders for the superb judgment of Byrd in the selection of his personnel as well as for the superlative attention he gave to the minutest preparations for his expedition.

The newsreel men recently put their restless fingers on the elusive coat-tails of Graham McNamee, the big radio

noun-and-adjective man. Those who go down to the arena in armchairs have long been familiar with Graham McNamee's unusual gift for creating excitement. Often have they moved to the edges of their rockers as they listened to his breathless description of ponderous palookas. They have absorbed—these ear-cuppers of the nation—something of his glowing enthusiasm as they sat, tensely, in the comparative comfort of the old front parlor. They have come to regard him as a microphonic institution, as necessary to their thrills and entertainment as a radio set itself.

With the microphone now so closely identified with the camera is it any wonder the newsreel men tracked McNamee down with their dotted lines? Why, of course not. The tracking was inevitable.

McNamee's heavy-sugared voice roams through the varied programs which make up the Universal Newsreel, commenting upon the highlights of the day's events as they flash across the screen. His radio technique seems to me to be admirably suited to his new activity. Newsreels call for excitement and enthusiasm if anything in this world calls for them, and the M. McNamee provides them in abundance.

Universal shoots its subjects without the benefit of McNamee's presence. He waits back in the cutting-room where the reel is unwound slowly and exclusively for him. It is his job to fit the words to the action and the action to the words. If he is in his customary glowing mood and the subjects before his eyes capture his imagination, he voices a description as colorful as it is dramatic.

**F**REQUENTLY a subject of rather ordinary interest may pass before him and McNamee, so eager and dynamic is his temperament, gives it a vivid quality far beyond its importance. A man, let us say, is paddling a canoe down a fairly turbulent stream. Ahead of him looms a small waterfall. Is McNamee content with merely narrating the action? Indeed, no. He gets excited.

"Here he comes," he will say. "He's getting closer and closer to the brink. He's only a—few—yards away. . . . Oh, boy! He's coming fast . . . and I don't mean maybe . . . twenty feet away now. . . . Now he's—only—ten. He's—he's OVER."

And all the time the announcer is half-panting, half-chuckling. He appears to be enjoying himself hugely and that to my mind explains the greater part of McNamee's success as a commentator. He loves his work.

Newsreels will probably depend more and more upon radio announcers, particularly those announcers who can vitalize thrillingly, absorbingly, the subjects of their comment. In an age when the gift of gab is reaping the richest rewards in all its history it would seem a lack of foresight on the part of the newsreel magnificoes were they to pass by that field where gab is enjoying its greatest glorification.



# Almost an Actor

(Continued from page 47)

On my way out of the restaurant I met young W. L. River, one of the lads responsible for the dialogue and story of "Way for a Sailor." About twenty-seven years old, he shrank like a violet when I asked him concerning his career.

"Really, I don't know how to begin... my life has been so active. But I do feel a duty toward my public also. How many readers did you say New MOVIE had—ten millions—well let's see."

"My God," exclaimed Sam Wood. "We'll never get to work."

"But I've got to tell him this, Sam," said River. "I may be dead in the morning. Thalberg's liable to kill you and me both when he sees that last sequence." I started to leave. River grabbed my coat lapel.

"I was born in San Francisco and in 1906 I set fire to the city and was taken for observation and bringing-up to New York and then moved to a fuller upbringing in Chicago to keep my accent American. I fled to New York after a university training, which proved of little value in Manhattan except that a good course in philosophy gave necessary equipment to withstand hunger and life in Greenwich Village. Spent three days in the Tombs for breaking some plates, then fled to Staten Island to muse in peace, where I wrote a few columns for *The Evening World*, a few stories for the pulp paper magazines. I then became lazy and began on poetry. I lived on stolen milk and bread (delivered in front of the corner store at four in the morning). I was later ousted from a small icebox room in the dead of winter to make way for a happy family of six. After sleeping in the kitchen for several days and then, having pondered long enough on the ships going out to sea, I went aboard one bound for London. I was a seaman on freighters to the Baltic, the Mediterranean and South America over a year's period and then six months of advertising and suddenly my typewriter gave birth to 'Death of a Young Man,' my first book. I then journeyed overland to New Orleans and shipped to the Far East. Returning, got drunk in Hollywood while in San Pedro harbor, and missed the ship. Not caring much for the idea of enlisted sailors who peel potatoes and learn how to be machinists, went to work with Laurence Stallons on 'Way for a Sailor.'"

Sam Wood jerked me away, saying angrily, "If you ask another guy about himself for New MOVIE, I'll have you—"

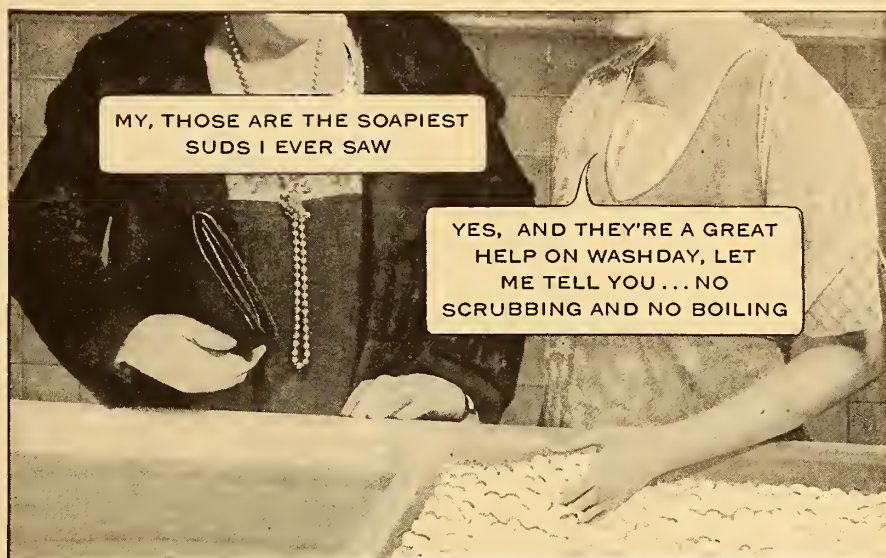
"But, Sam, I also want a sketch of your career—"

"Well, that's different—let's see—I was born in Philadelphia, became an actor at an early age. . . ."

"That's enough," I said. "You directors are all alike." That night I was made to do one scene over and over again—thirty-eight and a half times.

SAM WOOD is one of the most patient and one of the most able directors in the business. At his best in broad human comedy, he is shrewd enough to stick to that medium in the films. A man in middle life, an actor always, he served but a short time as

(Continued on page 112)



MY, THOSE ARE THE SOAPIEST SUDS I EVER SAW

YES, AND THEY'RE A GREAT HELP ON WASHDAY, LET ME TELL YOU... NO SCRUBBING AND NO BOILING



DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THESE SNOW-WHITE CLOTHES WEREN'T SCRUBBED?

NO... NOR BOILED! THESE THICK RINSO SUDS SOAK OUT THE DIRT

## How women marvel at these whiter washes!

"I love the way Rinso gets the clothes so sweet and clean," writes Mrs. H. Gorman of Peoria, Ill.

Thousands have written to tell us how thrilled they are with Rinso whiteness. Cottons and linens come like new, safely.

"I notice my clothes last much longer since I've given up scrubbing and changed to the gentle Rinso way," writes Mrs. P. W. Davis of Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Rinso is all that's needed, even in hardest water—no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight,

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The makers of 38 famous washers recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes.

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Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan





# Almost an Actor

(Continued from page 111)

an assistant director before taking the megaphone himself.

Sam would laugh his casual laugh which betokened a long day tomorrow and go right on taking a scene over a score of times.

"You know," said Sam Wood, during a lull in directing. "Arizona's the toughest place in the country to make pictures in. One time down there I found a dozen tarantulas in my bed." "Probably put there by actors," I responded.

"Or supervisors," was his comeback. "But Lewin wouldn't do a thing like that, he's pretty regular," he added as a humorous afterthought.

I had known Albert Lewin, supervisor on "Way for a Sailor" for nearly a dozen years. More than any man in Hollywood he had encouraged me to clear my own patch of timber as a writer.

Long ago, when "Beggars of Life" was in crude manuscript I stood with him under a California moon. Our combined salaries amounted to

eighty-five dollars a week. He was getting fifty dollars of that.

I have always respected his opinion as I do Mencken's.

"Be simple and direct," he advised. "Write like you talk—and you'll get somewhere if you work."

His faith had never wavered. He is now one of Irving Thalberg's assistants. As a record of achievement, Lewin's rise is an amazing story even in amazing Hollywood.

I agreed with Sam Wood.

**W**E were fortunate in having John Gilbert along. We called him Five O'clock Jack. For it was stipulated in his contract he need not work longer than that civilized hour in the afternoon.

And so naturally we always warned Jack when "His Hour" approached.

The most dangerous phase of the work in "Way of a Sailor" was the photographing of the storm which swept over the sea. It was taken at the rear of the M.-G.-M. lot, miles from

the ocean. It is one of the most realistic scenes ever depicted, and it speaks volumes for the mechanical genius of a group of men who are seldom mentioned in the public prints.

A ship, costing thousands of dollars, was built on the lot. Its framework was so devised that the decks could be changed, making it the sort of ship desired. A permanent fixture on the lot, it has served in many films. It is made to rock, to sway, to plunge forward through the sea, by the slight pressure of an electric button. An hydraulic apparatus is under the ship. A lake has been dug in the foreground which serves as an outlet for the water which crashes over the ship.

About forty feet above the ship, and about a hundred feet to one side, are eight immense tanks, each holding many thousands of gallons of water. They can be dumped simultaneously, or one at a time, as desired by the director. A man sits at a small desk and touches very lightly the button which controls the tank which he wishes to empty. As each tank can be refilled by hydraulic pressure in thirty seconds, the producers can be as careless with water as the Ruler of the Elements often is in a playful mood.

The director and his lieutenants, cameramen, wardrobe flunkies, mechanical and art experts, the men who can the sound, all are grouped on an improvised framework of wood, many feet above the ground, and overlooking the deck of the ship.

**A**CROSS the lake, on the second porch of a house that has once been used in a tale of decaying southern grandeur, are a group of sightseers: Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg, Eddie Mannix, Harry Rapf, Paul Bern, Albert Lewin and other men under whose nervous pulses beats the lifeblood of the tremendous organization that will later exhibit this film in the most remote corners of the world, and which callow critics will take seriously, as critics always do what is only done for fun—and money.

We have arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon—for night work. The call has been "on the set at four."

The indefatigable Wood paces up and down, up and down, relentless in his energy, terrifying in his enthusiasm. His face is as drawn as if he were directing a "Paradise Lost," and a group of actors were the souls in hell—as they should be.

I had changed shirts on this day, fearful that the one discarded would fall in cakes of dirt from me. Wood, going into battle with the elements, and with the full knowledge that every time the ship moved it would cost the company five thousand dollars, noticed that I had changed shirts. There was but a very slight difference in the color; photographed, the difference would not have been detected with a microscope. But the glutton for detail thought otherwise. His hands tore his hair. One would have thought that all he loved was perishing before his eyes.

"Oh . . . my God, Jimmy . . . oh, my God—Jimmy—why did you do that—why did you do that—?"

I looked about me. There were no

(Continued on page 114)



Harold Lloyd is doing some more breath-taking stunts in his new comedy, "Feet First." A lot of the action takes place on the dizzy front of a skyscraper and the stunts outdo those startling sequences of "Safety Last." Next Harold is going to do a college comedy on terra firma.



## Movie Puppets

(Continued from page 8)

hard benches for half an hour waiting for a tardy one. But they don't mind. The atmosphere of the Club Guignol is too casual and chummy for anyone to get upstage. It's hard to be temperamental wedged into a space that was intended for fifty but that will accommodate sixty if they all know each other.

What is the real attraction of the puppet show? The stars themselves, those who have been most intrigued by the performances of their miniature selves, admit that they do not know. It might be the play instinct.

Colleen Moore, whose collection of dolls is famous, has come again and again to watch her own puppet stage its clever little dance and sing its characteristic little song.

"I cannot understand my attachment for puppets," she confided, "unless it's the novelty of seeing a doll become animate. I've stopped counting the number of times I've been to see the puppets, but they are almost as much fun as they were the first time."

Incidentally, it's lots of fun to see Colleen back stage, after the show, taking the controls and putting her miniature self through intricate dance steps.

**E**VEN Sid Grauman, that greatest of contemporary Los Angeles showmen, has enjoyed the puppets. "They are the most convincing manikins I have ever seen," he volunteered.

"I'm going to quit acting," Kenneth Thompson jokingly announced as the first scene came to a climax with the actors on the stage rising to lofty dramatic heights.

Leatrice Joy gave a party not long ago. She bought out all the seats for the amusement of her friends, then, entering into the spirit of camaraderie that pervades Club Guignol, she went back stage and stood on the bridge, speaking the lines for her puppet to gain a realistic effect.

"It's never any trouble to gather a motion picture party to see the puppets," said Miss Joy. "We are all so weary of the usual dance places and hotel dinners that the marionette theatre furnishes just the unusual, highly amusing entertainment we are seeking."

Whenever a party is given in film-land, it is quite the smart thing to have the Club Guignol transported—puppets, controls and operators—to the lawn or one of the rooms of the entertaining star's home. Colleen Moore has entertained her friends in this manner, as has Tom Mix.

**R**UTH CHATTERTON is another who enjoyed working the control strings that bring her puppet to life. But Miss Chatterton refused to spoil the illusion by letting her eyes stray above the figure itself. However, and this is a secret, it is rumored that she did peek once or twice.

The lovely blond Esther Ralston is another who was so intrigued that she was lavish in her praise.

As for Ramon Novarro, he admitted with much pleasure that he made puppets when a boy in old Mexico.

"I had a regular puppet theatre," said Novarro, "and it was then perhaps that I became interested in acting. But," he examined his own puppet, "my puppets were not so beeg."



**B**e as slim  
as you wish  
...graceful as  
you should be

**M**OST people can lose excess weight—if they really want to. And anyone can acquire grace and poise while losing the unwanted pounds, if she goes about it in the right way.

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**Music Had Been**  
**Shut Out of Her**  
**Heart for 25 Years**

*then*  
**A Miracle Happened!**

WHEN just a little girl, she had a great fondness for music—loved the lilting strains of Traumeri, Humoresque, Blue Danube... Then darkness came—and night—feverish, bed-ridden weeks—despair—hope—and after that, convalescence—but blighted for life! For Scarlet Fever had left its curse upon her. No longer could she hear the plaintive melodies that fascinated her. Music was shut out of her heart forever. Her hearing hopelessly impaired, she braved life's remaining years with silent suffering—soundless agony—for she adored music so much. Then a miracle happened! Kind friends persuaded her to try a new discovery, called Artificial Ear Drums, the invention of George P. Way, who, himself, was deaf for many years. Relief was immediate! Once again, after a lapse of 25 years, she found herself able to hear! Joyous sounds that had escaped her were once more audible. Would that she had heard of Mr. Way's discovery years before! Now she wears these miraculous drums day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Perhaps you, too, can bring music and laughter again into the life of someone who suffers from deafness. A letter or postcard will bring complete information, without obligation, about this wonderful discovery for the deaf. Address

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Name.....  
 Address.....

# Almost an Actor

(Continued from page 113)

dead men near. So I had not committed murder. The director yelled to Johnny Waters, to the second assistant, to the wardrobe flunkies, "Why didn't someone watch this—now men—please don't let this happen again."

In all his scolding there was kindness. Highly nervous, Johnny Waters was a magnificent foil for him. For even if worlds crashed around the quiet Irishman, he would reach for a match and light his ever present cigar.

**A**FTER hours of rehearsing in oilskins and heavy rubber boots, the director called "Lunch" and we went to the commissary for one hour. We returned to the boat, and under the glare of lights that would melt the heart of a Third Avenue pawnbroker we began rehearsing again. The director would make sure that we remembered our lines, even though the roar of the elements that would soon be around us would make it impossible for even Gabriel to be heard. But Wood, relentless in detail, watched our words, for he felt they would help to accentuate our actions.

All in readiness, with Beery of the great gusto our leader, the cameras began to click, the sound apparatus was made ready, and all became as tense as the moment preceding a great championship prize fight.

Then suddenly, Wood's voice was heard, sharp, terse, "Camera!"

We each began to move through our allotted actions. A fearful roar was heard above. Number one tank was released.

The water roared down, a veritable Niagara. The trough, twelve feet wide and five deep, had an upward curve at the end. The surging water struck the curve, dashed upward, and rolled across the ship with appalling force. The men, all save one, seasoned by life, ex-pugilists, sailors, miners, knew instinctively how to keep from being washed from the ship.

We dared not watch the water. Our business was with art, and to keep from being injured.

Number two was released. It wrapped around us with the force of a caress by Dempsey. I was thrown against Beery, who stood, strong as a Rodin in bronze, the water dripping from his powerful face, out of whose wide mouth was escaping a heavy grunt that was brother to a groan.

**POWERFUL** wind machines lashed the water in every direction.

No voice could be heard... the ship rocked, plunged, and stood for a second still as if ready for the final dive.

Suddenly we beheld a body swishing across the deck and lying for a second in the position of a man crucified, while the water surged over it.

The water stopped. There came a dreadful silence.

The prostrate man was an English actor from a "Journey's End" company.

The director was on the ship in a jiffy. He leaned over the stretched-out figure. "Are you hurt?"

"Not at all, thank you," was the dead game answer of a member of a race with the courage to die on a thousand battlefields.

He was back on the job in a week or so, though he was never again subjected to the roaring water. He could not withstand that which we had withstood, but each extra and star was big enough to admire his "Not at all, thank you."

Carried from the ship, more directions from Sam Wood, a few more from Johnny Waters, conferences all around. And then—we took our places once again.

The wind machines began to drive a spray over the ship, and to roar in unison. We began to go through our paces in the ghastly light, like demented somnambulists, now groping here, now there. Then "CAMERA!"

Number one roared down and struck us, number two followed, number three, four, five, six, seven, eight. No storm ever devised in the brain of any God had been so terrible. The water crashed against the sides of the deck, and rolled downward in the plunging ship and rolled back again. Another ten thousand gallons of water would strike us, would bend our knees under, would throw us against immovable objects, would wash the very hair from our heads.

A sailor accidentally grabbed a rope. He was thrown downward, his back wrenched.

"You shouldn't grab anything that moves," said a voice when the silence came.

"I knew better—damnit," was the answer, as the man limped away.

**H**OUR after hour we were bombarded with the water. By midnight we were worn out. We were led to the flood gates after that hour, and though the director insisted and pleaded, we were useless. At last we would be allowed to go home in the early morning.

The men who had stood the battling of the waves with Wallace Beery and myself were always overjoyed when quitting time came.

They would troup off the set singing:  
*It ain't goin' to rain no more, no more*  
*It ain't goin' to rain no more,*  
*But how in the heck kin we wash our neck,*  
*If it ain't goin' to rain no more.*

The extra players were always of deep interest to me. They came from far lands and of many different kinds of people.

One, Bunny Summers, was the brother of Johnny Summers, one of the greatest lightweight pugilists England had ever produced.

"What's Johnny doing now?" I asked.

"E's gone to 'ell," answered Bunny, "somewheres in London."

"Do you ever write to him?" was my next question.

"Never do," was the reply.

A girl on the set was reading "The Well of Loneliness."

She was a beauty forlorn.

"Do you like the book?" I asked her.

"Fairly well," was the answer. "A

person has to wade through a whole book to get what Havelock Ellis would give in a chapter."

I learned that Sam Wood always tried to give her whatever work was possible in the pictures which he directed.



And there came a tale from her of which the director need not be ashamed. Neither does he know that I know.

In another film he had engaged a young woman who claimed to be a parachute jumper. It was the pretty young woman reader of "The Well of Loneliness."

When she was about to jump from the balloon the director learned that she had never been up in the air before.

Wood faced the situation like a man and a soldier.

The girl was game and the picture was taken. She actually made the jump.

But not all the tale is told.

In a nation where some men are allowed to earn a million or more dollars a year, the young woman, the mother of two children faced a judge, guilty of the crime of not being able to support her babies.

The judge, with the average intelligence of his breed, solved the question with very lawyer-like simplicity and lack of understanding. He merely gave the young lady two days in which to get a hundred dollars or lose her children.

One hundred dollars was the price the company paid her for jumping from the parachute. She took the job, and let Sam Wood hold the goat.

The intrepid young woman was injured later.

**SAM WOOD** gave her a sum of money out of his own pocket to defray the expenses of an operation.

"Every time I ask him to let me pay it back he pushes me away from him," she said.

"A white fellow," I said.

"None whiter," she answered.

It is often of such tales that the fabric of Hollywood is woven.

Al Boasberg was always a source of amusement.

In one of his gags, in speaking of women, as that was all we talked about in the film, Jack Gilbert says to me, "Cheer up, Ginger, Rome wasn't made in a day." And my reply was . . . "Rome ain't never been out with me yet."

Mr. Boasberg appeared on the set with deep consternation the day after the above scene was shot. Between gasps he gave the information that Supervisor Albert Lewin, an ex-instructor of English, had decided against the gag for the reason that it was ungrammatical. That Mr. Gilbert's line should read—Rome was not properly constructed in a day. Therefore, the line should be made to read correctly, even if the entire point were lost.

The filming of a picture includes a great deal of seemingly endless waiting. Something goes wrong with the lights, the cameras need refilling, the sound track has gone wrong, the story needs revising, and many other things happen. To while away the tedium, tales are told, and repartee exchanged.

The successful prison play, "The Last Mile," was at that time in Los Angeles; Robert Blake, the twenty-one-year-old Texas boy upon whose execution the drama had been founded, had been my friend.

Evidently, the state of Texas, in the last gesture of kindness before legal murder, grants the doomed man the privilege of having two people witness his execution. Blake, a boy with a certain future as a writer, requested that

(Continued on page 118)





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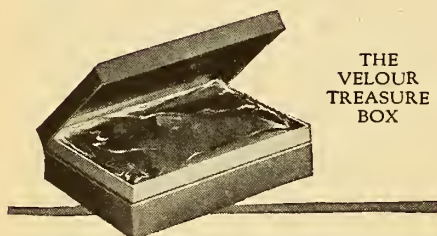
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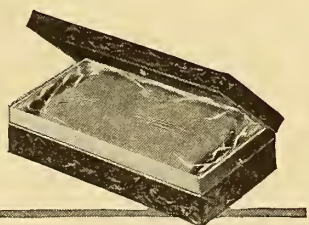
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# Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 10)

## Wants Kisses, Not Songs

*Lafayette, La.*

What in the world has happened to our love scenes? Where are the ardent kisses which caused our hearts to miss several beats? They have decreased amazingly since the coming of the talking pictures. Are we supposed to get a thrill out of heroes standing several feet away from heroines singing their songs of love in these modern talkies?

*Elaine Monteleon,  
512 Lafayette Street.*

## Likes Re-Filmed Films

*Bywood, Pa.*

One reader writes that re-filmed pictures are not favored—that the plot is the only thing and, in re-filming, the plot loses interest. I disagree and base my disapproval on the fact that most people enjoy the art of acting enough to be interested in the interpretation of different characters by the fans' favorite stars. Look at the opera, at the stage. Some characters will live forever.

*Helen Waine,  
411 Spence Avenue.*

## Admires Ruth Chatterton

*San Francisco, Calif.*

Ruth Chatterton is without doubt the best ever. Anyone who can do "Madame X," "Charming Sinners," "Sarah and Son" and then a faultless "Anybody's Woman," and all of them perfectly, just can't be beaten. After the so-called beauty of such vacant faces as Billie Dove, Corinne Griffith and Betty Compson, she's a wonderful relief.

*Mrs. W. Francis,  
640 Polk Street, Apt. 604.*

## Those Invisible Orchestras

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

None of my friends have been fortunate enough to have an orchestra play for them while they are making love, in the woods or in a canoe. As an instance—"High Society Blues," if my readers will recall, an orchestra was playing for Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell while they were enacting a love scene, in their favorite nook. I should like very much to have the opinion of NEW MOVIE on this matter, and whether or not I am justified in saying that movie producers should consider such details as an important factor.

*Dorothy Cohen,  
801 So. 22nd Street.*

## Vive, Maurice!

*Utica, N. Y.*

Remember the male idols of yester-

day's screen? Namely, Maurice Costello, daddy of all idols? Followed by the heroic Francis X. Bushman, supplanted by the boyish deviltry of Wallace Reid, who in turn was succeeded by the incomparable Rudolph Valentino? A parade of kings, each in succession giving way to the royal screen proclamation, "The King Is Dead—Long Live the King." As the silent screen was on its dying legs, the incorrigible John Gilbert flashed like a meteor to dazzle the silver sheet with his supremacy. Then came the dawn—the talking picture régime. Like a diamond from the sky, Monsieur Maurice Chevalier, abetted by his two henchmen, personality and pep, pounced upon the unsuspecting Gilbert and snatched the throne away from him. But is Gilbert vanquished forever? Not by a long shot!

*George A. Abbate,  
630 Mary Street.*

## Garbo a Soprano?

*New Orleans, La.*

Greta Garbo's picture, "Romance," was quite entertaining and the work of the artists excellent, but the musical director let a few slips go by him. In the ballroom scene, when Greta sings for the entertainment of her guests, her selection is "Una voce poco fa," from "The Barber of Seville," a distinct coloratura soprano song, and the voice recorded was such. Can anyone imagine Garbo singing in such a voice? She has such a deep contralto voice that another double should have been used. Then later she sang the rôle of "Marta," a lyric soprano rôle. Why not have her sing something like "Samson and Delilah"?

*G. A. H.,  
1629 Bordeaux.*

## Adapt Films for Stage

*Chicago, Ill.*

We hear so much lately of all being quiet on the "Broadway Front." This, I take it, means that the crowds flock to picture houses, instead of attending performances of the legitimate stage, which must be hard on stage companies. Couldn't Broadway help to remedy the situation by acknowledging defeat and taking second place? Stage plays have formerly been reproduced on the screen, resulting in a flood at the box-office, especially when a great hit was in question. Why don't they adapt picture plays to the stage now? I am sure legitimate houses could not hold the crowds who would throng to see such plays as "Sunny Side Up," "Devil's Holiday" or "Our Modern Maidens."

*Florence Stuart,  
1414 E. 65th Place.*

## IN NEW MOVIE NEXT MONTH FREDERICK JAMES SMITH'S REVIEW OF THE SCREEN YEAR

What has happened to the stars during the year? What were the artistic and what were the box office hits of 1930? A complete summary of your favorites' activities, the best performances, the best instances of direction. Watch for this!



## In Defense of Opera

Birmingham, Ala.

I would like to answer two of the opinions of my fellow-townsmen, Mr. James G. Eady, on which he so naively invited agreement in your September issue. He asked "Do you know that opera pictures will never become popular? That Lawrence Tibbett's type of singing does not appeal to about ninety-nine per cent of the American people?"

My answer, Mr. Eady is this:

Do you know that the Metropolitan Opera Company, in which Mr. Tibbett sings, has just closed its most successful season? That its business has steadily increased during recent years? That they will produce another great American opera there during the coming season, and that other American operas will follow? Do you know that Tibbett draws tremendously large and enthusiastic audiences wherever he gives a concert? That his picture was a sensation in New York and many other cities? That Novarro, whom you praise so highly, has just finished one of a long series of training periods under the famous singer, Louis Gra-veure, and is a most ardent admirer and disciple of the singing of Tibbett?

Adrian Anderson,

1903 14th Av. N., Apt. 9.

## A Nancy Carroll Admirer

Los Angeles, Calif.

Nancy Carroll's fine acting in "The Devil's Holiday" brought her praise and recognition from the critics, which was assuredly well earned on her part, but rather late in coming. Nancy has always been a fine actress and has given some excellent performances, notably in "The Dance of Life." To hear the critics talk one might think that she does her first good acting in "The Devil's Holiday." They even hint that some of her success in this picture may be attributed to the director and not to her own talents. All of which is rather unfair to Nancy.

D. H. Chapman,  
1337 Shatto Street.

## Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 14)

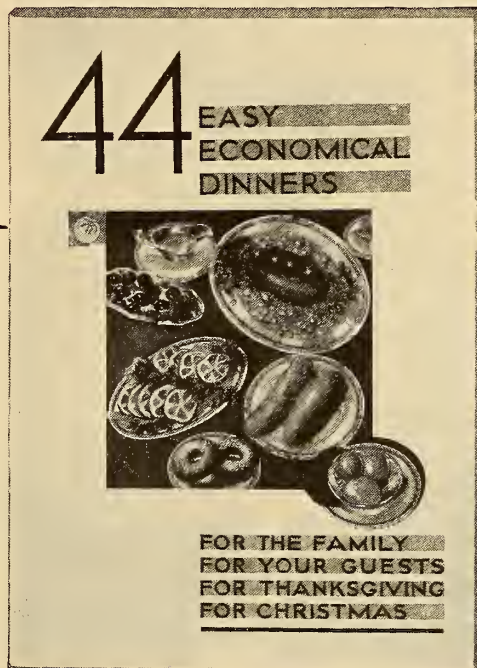
**Hell's Angels.** Cost its maker three million, three years and the lives of several stunt aviators. The war scenes in the air are great but the drama is pitiful. Not very well acted, either. Still, it has its thrills in the clouds.  
*United Artists.*

**Moby Dick.** John Barrymore's newest talkie version of Herman Melville's priceless old sea yarn, once done by Jack as a silent film called "The Sea Beast." Joan Bennett now has the rôle that made Dolores Costello both famous and Mrs. Barrymore. *Warners.*

**Safety in Numbers.** A snappy comedy in which Buddy Rogers plays a handsome heir to a fortune and has for his guardians three beautiful Follies girls. Easily the best Rogers film in some time. Has plenty of charm.  
*Paramount-Publix.*

**Raffles.** Another mystery thriller, somewhat along the lines of "Bulldog Drummond." Ronald Colman is delightful as Raffles—so, too, is Kay Francis, who supplies the heart interest of the film. *United Artists.*

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FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

# Almost an Actor

(Continued from page 115)

H. L. Mencken and I watch his last moments on earth.

His diary later appeared in *The American Mercury*. He told in vivid detail the last hour of a condemned man as he waited for death.

His mother, a poverty-stricken woman, by a freak of circumstance, had shared in the immense profits of the play, which unknowingly had been conceived in the brain of a boy about to die.

A three-page, single spaced type-written letter had been written to me by young Blake a few hours before he died. He told me that he had about given up hope of life and a literary future, as he had just seen the executioner on his way to adjust the chair.

He closed his letter with the poignant line, "I feel more deeply for my dear mother than for myself. You see, Jim, there were seven boys—I was the youngest."

**I TOLD** this tale on the set. Even Sam Wood stopped to listen. The story finished, each listener was intent for a silent period on the nightmare called life.

Finally Wally Beery said, "Lord—if they only executed her six other boys—she'd be a very rich woman."

Some smiled grimly, while Beery, the shrewd buffoon, hiding an ache with a smile, looked at Jack Gilbert, who in turn looked at Sam Wood.

That fellow, chin on his chest, feet wide apart, looked up quickly at Polly Moran, and said half to himself, "A tough break."

Polly made no answer. She was sobbing.

There followed days at sea in which we became sunburned, water-soaked and weary of wind and weather.

We spent an entire day doing one sequence. Wally Beery, who generally had the faculty of getting his lines out of the air, was at this time unable to remember three lines in succession.

Never will I forget his struggling with the dialogue and always winding up with—"Now the sea is like the ocean and the ocean's like the sea."

The line which bothered me and made of life a thing of terror was "One guy went down, a German, playing away on a concertina."

So miserably did I say the words, so bad was my acting that the whole troupe took up the line and from then on I heard it wherever I turned—I'll hear it on the Judgment Day—**ONE GUY WENT DOWN—A GERMAN**—This sequence was thrown out of the picture after being seen in the projection room.

At last, after an endless journey from the Arctic on a Mexican tramp steamer, the filthiest boat in the world, we reached again the harbor of San Pedro, London for film purposes, and there was the usual gathering of frayed humanity to greet us.

Mr. Beery had captured a trained seal in the Arctic. He was bringing it to London. The seal ate vast quanti-

ties of fish, and when not so engaged, would casually bite Mr. Beery. Once, it gashed his chest, at another time his arm.

The seal was rehearsed so much that it eventually gave up. Unmindful of roughneck sailors soon to go ashore, it stretched itself upon the deck and reclined wearily.

Sam Wood scolded. The seal, too sensible to wish a prolonged existence as an actor, stared at him sadly out of his mild eyes as much as to say, "If you don't mind, you can tell the M.-G.-M. officials to go to hell. I'm not a ham actor. I know when I've had enough."

Soon it was all over. The happy and dishevelled gang of gay and troubled troubadours disbanded, never, perhaps to meet again and perhaps never wanting to.

**BUT** it was an experience. Something to be treasured in the long and dismal hall of memory.

The extras stood in line for their seven and a half and ten dollars a day pay checks. The stars, in dungarees, whirled away in their machines.

Soon a cloud of dust covered the ship, the debris on the shore and the clamoring group of humanity that stood in line for money.

"No unkind word, no discourteous action, no semblance of anything that wasn't sportsmanlike and clean as wind on water in all that gang for two months," I thought, as my driver, Jockey Haeffle, a friend of twenty years, and on every rung of the ladder, turned the machine in the direction of Hollywood.

Jockey, my "double" in the film, has always had that happy faculty of fitting into my every mood. A fellow of my own age and of such manhood that no one could outgrow him, he now reached the hands that had guided thoroughbreds, on the steering wheel of the powerful machine.

He was pensive for a moment, for Jockey also has his moods.

"They're a damned great bunch in this game, Jimmy, the rats are bein' weeded out."

"Well, that gang was right people," I said to Jockey.

"You're right, they're right people—just a gang of gypsies with hearts still in the mud."

Jockey turned the machine onto a boulevard that went straight home. The engine purred evenly as a sleek black cat in the sun. "They're your people, no matter how much hell you raise with them, Jimmy."

"Yeap, Jockey—I hate them and I love them."

"I know—you've never fooled me—even for a minute."

Evading, I asked, "What are you doing next, Jockey?"

"Doublin' for Richard Dix at R.K.O."

"Do you think you'll ever be a real actor?" I bantered.

"By the time you are, Jimmy." I thought it was time to be quiet.

Watch for The Life Story of William Powell  
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## Sure of Himself

(Continued from page 71)

question. By that time I thought I had him pegged, but I wanted to be sure.

"They tell me you are rather fresh, Bob," I said, "Do you think so?"

"In what way?" he asked. And I'll fall right off this chair I'm sitting on if the question surprised him. I don't think Bob Montgomery shows surprise very often. He thinks too fast.

"Well," I said. "I'm told that you are not a bit bashful about saying what you can do."

"Why should I be?" And there he had me.

"It's not done very much, is it?"

"No?" he lifted one eyebrow. "Where have you been keeping yourself? Of course, it is done. Every day. And by a lot of people who pass as shy and modest. Only they take the trouble, which I don't, to beat about the bush, never saying anything definite, until you tumble to what they are talking about. Which is what they can do, have done, or hope to do."

I admitted to myself that Mr. Montgomery had scored a bull's-eye with that little speech. But I wanted to know further.

"For instance", I said.

"Here's a double-headed example of not only what I mean, but of why I've got a reputation for saying things about myself. We went up to Lake Elsinore to make a picture. Up there was a fellow who could ride a surf board and make it talk. He could step onto one in a dinner jacket, spin around the lake at thirty-five miles an hour, get off, and never even wet his shoes. But he was always talking about aquaplaning. He never mentioned how good he was himself, but it was in the back of his mind every minute. And someone always said, 'You're the best one I have ever seen' to him, which was what he meant and wanted brought up in the first place.

HE talked so much about it that it got on my nerves and when he criticized me because I'd never been on one of the darned things it was too much. I told him that I did not doubt what he said about the wonderful this and that needed to ride a surf board, but that whatever it was I could do it any time I wanted to. He laughed at me and went into another song and dance about the skill needed, so I said, "Here goes, Mister," and stepped onto one at the wharf. The boatman opened up and away I went around the lake, as fast as my boy friend ever had. I even held the rope in my teeth and waved my fingers at the great champion when I went by.

"It shut him up—but he said I was a fresh fat-head. Just because I said I could do something, did it, and did not think it any great accomplishment."

(Continued on page 120)

J. P. McEVOY

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# Sure of Himself

(Continued from page 119)

I admitted I did not think that too fair. But one thing puzzled me. How had he been able to ride that board? I remember all too vividly getting spilled off one of the treacherous things and felt that some explanation was forthcoming regarding his ability to get away with his stunt. I asked him.

"I don't know why it is," he said, "I guess I was born with an imitative quality that gets me through spots like that. I'd been watching him ride the boards for a couple of days and I saw how he handled them so I just stepped onto one and tried to do the same thing. And it worked. I never could have done it had I not seen one ridden. It's the same way with acting."

"I've had some experience—here and in New York—and feel that I can do some things without being told how. I know there are a great many things I can't do. Certain scenes are brand new to me. I don't know how to carry them off. But let me take a peek at someone else who can do them, and I'll be able to figure out a way to do it myself."

AGAIN my memory traveled back to the football field. I remembered the punting coach talking for twenty minutes to a player trying to tell him what to do when he kicked. It did not get over. Finally the coach, who had been a great kicker in his day, took the ball and let fly at it. The player watched him and then stepped up and did it perfectly. It was that imitative quality.

"You know," Montgomery broke in on my thoughts, "life would be a lot easier if it was not hedged around with so many phoney rules and regulations, so many bewildering customs."

"In what way?" I asked.

"This not talking about what you can do. Maybe 'talking' is a bad word there. Let's change it to 'saying.' I can pop up and say I *can't* do something, and that is all right. But if I say I *can* do a thing, why is that all wrong? I don't say either of them, unless I really think so. And I have a good idea of what I can and cannot do. Better than anyone else has."

(Continued on page 125)



Robert Montgomery is an enthusiastic polo player. He has been playing this year, between pictures, on one of the Southern California amateur teams.



# Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 89)



In this house, in Sedalia, Mo., the brash Jack Oakie of film fame was born. Then his name was Lewis Offield.

Gentryville. The name of his sweetheart was Evelyn. Oakie's mother's name is Evelyn, and Gentry is the family name of many of his relatives.

One of the first things Jack did after making good in California was to send for his mother. He arranged for an apartment in Hollywood for her. He continued to live in an apartment with some young men friends of his. Mother and son saw each other every day. Soon they made arrangements for a home together, and today there is no more "homey" home in Hollywood than theirs.

They have had with them this summer, Jack's sister, Mrs. G. A. Lindbergh and her two children, Virginia and Evelyn, of Brooklyn, New York. They have been a happy family group. Mrs. Lindbergh looks very much like her famous brother. The children worship "Uncle Jack," but can't understand why he can't see them from the screen, when they see him so plainly.

Fame hasn't brought snobbishness to this young man. He remembers and likes old friends. In his home he is a charming host. If the doorbell rings, he doesn't hesitate to answer it before the maid is on the scene. If anyone comes while the family is at dinner, he insists on their partaking of the meal.

"IT'S no trouble to place an extra plate on the table," he insists. "Let's be sociable."

He's that way, too, in the studios, those who are with him daily say. He is friendly with the workers on the location. He can pick up a spade and dig a ditch as well as anyone—and he's done it. All of this is what makes him

so popular, both on the screen and off.

Last month Evangeline Adams spoke highly of Jack's future. Recently in a London paper a noted astrologist predicted that he will be one of the leaders of the cinema world. "He owes his coming prominence," the critic adds, "to the fact that he can look like an American Marine, a sort of cherubic Victor McLaglen."

Old friends who know him, who know his mother, and who knew his father, attribute his success to natural ability, his early training, and to the wonderful influence of a talented mother.



J. M. Offield

Father of Jack Oakie and once a prominent citizen of Sedalia, Mo.

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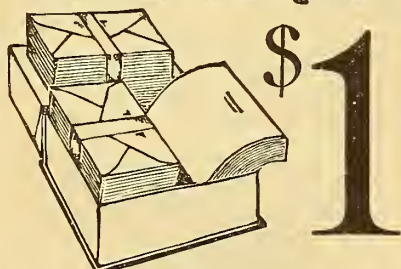
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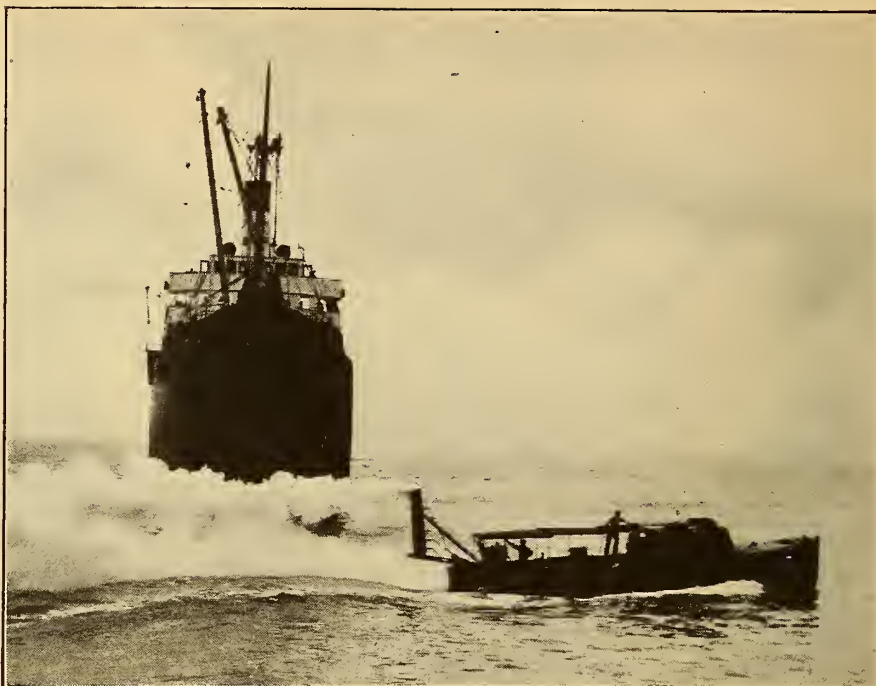


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The miracle workers of Hollywood produce a realistic fog for George Bancroft's new picture, "Typhoon Bill." "One fog at sea?" repeated the property man, "O. K., Chief! Do you want a big one or a little one?" Since a big one was ordered, they equipped a speed boat with a smoke screen appliance and laid down a fog that covered ten miles of open sea. Into this fog Bancroft piloted the S.S. Cross Wind into collision with another freighter, also of the 4,000 ton class. They say the collision is a spectacular one.

# The Screen's Search for Beauty

(Continued from page 66)

again, I say you have beauty, not so much in itself as in its effect.

**U**NDER that same allure, we must place others. Pola Negri. The vibrant Pola. Bebe Daniels, who has moments of exquisite beauty, who possesses a perfection of poise, who is endlessly picturesque. The stunning Del Rio, a sword unsheathed that sings of adventure and battle and brilliant disaster. The vivid bubble that is Lupe Velez, dancing just out of reach. Estelle Taylor, soft, enticing, suggesting some pervading, exotic perfume that drugs the senses.

I think we must place Norma Shearer there, too. And Betty Compson.

Allure does not belong to the very young. It is a cultivation, a concentration of experience. No woman has ever so studied her own type as has Gloria Swanson. There is never anything about her that is out of key for a single moment. There is a niceness in the way she approaches the startling and never touches it.

Instead of trying to mold her unusual features into the usual run of beauty, she does everything to bring out their distinction. Her eyes are gray-green and her brows are always very black. She accentuates the peculiar and fascinating shape of her mouth both in make-up and in the way she uses it. In other words, she has built up everything that is Gloria Swanson.

**B**ARBARA LA MARR, on the other hand, did absolutely nothing for her beauty.

She left us a memory that will never be erased from the minds of those who

saw her. But she left us not one beauty secret. No professional woman ever lived who took so little care of her looks.

When she went to bed at night, she washed her face in water and any old kind of soap. On her dressing table was one big jar of ordinary cold cream which she bought at random in the drug store. She used it only to take off make-up. The only time she ever went into a beauty parlor, was to get a manicure.

I think she slept less than any woman I've ever seen. Another thing she ignored was exercise. Physically, she was lazy as a cat. There wasn't even a pair of scales in her bathroom, which is unheard of in the life of a screen star.

Barbara didn't do anything to keep her beauty and she never tried to enhance it.

Corinne makes a fetish of simplicity, which shows her great wisdom. Her loveliness needs nothing. She knows that its sincere simplicity, which is so rare and so complete, would be destroyed. Physically, she takes marvelous care of herself, in diet, exercise, regularity, sunshine, and daintiness.

But there are other types. Important ones. The lovely women, the romantic women, the pretty ones—eh, half a dozen other types that I still want to tell you about.

(Adela Rogers St. Johns is going to continue "The Screen's Search for Beauty" in NEW MOVIE next month with another vivid and striking article. Who were the other unforgettably lovely women of the films? Miss St. Johns will tell you next month.)



# The Star Without Illusions

(Continued from page 87)

## FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

|                                          |    |
|------------------------------------------|----|
| Just Suppose .....                       | C  |
| Ranson's Folly .....                     | C  |
| Amateur Gentleman .....                  | C  |
| White Black Sheep .....                  | C  |
| Tol'able David .....                     | AA |
| The Seventh Day .....                    | C  |
| Sonny .....                              | B  |
| The Bond Boy .....                       | B  |
| Fury .....                               | A  |
| Bright Shawl .....                       | A  |
| Fighting Blade .....                     | B  |
| Enchanted Cottage .....                  | A  |
| Twenty-One .....                         | B  |
| Classmates .....                         | B  |
| Soul Fire .....                          | B  |
| Shore Leave .....                        | A  |
| Patent Leather Kid .....                 | A  |
| The Drop Kick .....                      | C  |
| The Noose .....                          | A  |
| Little Shepherd of Kingdom<br>Come ..... | C  |
| Wheel of Chance .....                    | A  |
| Out of the Ruins .....                   | C  |
| Scarlet Seas .....                       | B  |
| Weary River .....                        | A  |
| Drag .....                               | B  |
| Young Nowheres .....                     | B  |
| Son of the Gods .....                    | A  |
| Dawn Patrol .....                        | A  |
| Adios .....                              | ?  |

**T**HIRTY-SIX starring vehicles (one of which—"Adios"—although finished, has not yet been released and hence cannot be rated) with a total of two exceptional pictures, twelve good ones, eleven fair ones and ten poor ones, which is certainly a more than respectable record.

It was the years of 1925-26 which saw the production of six poor pictures without a hit and which almost put Barthelmess' career on the rocks. Such a production schedule would have finished any other star. It didn't finish Barthelmess for two reasons.

The first was that the public themselves had discovered him. Here was no manufactured star but rather one the public had made. And that public would not permit the man who had given them in rapid succession such pictures as "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East" and "Tol'able David" to disappear from the screen. A portion of his following became discouraged upon seeing him in one poor picture after another but the majority of them came hopefully back each time, praying that each new picture might be a hit, knowing that sooner or later Barthelmess would turn the trick and give them one of his old performances.

The second reason was the fact that he has never been afraid to have a capable and well-known supporting cast and the public realized that even though the story might not be first class the presentation would. Can you name any one other star who has been supported by such players as Betty Compson, Dorothy Gish, Dorothy MacKaill, Alice Joyce, Jetta Goudal, Lila Lee, Mary Astor, May McAvoy, William Powell, Marian Nixon and Frank Albertson? Nor is it simply a case of getting a well-known leading lady. The lesser rôles are cast with players

(Continued on page 124)

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# The Star Without Illusions

(Continued from page 123)



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equally prominent. Take, for instance, his present vehicle—"The Dawn Patrol." There isn't a girl in the cast, but look at the line-up: Neil Hamilton, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Clyde Cook, James Finlayson and Gardner James.

**"T**HOSE two years," Dick went on, referring again to 1925-26, "marked the ebb tide in my work. Don't talk to me about the fickleness of the public. If ever any proof was needed that they are not fickle, I had it in the way they stuck by me then."

Where business is concerned he is practical to the exclusion of everything else. He knew what was wrong with his pictures. With Griffith he had made five pictures: one exceptional, two good and two fair. His honesty where his own work is concerned is apparent from the fact that he rates the phenomenally successful "Way Down East" as merely a "good" picture. Any other star would point to it as a milestone in the history of the movies.

With Inspiration his first five were all directed by Henry King and this list included one exceptional, one good, two fair and only one poor one. The next seven were all directed by John Robertson and included three good, four fair and no poor ones. And of these seven he rates as "fair" two—"Twenty-One" and "Classmates"—both decided box-office successes. But Dick thinks that "Classmates," for instance, had a silly, improbable story which robbed it of any right to be called a good picture, regardless of its reception by the public.

The last six pictures he made with Inspiration were at the end of his contract. The company was trying to save money on stories, directors and casts. The Barthelmess public suffered as a result. But if the public suffered, Dick went through agony. Something had to be done and done quickly.

**H**E signed with First National which, at that time, had a release second to none in the industry. And it is significant that in the four years he had been with them he has had only three pictures that could be called "poor." "The Drop Kick" and "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" were both box-office successes but Dick classes them as poor pictures. "I was past the college-boy stage, and certainly past the age of the hero in 'The Little Shepherd.'" That alone would cause them to lose any semblance of reality for me."

Of those he classes as "fair," I, per-

sonally, consider "Drag" and "Young Nowheres" two of the finest pictures he or anyone else has ever made. The returns from the former entitle it to an AA rating, but Dick says it simply had a popular appeal with no particular artistic value which precludes his calling it even a "good" picture. "Young Nowheres," which I liked well enough to see five times, he considers only fair because he thinks it was poorly cut and poorly recorded. "There were time lapses and waits between bits of action which should never have been there. The critics liked it, but that was because they understand the technical end of picture-making sufficiently well to unconsciously make allowances for those things. The public at large didn't understand that."

And no amount of talking on my part could persuade him to change the rating he had given them.

**O**N the other hand, "The Enchanted Cottage," which barely returned its production cost and no profits, he considers one of his very finest pictures. Its failure to attract the multitudes he attributes to "just one of those vagaries of the public."

"In signing my new contract," Dick went on, "I stipulated that I am to O. K. my stories and also that there will be but two pictures a year. That will give us time to select stories with an eye to their appeal to the public and will eliminate my having to make just anything simply to fill out a production schedule."

He stopped talking and looked at me quizzically. "What do you think of all this?"

"It can't be just personality," I reasoned, "because there have been other personalities whom the public liked, yet who are gone and forgotten today. It can't be luck because no one's luck would hold for ten years. It must be a combination of intelligence and good business judgment."

Dick disregarded the intelligence angle and pondered over the good business judgment. "I wonder," he mused. "Business bores me to extinction, but I try to handle my career in a business-like manner."

He not only tries—he does. Think of the latitude Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge have had in the selection of their stories and casts—to use only two instances—and then compare their respective positions today with his.

There's a reason. Dick knows the A B C's of picture-making. And he has no illusions.

## FALLEN IDOLS

Why do some stars go on to life-long success while others burn out quickly? Who can account for the public's likes and dislikes? HERBERT HOWE has written a brilliant analysis of stellar popularity for next month's **NEW MOVIE**. Watch for it!



## Sure of Himself

(Continued from page 120)

"Have you? That's more than most of us can say for ourselves."

"Well maybe 'most of us' don't think about it as much as I do. I have had to think about it. Had to sit back, take a good look at Mister Montgomery, and figure out what he could do. Otherwise I'd be hungry or still on that boat deck."

Self-confidence—and a sound self-confidence is only gained through having a thorough knowledge of what you can and can not do—is often mistaken for self-praise.

Bob Montgomery would be the first person to say, "No, I can't do that. I don't think I know enough yet." In fact, he has done so. One of the first things I heard about him in Hollywood was that he squawked his head off about a part he was given to play. He said he could do it a certain way, but not the way it was written. Changing it would not hurt the story and having him play it unchanged would ruin the picture. The argument waxed hot, but finally Bob was told to play it his way. He did and the picture—and Robert Montgomery—made a big hit.

"I did not know enough to get over the way it was written," he explained it to me. "I'm pretty sure I could do it now, but not then," he went on.

THIS increasingly popular young man's life story would have made great copy for Horatio Alger or Henty.

He was born—May 21, 1904—with a gold spoon in his mouth. His father was vice-president of a rubber company. Young Bob went from the family estate to Pawling School, at Pawling, New York, where other sons of New York's millionaires were educated. Summers were spent traveling in Europe. Polo was to be his sport.

Then his father died and, at fifteen, young Robert Montgomery found himself without a dime. Literally, there was nothing left of his father's fortune save his memory. So Bob and his brother stepped out and started to earn three squares a day and a place to sleep.

He worked on a railroad, he shipped on a coastbound steamer as a deck-hand. He scrubbed, dug ditches, and had a grand time adventuring. He knew what it was to be hungry and tired, to fight for himself in hard circumstances.

At seventeen he decided to become an actor and joined a small stock company. He said he could act—and he can. He said he'd be a success on the New York stage—and he was. Then he was sure he could conquer Hollywood—and he did that, too.

His tennis is good, his golf average, and he sometimes is moved to beat out a tune or two on the piano and sing a popular ditty.

A self-confident, amusing young gent, who has a grand time living but would have enjoyed life even more had he been born in the more adventurous days.

Next month NEW MOVIE will present the home town story of the popular Robert Montgomery, with many new facts about his youth.

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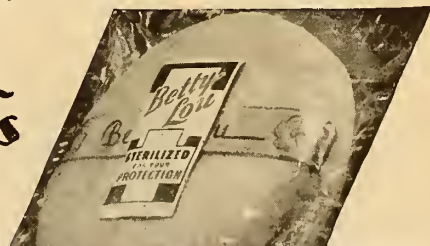


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## The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 56)

**Americanizing the World:** Women are often seductive until they start talking. The same may be said of the screen. It was well on the way toward Americanizing the world before it became loquacious. Americans in Paris used to try to disguise their nationality by carrying sticks and yellow gloves but now Frenchmen wear horn-rimmed glasses and golf knickers. Both sexes favor American styles. I credit the cinema with this.

In Nice I accompanied an Italian friend to the Café de Paris which employs American advertising methods in boasting of its soda fountain. A placard reads: "*L'ice cream (crème glaces) préparée suivant la formule américaine est, incontestablement, la meilleure.*"

Then a typically American blurb which translated reads: "In America, where the consumption of ice cream is very great, the medical authorities recommend it to solicitous mothers for the health of their children. The soda fountain has made its appearance in Switzerland, Germany, Belgium and Holland."

My Italian friend promptly orders a Charlie Chaplin sundae while I take an Italian vermouth. In such exchange of tastes lies hope for a League of Nations.

**SILENT** pictures did much toward making the world feel akin. Talkies for the moment accentuate national differences, but in the end I believe they will break down imaginary barriers and serve in destroying old tribal fetishes.

**JUAN-LES-PINS**, the best bathing beach of the Riviera, is yclept pajama land and is strongly suggestive of Hollywood. Norma Talmadge has been disporting there. Also Gilbert Roland. Nina Wilcox Putnam, American writer, dreamed one night that she would win a lot of money at the Casino, and the next day came out with two thousand dollars to the good. Since then I've spent most of my time sleeping.

**Cannes Beach Chatter:** Conversation of English fans overheard in the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes:

"Greta Garbo in her first talkie was a failure in London. It was withdrawn after a fortnight. I lay the fault to the advance publicity. They declared her the greatest living actress with a most exquisite voice. Personally I find her voice attractive. One of those gin-and-whisky voices very similar to Tallulah Bankhead's. But it can scarcely be called exquisite."

"You must hear the new German talkie, 'The Blue Angel,'" interrupts another. "It is simply marvelous."

"Oh yes, Emil Jannings."

"Yes, but Emil Jannings doesn't exist in the film because of the most extraordinary girl. Her name is Marlene Dietrich. An English critic said, 'We really should resent Miss Dietrich be-

cause she quite displaces Miss Garbo. She has beauty, charm, grace and far greater acting ability than the Swedish girl."

Oh well, I daresay the sullen Greta will not care. On reading favorable notices she always snorted sardonically, "Ya, just wait till I have a bad picture and see what they say."

She's quite right. The public enjoys erecting idols but it enjoys tearing them down a great deal more.

**Cheers for the Gangsters:** William Powell in Paris delivered an oration on behalf of gunmen, those mischief-loving souls. "The American gangster, whether in Chicago or any other big city, is not more than 50 per cent to blame. . . . If he is a supreme product of lawlessness and immorality it is because America today is lawless and immoral—chiefly as a result of the 18th amendment. . . . The gangster today is a prosaic business man, however picturesque his methods."

While applauding Mr. Powell's forthrightness I feel he minimizes the picturesqueness of the gangster, who is becoming a romantic character through press reports. Future generations will lionize him as we do the bold pirate and poacher. "Bugs" Moran may be another Robin Hood. And I feel Capone is due to become the 20th Century François Villon though I've never read any of Scarface's poetry.

P. S.—Maybe you think I'm being pretty nice to the gunmen but you recall Bull Montana said they all read my stuff in NEW MOVIE . . . and I may want to visit my uncle in Chicago on the way home.

**THE** papers here report a big trek of movie stars stageward. Each of the stars declares she is not abandoning the screen. This places the charge of desertion squarely up to the screen. The old philanderer.

**COLLEEN MOORE** and John McCormick cut a three-million-dollar melon between them on dissolving partnership. With that much melon Colleen need not slap a mortgage on her \$40,000 doll house for some time.

**MY** idea for the funniest joke book of all time: A collection of all the stories that have been printed about the happy homes of Hollywood.

**PEOPLE**, especially Hollywood people, are always saying we writers should not tell the truth about Hollywood. We should keep up the illusions. But what does that make us out? Was the cherry tree chopped down in vain?

**SYD CHAPLIN** called in the Paris reporters to tell them of a great plan he had to solve the international talkie problem—a universal language. But it seems some woosel-cock had stolen his idea and published it in the Encyclopedia under the heading "Esperanto."

**Herb Howe—The Hollywood Boulevardier—Writes  
Exclusively for NEW MOVIE**



# Vignettes of Hollywood

(Continued from page 75)

EVERY week Hollywood has its movie first night and the town is in the throes of wild-eyed hysteria from daylight to dark. They come walking from the canyons and the hill-hops at dawn, bringing their lunches and sitting on the curbs all day just for a fleeting glimpse of the movie stars as they flash by in their limousines. These pilgrimages are made by the same folk week after week.

Streets near the theater where the presentation is to be made are roped off, guarded by cordons of police, and flooded with enormous searchlights. It is incredible that most of these people are those who rub elbows with cinema celebrities along the street daily, but it is so. I have actually seen a woman suddenly swoon in the curb crowd as the result of standing for thirteen hours to watch the arrivals at a Sid Grauman opening. Indeed, I helped to carry her to an automobile.

This first night abracadabra has grown to such proportions that a Hollywood newsboy with a sense of humor, as well as a sense of ballyhoo, staged a wow. In shifting his stand from one corner to another, he hired a battery of flood lights and a three-piece Hawaiian orchestra and held his "formal opening."

A VIGNETTE of Hollywood Boulevard is not complete without a close-up of the Roosevelt Hotel. Lately it has become the hangout of Broadway actors transplanted to Hollywood, newly arrived scenario writers, gag men and all those song writers from Tin Pan Alley's bingo-bango land who have not as yet started the long trek back to Broadway.

The lobby is a hive of smart cracks,

flashy clothes, white spats, bamboo canes and lacquered hair. In the deep lounging chairs you run across such wits as Wilson Mizner, Bugs Baer, William Collier, Arthur Caesar, Frank Fay, Jack Benny and Grant Clarke and, if you run a newspaper column, you have enough nifties to last a week.

The Roosevelt's biggest stockholder is Joe Schenck, Norma Talmadge's husband. It opened auspiciously and then something happened. That doughty little showman, Sid Grauman, was called in to infuse a little life. He knew his Hollywood and did the trick in jig time.

He gave celebrities free board and invited the John Gilberts and Greta Garbos to dine gratuitously for a few weeks. And Hollywood beat a quick path to the Roosevelt's door. These are only a few highlights on one of the most interesting thoroughfares to be found anywhere.

THERE should be more space to tell of the women who sit in doorways to spiel about "lovely free sight-seeing trips" and take you out in the wilderness to make you buy a lot at Maudlin Manor—or walk back. Also the hurt look of the vegetable man when you call an avocado "an alligator pear" and the new flood of runt golf courses. The pathetic deaf-and-dumb boy, who with an eerie inarticulate cry seeks celebrity autographs for his enormous book. Etc., etc.

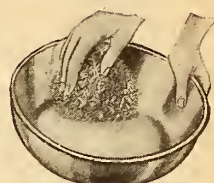
But the real story of Hollywood Boulevard could not be told in ten volumes. I think Wilson Mizner summed up the lure of the street when he said: "If you are a sucker for something different, Hollywood Boulevard is the malarkey!"



Lawrence Tibbett and Director Jack Conway pause between scenes to discuss a detail of Metro-Goldwyn's "The New Moon," in which the popular singer is co-starred with Grace Moore.

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Of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, published Monthly at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., for October 1, 1930.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.  
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Flynn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the New Movie Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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2. That the owner is: Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Catherine McNelis, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Marie L. Featherstone, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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J. E. FLYNN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1930.

(SEAL) LAURETTA E. GANLEY  
(My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

# Famous Financier's Rules of Success

(Continued from page 45)

the ensuing nine years. During those nine years of picture work Jackie had a private tutor. His parents wisely insisted on spacing his pictures far enough apart to allow for study and recreation. The boy's precocity kept him in pace with his grade.

Eventually his parents decided he should have the association of boys his own age. He was taken out of the studios and placed in the Urban Military Academy of Los Angeles. Jackie says he regards this period as a waste of time. Being wise, he has no sympathy for militant ideals; being sensitive, he is not in accord with militant autocracy.

Quitting the Urban Academy Jackie entered Loyola, a Jesuit school. Here he found a discipline more in harmony with his spiritual nature. He is the donor, I am told, of the marble altar in the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, the church from which Valentino was buried.

CHAPLIN pictures have a universal circulation. "The Kid" projected Jackie into the laps of family circles in igloo, hogan and Zulu hut. Ensuing pictures endeared him further. He became the world's pet child.

Europe wanted to see him in person and saved up her money after the war to make him an offer. Feeling that travel would be educational as well as financially profitable for their son, the Coogans accepted.

Here in Paris, where I am writing this, they recall the night of Jackie's first appearance. It was at the Empire Theater. The house was packed with tensely from orchestra to gallery. There was a brief prelude. Then the curtain lifted. In the center of the vast stage Jackie stood, diminutive, alone. He wore a silk hat, frock coat, striped trousers. A little gentleman. He lifted his hat and bowed low. The audience applauded, then strained for his first word. What if they couldn't understand English? It was enough to hear

the Kid's voice. Jackie commenced his speech. For a moment the audience was too stricken to believe its ears. Then came a vociferous tumult such as only the French are capable of in their most patriotic moments. Jackie, the Kid, was speaking French!

For five minutes little Jackie stood there, bowing and smiling to an ovation such as few Americans have received in France. Then he continued his speech in clear, confident, fluent French.

He had taken the trouble to learn his act in the language on the train from Paris to Nice where his first appearance was made.

In Berlin and Vienna he aroused similar ovations speaking German.

Even these were topped by his reception at the Palladium in London. A good showman, Jackie made his bow to the galleries instead of the orchestra. And the galleries came back with a hulla-ballo: "Hey there, Jackie, old boy, old boy, old boy!" After his act the girls of the Palladium prologue came marching on, each bearing a car of an electric train tied with ribbon bows—London's gift to their Kid hero.

WHEN I urged Jackie to reveal his secrets of success he was reluctant. He apparently is not aware of any secrets or any success. He's still just the Kid. But a kid wise beyond his years. On one point he is solid. He differs from Ford and sides with Coolidge in respect to saving money.

"I got five dollars a week making pictures and fifty cents for every gag I thought up," he said. "That's a lot of money. I saved most of it and so I feel independent."

Jackie is happily unaware of the fabulous sums he actually earned.

When officious folk became inquisitive the Coogans promptly appealed to the courts for guardianship of a trust fund. Coogan père has proved a sagacious manager, and today Jackie is reputed a millionaire. He may be



"Yo, Ho, Tom!" yells Huck Finn to his pal, Tom Sawyer, in the forthcoming sound version of Mark Twain's classic of boyhood. From all appearances Junior Durkin makes a good Huck Finn.





The cast of "Tom Sawyer" does a little Seeing America First. On location, the boys visit the historic old Fort Sutter, near Sacramento, Calif. Close by is the spot where gold was first discovered. This find led to the famous gold rush of '49. At the right are Jackie Coogan, Junior Durkin and Dick Winston, who play Tom, Huck and Joey in the Mark Twain yarn. Jackie's father accompanied the boys on the visit.

worth several million for all I know and for all he knows.

His explanation of success is very simple:

"I've had good luck," he says. "Good luck and Mr. Chaplin."

I've known only one other magnate who attributed his success to luck. He was Marcus Loew, the Metro picture executive, who signed Jackie to the celebrated \$500,000 contract.

And I know only one person in the world who always refers to Charlie Chaplin as "Mr. Chaplin." That person is Mr. Jackie Coogan.

JACKIE'S parents were both vaudeville actors. Senior Coogan was a hooper and monologist. Mrs. Coogan in another act was billed for years as "Baby Lillian." They endured the vicissitudes of small-time vaudeville with the jocular philosophy of born troupers: Ma Coogan the plump, smiling, good-fellow type; Pop Coogan, the dapper, lean, spatted actor, ready of line and shrewd of wit. No one ever accused them of genius, yet in Jackie there is the manifestation not only of talent but fine breeding.

When I first met Jackie he was five years old. It was directly after his appearance in "The Kid." The Coogans were living in a small Hollywood apartment. Jackie and I played games on the floor together but not with the usual infantile abandon. Even then Jackie had the poise and courtliness of one destined for kingship. Between us there was a respectful distance of adult personalities. His parents and his studio colleagues treated him on terms of equality. He was never given to petulance or childish outbursts nor to the self-consciousness of the precocious child. Of course, everywhere he went he attracted attention but of this he appeared serenely oblivious. In-

deed his *savoir faire* had all the majesty of one born to reign.

AGE has not dimmed his luminosity nor rusted his shining manner. At fifteen Jackie has a gentle dignity, a deferential courtesy and a quietude that's really royal. He reminisced with his mother and me in the library, chuckling out sly observations and humorous comment without restiveness, though the swimming pool stretched, a strong temptation, in the garden just outside. It was his young brother Robert, age four, who broke up the conversation by entering in a dripping bathing suit to demand we join him in the water.

Jackie's eyes, which have a soft luminosity, lighted up like arcs when resting on *frère* Robert. Jackie pronounces Robert as the French do, without the final "t." Robert too has had offers to enter pictures. He is as plumply beautiful as the apple dumplings my grandmother used to make. Jackie regards him with a paternal adoration. At a nod of assent from his mother, he snapped into his bathing suit and dived into the pool with Robert, while Mrs. Coogan and I chatted in the shade of the cypresses bordering it.

I complimented Mrs. Coogan on her success in preserving the innate charm of the boy. He could have been spoiled or, worse, repressed. I indicated that her secret of success in raising a boy might prove as valuable as Jackie's on making good at the very remarkable age of four.

Mrs. Coogan laughed a pleased good-humored laugh and credited her success much as Jackie did his: "I've been fortunate," she said. "You see Jackie is a very gentle boy."

Gentle of course is exactly the word, gentle in all its sensitive significance.

Mr. Jackie Coogan, gentleman.

Frederick James Smith's Review of the Film Year in NEW MOVIE Next Month.

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# Evangeline Adams Reads the Stars

(Continued from page 43)

of our most successful literary men have Jupiter so placed."

**D**OUGLAS, so I am told, has written a book of very creditable poems, which he says he will publish some day, but not for a long time. He also wrote the titles for two of his father's pictures, "The Gaucho" and "The Black Pirate," and for "Two Lovers," in which Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky appeared. Incidentally, the poems of this "artistic person" are illustrated by himself—he having spent three years studying painting and sculpture under European masters. Incidentally, Mr. Fairbanks' chart shows that he will spend a good part of his life abroad: a prediction which he has already fulfilled by a youth spent almost exclusively in Europe with his mother.

I could go on indefinitely. It is remarkable—even to me, who sees the thing work out every day in hundreds of cases—to see how true this young man has run to his stars. Take the personal side of his life. His horoscope says that he will be greatly influenced by older women, and that his mother may be a great factor in his financial affairs. Everybody knows the part Beth Sully Fairbanks played in launching Doug on his movie career; and everybody who knows young Doug tells me that his devotion to his mother is the great guiding influence in his life. When he and Joan Crawford were married, they both journeyed all the way to New York, so that the bridegroom's mother might be present at the ceremony.

**T**HERE are several strictly personal characteristics indicated in the horoscope—such, for instance, as his tendency to interrupt while others are speaking, his temptation to purchase colorful and conspicuous wearing apparel, his love of sending telegrams or telephoning when a letter would do, his love of luxurious surroundings, his tendency to think of money solely as something to spend, his "exuberant force" and his "sex lure"—but I have said enough I think, to show that what I said at first (that young Doug's horoscope is a splendid one) is impartially and scientifically true.

The thing you fans want to know, I suppose, is what this fortunate young man is going to do with all his equipment, what you can expect of him in his future appearances on the screen. In the first place. I am not at all sure that he will stay on the screen. People born under his stars frequently spend the first half of their lives in one occupation, and then turn with equal or greater success to another. He has talents as an actor, to be sure, but as we have seen, he has talents in many other lines. It is quite possible that he will win his greatest success in pictures as a writer or designer or producer or technical director. He may even get into the business side of the industry, for the position of his Jupiter is one that often means success in manufacturing and financial activities. In fact, it looks to me as if he had enough of his grandfather—the late Dan Sully, the cotton king—in him to

make a success of almost anything.

Granting, however, that he will stay in pictures as a star for some time to come—and I see no reason why he shouldn't if he wishes to—we may expect a very considerable broadening and deepening of the artistic nature of this young man. For 1930, in spite of his many good pictures, has not been a very satisfactory year. I doubt if he has been as happy as he should have been. His domestic affairs, usually so smooth, may have given him some worry. He was not under conditions to benefit largely through his relations with women, anyhow. He may also have been personally discouraged and depressed. But beginning with 1931, the curtain rises on a sunnier scene; and in 1932 he comes under more fortunate planetary conditions than he has been under for some time. All of this experience, the depressing as well as the stimulating, should have a good effect on his art.

**S**O far as he personally is concerned, he should be much happier during the next two years than he has been in his life. He will be attuned to a higher rate of vibration; his sense of awareness will be keener; and his attitude toward life and human nature more tolerant and sympathetic. In short, he will grow up. These are always propitious influences under which to enlarge one's activities. Under them he will meet and attract important people who will wish to co-operate with him. He has passed through the period of trial. The time has come for him to push forward with confidence and demand recognition in his chosen field. If he does, there is every indication that he will succeed in a big way.

I am reminded as I write of a remark of his father's made one day when he was discussing, quite modestly, the type of man his successor was likely to be. "If my type of work is worth carrying on," said Douglas, Senior, "I should say that it would have to be carried on by some husky young American raised in much the same environment that I was." Well, Doug, Junior, is husky, all right! His friends tell me he weighs a hundred and eighty pounds and stands six feet in his stocking feet. And his horoscope says that he is blessed by Mars with the strength and energy to win the success which Jupiter makes possible for him. I daresay Doug, Senior, did not have in mind his own son, or if he did, he was too modest to say so. He spoke, as a matter of fact, of other upstanding youngsters like Gary Cooper and Buddy Rogers and Richard Arlen and Charlie Farrell, but he could have—in fact, after looking at the young man's stars I think he should have—handed his crown to his successor by divine right, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. . . .

**I** OUGHT to say that a good deal of the strength in Mr. Fairbanks' horoscope is due to the fact that he was born under Sagittarius, one of the finest of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Many people with extraordinary personalities have been born under this sign.

Victor McLaglen among the men and Lillian Roth among the women are excellent examples of the direct appeal of this sign through the medium of personality. McLaglen has an especially fortunate horoscope, because Jupiter, which rules success, glory, honor and wealth, and is called by astrologers "The Greater Fortune," is the dominant planet of his life. With Jupiter so placed, he could not have failed to succeed in anything he might have undertaken; but there are also many indications that he has the temperament which fits him for success on the screen and for exercising over large numbers of people an almost hypnotic influence.

**M**ISS ROTH'S horoscope indicates that she is a bundle of emotions, as indeed anybody who saw her in "The Vagabond King" can well believe her to be. She has two distinct sides to her nature; and it depends on the people with whom she is thrown which side she develops. Her chart indicates that in spite of her beauty she is apt to play most successfully parts of a slightly sinister, or at least a very serious character. Her Jupiter is also well placed for financial success.

Your own horoscope, if you were born between the 23rd of November and the 23rd of December, will show many of the qualities which are found in Miss Roth's, Mr. McLaglen's and Mr. Fairbanks', and a good many others about which you should know if, like them, you wish to fulfill your destiny as it is written in the stars!

## For Those Born Between Nov. 23 and Dec. 23

If you go into business you will succeed best as a banker, broker, manager, organizer, political worker, or in some line where similar abilities are requisites of success. You should do well in athletics, especially in anything which has to do with horses or dogs. You have an excellent constitution, but you should look out for symptoms of sciatica and gout and ailments of the hips and thighs. Take plenty of exercise, and avoid rich or fried foods.

You are likely to find congenial life partners among those born under Aries or Leo.

Among the famous people born under your sign, in addition to the film stars already mentioned are Disraeli, Queen Alexandra, Lillian Russell, Winston Churchill, William K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Fiske, E. H. Sothorn, Harry Payne Whitney, Newton D. Baker, Thomas Coleman Du Pont, Arthur Brisbane and Mark Twain.



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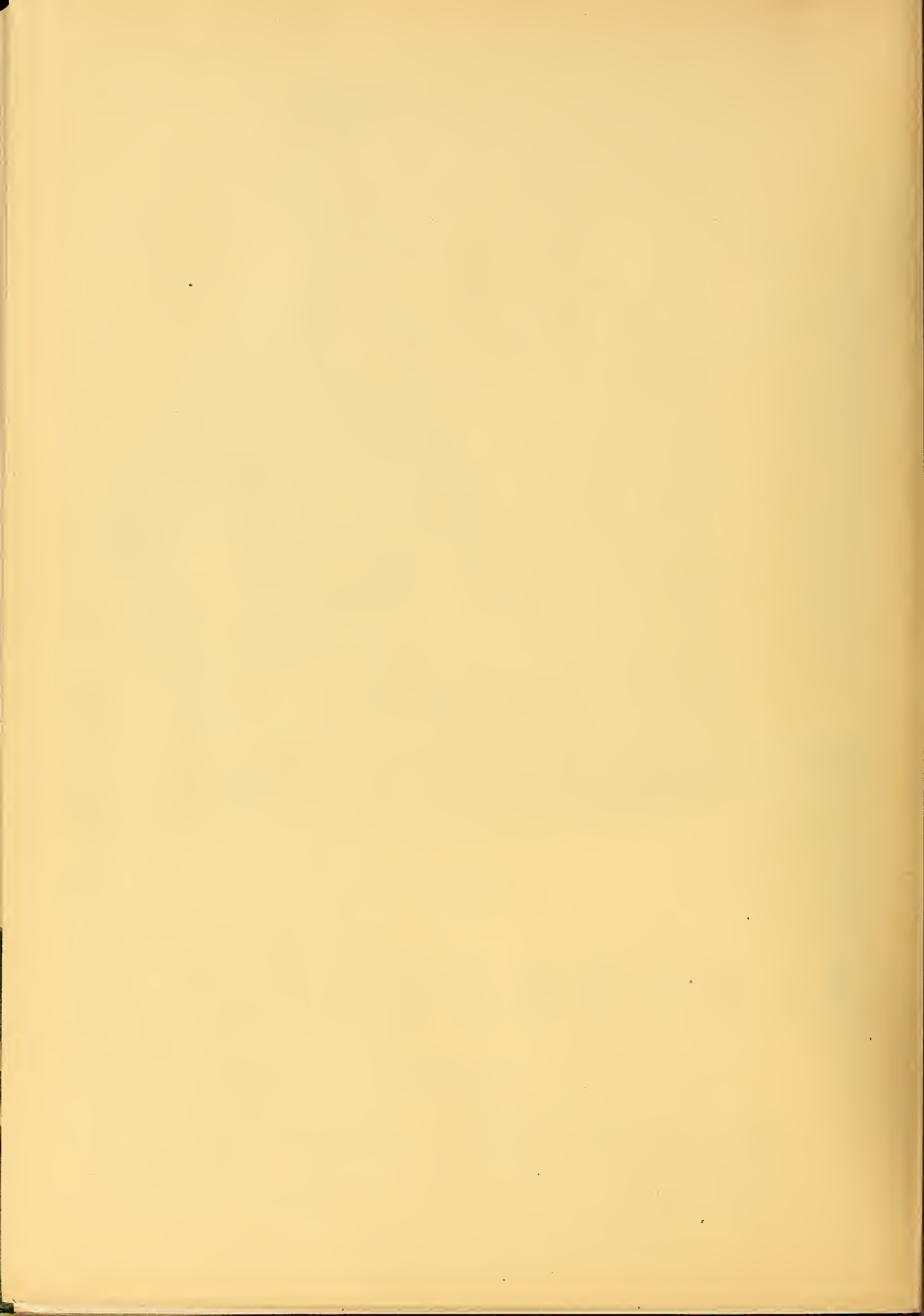
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